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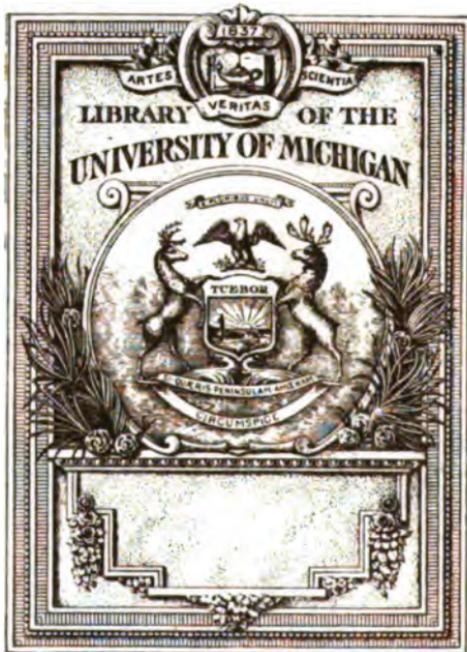
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THE  
IRISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature

*EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.*

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THIRTIETH YEARLY VOLUME

1902

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Dublin

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**REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.,**

**ST. STANISLAUS' COLLEGE, TULLAMORE.**

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# THE IRISH MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1902

## THE MEMORY OF FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW

WHEN the President of this great College—which is now more than ever worthy of its holy and beautiful name, more than ever worthy of the glorious work it is meant to do for the Church of God—when your President was good enough to invite me to address your Total Abstinence Association,\* he did not leave me free to choose the subject of my remarks, but expressly bade me inflict upon you what had already been suggested to me by the celebration of Father Mathew's Birthday in the middle of last month. We may consider this to be the Month's Mind of Father Mathew's Birthday, and I will follow almost exactly what was written for the day itself. For you know that "Lecture" comes from *lego* and means something read. I will not even omit the trivial anecdote by which I opened the way to more serious matters.

The story is probably told of others also, but I heard it some forty years ago of a former Member of Parliament for Drogheda—which has no member now—a namesake of our present excellent representative of the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin. This worthy man had once the honour of being introduced to Gladstone's great rival, Benjamin Disraeli, who wrote many novels when he was young and two when he was old. The M.P. for Drogheda, wishing to please the great man, said: "Mr. Disraeli, my daughters read your novels." Dizzy bowed gravely, and said:

\* Some day in November, 1901, in the very beautiful Chapel of the Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, Dublin.

"That, indeed, is fame." This, of course, was merely a polite sneer; but here to-night we have a case in which this phrase comes aptly in. We are celebrating to-night the one hundred and eleventh birthday of a man who died half a century ago. "That, indeed, is fame."

Yes, this tribute of affectionate veneration is unique. Father Mathew stands alone. What other hero of the dead Past is honoured thus, year by year, so long after death? And among the living, who are they whose birthdays are kept? The children of a household keep the birthdays of their parents and of one another, and in a loyal and prosperous country the King's birthday is a festival. All these titles are united in him whose birthday we celebrate. He was a leader amongst men, and he was a father and brother at the same time. He inspired enthusiasm and affection as well as reverence, and his memory, even down to our own day, is loved as well as honoured. This, indeed, is fame.

Many men, and especially men of a certain generous nature and of splendid gifts, have a passionate longing to be remembered when they are gone. It is hard to reconcile the intensity of this feeling, not merely with the true view, but with any view, of the relations between time and eternity. When a man has gone into the house of his eternity, what will it matter to him whether or not his name is to be bandied about on the breath of unborn generations? But if fame *were* as desirable a thing as poets pretend—

"O fame, fame, fame! next grandest word to God" \*—

how enviable is the fame that has fallen to the lot of Theobald Mathew! I lately expressed in public my belief, and I have since committed myself in print to this opinion, that among the Irish priests of the nineteenth century (I said priests, expressly excluding such great bishops as Dr. Doyle and Dr. McHale) only Father Mathew and Father Thomas Burke are likely to be remembered far down into this twentieth century of ours—if we can call it ours—how much of it *will* be ours? Father Burke was then more directly before my mind; as Father Mathew is our hero to-night, I may now add that the Capuchin's chances of permanent fame seem to be far greater than those even of the eloquent Dominican. The echoes of that glorious voice will die

\* Alexander Smith.

out, while the name of Father Mathew will be for ever identified with a noble crusade, and with every revival and continuation of that noble crusade, for the moral regeneration of Ireland.

On the 10th of October, 1790, Theobald Mathew was born in Thomastown Castle in the Golden Vale of Tipperary, five miles west of the Rock of Cashel. And here we may at once note the curious fact that, according to the regulations of the Inland Revenue, Publicans' Licences expire each year on this very day, the 10th of October, the birthday of the Apostle of Temperance—as if his birth was to be the death of them! Thomastown Castle was the home of his father's kinsman, the Earl of Llandaff—a title which has since lapsed and (strangely enough) has been recently revived, at least so far as the name Llandaff is concerned, for an English Catholic lawyer who is not of the same family and not quite of the same name. It might appropriately have been conferred on another distinguished Catholic lawyer who is of the same name and family, a nephew of our Apostle, Sir James Mathew, who, though a staunch Catholic, an ardent Irishman, a strong Liberal, and a faithful Home Ruler, has just, with the earnest approval of the entire public press and people, been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal.

Is this gentle birth worth emphasising with regard to a priest and an apostle? Yes; for it may betoken the inheritance of certain natural qualities, and at any rate it exercises a certain influence and secures a certain prestige which is not without its use for one destined to sway the multitude. O'Connell would always have been great, he could not help being a force in the country; but he would not have been precisely the man that he is in history, he would hardly have filled the place that he filled and fills in the Irish heart if he had not been by birth a sort of Celtic chieftain. His enemies would have been well pleased if they had been able to sneer him down as an adventurer, an upstart, a vulgar, selfish demagogue; but there are barons and earls and dukes who scarcely know who or what their ancestors were at a time when O'Connell, of Derrynane, was a man of good estate, able (for instance) to send his son Daniel for his education to St. Omer's in France. This tradition of good old blood gave the people a confidence in O'Connell, and gave O'Connell a confidence in himself, that well became the uncrowned King of Ireland. In like manner the Irish

people may almost unconsciously have been drawn more closely to Father Mathew by that courtliness and charm of manner which were partly derived from the traditions of birth and race.

Lady Elizabeth Mathew, daughter of Lord Llandaff, sent this child of benediction in his twelfth year to a good school in Kilkenny, kept by Patrick McGrath. His first lessons had been taught by a schoolmaster called Flynn, who held his classes in the market-house of Thurles. The boy showed very early the signs of an ecclesiastical vocation, and in September, 1807, he entered Maynooth College to study for the priesthood. This great College was very different then from what it has since grown to. What a work it has done, and what a work it is destined to do through the coming centuries! What a short and feeble thing a man's life is, compared with the duration and activity of one of the institutions of the Church! What is the life-work of the most learned and eloquent bishop or cardinal, compared with what plain and simple Father Hand did in founding All Hallows?

But the Maynooth career of the Apostle of Temperance was cut short very abruptly at the beginning, and for a cause strange enough, nay, almost comical, in one with such a future before him. In his light-hearted, hospitable fashion the young Cashel student invited some of his comrades to a little feast in his room. This was strictly forbidden by the rules of the College under the dreadful name of *commessatio*; and the delinquent, being detected by the Dean, was summoned to appear before the President. Very unwisely he did not wait for the decision of this tribunal, which certainly would not have inflicted so severe a penalty as he imposed upon himself. He abandoned his Maynooth course and left the College hurriedly.

He did not, however, abandon his vocation, for soon after we find him in the novitiate of the Capuchin Fathers in Dublin, under the care of a very holy man, Father Celestine Corcoran. He was ordained priest by Dr. Daniel Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, of saintly and amiable memory, on Holy Saturday, 1814, some months before the twenty-fourth annual recurrence of that birthday of which we are now celebrating the one hundred and eleventh anniversary. To begin his priestly work, he was sent by his superiors to the town where his last schooldays had been spent; but Kilkenny was not to possess him long. He at once acquired great influence as a director of souls; but some misunderstanding

occurred with the Bishop, Dr. Kyrán Marum, and, although the matter was almost immediately cleared up, the young friar did not alter the arrangements which had been made for his removal to Cork. In Cork he lived ever after, and he often called it the city of his adoption.

These seeming mishaps, these interruptions in his course, these forced changes of his plans, may well be considered providential, as leading on to the real work of his life, which was made known to him in this new and final field of his labours. Nay, there, too, he had to toil unselfishly and devotedly for very many years before this glorious burden was laid upon him. In mighty spiritual enterprises God is wont to make His will known by degrees, and to prepare His chosen instruments slowly and painfully. The foundation must be dug deep if the superstructure is to rise high.

The church in which Father Mathew's ministry was carried on in Cork was a small and poor one, called affectionately the "Little Friary," hidden away among narrow lanes. The famous Father Arthur O'Leary had built it, and described himself there as "buried between salthouses and stables." Father Mathew spent seventeen years of his life, and some five thousand pounds that came to him from his family, and as many thousands more as he could gather together, in erecting a beautiful Gothic church, which was unfinished when his own course was finished, and was only completed in 1890 in honour of the centenary of his birth. But in the Little Friary what work he did! Very soon he gained a marvellous influence over the people of Cork—through the pulpit, through the confessional, through all the devices of his charity, through his living presence and his hidden life of prayer. He had no remarkable gifts of oratory, but his words made their way straight to the hearts of his hearers. His character, his look, his life, added force to his simple, earnest language, for he obeyed that admonition which St. Bernard addressed to preachers: *Pasce verbo, pasce vita*—"Feed the people with your words, but feed them also still more your life"—an admonition which someone whose name I do not know \* has expanded thus:—

Lo! this one preached with fervent tongue:  
The world went forth to hear;  
Upon his burning words they hung,  
Intent, with ravished ear.

---

\* M. W. B. in the *Spectator*, October 11, 1884.

Like other lives the life he led,  
 Men spake no word of blame :  
 And yet unblest, unprofitd,  
 The world went on the same.

Another came, and lived, and wrought,  
 His heart all drawn above ;  
 By deeds, and not by words, he taught  
 Self-sacrificing love.

No eager crowds *his* preaching drew ;  
 Yet one by one they came ;  
 The secret of his power they knew,  
 And caught the sacred flame.

And all around, as morning light  
 Steals on with silent wing,  
 The world became more pure and bright,  
 And life a holier thing.

Ah ! Pastor, is thy heart full sore  
 At all this sin and strife ?  
 Feed with the word, but oh ! far more,  
 Feed with a holy life.

The Little Friary had come to be known as Father Mathew's Chapel ; and soon his name was associated with another holy Cork institution—Father Mathew's Cemetery. Unseemly bigotry on the part of Dean Magee (afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin) at the burial of a Catholic, similar to that which in Dublin led to the establishment of our beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin, occurred in Cork a little earlier ; and this and the fees which pressed heavily on the poor induced Father Mathew to secure the Botanic Gardens which were transformed into another sort of garden, a garden of the flowers gathered by "the Reaper whose name is Death." To this Thomas Francis Meagher referred in one of those speeches which used to thrill youthful hearts fifty years ago. "In the centre of the beautiful graveyard which he had himself thrown open to the poor of every Church, under the great stone cross, this glorious, good man—all that is mortal of him—sleeps. Beside that cross, clinging to it, kneels the nation whose sorrow he consoled, whose cup of poison he changed into one of living waters, whose head he lifted up and crowned with lilies when she had become a reproach among the nations. As silent as the cities of Tyre and Edom shall Ireland have become

when in the shadow of that cross, without the city of St. Finbar, the Irish heart forgets the noblest, gentlest spirit that ever soothed it." Thus spoke the brilliant orator who was fated himself to be buried in no cemetery but the bed of the Mississippi. He was drowned in that mighty river, July 1st, 1867, and his body never was recovered.

The terrible scourge of Asiatic Cholera in 1832 afforded the holy Capuchin scope for the exercise of heroic courage and charity. Indeed, his ordinary life exemplified his own impassioned words: "Mercy! heavenly mercy! Had the Deity never spoken—had He never revealed, by prophet or apostle, that mercy was His will—its innate excellence, the high honour it confers upon us, the delicious, the ineffable pleasure we enjoy in its exercise, would be sufficient to point out to us the necessity of this indispensable duty."

One of the devices of Father Mathew's unresting and untiring benevolence forestalled in some degree those St. Vincent de Paul societies which now do such admirable work in all our towns, but which had not then been begun even in France by their first founders, Frederic Ozanam and his friends. When the boys, who had been trained in his own schools, grew up into men, he did not lose sight of them, but organised them into a sort of lay apostleship, using them as catechists and as his assistants in visiting and relieving the sick and poor.

On another point he anticipated the system pursued with regard to orphans by the Sisters of the Holy Faith—namely, not gathering these favourites of Jesus, these pet lambs of the Good Shepherd, into large buildings in crowded towns, but finding homes for them individually in the cottages of peasant-farmers in the healthy, holy country. How did Father Mathew forestall this system? Well, at least in theory, in a conversation which you are now privileged to overhear, though, like Scott's *Waverley*, "'tis sixty years since." The report of that conversation, from which I am going to give some extracts, was drawn up under the following interesting circumstances. In the summer of 1844, three young men, Charles Gavan Duffy, aged 28; Denis Florence MacCarthy, aged 27; and John O'Hagan, aged 22, took a pleasure trip together from Dublin through the South of Ireland. I have in my charge the diary kept by the youngest of these three gifted men, all of whom I had the happiness of knowing intimately in later years. Young as he was, John O'Hagan had already at that time written

"Dear Land," "Ourselves Alone," and "Paddies Evermore," in that historic journal, the *Nation*, whose youthful founder was the eldest of the trio. Gavan Duffy survives alone—not (to borrow Macaulay's famous words about the Catholic Church): "not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of youthful life and vigour." Sir Charles still survives, while the poet MacCarthy died in 1882, and Judge O'Hagan in 1890. When they reached Cork, they called on Father Mathew, whom Duffy had met in Newry in 1841, where the young Monaghan man (then only editor of the *Belfast Vindicator*) made a speech, of which Father Mathew printed and circulated thirty thousand copies—a very small item in his portentous bill for printing. Let me give abruptly and disjointedly the Diarist's references to the Apostle of Temperance:—

"Called at Father Mathew's. . . . Duffy left his card. . . . Scarce had we returned to the Imperial Hotel when the Father himself entered. Conversation between him and Duffy about the teetotal newsrooms. Father Mathew gives a very melancholy account of them. Made use of one most disheartening expression: 'The fact is, everything must be done for our poor people—they do nothing for themselves.' This, I am afraid, is in a great measure true, but the way to cure the evil is to train their minds and impress upon them the necessity of exertion and self-reliance. Father Mathew departed, having asked us to tea. . . . Went to Father Mathew's. Inside as plain and unpretending as the outside. Small room, no carpet. None there but the Apostle himself and a Dublin priest of the name of Murphy, from Church-street Friary. Father Mathew speaking something, but not much, of his progress through the country. Spoke very warmly of the way he was received by the Scotch."

[After a pleasant account of their expedition to the Blarney Stone, Slieve Gullion's last memorandum on Saturday night runs thus:—"Not to forget that we are to breakfast and dine with Father Mathew to-morrow."]

"Duffy and I in a double-bedded room, greatly inclined for a soak. Enter Desmond with 'Brothers, arise' [the beginning of one of the *Nation* poems]. Duffy's reply: 'Comrades, leave us here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn '\*—it being at that time near

\* This is the first line of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which the man who here quotes it calls in his introduction to *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland* "a noble and impulsive poem, but certainly no ballad."

nine o'clock. Up and to the Padre's, half an hour past our time. Cork local dish for breakfast, called 'drisheens,' made something like black puddings; wishy-washy concern. After breakfast went to Mass in Father Mathew's chapel. . . . Went in a covered car with Father Mathew to the Ursuline Convent. More and more struck with Father Mathew's thorough goodness and kindness of heart. Passed a row of orphan boys belonging to some institution. He stopped the car and sent 2s. to the usher to buy apples for the boys. Impressed by an observation he made, namely, that he never knew boys brought up in those institutions to turn out well, devoid as they are of all natural ties. Like the miller on the Dee, they care for nobody, and nobody cares for them. Whereas he knew several instances where orphan infants had been sent out to nurse, and their foster-mothers grew so fond of them that they actually perjured themselves, and said they were dead, sooner than part with them; and that those children, being treated with kindness and affection, grew up good members of Society. He said then, [and here is where he anticipates the policy of Miss Margaret Aylward and Father John Gowan, C.M.] that there should be no such institutions at all, and that orphans and foundlings should be sent out to nurse through the country, and be then permitted to remain with their foster-parents, some small sum being allowed for their maintenance. I may as well insert here another remark of Father Mathew's. He says he wonders gentlemen do not plant more fruit trees in their demesnes and lawns, and along the side of the road. They would be as handsome or handsomer than other trees, and the fruit would be a great luxury for the poor people in hot weather."

The three pilgrims returned to dine at Father Mathew's table with ten others. "After dinner fruit and coffee but of course no wine," the young barrister notes in his Diary, which I have quoted at such length because it illustrates many points besides the one for which I introduced it. These three Dubliners—Editor, Poet, and Lawyer—lodge at the Imperial Hotel; they have several lay friends in Cork; but during their stay there they breakfast, dine, and sup with Father Mathew. In this random case there are other indications of Father Mathew's generous nature, and his strong inclination towards joy-giving, feast-giving, money-spending, which some one ought to have tried to regulate judiciously.

His heart, big as it was, had no room for caution or economy. He knew far better how to give than how to acquire or retain. His unselfishness and disinterestedness were too clearly manifested in his management of the vast organisation that sprang up as if by magic after that memorable 10th of April, 1838, when, exclaiming "Here goes in the name of God," he wrote "Theobald Mathew" in his first catalogue of pledged total abstainers.

After he had spoken that word, and written that pledge, the blessed contagion of temperance spread like wildfire. In three months the number of his disciples reached 25,000; and before the end of that year it had swelled to 156,000, and soon it was counted by millions. Here is the estimate of Father Mathew's character and mission formed about this time by a generous Protestant:—

"For myself, whether he be or be not canonized as a saint by the Church of Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle specially deputed on a divine mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation. If I had read in history that such success attended the labours of an unpretending priest, whose chief characteristic was modest simplicity of demeanour, I own that I should have distrusted the narrative as an exaggeration; but we have been all of us witnesses to the fact that myriads simultaneously obeyed his advice, and at his bidding abandoned a favourite indulgence."

The writer of these words was William Smith O'Brien, whose fine statue is separated from Father Mathew's by nearly the whole length of our noble O'Connell Street. The first statue indeed of the Apostle of Temperance was fitly erected by Cork, the city of his adoption, who entrusted the task to John Henry Foley. It was the last work of that great sculptor, while the statue in the chief thoroughfare of our beautiful Capital was almost the first work of a gifted young Irishwoman, Mary Redmond—her last work also, for soon after she changed her name in the way that is usual with young ladies, and she seems to have considered her marriage as a divorce from Art, to which she had previously been wedded.

But neither sculptor nor painter could adequately preserve for us the bodily presence of this holy and fascinating man. His not unworthy nephew, Lord Justice Mathew, describes his personal appearance thus in the great *Dictionary of National Biography* :—  
 “Father Mathew was of middle height, well formed and remarkably handsome. His complexion was pale, with dark hair and abundant, and eyes of the softest blue. His [expression, somewhat sombre in repose, was remarkable, when animated, for its gentleness and sweetness.” With this picture by a kinsman we may join one that was drawn by an observant stranger—the Russian traveller, Kohl, who had a high reputation fifty years ago. He begins like Thackeray, who, in his *Irish Sketch Book*, describes Father Mathew’s manner as “simple, hearty, and manly” :—

“His movements and address are simple and unaffected, and altogether he has something about him that wins for him the goodwill of those whom he addresses. His features are regular, and full of noble expression, of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large, and he is apt to keep his glance fixed for a long time on the same object. His forehead is straight, high, and commanding, and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others such nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat too aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned, and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon’s.”

With these pictures of the outward man may be joined, though it is hardly needed, the account given of his character and dispositions, early in his life and also later on. A school-fellow\* of his contributed to the *Dublin Review* of May, 1840, a long article on the Temperance Movement in Ireland, which was then only two years old. After a very long preamble he reaches the Capuchin Friar, of whom he gives his personal testimony to the following effect :—

“The writer of this article has been intimately acquainted with

\* I am able to identify this friend as Mr. Michael Joseph Quin, the first Editor of the *Dublin Review*, with which, however, his connection ceased after the first two or three numbers. He was born at Thurles, about 1796, the son of a brewer, and, no doubt, a fellow-pupil of the future foe of brewers at Mr. Flynn’s school in the market-house. He was a not very successful barrister in London, and died at Boulogne in 1843.

the subject of this well-earned panegyric from his earliest boyhood, and he can truly say, that even at that early stage of life he knew nobody so much or so generally beloved as the individual who is now the 'observed of all observers' throughout Ireland. Incapable of anger or resentment, utterly free from selfishness, always anxious to share with others whatever he possessed, jealous of the affection of those to whom he was particularly attached, remarkably gentle in his manners, fond of expressing himself rather in smiles than in language, averse from the boisterous amusements to which boys in general are prone, and preferring to them quiet walks by the banks of a river, or by the side of green hedges, in company with two or three select associates, and yet very far from being of a pensive disposition; on the contrary, so cheerful that the slightest ludicrous occurrence turned the smile he generally wore into hearty laughter—he grew up esteemed by everybody who knew him. Even in his boyhood he seemed never to live for himself; and yet, by not seeking it, he exercised an influence upon those around him which they never thought of questioning. Such was his character in his earliest days. And when the writer of these lines, after an interval of thirty years or more, visited Mr. Mathew in the autumn of 1838, he could discern no change. . . . The perfect simplicity of his character remained untouched; he was still in mind and heart the boy of ten years old."

This is the tribute paid by a friend of Father Mathew's boyhood. A friend of his last years—John Francis Maguire—sums up as follows his quarter of a century of preparation for his apostleship:—

"In his confessional, in his pulpit, in the squalid garret, in the haunts of fever, by the bedside of the sinner, in the wards of the cholera hospital, in his munificent charities, in his unostentatious benevolence, in his acts of untold kindness and generosity, *in his whole life*, lay the secret of his marvellous success—of the miraculous progress of the movement of which he had now become the leader."

We need not follow to the end the course of that holy, beneficent, and supremely useful life, of which we are to-night commemorating the very beginning. We have recalled to memory enough of it to convince ourselves anew that the 10th of October,

1790, the birthday of Theobald Mathew, was a blessed and a happy day for Ireland and the world. But for Father Mathew himself a happier day was the 8th of December, 1856, his true birthday, his entrance into life everlasting. The mortal life that lay between those two dates has won for this humble Irish priest a high place, which can never be taken from him, in the history of true Christian philanthropy—better still, a high place in the hearts of his people, the Irish race, and of the whole civilised world—best of all, a high place (as we pray and hope and believe) in the Heart and in the Heaven of the merciful Redeemer of mankind.

Our fittest individual and personal tribute to the memory of the Apostle of Temperance will be to become apostles of temperance in our own little way—to do all that we can, by our prayers, by our example, and by every other means that may be open to us, to improve our own small share of this fallen world around us, especially that one heart and that one life which alone are really under our influence and control :—

Thou scornest and smitest,  
But Christ must atone  
For a soul that thou slightest—  
Thine own.

Let me end with the dreadfully practical remark that the sincere disciple of Father Theobald Mathew can help to prove by his example that total abstinence, which is necessary for some, is easy for almost all, since every *mens sana in corpore sano*, every healthy-minded and able-bodied Christian man and woman, can do the work of life, and enjoy the pleasures of life, without the aid of those liquors which, though they may be used in moderation without sin, work, nevertheless, every day such awful havoc among the souls and bodies of men, squandering the hard-earned wages of honest toil, dooming the drunkard's innocent children to hunger and nakedness, causing every day the temporal ruin of thousands and thousands, causing their spiritual ruin also by keeping them away from the sacraments and sacrifice of the Church, blighting and destroying innumerable lives, and often cutting life short by premature death amid such squalid and hopeless surroundings of sin and shame that one seems almost to do violence to God's justice when one dares to pray : " May God have mercy on their souls."

All sin is folly and madness ; but the drunkard's sin is the

silliest and the maddest of all. Let us pity the poor fools that are victims of this most miserable and most ignoble vice; and let us bless God for placing between us and that abyss an impassable distance by inspiring us with those resolutions and principles to which we have pledged ourselves, and which are linked with the holy memory that has gathered us here to-night to celebrate with love and gratitude the one hundred and eleventh birthday of Father Theobald Mathew.

I will only add in the present context that I believe in my heart that the practice of total abstinence will for all of you, and especially for some of you, increase greatly the happiness and the efficiency of the long apostolic life which (please God) lies before you. And so (to adopt and adapt the last words of Cardinal Allen's preface to his excellent book, *Souls Departed*, out of which I have taken my meditations for this Month of the Holy Souls)—“Farewell, gentle hearers, and, if I have pleased you by my pains, let me, for Christ's sake, be partaker of your prayers.”

M. R.

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### A THOUGHT

LIFE touches life at points we wot not of;  
 Light passes from us that we do not see;  
 The ill we cling to, or the good we love,  
 The unconscious guides of other souls may be.

We know not all our power; for oft unseen,  
 And, to ourselves, is oftener still unknown,  
 The ever-widening influence of the mean  
 Or noble action that we deem our own.

O mystery of Life in Life! Alone—  
 Yet not alone—by our just God's decree.  
 Thou Who hast made our spirits like Thine Own,  
 Grant that their every power may lead to Thee.

S. M. C.

## ETAIN THE QUEEN

**I**N the days when Julius Cæsar ruled the world beyond the eastern seas, the Milesians kinged it in Erin, and the great Tuatha de Danaan, who for so long had reigned there, were in the world of the invisible, dwelling in stately palaces underneath the earth, fairer than any dwellings that were upon her breast; and there they were nourished upon mystic flesh and mystic drink. They were gods, and in their light and radiance they had conquered the Fomorians, the gods of night and darkness; and in their turn they were conquered by the wonderful sons of Mile, who had spied the Western Island from their Great Plain, and had come over and won to the taking and the holding of it. But between the Tuatha de Danaan and the fair children of Mile there was no hatred, neither rancour, and here and there they had mixed their strain, and here and there the ties of fosterage bound some of these with some of those. And small wonder, for the Milesians were one with Nature, as their great bard, Amairgen the White-kneed, had sung. For he sang: "*I am the wave of the Ocean; I am the murmur of the waves; I am the Bull of the Seven Fights; I am the Vulture on the Rock; I am a tear of the Sun and the fairest of Planets, and the brave Boar of the woods, and the Salmon in the water, and the Lake in the plains, am I.*" And at times the de Danaan desired much to soar in the air above the dwellings of the children of Mile in the form of fair birds; and of the first time they took unto themselves this shape I will tell you.

Now Mider of the de Danaan, who dwelt in the palace of Bregleith, had a very fair wife, whose name was Etain. And Cengus, the foster-son of Mider, carried away Etain, and espoused her, and set her in a fair dwelling, and was very tender unto her. And Mider lamented Etain very sore, and Fuammach, the wife that was left unto him, was angered in her heart thereat. So by her god-power she sent a violent wind to sweep Etain from the side of Cengus, and to whirl her into the land of Ultonia. There did strange things befall Etain, and it came to pass that lo! the goddess was born anew of a mortal mother, and her old life dropt away from her, and all was with her as that old life had never been. So Etain grew to be the fairest of the fair women of Erin,

and the Ard-ri, that is to say, the High-king, Eochaid Airem, loved her and took her to wife, and she dwelt in love and spouse-head with him at Tara.

But Mider of Bregleith loved Etain with a love undying as the gods themselves, and he came to the queen at Tara, when the High-king was not there, and he put her in mind of the days when he had been husband to her in the world of the gods. But the love and fairness of earth were about the eyes of Etain, and the world of the gods was to her as nought, and she would not go with Mider to the palace at Bregleith. The love of her mortal mate was upon her, and the love of the god Mider was no more to her than the fluffy cloud that had passed at the laughter of the sun. "I know thee not," she said, "and thou hast no strain that I should know thee; and none knoweth the begetters of thy fathers; and the High-king of Erin is my husband, and I change him not for thee."

And Mider smiled as the gods smile, and left her, and was gone.

Now it came to pass on a fair afternoon in the warm summer-time that Eochaid Airem looked forth from the height of his fortress at Tara, upon the great plain around, and saw how lovely the land was, and how fertile. And his heart was glad within him. And while he yet was looking forth, he saw a warrior drawing nigh, and he knew not his face, neither his frame, nor his going. This warrior had upon him a purple tunic, and his hair was of the colour of gold, and his blue eyes sent forth a great light. He carried a five-pointed lance, and a shield with bosses of gold around the rim.

Eochaid bade him welcome, albeit he knew him not. Yet the stranger said that he knew Eochaid, and had known him of old; and he gave his name as Mider of Bregleith, and he said that he was come to play at chess with the High-king. And Eochaid was content, for he knew that he could play well at chess, and he was accounted the most highly-skilled chess-player in all Erin. But he told Mider that Etain, the queen, was sleeping, and that his chess was in the room where she lay. But Mider said that mattered not, for he had with him his own board and his own men, not less fine and beautiful than those of Eochaid. True it was, for his board was of silver, set at every corner with precious stones in their sheen; and from out of a bag that was woven of

shining wire he drew his men, and the men were all of fine gold. And when he had set them on the board, the king bade him play; and he told the king that there must be a stake for his playing, and he asked what the stake should be; and the king suffered him to choose. "If thou win," said Mider, "thou shalt have fifty bay horses, deep-chested, slender-hoofed, and swift." Then the High-king, trusting in the skill that he weened should never suffer defeat, told Mider that an he won he should have whatever the desire of his heart should bid him ask.

And it was Mider who won that game, and Eochaid who lost it.

So Eochaid asked of Mider what thing it might be that he desired; and Mider said that Eochaid should give him Etain, his wife. But the High-king claimed the playing of yet another game, the which if Mider won, he should win Etain thereto; and he asked that a year should go by before that game were played.

And Mider departed, and Eochaid saw him not at all during that year; but many a time did he come to the beloved Etain, and made himself sweet unto her, and sang to her with his god-voice of melody exceeding lovely. And in the song he sang to her he called her to go with him to a wondrous country where the air was ever filled with music, and the locks were crowned with the flowers of spring, and the body was white as snow, and none were sad or silent, and the teeth were ever white, and the eyebrows ever dark, and the cheeks of the foxglove's hue.

But the god-life was gone away from Etain, and the voice of Mider could not call it back to her, for now was she wholly a mortal lady, with no memory of the undying ones, and she loved her mortal husband with a love that knew but of him alone. And she said that not unless Eochaid's self gave her to Mider would she go with him. And such a thing she well deemed could never be. And Eochaid waited in grief and trembling till the year should go by; for the black shadow of fear was upon him, and he kissed Etain in that shadow, and his joy was anguished, and his comfort was smitten with a blight.

When the year was gone by, Mider came back to Tara, and challenged Eochaid to the second game of chess, and he said the stake should be whatever the winner would, and this must be the last game that should be played. And when the god had won, Eochaid asked him what he was fain to have, and he said he was

fair to put his arms round Etain, and lay his kiss upon her mouth. And the High-king craved yet a delay, and promised that in a month from that day Mider should have the desire of his heart.

Now, when the set day was come, Eochaid was in the great hall of his palace at Tara, and the strongest knights of Erin were serried thick around him and his wife Etain; and outside were strong men on guard, and the doors were looked and barred that the foot of no stranger might enter in. All that day they watched; but Mider came not. And Etain, the fair queen and beloved, was by her husband's side. And they watched till the shadows fell and the night drew near, lest the divider of their loves should come upon them. And when the night was come, suddenly they saw how Mider, fair in his god-beauty, was there, and the hall was lighted by his presence as though the strong sun were shining outside. And he spake to the king, and asked for Etain, "for," said he, "thou didst promise to give her unto me." Then the red flush took the cheeks of Etain and her forehead, and she said that never would she go with Mider until her husband bade her go with him. And Eochaid cried out that such a thing should never be, but that Mider should put his arms around Etain and set a kiss upon her mouth, there in the hall where all were standing. "For this," said Eochaid, "have I promised him; and this is mine honour that I should not lie." Thereupon Mider shifted his lance from his right hand to his left, and he caught Etain and lifted her up, as he rose from the floor where he stood; and they passed out through the roof-hole of the king's great hall. And a great shame fell upon the warriors, and there was a mighty stir amongst them, but nothing could they do; and they rushed out of the palace, and they saw two swans flying around Tara; and upon the fair long necks of them there was a yoke of gold. This, as I have said, was the first time ever the gods were seen in shape of birds.

But the love of Eochaid would know no baffling, and he dared the wrath of Mider, and by the magic of his Druids he attained to the underearth palace of Mider, and he won back Etain the beloved. But for this deed the vengeance of the god overtook the strain of Eochaid, even as our poets have told us.

For when the mortal love striveth against the immortal, of what avail to win? For the winning is but in seeming, and dear shall the winner buy his gain.

EMILY M. P. HICKEY.

## MEMORIES OF SAN MARCO

WHEN wandering through some of the principal picture galleries of Europe, most lovers of art must have often felt how one favourite master holds them with his potent spell, until they hardly have eyes, but for his works, and study those of others only to feel the superior attraction of one. They are swayed by an irresistible charm, and although surrounded by so many masterpieces of perhaps a superior order, often of more advanced technique and more perfect drawing, these fail to teach their lesson, to convey home their meaning as powerfully as those by that other artist, who, perhaps, is but poorly represented by one or two pictures amongst all the hundreds that hang there on the walls.

If this be so, how much more are we able to enter into the spirit and ideal that filled that master's life, to trace the secret spring from which flowed all his inspirations, when his works are seen, not amongst a medly company, in the almost painful promiscuity of a public gallery, but still remaining untouched in the very place for which they were painted, in the spot which was dearest to the master's heart, where he lived, suffered, and prayed. It is then as if the hands of the clock of time were suddenly put back several centuries, and the dead spirit seems to live again in its works, which in their turn speak to us of many a secret of the hidden life of the painter's soul.

This is why a visit to San Marco is unlike any other visit, and here we find far more than an ordinary painter, for we have the artist united to the saint in the great vocation of the religious life ; the artist whose real name was Fra Giovanni, but who is always known as Fra Angelico, or Il Beato Angelico, the angel painter of angelic visions. Here, the more we study the more we feel how the purity and holiness that breathe through these works, were but the unconscious outflow of a life hidden in God ; and, scrutinize as we may, the impression is always the same. Few, indeed, are the artists who can bear the test of this close scrutiny. Few there are who at some time or other of their lives have not faltered and fallen, using God's best gifts for low and earthly aims, rising sometimes in heavenly flights, but to sink again enchained

by the trammels of the world—unfaithful to their high calling of teachers of men.

With such as these, Fra Angelico had nothing in common, just as his works, too, are dumb to those whose eyes are blinded by the false glamour of earthly joy. To such as these a visit to San Marco will be but an artistic treat and nothing more, for to lift the hidden veil, however slightly, and see beyond into the mystic meaning of these frescoes, there must be at least a kinship of religious feeling between master and disciple; the chords of the two hearts must vibrate and answer to the same touch; the sympathy must be mutual, and a spark of ardent faith is of greater use in helping to understand Fra Angelico aright, than all the science of the connoisseur. This last will do much, without a doubt, but it must go hand in hand with the teaching of Catholicism.

For here we come into close contact with the supernatural, following far more the growth of a holy soul, than the progress of an artist; we are dominated with and overpowered by those very things which usually are the most difficult to realize in the hurry of life, and for once the supernatural seems a more tangible factor than the earthly realities by which we are surrounded. Heaven is very real and very near, as we stand in this peaceful cloister; the wings of God's own angels seem to flutter round us, to be even closer to us than those of their angel brethren on the walls. And over all falls the shadow of that great peace which is only bought at the price of sacrifice, bought by the voluntary renunciation of all man holds most dear, and kept by the consistent practice of that which is harder and most repugnant to human nature. The happiness that is born of sacrifice is the one kind of happiness that has lasting foundations, that will not crumble and fall in the after years, but stand firm and remain with us, even beyond the dawn of the great joy of the future.

Fra Angelico would have none of earthly delights and honours; he heard the irresistible call of his genius towards art, but at the same time another voice had spoken to him, telling him of other joys than those won by the fame of pencil and brush. And the holy youth listened and obeyed, and faithful to God's call, placed for ever—as a perpetual barrier between himself and the temptations of an artist's life in the world—the white robe of the Dominican and the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

But far from being stilled by the cloister walls, by the primary importance of the higher vocation, the other voice, the call to dedicate his life to art, was to be strengthened and fortified by these same religious ties ; and what he learned, saw and felt in the cloister, was to be outwardly manifested through the medium of the frescoes he painted on the monastery walls. The mystical joys of a soul closely united to God, and detached from all human happiness, was the unfailing source from which he drew all his inspirations.

And to the question as to what was to be his reward for his sacrifice, the answer seems to me to state back through long centuries, coming from other times and from another land, even from the Sermon on the Mount, even from Our Lord's own lips : *Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt*. I can never look at Fra Angelico's works without the familiar words crossing my memory. They seem to be in such perfect harmony with the ethereal, purely spiritual beauty of his creations, which could but have emanated from a soul full of purity and holiness, could, in their exquisite beauty, only have been conceived by one utterly detached from all that even savours of earth, by one rapt in the wonders of contemplation, and living already in spirit among the inhabitants of the unseen world, among God's saints and angels.

If the details of the spiritual side of Fra Angelico's life are scarce, we have only to call to mind the lives of other holy men, the supernatural favours with which God is pleased to reward correspondence with grace, and we shall then better understand how his visions came to him ; for they were far more than the visions of an ordinary artist, they were also those of the cloister, those of the holy, humble monk, whose life was divided between prayer and work, who looked upon his art as a sacred vocation, and who, before taking up his brush, would kneel and pray, even with tears ; and the answer to his prayer came to him in the shape of the celestial angels, of the radiant Madonnas which are tenderly smiling down on us from the convent walls. Vasari tells us that he would never deviate from the first idea of his pictures, deeming it to be God's will thus to reproduce faithfully what he had at first imagined. Yes, indeed, in those words : *Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt*, is to me to be found the key to the secret of Fra Giovanni's art ; in them is the epitome of his life.

And thus did he become, through the holiness of his life, carried into his art, not only a contemplative, mystical religious, but a great teacher of men, and of him may it truly be said :—

“ A second man I honour, and still more highly—him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward Harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? *Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one : when we can name him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who, with Heaven-made implement, conquers Heaven for us.*”\*

The Monastery of San Marco is also admirably in harmony with the jewels it enshrines. The work of one of the great architects of the glorious period of the Quattrocento, it is as pleasing in arrangement, as striking in simplicity, and forms a perfect setting to the religious works of art with which it is endowed. It was a present to the Dominicans from Cosimo il Vecchio, that famous pioneer of Medici fame ; and although a princely gift, it was built rigorously in accordance with the life of poverty to be professed by its inmates. Michelozzo was as well able to raise a monastery as a palace ; for when he restored, or, rather, rebuilt this former home of some suppressed Silvestrini Friars he showed that he understood the few wants of an austere order of reformed Dominicans, as well as he knew those of the merchant prince, for whom he raised the splendid palace of the old Via Larga.† To the one he gave space, dignity, magnificence, also thick walls and barred windows, for the Florentines ever loved riot and change ; while to the others, to whom all grandeur and display were forbidden, he built a humble, austere monastery, with narrow, lowly cells, and peaceful quiet cloisters. Here are no forbidding bars or bolts, for the people know that the monk has ever been their best friend ; but there is a spacious library, in which to treasure all the precious manuscripts, so beloved by the great classical students of that day ; and the little garden in the centre of the cloister was there, sweet with the scent of Damascus roses, which wafted their fragrance to the cells above ; and when Michelozzo had done his work, Fra Angelico, at the bidding of his superiors, left the perfumed, flower-strewn slopes of Fiesole, and came down to Florence to bestow on the newly-finished monastery its crowning glory.

\* Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*.

† Now Palazzo Riccardi.

It is worthy of notice that each subject of the frescoes, with which he covered much of the available wall space, seems to have been chosen with the special object of illustrating some virtue of the religious life; all to have been placed in their respective positions with some deeper meaning in view, which might easily be understood by the brethren as they passed to and fro from cell to choir, so as to be to them an almost hourly stimulus to strive after perfection. It is in the silent little cloister by the entrance that, perhaps, this second meaning is most apparent, for from it access is gained to the monastery within by several doors, above which are placed appropriate frescoes by the hand of Fra Giovanni.

Over the door leading to the sacristy of the Church is St. Peter Martyr, one of the glories of the Dominican Order. He holds his finger to his lips as still admonishing his brethren to observe faithfully the rule of silence, and never more so than when they pass on their way to choir. On his head is seen the bloody sword-wound which earned for him a martyr's crown, and which, to his followers, is a perpetual reminder of the sufferings inseparable from a life of apostleship—although the end be not the actual shedding of blood for the Church, but the daily toils of a whole life spent in her service until the hour of death. Close by is the beautiful figure of Christ on the Cross, while kneeling at the foot is white-robed St. Dominic; a favourite theme of Fra Angelico's, as we may know from the many times we shall see it repeated in the upper story. How many holy monks have paused on their way to and fro to kneel a moment at the foot of this crucifix, and how many generations have passed under its shadow! The hidden secrets of many lives have doubtless here been breathed forth in whispered prayers, rising upwards in mute appeal to the great silence of Eternity!

The lunette above the entry to the "foresteria" or hostel for strangers, has an eminently beautiful and appropriate subject for its fresco: Our Divine Lord in the garb of a pilgrim being lovingly welcomed with outstretched hands by two Dominican Friars. As Fra Angelico painted it, he must himself have had in mind those words of his Divine Master: *Hospes eram, et collegistis me*; and so touchingly and so reverently has he known how to interpret them, that no one can look on the result unmoved. Hospitality conceived in this spirit, ceases to be human and becomes almost

divine, for, in the stranger knocking at the gate, the monk sees the Person of Our Lord Himself. And this little painting is the key-note to the innumerable convents and monasteries dedicated to the service of the sick, the old and the crippled, to all those who have suffering and want for their only credentials, and who no longer need fear rebuff or be ashamed of their poverty, when they remember Whom this misery entitles them to impersonate, for verily they then become guests whom it is a glory to honour.

The doors that lead into the refectory and chapter-house are surmounted respectively with the figure of Our Lord rising from the dead and showing the wound-prints, and that of St. Dominic holding the book of his rule and the discipline; but time has laid its defacing hand on both of these rescues.

It is within the chapter-house that we see Fra Angelico at his greatest, and it is fitting that it should be so; for here take place the most solemn deliberations of the religious community, and it is a room used only on momentous occasions, when all the brethren are assembled together. Here, too, the new Prior first hears of his election, and for these reasons the painter has chosen this spot for his most solemn theme. The whole of one wall is taken up with the large fresco representing the great scene of our Redemption. The surrounding border that enframes it has, on the upper half, medallions of the prophets, all holding scrolls in their hands; while, in the corner to the right of the spectator, is a lovely half figure of the Erythræan Sibyl. This upper part thus personates the Old Testament prophecies and the pagan groping towards truth in the person of the Sibyl, while the lower border is exclusively dedicated to the popes, bishops, and saints of the Gospel era; and here, as is to be expected, most of the great saints who have glorified the Dominican Order in the times before Fra Angelico take an honoured place. This work thus forms, in its entirety, an almost condensed history of religion—the Old and the New Testament, united by the Mystery of the Redemption—and suffices to show that the master's theological and Scriptural learning was of no mean order. It may even be that the great Michael Angelo was himself somewhat unknowingly indebted to the conception of this fresco, which he must doubtless have seen, when he put his hand to the stupendous ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But this elaborately thought-out border is hardly noticed

at first, so great is the fascination of the central piece. Taken as a whole, and not the perfection of each individual figure, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful and simple rendering of the Crucifixion that has ever been painted, and the sanctity of the artist is visible in each detail. Our Lord hangs on the cross between the two thieves; close by is the exquisite group of Our Lady and the Holy Women; while on either side are many saints and martyrs. And, not content with the portrait of his beloved founder in the central medallion of the border, Fra Angelico has again placed the whole figure of St. Dominic kneeling, with outstretched hands, at the foot of the cross, his halo bearing the little central star that is his distinctive sign in sacred art. A little further off is St. Francis, the stigmata plainly visible; and near to him is one of the most touching figures of this group—that of a monk, kneeling, who, unable any longer to bear the sight of his dear Lord dying on the cross, softly turns aside, and covers his face with his hands, to hide his tears. When we remember how Vasari tells us that the custom of the holy artist was to kneel in prayer and in tears before beginning the portrayal of themes such as these, we feel that this can be but an episode drawn from his own pure life.

It is on ascending the stairs that lead to the upper storey that we first come upon one of the exquisite angels that Fra Angelico so loved to paint, and which are such a feature of his art. It is the scene of the Annunciation, and beneath a vaulted roof, supported on slender columns, the Virgin of Nazareth is seated on a low, rough wooden stool, leaning forward, with awestruck, rapt gaze, her hands instinctively folded in reverence, the while she asks herself what manner of salutation is this. Before her stands Gabriel, the great Archangel, his hands likewise crossed, while he, too, bends forward, not in wonder, but in homage to his Queen. His long embroidered robe falls softly to his feet, and his great wings are folded behind him.

Oh, those wings of Fra Angelico's angels! Where did he learn to paint them? Where did he find their wonderful iridescent colours? Was it from the flowers and light of a summer's day? from the butterflies hovering over the Damascus roses of his cloister, or from the peacocks, gorgeous under the Italian sun, in some terraced garden of Fiesole? Or did they not rather flit to and fro in his visions of sleep, carrying diaphanous, celestial

messengers, making the darkness of the night glow with their radiance ?

These wings have hardly ceased their fluttering, the sound of the first Ave has scarcely yet dropped from the angel's lips ; in another minute Our Lady will have sunk on her knees, but as yet she has still to hear the heavenly message. It is little wonder that this Annunciation is spoken of with world-wide rapture, and that certain lines from Dante have often been quoted, as alone adequate to describe its beauty. His description of the same scene, harmonizes too perfectly with this rendering, not to be for ever associated together by those who are acquainted with both. Perhaps even, and who can tell ? that the words of the heavenly poet were on the painter's lips, and making music in his heart, the while he limned this fresco on the wall.\*

Hard by is the cell of good St. Antonino ; its little window closed by the same heavy wooden shutter as all those in the monastery. Where we now carelessly tread, how often have a saint's footsteps passed ! A strange sense of reverence seems to cling to the place, and voices instinctively fall to a whisper, as in a church, for a saint's presence has for ever rendered it holy ground. It bears on its humble, white-washed walls, the Descent of Christ into Limbo, by our artist's hand, and amongst its other treasures are some vestments used by the holy Archbishop, a cast of the mask of his face, and books in his handwriting.

Holy St. Antonino, surely the sweetest hours of your life were passed in this poor cell, and it must have been with a sore pang that, at the Pope's command, you left its peaceful shelter, to take upon your shoulders the heavy burden of the See of Florence !

In the next cell, one of Fra Angelico's most exquisite little gems has found a refuge, having been originally brought here from the Church of Santa Maria Novella. It is well known to all as the Madonna della Stella, so called from the little star resting on Our Lady's head. This tiny easel picture, painted on wood, is of such extraordinary beauty that it is impossible to find words to express the tender grace, pathetic loveliness and wonderful purity, that seem to breathe from it, as the subtle fragrance from white garden lilies. Very tenderly and lovingly does the Mother

\* See *Purgatorio*, Canto x. 34-45.

of God clasp her Divine Child in her arms, the gentle head slightly bowed so as to touch that other little head which nestles so confidently on her shoulder, while the baby hands cling upwards towards her neck. But if it is at once a picture of motherhood and infantile loveliness, at the same time it is the Majesty of the Divine Maternity and of the God made Man that predominates; through the fragile, graceful forms, through the human veil, the Godhead shines forth, not hidden, as in the works of too many painters. Our Lady's eyes, with yearning sadness, gaze out into the distance, seeing always beyond the blessed present at Nazareth the dark cross waiting on Calvary. But Fra Angelico has not painted her bowed down with grief, though a sword has pierced her heart; she is the Mother of God and the Queen of Virgins. Through the Divine Child Whom she holds in her arms Redemption has come to the world, and louder than the throbs of pain at her heart echoes always the glorious Magnificat in thanksgiving for her double title of Virgin and Mother. This is where the Madonnas of Fra Angelico differ so widely from those of Botticelli. Both essentially beautiful types, they are completely distinct, not only in manner but in spirit. Botticelli painted Our Lady crushed and almost overwhelmed with the shadow of the grief the future was to bring; the crown of glory that the angels, with impassionate eyes, lift above her head, seems almost too heavy to bear, the while that each hour that speeds by brings her nearer to the bitter parting on Calvary. Fra Angelico, the earlier master, also saw and painted the suffering, but he felt too deeply the joy the Incarnation was to bring into the world not to make the gladness triumph over pain, not to make the wonder of the Divine Motherhood overshadow with its glory the earthly form. As the Virgin of Nazareth holds in her arms her God, all else is stilled in the rapture of *Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi*.

Botticelli speaks of earth, Fra Angelico of heaven. Perhaps never has it been given for any other artist to realise the joys of Paradise as he has done; nothing can bring heaven nearer to the soul than some of his pictures. Take, for instance, the Crowning of Our Lady, the subject of a fresco in one of the cells not far from that of the Madonna della Stella. There is something indeed truly unearthly in the supernaturalised form of the Blessed Virgin, as she stoops forward with a gesture of profound humility to be

crowned by her Divine Son, Who, with outstretched hands, slowly and solemnly, lowers the Crown towards the bent head, and the pure, ethereally transparent whiteness of her robe lends radiance to the scene.

EVA BILLINGTON.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## “ BUTYRUM ET MEL COMEDET ”

(ISAIAH VII. 15.)

To bow before Boy-Jesus poor,  
 Kingly Shepherd and Shepherd-King,  
 Through yonder open stable-door  
 Herds and kings are hastening ;  
 The God of Strength, the Lord of Might,  
 Emmanuel, Sweetness Infinite,  
 Enthroned on Mary's maiden-breast,  
 And lulled by her to softest rest.

One day shall pass to Nazareth  
 This royal and all heavenly Boy,  
 Of country air to breathe the breath  
 And taste the peasant's simple joy ;  
 To labour hard throughout the day,  
 Spend happy eyes in restful play,  
 At Mother's table take His seat,  
 Butter and honey to bless and eat.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

## PITY THE BLIND

WHAT would be the use of being an editor of some thirty years' standing if one could not smuggle occasionally into print a fragment or two of manuscript of which the natural doom would otherwise be the waste-paper basket? It is strange that this latter fate did not long ago fall upon a memorandum of certain remarks made on the occasion of some new buildings at St. Joseph's Asylum for the Male Blind, Drumcondra. If it were worth while to fix the date, this could be easily done with the aid of the allusions to the Mayoralty of Mr. T. D. Sullivan and to the visit of the "Great Eastern" to Dublin Bay as a monster show.

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It is a privilege to be allowed to second this resolution, especially when it has the good fortune to be proposed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Indeed, coming after his Lordship, one feels something like what a little rowing boat may be supposed to feel when tossed about helplessly in the wake of some huge steamer like the "Great Eastern." But our eloquent and kind-hearted civic father is more than eloquent, more than an orator—he is a poet; and, if I were limited to a single specimen of his muse, I think my choice would fall on the *Death of King Cormac Mac Nessa*. Now, the reason why I refer to this grand ballad-poem is because its most pathetic passage is that in which the poor king thinks of all "the life and the motion around him, and no one so stricken as he." Yet he was not blind; he could see; for the very rhyme of the couplet tells us that—

" He sat at his door in the sunlight, sore grieving and weeping to see  
The life and the motion around him, and no one so stricken as he."

More sadly stricken, more utterly forlorn, are they who sit, not in the sunlight, but in darkness, who cannot see "the life and the motion" around them, shut out from the light of day, from the sight of sun and sky, and fields and flowers, and the faces of friends, cut off from nearly all that seems to make up the beauty and the joy of living.

If we could but manage, by thinking of the blessings given to us and denied to the inmates of this institution, to warm our own gratitude just a little, a practical way of proving that

gratitude in kind would not be far to seek ; and, therefore, I will venture to mention a very homely expedient by which some have tried to realise to themselves the blank void in which the blind live. Choose sometime, for instance, the uninhabited side of Nassau-street, and when you have the pathway clear before you for a certain distance, keep your eyes honestly shut, and try how far you can walk on in that voluntary blindness, which, nevertheless, hardly gives us any idea at all of the far denser darkness, the far completer severance from the world around, in which the poor creatures who are stricken with blindness must grope on, not from one lamp-post to another, but often from the cradle to the grave. To the grave, but not beyond it. In the Resurrection will there not be a special rapture reserved for those who then at last shall see ? And will not heaven itself be a more glorious surprise and novelty for the sightless eyes which during life were sealed to all the charms of this fair world of ours, but which death shall open to a fairer world and to the Beatific Vision ?

But, if I ventured further in this direction, I might be accused of preaching under false pretences ; so I will allow myself to be quite abruptly reminded of a good old song which begins with the startling supposition : " Oh ! had I a thousand a year ! " I wonder that Robin Rough, though he is represented in the song as a rather low-minded person, yet I wonder greatly that even he did not include among the pleasures to be procured by that hypothetical thousand a year the opportunity of contributing to such good works as St. Joseph's Asylum for the Blind. It is left to you, ladies and gentlemen, to supply that omission ; and I am sure you will be glad to do what you can.

The whole Church militant is one vast Limited Liability Company ; but especially all the religious institutes and hospitals and other charitable enterprises like the present which help to keep up the life and activity of the Church and to extend her beneficent influence—all these are so many separate investments in which the faithful at large are allowed to co-operate by contributing sometimes more than their spare cash. There are many here who, passing the various charitable and religious institutions which adorn and sanctify the streets of our beautiful old Catholic metropolis, are able to put forward for themselves in all humility and thankfulness a claim somewhat similar to that advanced by a certain Dublin carman whom many of you may have heard of. He

was showing some stranger the sights of the city, and, pointing out St. Patrick's after it was restored by Sir Benjamin Guinness, he remarked : " They praise up ould Guinness for putting so much of his money in them buildings, but I can tell you there's a dale of *my* money in them, too "—for the poor fellow happened to be an assiduous consumer of XX, and thus helped the Guinnesses to restore St. Patrick's, as you, ladies and gentlemen, more directly and in a better way will help these good Carmelite Brothers to complete St. Joseph's.

To-day's proceedings will lend for you an additional interest to this historic spot, as his Grace\* called it a moment ago, probably alluding to more important events than the marriage which took place here between the brave Celt, Hugh O'Neill, and the fair Saxon, Mabel Bagnall, who (I was glad to learn from Father Meehan since he came into this room) became a Catholic before her death two or three years later.

And so henceforth, whenever you chance to take a drive in this neighbourhood and come within sight of those fine buildings, you will be able to adopt as your own the observation of that bibulous jarvey aforesaid, applying it to the part which, please God, you will take to-day and hereafter in finishing and maintaining in full efficiency this noble institution, St. Joseph's Asylum for the Blind.

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## DOXOLOGY

ALL praise to Him Whose Father-Hand  
 Sent light and life through dark and void !  
 All praise to that Eternal Son,  
 Who died, that death might be destroyed !  
 All praise to Him Whose gracious power  
 Doth strengthen, lead, and purify !  
 All praise, for ever and for aye,  
 Unto the Holy Trinity.

EMILY M. P. HICKEY.†

\* Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, presided over the meeting.

† By a mistake of the Editor this name was affixed in our preceding Number to an excellent translation of the *Adoro te Devote*, which, though not written for us, we are glad to have joined to the three or four admirable versions with which our pages have been enriched—ED. I. M.

## THE SQUIRE'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS

## CHAPTER XXIV

## THE CONVALESCENT

WHEN Margaret got up next morning, one of the ideas present to her mind was, that the figure she had seen entering her grandfather's room had not his familiar outlines. Whether this was to be accounted for by peculiarity of dress or not she did not know, so she waited with anxiety to hear further news from Victor.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, he arrived during the night," said Victor, in low tones, as soon as he found Margaret alone in the *salon*. "He is dressing now, and as soon as he is dressed he will ask you to visit him. Mademoiselle must be very careful not to let him perceive any suspicion in her face, and she must prepare to hear much that will surprise her. She must help him to act his part, so that he may not imagine she has discovered he is acting."

Here was a new fear for Margaret, the fear of betraying to himself her penetration of his secret.

"He will not, perhaps, watch you too closely, Mademoiselle, for he is assured that nobody has missed him. I have borne his questions, and set his mind at rest on that point.

"'Did you not hear me come in in the night, Victor,' he said to me.

"'No, Monsieur,' I said, 'I did not hear a sound. You must have walked with the *pattes* of a cat.'

"'If you had seen me,' he said, 'you would have thought I was a burglar. But nobody saw or heard me.'

"'No one, indeed, Monsieur. But all the world is anxious about your health.'

"'Do I not look ill enough to warrant it, Victor?' he said, and truly, Mademoiselle, he looks a wreck of himself. Ah, my poor master, what sufferings you endured on that journey in that disguise!"

"Disguise!" echoed Margaret.

"Yes, Mademoiselle; he gave me his disguise to be made away with."

Margaret saw in this new piece of information another proof that Victor had been telling her the truth, as she remembered the unfamiliar appearance of the figure that had entered her grandfather's room in the night.

"Then he asked for the papers, Mademoiselle, and I was careful to observe what parts of them he turned to. He read the accounts of the murder in Russia, nothing else. His lips opened, livid, and the perspiration stood in his face. But he read and re-read all that the papers had to say on that one subject, and afterwards they dropped unregarded on his knees.

" 'Ah, Victor,' he said, wiping his forehead, 'a journey like that of mine to Austria and back takes it out of a man of my time of life. For the future I will tell them they must get a younger man to carry their secret despatches.'

" 'Austria, Monsieur?' I said. 'Is that where you have been while you were sick?'

" 'That is where I have been,' he said. 'But you must not breathe it, not even to yourself.' And he looked round the room oddly, as if he was afraid of a ghost.

" 'That is a terrible affair in Russia, Victor,' he said again, presently.

" 'Ah, is it, Monsieur?' I said, carelessly. 'I never read those nastinesses.'

" 'You are right,' he said, 'and neither will I read them any more. They haunt people afterwards, and give them the blues.'

" Later on he said to me: 'Victor, how did Miss Huntingtower behave about my illness? Has it troubled her at all?'

" 'It has nearly broken her heart, Monsieur,' I said. 'She has grieved for you constantly. It was with trouble I could hinder her from coming to nurse you——'

" 'Ha!' he said. 'You are sure she did not come?'

" 'Monsieur, she could not come without my knowing it. Do you think she would have been able to conceal her wonder? No, Monsieur. Mademoiselle Huntingtower is too obedient, too discreet a young lady to insist upon coming where she is assured she must not come.' "

" 'Would to God she had always been so,' murmured Margaret "she might have been spared all this horror, all this deceit."

" 'Mademoiselle must keep up her courage,' said Victor. "The

secret is our own. The great point now will be to get him safe away to England."

Margaret was just then conscious of no feeling of great disgust at Victor's callousness on the subject of M. Dunois' guilt, his perfect indifference to everything but the sufferings endured by his master in the enforced commission of the crime, and personal danger from its consequences. Her own horror was so great that it rested her for the moment to see no longer the like horror in another's countenance. Victor's matter-of-fact coolness acted as a sort of safeguard to her reason. Now that his master had returned safely, and might be taken to England to live there in security, the servant's dismay was at an end. To hear him talk about the matter as he did cast a sort of air of unreality over what had been done, and to deny that the question was one of guilt, Margaret's over-excited mind felt a temporary calm while following his suggestions.

"Will he be allowed to return to England?" she asked.

"Yes, Mademoiselle. They have done their worst to him at present. They will allow him to go to England for the sake of their own safety."

Oh, to be there! A wave of agony swept over Margaret as she thought of the woods of Amberwolds. Could she ever delight in them again?

Later in the day M. Dunois sent his love to Miss Huntingtower, and would she favour him with a visit, as he was now able to sit up and receive her.

Margaret went trembling into his presence. He was sitting in a great arm-chair, wrapped in rugs, though the weather was warm. His face was pale and haggard, and his eyes sunken. As Victor had said, he looked but the wreck of himself.

"My dear child," he said, extending his hand to her, "you see me sadly shaken. The attack has been worse than at first I believed. Do not think me unkind or ungrateful in not allowing you sooner to come into my chamber. A sick room is no place for one so young as you."

He said this so naturally, and his appearance and all his surroundings looked so like as though a real sickness had been endured by him in this place, that for a moment Margaret's head reeled with the question: Had all that had happened in the last few days occurred in a dream, and had she awakened to this harmless reality?

"I have been very anxious about you," she said, feeling she was speaking most truly.

"I fear you have been over-anxious. I see it in your face. My dear, have you really grieved so much for a good-for-nothing old man? You must get used to the idea, that in all probability I shall not be much longer alive."

A vivid thought flashed across Margaret's brain. If he were dead, would she not be free to tell Lance all about him? The thought made her shiver at her own wickedness! She must not wish his death, even though she believed in his crime.

"You will be better when you come to England," she said, trying to speak naturally. She had not been able to bring herself to pronounce the word "grandfather," by which he liked her to address him. That he stood in such relation to her, was now her miserable misfortune. She thought of the wives, the children of the men whom he had put to death, and the milk of her human kindness froze itself up in her veins.

"And Ffine, René? Have they too got black circles under their eyes with fretting about me?"

"They have been told that your illness was of no consequence," said Margaret.

"Have you not been told the same?" he asked, looking at her piercingly.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, rallying to the defence of her dreadful secret, "but I am naturally of a more anxious turn of mind. And, besides, they are happy in Paris, while I am longing to get home."

"We shall go, my daughter, as soon as I am well enough to travel. I have freed you from the General de Védrasse, at all events, *ma chérie*."

He said this wearily, and leaned back and closed his eyes; and Margaret felt a rush of conflicting feelings at battle in her throat. Yes, truly, he had saved her, but at what a cost! Had he been straight and honest from the beginning, such exertions would not have been required of him. And in saving her from a persecution, which, if pursued too far, she could herself have ended by flight, he had condemned her to unhappiness the length of the duration of which she was not able to measure, nor the depths of which to sound. As her soul went feeling its cold way down into these depths, a cry of revived incredulity in the reality of her terrible position rose to her lips, but was desperately smothered

there. As she sat silent a moment, enduring the throes of her pain, she decided to risk a question, the answer to which might possibly bring her some light, however faint, by which to see the truth.

"Are we, indeed, free from the General de Védresse?" she faltered. "Are you sure he will never return upon us?"

"'Never' is a long day, my little daughter. But I have made him a payment which balances affairs between us," said M. Dunois, an appalling grimness, of which he was evidently unconscious, overspreading his features. He was staring at the wall, seeing there heaven knows what, and so did not meet Margaret's eyes of despair while she accepted his words and awful change of countenance as an undeniable confession of his guilt.

"I think he will no longer try to hinder our return to England, my Margaret. But if it does not disappoint you too much, I will ask you to come straight to Amberwolds. I feel too ill, too worn, to endure London. Take me at once into the peace, and under the shelter of your trees. There, perhaps, I shall get rid of this fever that clings about me. There——"

He broke off and remained staring at the wall. His mind had gone out somewhere into a region where no listener could follow him. "He is looking at the work he has done!" thought Margaret, shuddering.

"Now, I will ask you, my dear, to leave me for a little. I am easily tired, and you must go and take a walk," she heard him saying presently, and his voice recalled her from the contemplation of horrors which her imagination had called up before her eyes.

How had he accomplished the deed? What part had he taken in it? Had he looked at the victims, or hurried away before he saw the hideous consequences of what he had done? Oh, cowardly old man, not to die rather than consent to be the perpetrator of such iniquity! As she closed his door, having taken yet one more look at his face, she thought, as she walked away from the room, that she had failed to see now, that she had never at any time seen, on his countenance any expression of that savageness which must needs exist in his nature. A variety of expressions, none of which she loved, occurred to her as belonging to him besides the one or two, occasionally appearing, which had encouraged her to cling to him; but no trace of brutal wickedness could her memory find among them. Then she remembered that she had heard of

women with lovely faces, and men who looked brave and true, who had been discovered to be criminals in spite of appearances. M. Dunois's face was not lovely, nor had it exactly a look of bravery and truth; yet what secrets of his nature must it not hide! what capacity for cruelty and deceit!

Sick, and almost fainting with distress, she reached the *salon*, where she found Victor waiting for her return.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "excuse me for intruding upon you again; but there is something I am anxious to say to you. I have been thinking there may be some friend in whom you might be naturally anxious to confide. There is Mr. Dangerfield, for instance——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Margaret, sharply, ready to snatch at advice that would counsel her to tell everything to Lance.

"But I warn you, Mademoiselle, to be silent as the tomb. Not that I am afraid Mr. Dangerfield would betray us; but because——"

"What?"

"Because of imminent risk to Mr. Dangerfield himself. M. de Védrasse would discover that the society had been betrayed; he is a demon; he can discover anything; and Mr. Dangerfield's life would not be worth an hour's purchase."

Then it was proved how unstable had been Margaret's resolution that she would not tell Lance anything of the secret trouble in her mind. Unconsciously, through all her misery, a little light of hope must have been glimmering, of hope that she might yet see herself justified in confiding everything to the one person who had a right to know all that concerned her. Seeing the effect that Victor's last words produced, it must be supposed that such a glimmer of hope existed. She quailed as if a deadly blow had fallen on her; stood quite silent for a few moments, realizing the full meaning of what had been said; put her hand to her head, with a feeling of being stunned, and fell on the floor in a swoon.

"Lisette!" called Victor, softly, "Mademoiselle has fainted, after seeing Monsieur. She has been quite too anxious. She has too good a heart, this young lady. Fetch some water and smelling-salts, quickly, and come to the *salon*."

## CHAPTER XXV

## MISUNDERSTANDING

Lance Dangerfield, in the midst of the business happily pouring in upon him, contrived to make plenty of time to think of his Marigold, and for some days he had been feeling uneasy and dissatisfied about her. It was not alone that the week spent in Paris had extended into a month, but that Sir Harley Winthrop had followed the party and enjoyed that pleasure which would seem to be Lance's by right, of taking his sweetheart about the brilliant city, and seeing her delight in its wonders and novelties. These unavoidable trials of his patience Dangerfield had borne like a man; but the trouble, which he could not now shake of, sprang from the fact that there was something about Marigold's latest letters which he did not understand. Her grandfather was not very well. All the amusements seemed to have come to an end. Sir Harley Winthrop was mentioned no more; but Lance, not having got that letter which mentioned his departure (as well as other matters of more importance), did not know whether he was still hovering round her or not. These letters of hers, which puzzled him, were short, constrained, without spirit. In spite of her desire to spare him, Margaret had been unable to prevent them from reflecting a little of the trouble of her mind. As he spread them out before him one evening, and glanced from one to the other, recognising the same want about them all, Lance said to himself that his darling was unhappy.

Having once arrived at this conclusion, he soon began to accuse himself of neglect in not going to see for himself how she was situated, and what likelihood there was of her speedy return. It appeared to him now that he had sufficient reason for throwing up engagements, and darting across to Paris to get a peep at her; and, never long about carrying out what he had once resolved upon, he was soon on his way across the Channel. Late in the afternoon of the day after that of Margaret's swoon, he walked up the stairs of the house in the Rue Sainte Barbe. Marigold was not at home. With a longing desire to escape for a while from the walls which had become like a hateful prison to her, she had taken Lisette and had gone to hide herself in the quiet of the sculpture

gallery at the Louvre; and Fifine, who had come in to get ready for the theatre, was alone in the *salon* when he appeared.

"Oh, you have come at last to see us," she said. "How are the courts and the judges? I thought you had forgotten our existence. If I had a *fiancé*, I would like him to show a little interest in me sometimes."

"Where is Margaret?"

"She is out. Gone, I think, to mope by herself in the Louvre Gallery. She has been so dull and out of spirits since Sir Harley Winthrop left us, that she seems hardly to know what to do with herself."

"He is gone away, then. Where?"

"*Tiens*! she did not tell you! I thought she told you everything. He went off in a great hurry, looking miserable, more than a week ago, and Margaret has been going about like a ghost ever since. And no wonder, indeed, that she misses him. There was a lover to make the happiness of a girl! So constant in his attentions, so devoted! But that is the inconvenience of a long engagement to a busy man. A girl has time to grow cool to her careless betrothed, and she has not her liberty when a better offer turns up!"

Fifine said all this with an impish smile, as she sat opposite to Lance, tapping her toe on the waxed floor. In making so mischievous a speech, she had no motive in the world beyond a desire to annoy this young man, who, she knew, was insolent enough to disapprove of her style. It was not in her nature to conceive of the pain her words inflicted on him. He forgot to say to himself, "this is only Fifine." But the separation of weeks between him and his love, the fact Sir Harley had been here, and had been filling his place, Margaret's unsatisfactory letters, all the circumstances that had of late been troubling him, laid him open to her thrusts, and enabled her thrusts to make wounds.

She only saw that he had slightly changed countenance, and was pleased to think she had pricked him through the thickness of his parchment-skinned temperament. It was good to see him smarting a little, who could make other people wince at the severity of his judgments!

"I do not think you are quite a judge of your cousin's feelings," he said, trying to speak lightly. "What would be natural in your case, is hardly to be looked for in hers. You

think she is to be found in the Louvre? I will go there in search of her." And he went.

"What a callous creature he is in spite of the passionate look that comes into his eyes!" thought Fifine. "Oh, how I would like to stick a long pin into him! He did not believe a word I said. He is too conceited to be afraid of a rival; but I annoyed him a little by merely suggesting that he could have one."

Fifine's long pin had, however, already entered into his flesh, and the hurt that it was to make was not soon to be healed.

Lance walked straight into the Louvre Gallery, and, after seeking for some time, descried his Marigold, sitting in a retired corner, all by herself. Lisette was wandering about somewhere in the neighbourhood. Margaret had sent her to look at the pictures, wanting to be alone with her thoughts.

She was gazing at the great figure of the Pallas, but with eyes that saw nothing; and, as Lance caught the first glimpse of her, he was struck by her fixed attitude, and a look of agony on her face turned towards him, such as he had never seen there before. Margaret was, in fact, at work upon a complicated problem which included four questions: how to save Lance from sharing the secret she possessed, how to keep the secret to herself, how to separate her life from his without giving any reason, how to live on after parting with Lance! She was not able to answer any of these questions.

He approached her slowly, observing keenly the change that had come over her since he had seen her last. She was paler, thinner, older-looking, and that extraordinary look of anguish seemed to alter the very shape of her features. His heart lay a dead weight in his breast. What had happened to his bonnie sweetheart? A hope flashed up in him that when she saw him coming, that terrible expression of despair would disappear, that she would instantly look like herself again at the sound of his voice.

She was gazing towards him, but above him, at the statue. At the sound of a step drawing near, she lowered her glance absently and saw him.

"Great God!" murmured Lance, standing suddenly still, "she has gone mad."

The cause of this thought was the alteration that took place in Margaret as soon as she saw him approaching towards her. Her

face, which he had thought pale before, took a deathly pallor; the grief, visible in her eyes, gave way to an expression of terror, and she rose and recoiled a few steps, throwing her hands as if she would withdraw herself from a dreadful apparition.

This movement was made unconsciously in the first moment of her surprise, and was the involuntary expression and betrayal of her fear of meeting him; tongue-tied, as she knew she must be, altered as were her circumstances, unable as she was to explain the cause of the difference he must find in her. It was to her almost as if she had met his spirit after death had parted them, and forbidden her to hold communication with him.

In a second or two another change passed over her. She seemed to recollect herself, a faint smile came over her face, and she advanced a step to meet him. But the image of her, as she stood in the first moment of her surprise, before she had had time to control herself, shrinking from him with fear, dismayed and unrejoiced to see him, had burned itself into Dangerfield's heart.

He took her cold hand in his own, and looked at her searchingly.

"Margaret, what is this? What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Margaret. "I am tired, and grandfather is ill. When did you arrive? Why did you not let us know you were coming?"

"I did not know myself. I suddenly thought from your letters that something was wrong. And something is wrong. Tell me what is wrong, Margaret."

"Have I not told you that a great deal is wrong? Grandfather has been harassed about business and is ill. And I am tired and longing to get home."

"That is not all. There is something more than that."

She looked at him with a frightened glance, and then turned gloomily away from him.

"Yes, there is something worse than that."

"Something that you will not tell me."

"Something that I cannot tell you."

"And that has made you afraid to see me?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens! Marigold, someone has been making misunderstanding between us."

"No one."

"You have been told some falsehood about me."

"Nothing of the kind."

"M. Dunois has been trying to make a division between us, as I foresaw he would do. I know that he has done it."

"Nothing he has said or done has any such effect upon me. He has been persuaded that all efforts of that kind are useless."

"Then what, in God's name, is the reason you looked as you did when you saw me coming near you?"

Margaret shuddered. "I cannot tell you," she said, with a heavy sigh.

"Marigold, come and walk up and down and let us talk the matter out. There is some mystery at the bottom of all this, and I must have it cleared up. You do not think I am going to be satisfied with the answers you have given me?"

Marigold moved mechanically, and walked with him along the gallery. A terrible jealous dread had by this time seized on Lance, and he was struggling desperately to get the better of it.

"And so Sir Harley Winthrop is gone. I wonder you did not tell me so when writing."

"I did tell you," said Margaret.

"Then a letter must have miscarried."

"I suspected so, as you never alluded to several matters of which I wrote you in the same letter. Strange that it should have been the one to get lost."

"Tell me over again now all that you said in that letter."

"I do not think I can, or need. It would serve no purpose. I was unhappy and anxious, and I said several things that may as well be forgotten. It makes no difference now."

"You were more disposed to be open with me then than you are now. What has caused the change?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You admit the change."

"Yes."

"And this trouble you will not confide to me."

"I dare not."

"You think we can go on as before, with a secret dividing us; a cloud of misunderstanding lying between us?"

"I fear not," said Margaret, drearily. "Not quite as before. I was thinking of how I could say this to you. And now it is said."

"Margaret, I cannot understand. You must be talking in your sleep, under the influence of a bad dream. You cannot mean that you are so changed in a few weeks that confidence is at an end between us."

"Circumstances have changed."

Lance looked at her face, half-turned away from him, and on it he saw an expression of despair that wrung his heart. Here he was beside her, unchanged, loving her more fondly than ever. She used to declare that her only possibility of happiness was in his hands, and yet despair had taken possession of her. It must be that she had ceased to love him. Fifine was right. Sir Harley Winthrop—

He checked himself, unable to put the thought into words even in his own mind. It was such a monstrous impossibility that his Margaret could be untrue! And yet his rival—yes, he must consider him as his rival—was handsome, attractive, devoted to her; he had been her daily companion for some time, and who could tell that even Margaret——? The man was wealthy, well placed in the world; he could give her a home and position as her birth entitled her to. She had been so young when she gave her promise to him, Lance; might not her mind have changed during these last few months so gradually as to leave even herself in ignorance of the change till too late to escape from the temptation?

As this view of the existing state of things opened up before him, Dangerfield began to feel his heart turn to ice within him, and something like a cloud of fire to sweep across his brain. He, who was always so cool and discerning in his judgments, who prided himself on being so keen in scenting out the truth, was rapidly becoming possessed by an unjust suspicion, and growing every moment more incapable of judging dispassionately in this all-important case. But being still sufficiently himself to perceive the danger of his state of mind, he made a great struggle to recover his usual grasp of probabilities, and to abstain from attributing the change in Margaret to the influence of another lover, until she, all truthful as she had ever been, should confess that he had ceased to hold the first place in her heart.

"I will not worry you with any more questions now," he said. "I have taken you by surprise. Whatever this trouble may be that is in your mind, and which you find it so hard to tell, think

no more about it at present; but let us come upstairs and look at the pictures. I shall wait patiently till you can bring yourself to open your thoughts to me. If they are too difficult to be put into speech, perhaps you will write to me. In the meantime——”

Then she followed him silently up the staircase, and into the great picture gallery, listening to his remarks about the pictures as they went along, and making short absent replies that told him her mind was full of that other matter and could not give itself to any passing interest. Her misery was, indeed, so great as almost to stupify her. The longing desire to be frank with Lance, the impossibility of holding intercourse with him without being frank, the urgent necessity, for his own sake, of keeping her secret from him, all pressed upon her like the walls of a dungeon. Her heart was in prison, and she could see no means for its escape. She was terrified and stunned by what seemed to her the utter impracticability of this unexpected situation.

Lance acted his part bravely for half an hour, trying to seem as if he did not notice her strange mood, and thinking he was thus giving her time to overcome it; but he felt at last, with a great pang, that his efforts were useless. The void between them seemed to grow wider and wider as the minutes went on. She was not listening to him, nor thinking of him. This was no longer Marigold, this woman who was walking by his side.

“Shall we go to your lodgings?” he said at last, abruptly. “Perhaps you can talk to me better there. For, Marigold, we must have this matter out before we part again, even for an hour. I don’t know whether you are quite aware of how you have been torturing me.”

Margaret bowed her head. She could not think of anything to say. What could she say that would put matters straight? They went through the streets without speaking, and, arriving at the lodgings, found the *salon* empty. Margaret sank into a chair, and began to untie her bonnet-strings. Lance stood before her in an attitude of waiting and expectation.

“Well?” he said, with a gesture, expressive of a great effort at patience.

“Lance,” said Margaret, in a tone of anguish, “I have nothing to tell you. It is something you must never be told.”

“May I guess, then?” he answered, in a voice she had never heard from him before. “Margaret, you will at least answer

me the truth. Did Sir Harley Winthrop ask you to marry him?"

"No."

"But he would have done so had you not prevented him?"

Margaret paused before replying.

"Do not hesitate. Tell me the truth."

"When have I ever told you anything but truth?" said the girl, indignantly. "Yes, I think he would have done so, only I told him of our engagement."

"And you allowed him to go on in ignorance paying you attention; you accepted his attentions up to the last moment, till you were obliged to confess that you were bound to another man! What meaning can I draw from all this, except that he has got your heart, and I have got only your promise! It would have been better to have confessed at once, than to have allowed me to come and draw my own conclusions from your altered manner, and your unhappy face——"

"Lance!" cried Margaret, throwing out her hands in horror, as if she would stop the torrent of his cruel words by force. But he had given himself up to the fury of jealousy and only saw in her face and action the fullest admission of the justice of his accusation.

"You were afraid of giving me pain," he said. "Doubtless, that is what you would plead, and yet you have only prolonged and intensified my suffering. But what do you know of pain? You shall not say that I have been selfish towards you, however, or the cause of your unhappiness. I will go now, and Sir Harley Winthrop will return——"

He had lost his senses as thoroughly as any foolish, brainless boy, under the influence of jealousy. The judicial faculty, on which he took his stand, his power of coolly sifting evidence and waiting for the development of the truth, had completely deserted him. He saw only one monstrous, intolerable fact, of which there could be no denial—Margaret untrue at heart, though willing to keep to her bond, to fulfil her promise sullenly and reluctantly after her love had failed!

On Margaret's head his words fell like the blows of a club. She saw how much appearances were against her. If she would not speak and tell the entire truth, how could she clear herself of the detestable accusation? Yet she was doing all this for his

sake ; she was bearing tribulation that he might not be thrust into a deadly danger. Why could he not have trusted her after all that had come and gone ?

She buried her face in her hands, and for a few moments struggled wildly with the impulse to speak, and make all understood, let come afterwards what might. But her anxiety to save him triumphed. She remembered Victor's words, "his life would not be worth an hour's purchase." And her lips remained sealed.

If Lance had half-expected some indignant protest against his words, her silence and her attitude confirmed his unjust belief in her falsehood. A sort of wrathful heart-sickness seized upon him and made him feel faint, as he thought of the woods at Amberwolds, and of words spoken there, on which he had built all the foundations of his life.

"And you thought you loved me!" he said, "and this is your love! This is the truth that you used to talk about!—"

Her hands dropped from her face, and she started up with a look, which he at once misread as he had misunderstood her other looks and words. Meeting her eyes, he turned on her a large look of scorn and disgust, which she knew as belonging to him, but which was never called forth but by the contemplation of morally contemptible things. He walked across the room and went out, and left her gazing, stunned and stupid, at the closed door through which he had passed.

Turning mechanically, she caught sight of her own poor face in a glass on the wall. That was some other woman surely, and not Margaret. Her mouth set, her eyes dry, hollow and dark, she looked as if she had murdered all the sweetness in herself, in order to be able to do some yet more desperate deed. If she had confronted him with a face like that, she thought, no wonder he had gone out from her presence, shaking the dust from his feet!

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(*To be continued.*)

## ANONYMITIES UNVEILED

## TENTH INSTALMENT

IN the seventeenth volume of this Magazine we furnished a key to the authorship of many anonymous contributions to periodical literature. Some of our discussions referred to the initials and fanciful signatures used by writers in the *Nation*, *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, the *Irishman*, etc. Apart from this series we were able to name the authors of most of the articles in the *Dublin Review*, in three papers contained in our twenty-first volume. In the previous volume (1892) appeared the last of the series to which we are now making an addition. Sixty or seventy years ago there was a periodical called the *Irish Monthly Magazine*—almost a namesake of our own, though our name is not in reality that title shortened, but an adaptation of the American use of the word *Monthly* as a noun standing by itself, not qualifying "magazine" or anything else, like the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, etc. This *Irish Monthly Magazine* had many members of the O'Connell family among its contributors. The *Liberator* himself published in it a memoir of his kinsman, Count O'Connell. The present O'Connell, of Derrynane, has informed me that his father, Maurice O'Connell, the great O'Connell's eldest and cleverest son, signed his contributions by the names of "Patrick O'Taffrail," "Patrick O'Doggrel," "Fionn," and "Denis McFinn." John O'Connell, over the signature "Y.," wrote "The Buccaneers," "The Seizure," "The Last Voyage of the Veroluis," and "The Fisherman's Legend." The three girls of this clever household—we must distinguish them by the names that marriage afterwards gave them—were also contributors. The verses in Vol. I., pp. 758, 765, and 838, are by Mrs. French. Mrs. Charles O'Connell's signature was "C." and Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimons, "LN. F." Observe that there is no full stop separating the first two of those capitals, which in reality forms the poet's Christian name. These particulars were furnished to me by Mr. D. O'Connell in a letter dated "Derrynane Abbey, February 20, 1888." An editor's motto may be Horace's

"Condo et compono quae mox depremere possim"—

if *mox* can cover an interval of thirteen years.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who is an expert and an authority on the subject, contributed some time ago to the Dublin Press very interesting annotations upon Mr. Daniel Crilly's researches (published in *Young Ireland*) and on our own articles. These we have preserved, but we cannot make use of them now, as we wish to put on record a few original memoranda.

Though the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review* still maintain the policy of anonymity which the *Dublin Review* has of late years abandoned, the authorship of the principal articles is frequently revealed in newspaper paragraphs, or in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*. It also transpires when the reviewers republish their essays separately. This has happened with regard to many anonymous writings of Mr. Aubrey de Vere. Several, however, of his contributions to periodicals have *not* been republished in volumes. He was good enough to give me a list of these in October, 1889. The memorandum does not give the date of his criticism on Tennyson's "Princess" in the *Edinburgh Review*; but the first publication of that poem determines the time approximately:—

"Irish Colonization,"	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	Jan. 1850
"Hartley Coleridge,"	do.	July, 1851
"Judge O'Hagan's 'Song of Roland,'"	do.	April, 1881
"The Veneration of the Saints,"	<i>Dublin Review</i> ,	March, 1853
"Longfellow's Poetry,"	do.	June, 1853
"The Plague of Controversy,"	do.	June, 1854
"Irish National Education,"	do.	Feb. 1860
"Ireland's Sins and Ireland's Hopes,"	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	1850
"Longfellow's Poetry,"	do.	April, 1853

No date is assigned for "Thoughts on St. Gertrude" in the *Month*, "Life of St. Gertrude" in the *Tablet*, and Fitzpatrick's "Life of Dr. Doyle" in the *Rambler*. Out of very many pamphlets, this list mentions "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action" (printed by McKern, Limerick, 1881), and "Ireland and Proportionate Representation" (Hodges and Figgis, 1885).

The foregoing items are copied from a memorandum in the author's handwriting. In the same way we are enabled to identify Mrs. Partridge's contributions to the *Month* during Father Coleridge's editorship. Probably "F. P." was signed to the poems—namely, "Notre Dame de l'Epine" in October, 1875; "At Valentano," December, 1876, and "Post Hoc Exilium,"

March, 1877. The prose articles are "Adventures under the May Laws," June, 1876; "French Convicts in New Caledonia," July, 1876; "Ars in 1877," July, 1877; "The Queen of a Bourbon King," June, 1880; "Last Days of the Old Régime," December, 1880.

It would be very desirable that editors should at certain long intervals take their readers into their confidence and entertain them with a little friendly gossip about the names removed by death from their list of contributors and the amount of assistance that Maga had received from each. But such frankness seems to be considered incompatible with editorial dignity and reserve—in these islands at least, for France and the United States are less reticent in such matters.

To practise what we preach, let us, from the threshold of our thirtieth year, look back to some of our earliest volumes and unveil some of their anonymities. There is not so much to unveil, for from the first the IRISH MONTHLY has been a sworn foe to anonymity. In its early numbers, from July, 1873, initials are more frequently given, in place of full names, than has of late been usual. Thus T.F. is signed to "Occasional Sketches of Irish Life," which unhappily ran only to two numbers—"The Emigrant" and "The Vagrant." Whatever was the case then, many would now recognise these as the initials of the Rev. Thomas Finlay, S.J. The same initials ought to have been signed to an admirable paper, "Catholicity and the Spirit of the Age," which was given quite anonymously in our First Number. Other initials in that same number stand for Lady Margaret Domville and for Robert French Whitehead, then Vice-President of Maynooth. The initials of two Redemptorist Fathers were appended to poems embodied in one of the papers in that long-past opening number—the Rev. Edmund Vaughan and the Rev. T. E. Bridgett. The Editor was, of course, responsible for the papers signed by the initials M. R., and also the initials W. L., as well as those that have no signatures, like the announcement in French magazines: "Pour les articles non signés le Gérant."

In the second number appeared a stately and picturesque poem addressed to Ephesus, chiefly as the abode of the Blessed Virgin. The initials J. S. C. are those of the Rev. John S. Conmee, S.J. It is much to be deplored that those initials have never reappeared in our pages, except when appended, in our second volume, to a

beautiful study of Aubrey de Vere's drama, *Alexander the Great*. The wielder of the brilliant pen to which we owe "Old Times in the Barony," among the publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, has much to answer for in letting it lie idle so long.

Another anonymous contributor to our volume for 1873 was Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth, who does not even mark with his initials his "Jottings from a Greek Prayer-book." "The Summons to the Council," namely, the Vatican Council, follows this paper. This very spirited poem is signed W. K.—that is, Father William Kelly, S.J., the eldest of three gifted brothers. In this volume appear, for the first of many times, the initials S. A., Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, whose name we write with reverence, affection, and gratitude.

Page 219 of our first volume is occupied by a very graceful lyric about Luggelaw. The M. O'F. who wrote it was the Rev. Michael O'Ferrall, S.J., whom some still remember with affection for his amiable qualities and with respect for his varied attainments. The initials J. M. O'R. stand for Miss Julia O'Ryan, at the end of one of the most humorous sketches that ever brightened our pages—"Nancy Hutch and her Three Troubles." The same pleasant pen has, a little later, an ingenious paper on the "Uses of Hope and the Pleasures of Adversity," which is immediately followed by some delicious blank verse, "By the Seaside." No one but myself could discover the author of this poem from the letters H. L. appended to it. These are, indeed, the initials signed to several exquisite vignettes in our recent volumes; but this second H. L., who has hidden herself in the happy silence of Carmel, was not born till many years after the birth of our Magazine. H. L., at the remote date to which we have gone back, were not initials, but the final letters of Father Joseph Farrell, author of *Lectures by a Certain Professor*. The remaining revelations to be made about the authorship of articles in our first volume are these: E. D., who addresses a fervent ode to St. Stanislaus Kostka, is Father Edmund Donovan, S.J., of Galway; and R. D. D., who has a sweet and subtle poem, "The Leaf and the Eye," was (we change the tense, for he is dead) the brilliant novelist, Richard Dowling. Finally, we purposely placed, side by side, in the number for December, 1873, S. M. S. and J. M. O., with their illustrious father, Denis Florence MacCarthy. S. M. S. were the initials of Sister Mary Stanislaus, of the

Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock; and with the sweet and holy associations of this name we close, for the present, our revelations concerning our anonymous contributors, having dealt with only the first volume out of twenty-nine yearly volumes.

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## THE YEAR'S ROUND

ANOTHER round is done,  
Another year is run,  
Since thou from me didst turn thy face away  
To travel where there is nor year nor day;  
And yet I reckon here  
Another year,  
Winter's cold and the Summer's blossoming,  
Autumn's flush and the wild sweet of the Spring.

O Sun's gold wheel,  
Are you not tired of turning?  
O stars of steel,  
Give over your cold burning!  
Flowers, shrivel and fade.  
A grave is made.  
Sick earth, will you not wither up and die,  
Since in your bosom cold my love doth lie?

G. M. R.

## A MOTHER'S REBUKE

**B**OTH son and mother are dead. The son went first. He was a bright, clever lad, full of promise, when I first saw him ; but, when he became a medical student, he fell into reckless habits that in the end laid him in an early grave. He began by being idle and careless as to his studies ; and a complaint of him on this score was sent to his good parents in the country by those who had charge of him in Dublin. His mother, a woman of piety and brains, sent him the following letter through the hands of the boy's masters who were first to read the letter before delivering it. One of them took a copy of it at the time—more than twenty years ago. Perhaps some poor young lad, at the same stage of his career at present, may read this page and take the admonition to himself. A few words are omitted :—

“ I will not say what I feel—the shame, the sorrow for your father. . . .

“ How dare you be absent once from your Lectures, you who have nothing but starvation to look to if you don't succeed in your profession ? And speaking of that same profession, look well to it before you embrace it. How will you with your light ways undertake any case ? And your want of study ! You'll cover yourself with infamy . . . and damn your soul by neglecting your duty. All through levity and want of seriousness. You remember what I often told you about this. And it went so far that I looked upon you as a bane and a bad thing among the rest of my children. Your constant idleness—wasn't that a bad example ? Your coming down at ten o'clock in the mornings, and, worse than all, your turning everything serious into vulgar, *stupid* ridicule ? Do you remember me reading once for you : ‘ Little can be expected from the boy that laughs at everything. Avoid the companion who jests at everything. Such people disparage by some ludicrous association all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them. They bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert ’ ?

I copied this out long ago, and I felt whom it applied to at the time. Was I right?

"It is inconceivable to me how persons knowing they have nothing to expect from their parents, knowing it must depend on themselves to get through the world—how they will not put every moment of their time to profit. You know you are not fit for bodily labour—you are too old to go to serve your time to any business. What are you to do? And there is the name \_\_\_\_\_'s son is going to leave behind him at college. What is the reason of your saying 'I went to Holy Communion.' Do you stay so long away that you look upon it as a great matter to get yourself to go? This is a thing I would not expect to hear from a Catholic boy well brought up. You had better keep company with the good boys of your college, and labour to become serious and sensible. You should go and kneel down and beg your superior's pardon, and I beg of you to do so, and will not be satisfied till you do so.

"Your afflicted mother,

"\_\_\_\_\_"

The poor young fellow fortunately got a long preparation for death, and had his good and gifted mother to help him through it. We have, thank God, good reason to hope, while we pray, that the comfort given by the old bishop to St. Monica was given also to this true Christian mother, that the child of such prayers and tears has not been lost, that Jesus again, as at the gates of Naim, has restored the son to the mother.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Ballads of Down*. By George Francis Savage-Armstrong. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. [Price, 7s. 6d.]

Inclination and aptitude are the chief ingredients in a vocation; but the seal of its genuineness is happy perseverance. These marks of a true poet's vocation are found in George Francis Savage-Armstrong. He might have made his way sooner to the hearts of his countrymen if *Ballads of Down* had come earlier in the very long catalogue of his works. These works do not consist of mere "swallow-flights of song;" for besides two miscellaneous volumes, *Lyrical and Dramatic Poems* and *A Garland from Greece*, the poet has given us a full-length tragedy, *Ugone*, and a trilogy, *King Saul*, *King David* and *King Solomon*, which are grouped together (though each is a considerable volume) as three parts of *The Tragedy of Israel*. A still loftier poem is *One of the Infinite*. There are also three Commemorative Odes, and a long and clever satire of the year 1888, *Mephistopheles in Broadcloth*. We have kept for the last, in our enumeration of Mr. Savage-Armstrong's previous works, the one which is closest of kin to the present, *Songs of Wicklow*. The author has hitherto been known as the Poet of Wicklow, and the opening poem of *Ballads of Down* is an apology for transferring his devotion to the more northern county. An humbler poet once confessed in rhyme that the chief reason why he was fond of Rostrevor was because it was near to Killowen. These two, however, lie side by side: when you reach the end of Rostrevor Wood by the tree-roofed road along the shore of Carlingford Lough, you issue at once into Killowen. But it is a far cry from Wicklow to Down; yet the Poet Professor tells us on his first page:—

"I love the fresh bright autumn days  
Of mottled skies and lucid weather,  
For then from Wicklow's fraughan-braes  
I hail Slieve Donard's heights of heather;  
Far off I trace in outline clear  
The peaks of Down in light extended—  
Twin spots of earth I hold most dear  
In one ethereal realm are blended."

And so such names as Portaferry and Ardglass and Tollymore gleam through the pages, and the poet, in his "Downshire home, amid the folds of Ulster's hills," is glad to

"Shut out the world. The kindly hearts  
Of wife and child and friend  
Are worth the wealth of all its marts  
And all its pompa can lend."

Nay, the learned Professor tries to pick up the language of the country, and writes a great deal in dialect. We fear that both in thought and diction he proves himself a stranger. We can only speak for South Down; but the intervening Mourne range cannot make such a difference, and we suspect that our Balladist's Downese would be unintelligible also to the men of Lecale or the Ards. This very thick volume of verse might judiciously have been lessened by reserving for another volume of a different sort the two long poems, "St. Patrick and the Druid" and "The Outcast's Tragedy." In the first of these Mr. Armstrong competes with Aubrey de Vere, but his theology is not as full and exact. He makes our great Apostle state the Christian doctrines too crudely, and gives the objections better than the answers. But we wish that we could transcribe the summary of our Divine Redeemer's life and teaching given on page 269. St. Patrick's prayer at the end deserves to be transferred to our books of devotion.

2. *Ugly, a Hospital Dog; with Recitations and Readings.* By George H. R. Dabbs. London: Deacon & Co. 1901.

This very attractively produced book is the latest that we have had from Dr. Dabbs. Perhaps the ceasing of *Vectis*, which many deplore, may give its versatile Editor more leisure for even better work. The most winsome bit of modern literature is *Rab and his Friends*, and Rab was only a dog like Ugly. The Isle of Wight doctor has a great deal of the literary skill of his Edinburgh brother, Dr. John Brown. Ugly tells his own story very briefly, and then tells a great many other interesting stories, very cleverly indeed, and with a great deal of variety. The allusions to the cat, Sarah Marks, are kept up well; and justice is done in the end even to the Secretary, Lemonsqueezer. Medical students will relish the realism of the Hospital details. "Ugly" fills only the first half of these two hundred pleasantly printed pages, the second

half being given to excellent readings and recitations in prose and verse. "A Reverie of Dickens" would be my choice among the poems, and "The Undermaster" among the prose sketches.

3. *Our Lady of Youghal* is the title of an extremely interesting pamphlet, which can be procured for threepence from the Sacristan of the Catholic Church, Youghal. It contains an eloquent sermon by Father Antoninus Keane, O.P., illustrated by valuable anti-quarian notes about this image of the Madonna, ending with a beautiful hymn to Our Lady of Youghal, by Father Sheehan, of Doneraile, author of *My New Curate*.

4. Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago) have published a four-shilling book of stories for youthful readers to which they give the name of *Juvenile Round Table*. The frontispiece gives very faithful reproductions of the signatures of Marion Ames Taggart, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Mary T. Waggaman, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Ella Loraine Dorsey, Mary G. Bonesteel, Mary C. Crowley, Theo Gift, Anna T. Sadlier, Marion J. Brunowe, Margaret E. Jordan, Clara Mulholland, Katharine Jenkins, Eugénie Uhlrich. Two men intrude among this formidable female array—Father Finn, S.J., and Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. These signatures are set in a frame of vignette portraits of the writers. There is a third male writer, omitted from the frontispiece—David Selden—whose name meets us here for the first time; and there are three other ladies. All these clever people, with the help of twenty full-page illustrations, combine to produce a very attractive set of tales. This *Juvenile Round Table* is sure to be popular during the Christmas-box season, which has set in with its usual severity.

5. The ecclesiastical publisher, B. Herder, of Freiburg, in Germany, has issued a second and revised English edition of the *Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture for the use of those who Teach Bible History*, by Frederick Justus Knecht, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Freiburg. Very wisely it is not only translated, but adapted from the German. In 1894, when it was first published in English, the German original had reached a twelfth edition; it is now in its eighteenth. The approbations of twenty English and other bishops are prefixed, and it is illustrated by ninety-two pictures and four coloured maps. It consists of nearly nine hundred large octavo pages, into which the excellent typography helps to condense a great variety of matter;

and, unbound, it is given for the very moderate price of nine shillings. But this valuable addition to solid catechetical literature deserves at once a good binding.

6. We wish that a publisher's name, and also the author's name, had been given with the extremely interesting volume entitled *Rome's Holy Places: the Rooms and Shrines of St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. John Berchmans, St. Stanislaus Kostka, and Blessed Antony Baldinucci*. The author, who gives only his initials, "P. J. C.," has collected with loving diligence all the particulars connected with these holy spots, with which he is evidently familiar. The rooms themselves and all their associations are minutely described; and, in connection with each, other objects of interest, and the holy memories linked with them, are set down briefly. There are pictures and plans of the rooms and portraits of the saints, and, indeed, P. J. C. has manifestly spared no pains to make his account of these holy places as perfect as possible. The only address given on the title-page is the Salesian Press at Rome, No. 42, Via Portia San Lorenzo. The proceeds of the sale are to be applied to the rooms of the Saints.

7. Only at this moment has come into our hands the richest gift that Christmas is likely to bring to the lovers of poetry: *Poems by Katharine Tynan* (London: Laurence and Bullen). One has lost count of the volumes of verse which Mrs. Hinkson has published since the *Louise de la Vallière* volume appeared in 1885. She has herself gathered into this beautiful book representatives of all the series; and strangely, but perhaps very wisely, she has not prefixed one word of preface. The nine divisions of the book have title-pages of their own—"Country Airs," 13 in number; "The Children," 15; "Many Moods," 16; "Shamrocks," only 4; "Ballads and Lyrics," 23; "Cuckoo Songs," 15; "Miracle Plays," 2; "A Lover's Breast Knot," 20; and "The Wind in the Trees," 31. The last six of these are the names of volumes that we are familiar with. Do the first divisions represent in reality a new volume? If to these we add the early *Louise de la Vallière* volume (which seems to be now superseded) and many ungathered poems before it and since, we realise how marvellous has been the output of this rich Irish mine. On this substantial volume of nearly three hundred pages (which the publishers have produced with faultless taste) Mrs. Hinkson may well rest her definitive claim to a high place among the poets of the young twentieth

century. But, by the way, the name that we have given to her is completely ignored in this authoritative and mature collection of *Poems by Katharine Tynan*.

8. The Art and Book Company have brought out a new edition of the *Book of Spiritual Instruction*, translated by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., from the Latin of Louis de Blois, who is so often quoted by St. Alphonsus and others as "the devout Blossius." It is a holy and beautiful book in its present form. There is also a new edition of Father Edmund Vaughan's translation of *St. Alphonsus' Meditations on the Incarnation* (London: Burns and Oates). The Rev. A. Dekkers has adapted from the French a drama, *St. Francis in the World* (London: Burns and Oates). The process of adaptation leaves it still very French. We have received from Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss, of New York, the Fourth Reading Book of their Columbus Series. It is beautifully printed, strongly bound, prettily illustrated, and the selections are very new and interesting.

9. Herder, of St. Louis, Missouri, has published two admirable essays by the Rev. Wm. Poland, S.J.—*Find the Church and True Pedagogics and False Ethics*, of which the plainer subtitle is "Morality cannot be taught without Religion." Old as these subjects are, Father Poland has given them a new life by the vigour of his thinking and writing. *Religious Education and its Failures*, by Dr. Bellord, Bishop of Gibraltar, has been reprinted from the *Ave Maria* at Notre Dame, Indiana. Mr. Dudley Baxter has written an excellent memoir of Cardinal Pole (London and Leamington: The Art and Book Company.)

10. The third number of *St. Stephen's, A Record of University Life*, is a great improvement on its predecessors. If an arrant but intelligent outsider can enjoy thoroughly its spicy paragraphs, its interest must be keen indeed for those who understand every cryptic allusion. There is a good deal of solid discussion in it also. We welcome it heartily for what it is and for what it may become. The *Ulster Journal of Archæology* is published quarterly by M'Caw, Stevenson, and Orr, Belfast. The October number is very beautifully illustrated. It opens with an interesting account of the Bangor Sun-dial, nearly three hundred years old. In the latest number of the *Journal of the Waterford and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society* the most interesting item is the account of Don Philip O'Sullivan, the Siege of

Dunboy, and the Retreat and Assassination of the O'Sullivan Beare. The number opens with a list of the members of the Society, in which an asterisk is placed before the names of the conscientious members who have paid their subscription for the year 1901. Under the letter "B" we note that eight have paid and ten have not paid; but we hasten to add that this discreditable proportion is not maintained throughout the alphabet, in spite of the letter "B," which ought to be ashamed of itself. The Christmas Number of the *Annals of St. Anthony*, by means of its small but clear print, gives a great amount of good and lively matter. Most of the illustrations are very good. But why is not the name of the Rev. Michael Mullins put to the lines about the Irish language on page 119, and Father Faber's to his well-known *Distractions in Prayer* on page 115? Our favourites from the ends of the earth are the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* and the *Madonna* of the Australasian Children of Mary. The best thing in the former is "Barbara Millet," by K., and in the latter "No. 12, Accident Ward," by M. W.

11. The latest publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland keep still to the popular penny, although one of them consists of sixty-eight pages in a serviceable binding, the *Life of Our Lord*, by the Rev. F. E. O'Loughlin, C.C. The printer has arranged very well the marginal headings of sections with the references to chapter and verse. This is one of the very best of the C. T. S. pennyworths, and is sure of an enormous circulation. *Thirty Simple Meditations on the Incarnation* is No. 2 of a series of which No. 1 was *Purgatory*, and No. 3 will be *Bethlehem*. No. 9 of Canon Schmid's Tales is *The Jewels*. Two other additions to the Story Series are *The Delinquent*, by Delia Gleeson, and two little tales under one cover by Sister Gertrude, Loreto College, Dublin—*Only a Child* and *God-comforted at Last*. The Rev. P. Coffey, B.D., gives an admirable sketch of the life of St. Columbkille, one of the most winsome and picturesque of the ancient saints of God. Finally, an enthusiastic welcome is assured for our last two pennyworths—*The Greatest Doctor of the Church* and *Thoughts on Mary Immaculate*, when we name the author, the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., of Doneraile, whose *Luke Delmege* will, in the new year, rival the fame of *My New Curate*. Even he has never written more eloquent pages than this panegyric of St. Augustine. Surely the Catholic Truth Society of

Ireland is beginning the new year well. May it prosper more and more.

12. Though it has only reached us in mid-December, when our New Year Number has almost passed through the press, we must not delay the expression of our admiration for what has been truly described as the most important and the most beautiful book of its class ever issued by any Catholic publisher in England. *The Madonna : a Pictorial Representation of the Life and Death of the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ by the Painters and Sculptors of Christendom in more than 500 of their Works.* (London : Burns and Oates). The text has been translated from the Italian of Adolphus Venturi, whom a manifestly competent critic, reviewing the original in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of June 1st, 1901, calls "un profondo conoscitore dell' arte." It has already been translated into German. This English translation has the good fortune to be introduced by one of those thoughtful, most uncommonplace, and exquisitely written essays which we have learned to expect from the pen of Alice Meynell. This introduction is so brief that one even grudges the spaces allotted in it to extracts, beautiful as they are, from Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, and Dante Rossetti. These splendid pages, it appears, are technically called "medium quarto," which is a very modest expression for a folio of such ample dimensions. Four hundred and fifty of these are devoted to the history of all that Christian Art has done to honour the Mother of God, from the unknown painter of the Catacombs down to Correggio and Titian. The events of the Blessed Virgin's life are taken in order—Nativity, Presentation, Espousals, Annunciation, Visitation—and, after Our Lord's birth, the Mother's share in all her Son's life and death, and then her own Assumption and Coronation. In each of these chapters the order of the illustrations is chiefly chronological, following (as Mrs. Meynell says) "the history of the Image of the Virgin Mother, shown to us in Art, and particularly in Italian Art, as the centre of the labour and the love of seven centuries." The price of this most sumptuous of gift-books is 31s. 6d., a very moderate price for so magnificent a work.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

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## THE CHARMS A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY MISS MAHONY

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WIDOW HAYES . . . . .	<i>A Wise Woman.</i>
LADY ALICE . . . . .	<i>The Landlord's Wife.</i>
ELLIE . . . . .	<i>A Young Woman.</i>
MARTIN JOYCE . . . . .	<i>An Old Farmer.</i>

SCENE.—*The Outside of Widow Hayes's Cottage.*

### ACT I

*Enter MARTIN JOYCE and ELLIE from opposite sides.*

MARTIN. God save you, Ellie.

ELLIE. God save you kindly, Mr. Joyce.

MARTIN. And what brings you into this part of the world, if a man may make bold to ask?

ELLIE. Sure, 'tis myself might be asking you the same question, Mr. Joyce. Isn't this place more out of your way than it's out of mine?

MARTIN. Oh, 'tis easy for young people to be talkin', but you can see for yourself that an old man like me, that's had the cares of the world on him this many a long day, would have trials an' troubles that 'd maybe make him glad of a bit of help from a wise woman like the Widow Hayes. But it's different for you, my

girl, that's only twenty years old, and not six months married to the very young man that yourself fancied.

ELLIE. As for that, Mr. Joyce, we've all got our own troubles. Sure you didn't wait to come to the age you are, to have me tell you that.

MARTIN. You're about right there, my girl. It's near eighty years since I found it out for myself. But whisper, Ellie. [*Draws near her, and speaks in a low voice.*] Whatsomever a man like me may do, I don't like to see your mother's daughter going to consult a witch.

ELLIE. It's a shame for you to miscall her like that, Martin Joyce. Isn't it well known to yourself and to everyone for miles round, that Widow Hayes is no witch, but a right down clever woman, that understands the uses of herbs, an', an'—many other things of the sort; an' from her own knowledge can make up charms that'll cure both sickness an' sorrow.

MARTIN. An' what's that but a witch, I'd like to know?

ELLIE. Now, Martin Joyce, you know as well as myself, an' better, that a witch only works by wrong means an' for bad ends. Widow Hayes is a good, religious woman. She has been at Kilfarren for the best part of a year now, an' I don't think she has missed Mass a single Sunday or holiday; an' if you'd gone to the Station at Easter you'd have seen her there: an' that's more than can be said for some people. As poor as she is, she's good to them that are worse off than herself; an' she never refuses her time or her trouble to the sick an' sorrowful. Do you mean to say that the like of her can be in league with them that we mustn't name?

LADY ALICE [*who has entered unperceived*]. That's a good girl, Ellie. I'm glad to hear you taking the part of the absent.

ELLIE [*turning round in confusion*]. My lady! I'm sure I beg your ladyship's pardon! I didn't hear you coming. I was only saying—

MARTIN. My service to your ladyship an' to his honour. I hope he's well?

LADY ALICE. Quite well, thank you, my friend. I suppose you, like myself, have come to consult the wise woman. I hope that nothing of any importance has gone wrong, either with you or your young neighbour. But indeed her pale face tells its own story; and now that I think of it, I have heard rumours about you that I must say surprised and grieved me.

MARTIN. Oh, my lady, people don't come to consult a witch without cause.

LADY ALICE. This good woman is no witch, Martin. Do you think if she were, you would see me at her door? No, indeed. She is much more like a saint than a witch; she is pious and charitable, and her experience and advice are at the service of all who need them.

*Enter WIDOW HAYES from the cottage.*

WIDOW HAYES. God save you, neighbours. Your ladyship! I take shame to myself when I see you standing there, waiting for me. Won't you come into the house an' sit down; an' let me bring you a drink of new milk after your walk?

LADY ALICE. I beg of you, Mrs. Hayes, not to let me be any trouble to you. I like to breathe the morning air among your roses and geraniums. But, perhaps, my good friends here may have something to say which is intended for your ear alone. If you will allow me, I will go and sit on that bench near your beehives and rest, and watch the bees while you attend to them. They were here first, you know.

*Withdraws, motioning back WIDOW HAYES, who is about to accompany her.*

WIDOW HAYES [*to Martin*]. Well, then, Mr. Joyce, what is it that you want me to do for you?

MARTIN. I am come, ma'am, to ask you for a charm.

WIDOW HAYES. A charm, Mr. Joyce? What can have put it into your head that I can give charms?

MARTIN. I've heard tell many a time, that you have a charm, a mighty powerful one again'—again'—

WIDOW HAYES. Against what?

MARTIN. Again' drink, then, if you will have it; not that I am what you could call a drunkard. I never, till lately, took more than one pint of porter in the day; an' no one could throw it in my face that he had ever seen me a bit the worse for drink; but, you see, latterly I felt myself growing weak like, which is only to be looked for in a man of my age—eighty-two come Hallow Eve, of all days in the year—and I began to take a little drop of spirits, an' soon, not finding that enough, I came to taking a glassful, and now—

WIDOW HAYES. An' now? Now I suppose you take two glasses full.

MARTIN. That's just the way it is. The cup, at home, that my grandson won at the hurling match, holds just two glasses, an' I must have the full of that twice every day. They tells me that of an odd time I shows for it, an' that I'm getting a bad name among the neighbours; an', you see, it'd be a pity for a man like me to lose his character at the end of his days; so if you'd give me the charm; leastaways if it 'ud be any good; for you see I *must* have the cup full up, morning an' evening, or I'm good for nothing, like.

WIDOW HAYES. An' so you shall. If you'll promise to use my charm, you may take as much whiskey as the cup will hold, morning an' evening; but no more, mind.

MARTIN. Come, that 'll make it square. [*Widow Hayes goes into the cottage.*]

ELLIE. If she has a charm that'll cure the love of drink, 'tis she'll be the wise woman, sure enough.

MARTIN. Indeed, then, she will. I wonder will I have to drink the charm, or only to wear it.

ELLIE. You'd fancy that a charm again' drink would be something to drink. Whisht; here she is, coming back.

*Enter* WIDOW HAYES, *holding a small leathern bag.*

WIDOW HAYES. Look; I am going to give you this little bag of round, polished, white stones; an' you must give me your word that you'll drop one every day into your cup, an' that you'll take care that the stone once dropped in will never be taken out. Will you promise this?

MARTIN. With all my heart. What you ask is easy enough. You may depend on me, ma'am.

WIDOW HAYES. Come back this day month, an' tell me how the charm works. I'll be wishing to know.

MARTIN. Indeed then, I will. Whether you're a witch or whether you are not, I like your advice, an' I'll surely take it. Good morning, ma'am, and good luck. Good morning, Ellie.

[*Exit.*]

WIDOW HAYES. An' now, Ellie asthore, what's the matter with you?

ELLIE. Oh, Mrs. Hayes, I'm in dread you won't find it so easy

to help me. Sure 'tis not for myself that I wants the charm ; 'tis for another.

WIDOW HAYES. Well, tell me all about it at any rate.

ELLIE. You know, Mrs. Hayes, I got married last Shrovetide to Paul Clery. He's a fine tall boy, an' has good wages, an' all the girls were envying me, an' at first we were as happy as the day is long ; but, after a bit, he changed—his real temper showed itself—an' now he does nothing but give me abuse from morning till night. My life is that miserable with him that I don't know what to do, or where to turn.

WIDOW HAYES. You're in a common enough case, my poor child, but we'll see if nothing can be done for you. Does Paul drink, or is he *near* ; or, again, does he be wasteful of his money ?

ELLIE. Oh no, ma'am, nothing of the sort ; there couldn't be a better or a steadier man than he is, if it wasn't for the temper. God be good to us ! If you saw him knocking about an' smashing the bits of things in the house, when the temper gets the better of him ; an' once he took a stick to me. [*Cries.*] I'm afeard he'll be the death of me, some day.

WIDOW HAYES. Does the fit of temper come on him of a sudden ?

ELLIE. No. He begins by being put out about something or another ; a trifle it does be, mostly. He says a cross word, an' then I answers him ; an' it goes on from bad to worse.

WIDOW HAYES. I see the way it is. Well, I'll give you something that'll cure his temper.

ELLIE. 'Twon't be a bit of use. He won't take it, I know.

WIDOW HAYES. We won't want him to take it. 'Tis yourself will use the charm, an' the effect 'll be on him.

ELLIE. That's queer.

WIDOW HAYES. 'Tis queer ; but all the same, it's the truth I'm telling you. [*Goes into the cottage and returns with a long-necked bottle.*] Here's a flask of charmed liquor. Whenever you see him going to lose his temper, take a sup of this into your mouth ; but mind, it will lose its virtue if you swallow it while there's a sign of the ill humour left on him. You must go on with this for a month without stopping, an' when the month is up come back an' tell me if there's any improvement in him.

ELLIE. It seems to be a queer sort of remedy, but I can but

try it, an' if it works right 'tis myself that'll be praying for you all the days of my life. Good-bye an' good luck to you, ma'am.

*Re-enter* LADY ALICE.

LADY ALICE. And now, Mrs. Hayes, it is my turn. I am come to ask your advice, for unless you can suggest something I see nothing but ruin before us. My husband's means ought to be sufficient for the needs of our family, and still we are getting deeper and deeper into difficulties every day. Our expenses increase in an unaccountable manner, although we are not extravagant. It seems to me that we incur no unnecessary expense, and yet I know families who live comfortably on half our income, while ruin stares us in the face. Can you, my good friend, give me any help in my difficulty?

WIDOW HAYES. I have known the like before, my lady, and though I pity you from my heart I tell you not to be fretting; I think we will be able to find a way out of your troubles. You may have to do with fewer servants, but there's an easier plan we can try first. I am going to give you the loan of a little box that I have known to be useful in such cases. If you do as I tell you, you will find it a blessing to you and yours. [*Exit, returning with the box.*] I only ask you to promise that every day for the next month, between sunrise and sunset, you will carry it into every room in your house, and let it rest five minutes in each, from the topmost garret to the lowest cellar. Will you promise?

LADY ALICE. I cannot see the use of it, but as I feel sure that you mean well by me I will obey you implicitly. I will come back this day month and tell you the result of the experiment. Good-bye for the present then, and thank you.

WIDOW HAYES. God be with your ladyship.

*Exit* LADY ALICE. WIDOW HAYES *goes into the cottage.*

## ACT II

WIDOW HAYES *sitting at the cabin door knitting, and singing softly to herself. Enter* ELLIE.

ELLIE. Good morning to you, Mrs. Hayes. You see, I haven't forgot my promise, an' sure 'tis to thank you I've come, from the bottom of my heart.

WIDOW HAYES. 'Tis glad I am to hear that same, asthore. I

didn't need to ask if the charm worked right, though, for 'tis well an' happy you looks this day.

ELLIE. Oh, I'm that happy, Mrs. Hayes, an' so is Paul, that you wouldn't take us for the same people at all. Paul's temper has got so much better we hardly ever have words now, an' if he does be beginning to get a bit cross I have only to run to your bottle an' take a sup of it, an' it'll be all right in a minute.

WIDOW HAYES [*smiling*]. I expected no less. 'Tis a remedy that I've never yet known to fail.

ELLIE. But, Mrs. Hayes, ma'am, the bottle is just empty; an' won't you give me another little taste of the stuff; I'm afeard to be without it, seeing the good it done. Only I know you never takes money, it's asking you to let me buy some I'd be. I have a little bit of money from the stockings I do be knitting, an' the the hens; but, at any rate, I can beg of you to give me a drop more of it.

WIDOW HAYES. 'Tis I can do that same, sure enough; or wait, you're younger than me. The well is there in the field beyond, under the hawthorn; go an' fill the bottle yourself.

ELLIE [*looking round in surprise*]. What well? What do you mean, Mrs. Hayes? Where's the well?

WIDOW HAYES. The well that you gets your pitcher of water from, every day of your life, ashore. The bottle was filled with water from that well, an' I give you my word that ne'er a drug nor a charm was in it at all.

ELLIE. Now, ma'am, its laughing at me you are.

WIDOW HAYES. If it's laughing I am, 'tis at seeing you so innocent, child. Don't you see that having the water in your mouth prevented you from answering Paul when he'd get a bit annoyed, so that the anger had time to cool down on him, instead of being made worse by your answering him? Don't you know there does always be two to a quarrel?

ELLIE. Yes, an' sometimes three or four, for when I used to complain my mother or my aunt would often come an' take my part; an' then you can fancy the uproar there would be.

WIDOW HAYES. An' now there is peace and quietness. You see that it's in your own hands. The true charm is—silence. [*Enter MARTIN JOYCE.*] Good-morrow, Mr. Joyce. I needn't ask how you are, for it's young again you seem to be growing.

MARTIN. Young an' gay, ma'm; young an' gay; an' if I am

it's thanks to you an' your good advice. But don't fancy that you were able to take me in, Mrs. Hayes. I found out quick enough what sort of a charm was in the little round stones. I didn't live to be eighty-two, as I told you, last Hallow Eve, without finding out that the more stones you put into a glass the less whiskey 't will hold. You can't take me in so easy as that, ma'am.

WIDOW HAYES. But you used the charm, didn't you ?

MARTIN. I promised you that I would, an' I'm not the man to go back of my word. I used them to the last one ; an' I've brought myself by means of them to do with one spoonful of spirits in the day. 'Tis not worth while to stop at that, so from this day out I'm going to give it up altogether. I'm going this evening to the priest to take the pledge. But why didn't you tell me plainly to lessen the quantity a bit every day in place of giving me a bag of pebbles, as you would to a child ?

WIDOW HAYES. Would you have followed my advice, Mr. Joyce ?

MARTIN. Well, maybe I wouldn't. I suppose you're right. However, 'tis all for the best, an' I'll keep my word now that I've given it.

ELLIE. Here's her ladyship. [*Enter LADY ALICE.*]  
[*Curtseying.*] God save you, my lady.

WIDOW HAYES. You're kindly welcome, my lady.

LADY ALICE [*to Ellie and Martin who are about to withdraw.*]  
Don't go, my friends. I have come, Mrs. Hayes, to thank you, most heartily for the loan of this box, and to beg of you to leave it to me a little while longer.

WIDOW HAYES. Then it was of use to you, my lady ?

LADY ALICE. Of the greatest use. It has enabled me to reform my entire household. In every corner of my house I found waste and disorder, and, sometimes, even dishonesty. If I were to tell you of all the mismanagement I have discovered by means of this precious casket ! But much has already been remedied. I have dismissed incorrigible offenders, who were, happily, very few ; most of my servants having merely fallen into bad habits from being left to themselves, and these habits I have now set myself steadily to correct. The result of all this is a diminution of at least one-third in my household expenses ; and I hope, if you will be good enough to leave me the box for another month or two, to have everything in such order as to be able to do without it. My husband, who is

much pleased with the improved state of affairs, joins me in this request.

WIDOW HAYES. You can keep it and welcome, my lady, but it's not in the box that the virtue lies.

LADY ALICE. Not in the box! Then it must be in the contents.

WIDOW HAYES [*taking a key from her pocket and unlocking the box.*] Your ladyship sees that is empty. You must have many a box in your own house that would do just as well if it was used in the same way.

LADY ALICE. I don't understand.

WIDOW HAYES. You had to take the box into every room in your house every day. It was in that way you found out the waste an' disorder, an' destruction, that was going on unknownst to you. Take anything at all, or go empty-handed into every corner every day, and you'll always find something that isn't quite as it ought to be; that'll be the better of a little looking after, a little more care, or may be even the least little bit of fault-finding. That's the only charm that was in the box, my lady.

LADY ALICE. Well, Mrs. Hayes, you are a real wise woman, and I will try to profit by the lesson you have taught me, in this and other things. I hope you, Ellie, and you, Mr. Joyce, are as much the better of Mrs. Hayes's advice as I am.

BOTH. Indeed, then, we are, my lady.

ELLIE. 'Tis she that's made Paul an' me live happy together.

MARTIN. An' 'tis she that's saved me from becoming a drunkard in my old age.

BOTH. Good luck an' long life to her, an' may she help many another as she's helped us.

LADY ALICE. Amen.

CURTAIN.

**"AD MATREM, SANCTAM ECCLESIAM"**

O my Mother, fair exceeding,  
 With the lovely smile august,  
 And the true lips, ever pleading  
 For the holy things and just,  
 To thy little one's great needing  
 Thou hast bent thy gracious heeding,  
 And hast bidden her to love thee, as she must.

For thy love of love has won her,  
 And the Voice Divine has said,  
 " 'Tis thy Mother, look upon her,  
 Mother of My quick and dead ! "  
 And the radiancy and honour  
 Of thy chrism, O glorious donor,  
 And the blessing of thy mouth are on her head.

Storm-clouds far away have drifted,  
 Chased by splendour of thine eyes,  
 And, with peace and joy fair-gifted,  
 Here, thy little child, she lies,  
 By thine arms of comfort lifted  
 Where, upon the Rock unrifted,  
 God hath set thee, Bride of Jesus, perfectwise.

In that peace and joy's bestowing,  
 Thou hast spoken to my heart.  
 Saying, " Child, in all thy going  
 Let thy brothers' needs have part.  
 For my strayed, for my unknowing,  
 For my holy saved, still owing,  
 Mine to love and suffer, pray and trust, thou art."

EMILY M. P. HICKEY.

## MEMORIES OF SAN MARCO

## II

IT is little wonder that an artist who could render scenes such as these, should only portray, with visible effort and inadequate intensity, the evil side of human nature from which he himself must have turned with such loathing; and as he is to be seen at his best when he handles his favourite themes of angels and saints, so he is at his weakest when he attempts the horrors of hell and the lost. His *Last Judgment*, now in the *Belli Arti* is a case in point, for here, in wishing to render the entry of the lost souls into hell, and the various punishments allotted to their respective sins, he falls short of his usual power of drawing the spectators within the magic circle of his own powerful individuality, to the almost total temporary suppression of their own, and his work, instead of evoking feelings of terror, appeals almost to the sense of the ludicrous, so unrealistic are the attempts of the demons to torture their newly-found companions. The side of the picture devoted to the joys of the Blessed, is, on the contrary, perfectly ideal in treatment, and the guardian angels who glide forward to welcome with the kiss of brotherhood those they have watched over so long in life, could only be conceived by a *Fra Angelico*. So, too, the lovely maze of angels, holding monks by the hand, and teaching them to tread celestial measures over the fair, flower-covered fields of this Dantesque heaven.

But to return to San Marco: the somewhat larger outer and inner cells at the end of this corridor have a peculiar interest attached to them as having been set aside for *Cosimo il Vecchio* himself, when he came hither for a few days to taste of the peace of the monastery he had founded, and to turn aside for a brief space from the unceasing turmoil of the outside world, so as to treat of the business of his own soul with the holy inhabitants of this quiet cloister. On the walls *Fra Angelico* painted the *Adoration of the Magi*; perhaps because the Church of San Marco, a gift of this same *Cosimo*, was consecrated on the day of the *Epiphany*, and certainly also a subject peculiarly suited to the meditations of its inmate, for who could be more in want of humility than the prince who stood at the head of the haughty

Florentine Republic? Himself a wool merchant by lineage and a banker by trade, he had risen by his own talents to be the equal of kings and princes, treating with them almost on the footing of a royal sovereign; head of a regal democracy, and the power surely invested in his own family. Many things which it were well to remember, but which were too prone to be forgotten amid the cares of the State and the splendour of the Medici palace, must have come vividly before Cosimo, as he sat conversing with St. Antonio in the bare little cell, having for its only ornament this painting of the Three Kings in adoration before their God, found thus in the semblance of a little Child, a stable for palace and a manger for bed. And as he gazed, the ambitious thirst for earthly honours must have died away before the greatness of Eternity, and the memory of the time spent in exile at Padua must have lost much of its bitterness.

Cosimo, *Pater Patriæ*, was not the only inhabitant of the palace in the Via Larga who was to come to seek for peace within these walls. There were others who, in later years, under the splendid rule of Lorenzo il Magnifico, had the daily entry of that palace, and were there to be found as honoured guests, not on account of rank or wealth, but because of their great learning; and these, too, found at last their way from palace to monastery gate. For then all Italy was swept by the great wave of the revival of classic literature; the dead languages were made to live again; all that related to the times when the gods were young, was studied with passionate ardour and unbridled zeal; Plato had as fervent worshippers as in the old Grecian days. A current of Paganism passed over the city, and, neglecting the study of the truths of Christianity, men were content to spend long years bending over the manuscripts of the Pagan philosophers, seeking wearily for that light which was to be found so easily in the Christian doctrine they neglected, and living thus, they found not rest. Draining the cup of knowledge to the dregs, they still thirsted but something more, and the great linguist, Pico della Mirandola, spoke well when he said to Angelo Poliziano: "Fool that you be! why weary yourself by seeking in science that which you can only find in Divine love?"\*

So at the last, these two great humanists chose to be carried

\* See *Vie de Léon*, by Audin.

cold in death among the monks of San Marco, whom perhaps they may have despised in life, as not being disciples of Plato, and there, beneath the stones of the old church, they were well content to sleep their last long sleep, while the white-robed monks chaunted over them during the watches of the night. Thus they lie, at rest at last, their souls long since passed into the mystery of Eternity, there to find the perfect knowledge they had striven too hard to obtain on earth.

Before these things had happened, Fra Angelico had long gone to join his angels, and the monastery was rendered again famous, not by his heaven-lifting frescoes, but by the trumpet voice of the great preacher, Savonarola, whose words were to stir all Florence as never had she been stirred before, were to lead ultimately to bitter party strife, and whose name, even now after the lapse of so many centuries, is still the centre of many discussions and different judgments. It was from him, then Prior of San Marco, that Poliziano, the Medici favourite, craved for permission to lie dead in that Dominican robe he had not worn in life; and it was at his voice that, stirred to the very depths of his soul, the mundane artist, Bartolommeo, rose as from a trance, and, after burning all those studies which smote his conscience with remorse, knocked at San Marco to seek to be received as one of the brethren, and there passed the rest of his life, only now using his pencil and brush for religious subjects, like the saintly master whose works he must have learnt to love so well, but whose religious fervour he could never equal, for had not Fra Angelico chosen, from his earliest years, the better part, and thus had but memories of holy, innocent hours, unlike the other, who had studied his art in the midst of the pagan brilliance of the Florence of the latter days of the fifteenth century?

It was in the great library, lined with cedar presses, and filled with the four hundred choir books bestowed on the monks by Cosimo il Vecchio, that Savonarola took refuge when an angry mob was clamouring at the doors on the day he was to leave this peaceful retreat for ever. At the end of the long corridor to the left are to be seen the cells which he inhabited, and which still contain many memories of him; here are preserved his crucifix and rosary, and also the chair he used; while here, too, is hung his portrait by Fra Bartolommeo, and on the walls of the larger outer cell are two frescoes by the same hand.

In a cell in this same passage is Fra Angelico's most beautiful rendering of the scene on the Resurrection morning, in which the wonderful *passing* movement of our Divine Lord so perfectly accords with the "Noli me tangere," that in gazing on the fresco the words seem almost to be heard anew in the silence. The gesture says so plainly that not now must St. Mary Magdalene stoop to kiss the feet of her Saviour—for her there are many years yet to be passed in the grotto of Provence before she be called to the bliss of the Beatific Vision. But, according to the legend, as she sprang forward with the cry of "Rabboni" on her lips, the spot on the forehead which was touched by our Lord, as He gently motioned her back with the "Noli me tangere," was preserved after death from corruption, sanctified as it was by the Divine contact. When all else had long since crumbled to dust, this spot was still discernible on the skull, which is the great treasure of the Sainte Baume.

St. Mary Magdalene has not only been painted by a Dominican artist; near our present time one of the greatest orators of that Order has written, as only he knew how, the history of this same Sainte Baume, so jealously guarded by his own monks, and the fresco of Fra Angelico may well be said to be completed by the work of Père Lacordaire. Each in its way, they are two precious jewels laid at the feet of her who loved much.

The frescoes which adorn the cells on the other side of this passage, all bear the same subject slightly varied; a crucifix with the figure of a Dominican at the foot. They are supposed to have been in part executed by Fra Angelico's pupils, but if so, it must have been under his immediate guidance, for they bear indelibly the stamp of his own conception. Some would fain see in them the hand of Fra Benedetto, that brother so closely united to the Master by the double ties of nature and the religious life; but although they both entered the monastery together, and, after Fiesole, were both in San Marco for some years, there is no certain proof that the one shared the artistic talent of the other, and if Fra Benedetto had been also a painter, it seems probable that his name would have been handed down in the annals of the monastery as something more than the scribe who so beautifully penned many of the choir books in the Library.

These cells were dedicated to the use of the "giovanetti," or young monks fresh from the novitiate, and the repetition of the

same subject may have been chosen with a special reason in preference to the varied scenes painted on the walls of those used by the older brethren. For youth is often a time of struggle, and the calm of later years has not yet come. The "fiat" has been said, in answer to a vocation call, but although the sacrifice has been cheerfully made, and the gates of the monastery stand for ever between the soul and the world, the heart is often still bleeding with the pain of separation from those dear ones who stand without, and long habit has not yet made more easy the hard exigencies of a severe rule. Fra Angelico well knew that there is no peace and comfort like that to be found at the foot of the Crucifix, no suffering which is not less hard to bear at the sight of that supreme suffering. So in each cell he placed this picture of the Figure hanging on the Cross, and that of the Founder, or some other saint of the Order, at the foot. Through the long, hot days of summer, in the cheerless cold of winter, under the brilliant sunshine, or in the uncertain light of the chill moonbeams, the young monks had always this figure of their dying Saviour before their eyes, alone unchangeable in the midst of perpetual change; and when youth, heavy with sleep, would fain have dreamt on, as the bell, calling to choir, loudly woke the sleepers in the silence of the night, they saw, in the strange moonlight, those eyes gazing at them from that Figure on the Cross, watching, suffering always, never closed in sleep, and at the sight courage and love must have been intensified; sacrifice must have become light as they felt themselves overshadowed by the great love and mercy of those outstretched arms, and, looking on the pierced hands and feet, nothing any longer could seem hard that enabled them to render in a measure love for love. So closer and still closer did they cling to the rule of St. Dominic, until in their turn their time of youthful trial and probation passed, and bearing ever in their hearts the image of the Crucified, they, too, went to inhabit those cells, made radiant with saints and angels, until they seemed a very entry of Paradise, a perfect resting-place for the evening of life.

It may naturally be asked, where is the cell which Fra Angelico himself inhabited? But, strange to say, among so many varied memories, he who so beautified San Marco has left no personal trace other than those frescoes, living key-notes to his soul, within its walls, and it is best so, for where all speaks of him and his

beautiful spirit, there is no need of any special spot dedicated to his memory, and it is his name which, to all lovers of mystic art, is the most indissolubly linked with that of San Marco.

Yet it was not in his own beloved monastery, so endeared to him by memories of St. Antonino and the works of his own hands, not here in his own dear Tuscany that his long pilgrimage was to draw to a close, that death was to come and lift for ever the veil of human life that hid from his longing eyes the secrets of Eternity. In Tuscany had he first woke to life; Tuscany, again, in the eighteen years at ancient Fiesole, had received the first-fruits of his religious and artistic youth, as later, Florence, its capital, was to receive the perfect gifts of his mature manhood; but here in Tuscany was he not to sleep his last sleep. The Eternal City, the home of all that is best in religion and art, was to place the consecrating seal on his talent. Called to Rome by the command of the Vicar of Christ to be entrusted with the decoration of a chapel in the Vatican, he thus received his final recognition as a master among artists, and there, too, his work on earth done, was he to hear the last great summons; his last days on earth were to be spent in the great centre and home of his Order, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and afterwards he was to be laid to rest in the holy soil of Rome.

And it was well fitting that the humble monk who had passed much of his life in the company of such saints as Blessed John Domenichi and St. Antonino, and who had also himself rendered yeoman service to his Order by carrying, through his works, its fame into many lands, should at last be laid in the great mother church of the Dominicans; and by the holiness and beauty of his life he was well worthy of the honour of being laid in the dear Roman ground, sanctified by the blood of so many martyrs. Under the high altar of the church lies the body of sweet St. Catherine of Siena, and the burning lamps shed a soft and fitful radiance round her tomb. Those who, after having knelt to pray, turn aside into the left-hand chapel, may notice on the wall a simple marble slab on which has been carved in bas-relief the head and shoulders of a monk; beneath is the name of Fra Angelico. The simplicity of this stone is more in accordance with his life than could be the magnificence of any great monument; the white habit he had loved so well still watches over his resting place, and, as in far away San Marco, the chant of the *Salve Regina* is daily echoed

through the still vastness of the place—that chant, which probably was the last sound to fall upon his dying ears when his eyes, already closed to the things of earth, were opening on the rapturous wonders of Eternity. The consummation of the longing of his whole life had come to pass, the pure soul had gone to be for ever united to the Divine Master he had served so lovingly; the bright visions had become untold realities; life on earth was over,

“e da esiglio venne a questa pace.”\*

And what now of the monastery of San Marco itself? In obedience to a tyrannical and unjust law, its holiest places have been invaded, the brethren driven forth, and the building which once knew them turned into a museum. The inviolable privilege of the cloister has been ruthlessly desecrated, and all come and go, as best they please, to gaze on those frescoes which were painted but for the eyes of the monks, to enter those cells which were built but to be tread by consecrated feet. Yet, do what they may, while the walls stand they will still keep the stamp of austerity and peace, and nothing can deface the religious feeling which still clings to each stone of the place. It still seems to belong more truly to the monks than to the idle, indifferent crowd which too often fill its cloisters.

In the early morning hours, when the place is almost deserted, it would seem no longer strange to see the friars once more come and go, pale and ghost-like figures, as in the far-off days of painter and preacher. The silent refectory seems still waiting to receive them, to see them again sitting round the board, as they sat in the time of St. Dominic, in Rome, on the day the angels came and ministered to them, giving them Heaven-made bread, in return for those poor loaves they had bestowed in alms. When Fra Angelico painted the exquisite little “Providenza” in the Predella of the Coronation of Our Lady, now in the Louvre, he had but to add the two beauteous angels from his own imagination; the rest was the daily scenes he had before his eyes, when he sat in this refectory and listened to the brother who read from Holy Writ in the small pulpit half-way up the wall.

Those even who are the most material, the most preoccupied with their own small cares, cannot remain completely indifferent as they visit San Marco. It is not possible that some faint perception

\* *Paradiso*, X. 129.

of a beauteous ideal should not dawn upon them, that some longing for the peace of the spirit world should not touch them, and that in entering this ancient home of those who voluntarily renounced life's sweetest flowers, to take instead the crown of thorns, they should not feel, in some dim, uncertain way, that there is something in suffering that is greater than joy, since men, such as those, have welcomed it as their daily guest, and that in a life devoted to the service of others, by prayer or work, will alone be found the answer to the mystery of the blessedness of pain.

E. M. B.

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### LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD NURSE

Oh, simple faith, that knew no flaw or fading,  
 Oh, loyal heart, that's earth to earth to-day!  
 Oh, tried and true, 'mid fortune's shine or shading,  
 Thy children sit and mourn thee far away.

Virtues were thine, the purest and the rarest ;  
 Sweet be thy sleep, though we may not behold  
 Thy place of rest—thou, who hast won and wearest  
 The snow-white robe, the harp, and crown of gold.

Joy for thee, faithful friend, the darkness over ;  
 Green be the spot where all that loved us lies !—  
 Sure, well we know thy heart shall round us hover,  
 To watch and love thy children from the skies.

The world passed on—thou look'dst on life uncaring ;  
 The wide, wide world held us alone for thee :  
 We'll miss thy voice in our last sad wayfaring—  
 Thou emblem sweet of " Old Fidelity."

We miss thee in our sleeping and our waking :  
 We'll miss thee evermore till Time is past—  
 Midnight and eve till our last dawn is breaking,  
 And God, and Heaven, and them are found at last.

MARY JOSEPHINE ENRIGHT.\*

\* She, too, died a few years ago, and the last of these lines, we pray, was verified.

## THE SQUIRE'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS

### CHAPTER XXVI

#### AT HOME AGAIN

IT is winter again at Amberwolds. The woods are bare, and a bleak wind sighs round them and through them all day long. The great Abbey has a lonely look, raising its aged and gray crown above the brown trees on the height, or at least Margaret thinks so, as she walks along the same path on which we found her at the opening of our story. That wintry look of the Abbey was then familiar to her, and was an accepted, but little-marked, feature in the landscape. The weak curl of smoke from its chimneys then seemed typical of the one faint thread of life dwindling away within its walls. She recalled how the moment when her happy talk with Lance had been interrupted on such a day as this by the boom of the old church bell, telling that that slender thread was broken. Since then, what a different aspect that great gray pile above the woods had taken in her eyes! How all last spring and summer it had been flooded with sunshine and filled with flowers, irradiated through and through with hope and happiness! Within its walls she had welcomed Lance; basked in prosperity, hand in hand with him; planned great things for his future; rested blissfully in her wilful belief that the fortunate change in her circumstances meant good things in store for him.

What spring days those had been when he came to her from London, full of trust, to idle away the hours in delightful companionship—days each as perfect and as fragrant as a newly-blown rose. Well, the roses were all shed and gone, the sunshine was extinguished, the thrilling voices were silent. Winter had come, and the great gray house up on the height had now, in her eyes, more than the dreariness it had worn in old Lady Huntingtower's time. More, for now its shadow seemed to stretch long and dark over the village, the woods, the whole surroundings of life. Happiness was nowhere; was blotted out for evermore.

As she walked slowly along the familiar path, all the events of the last few months passed in a weary march through her mind, now too well accustomed to contemplate their hopeless fatality.

The whole story of her grandfather's life had become clear to her since she had been awakened to a knowledge of the existence of the terrible societies which had entangled and destroyed him. She now heard, saw, and noted much in the world around her, which showed her that his was not a marvellous nor an isolated case. Only why, oh why could he not have stayed in France, and forborne to draw her young life into the troubled current of his own? She had been a happy girl before he came here with his wealth and his squireship. Now, he and his crime had murdered her future and ruined her peace of mind. The most urgent and inexorable reasons existed, and must exist, why she should continue to maintain that reserve towards Lance, which had so maddened him with jealousy, so completely effaced his confidence in her. She felt also, that all her conduct seemed to give a tacit acquiescence to the conclusion he had arrived at respecting her. She had made no protest of her indifference to Sir Harley Winthrop, of her still faithful love for himself. Struck dumb by the impossibility of clearing herself in his eyes, and explaining or justifying her behaviour, she had simply allowed the storm to sweep over her where she lay, prostrate in the dust.

To Lance's letter, written her in Paris after that miserable interview, she had been forced to return such an answer as had only made matters worse. Word it how she would, it accused her, even in her own eyes. Nothing could put things straight but the absolute truth, a full detailed account to be given her lover of the events of that week in the Rue Sainte Barbe, a confidence which should put him in possession of the information given her by Victor. And that, she told herself a dozen times a day, was as impossible to her tongue as murder to her hand. Even if she were capable of betraying her grandfather's guilt (and, under other circumstances, she felt she might have been drawn into sharing her knowledge of it with Lance) she could not, dare not, would not place the man she loved in hideous danger by possessing him of the secrets of a fiendish association of men, who would blot him out of the way of their expedience as ruthlessly as an ordinary person would crush an obnoxious insect in his path. No, there was no outlet from the dungeon of trouble into which her heart was plunged. Lance would, in time, learn to forget her. After some time, his pain would give way, his busy life would engage him, absence would gradually blot her seemingly unworthy image

from his mind; he would meet and love some other, who would have all that truthfulness and transparency of character which he prized so much, which he had once praised in her, and which he believed he had seen to fail and disappear in her. He would marry and be happy, and she should know him no more.

She had often asked herself during the past few months whether it was her fault or her misfortune that she had got herself into so helpless a position. Sometimes the whole chain of circumstances that had so risen up and hemmed her in seemed altogether fatality; at other times it appeared to her that her own wilfulness, in refusing to be guided by Lance, refusing to distrust as he had distrusted, to be as cautious in her conduct as he had recommended her to be, was the sole cause of her tribulation. Had she refused to go to Paris with M. Dunois, insisted on rather returning to Amberwolds, and staying there till his business abroad was finished, in that case she should now be in utter ignorance of his secrets, and her happy relations with Lance would be unbroken and secure. Or, if she had confided her uneasiness to him or to Mrs. Meadows, her mere uncomfortableness in the company which he kept in Paris, and had been carried off home, even at the risk of his displeasure, before she made her fatal discoveries; if she had thus acted, all might now be well, between her and her lover at least. At this point her self-reproach and regret were so intolerable that she tried to take a different view of her own conduct. In the end, she always wound up her reflections with a weary acknowledgment that the past could not be undone, and that wisdom had come to her too late. She had made herself one with her grandfather, and had thus become part of his secrets. His evil-doing and his mystery wrapped her about. She could not free herself from them without treachery; could not throw away her burthen, except at the risk of destroying another, dearer to her than herself, by the fall of that load. She must gather up all her courage, and live upon it and with it as best she knew how. Nothing was left for her in this world but fidelity and endurance.

While she walked along the path, thinking, sometimes her tears fell fast, but more often were driven back resolutely with a hasty shake of the head. She could not afford to go on crying for ever. To make herself an object of pity to everyone could only render her position more intolerable than she already found it. Presently the old church bell began to toll for some one dead, and

its sudden gloomy note recalled forcibly to Margaret the day when the same solemn knell had interrupted a happy half-serious, half-comic conversation between her and Dangerfield. They had jested about the possibility (which then seemed an impossibility) of their ever in future being parted by change of circumstances; and even while they were speaking the bell had tolled which announced the change that was to part them. She had told him she should die if he deserted her, and he answered that she was "not a dying kind of maiden." "No, neither am I," thought the girl; "I have a terrible amount of vitality. I shall live long, and suffer much. I am not the sort of woman who escapes to a happier world the moment that this one becomes cruel to her."

She had been away to Gorseley Common, looking after the poor; those who had made her occupation a year ago, when her heart was light and time was her own. In the press of new duties and new pleasures they had been to some extent forgotten; but now she had returned to their humble thresholds, asking momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow at their hands, and the indescribable balm which comes to a bruised heart through ministering to the necessities of others. Such common things as tea, snuff, wine, she carried to them, and in return they gave to her half an hour's rest from the gnawing of regret, and that anodyne for the headache, forgetfulness of self.

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## CHAPTER XXVII

### BANISHED

M. Dunois was seated once more in his study at Amberwolds, among the household gods he prized so highly, and had done so much to retain as his own. The elm tree was bare, and shivered more visibly in the wintry air outside the window, and the shadow it cast into the room was more fitting and spectral than in the full-leaved summer. A glowing wood fire crackled on the hearth, the rich hangings framed the pale landscape with warm dark colour; the room looked luxurious and the very abode of repose rather than the den of a man haunted by the shadow of a crime.

As M. Dunois walked up and down, with hands locked behind his back, his face looked more serene and satisfied than at any time since we made his acquaintance. He had quite shaken off the effects of that illness which had so prostrated him in Paris, and

although frail of limb and pallid in face, he had an appearance of energy and vitality which seemed evidence of a renewal of health. The circumstances of the last few months had done much to soothe M. Dunois' hope, and make life appear to him quite worth the living. At this moment he was in capital spirits, having just received a visit from a neighbour whose arrival had been in accordance with his dearest desires.

The door opened, and Margaret came into the room. She had forced herself to put on a cheerful air, and her eyes showed scarcely a trace of the weeping that had scorched them a few hours ago.

"Ah, my dear, you have come at last. I have been waiting for you. You seem to live out of doors now, *ma chérie*. I fear it is trying to your health. The English fireside is a good place in the wintry season."

"Well, I am ready to sit down now," said Margaret, trying to smile. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes; you can listen to me. Sit down, my dear child, for I want to talk to you."

Margaret sat down. As he turned away and walked up the room she looked after him with a long wondering gaze. How alert and satisfied he seemed! How little like a man who had—! She shuddered, and withdrew her eyes from him and stared at the fire. Every moment she now spent alone in his company was torture to her. She could not forget, for an instant, the awful secret that lay between them, and the question what would he do, what would he say, should he ever become aware that she was in possession of that secret, would spring up and ring its changes through her mind, while she observed him come and go, smile, frown and reflect. She had noticed that his step was lighter, his voice less fretful, his eye more assured and at rest since that dreadful episode in Paris. This incomprehensible callousness, this appalling lack of all sense of responsibility, pressed upon her like the companionship of a monster. Sometimes she felt as if she could scarcely breathe in his presence.

"I have just had a visit from Sir Harley Winthrop," he said, as he passed her for the second time, pacing the room, making it difficult for him to see her face, till she had time to get over her surprise at the announcement.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he made a longer stay abroad than he intended, and only

returned yesterday. It seems he has been vegetating in some out-of-the-way place, where he escaped letters. Only the other day a letter of mine turned up to his hand. I had written him about a business matter, and wondered why I had received no answer. Men of property and responsibility ought not to cut themselves off from the world in that manner."

"I hope it is not too late to arrange the business," said Margaret, feeling that she must say something, but wishing Sir Harley had stayed longer in his hiding-place. "However," she thought, "all things considered, he will not be likely to come much here."

"Fortunately, it was too late. And now I have to speak on another subject. Sir Harley's visit to me this morning was on a matter much more important than any business of mine. On emerging from the cloud in which he had wrapped himself, he learned several pieces of news which surprised him, as most of us do, after having lapsed out of life for an interval. Among those items was the fact that your engagement was broken off."

A little gasping sound escaped Margaret. She had not expected this abrupt attack. Her grandfather's conduct towards her in relation to her rupture with Lance had, until now, been remarkable for reticence. Sometimes she had fancied that of late he had been so well satisfied with the state of his own affairs as no longer to take much notice of hers.

"He showed a very deep interest in the matter, and desired to be allowed to come here frequently. It is evident that he now hopes to win your hand. I admire and approve of him greatly, and I wish him all success. As there is no longer any obstacle to your receiving him for a suitor, you will, I hope, be prepared to welcome him as such a man deserves to be welcomed."

"I will be very glad to welcome him as a friend any time," said Margaret, promptly; "but you and he must both understand that I cannot marry him."

"That is absurd, *ma fille*. Every woman ought to marry. You have not broken with an objectionable suitor only that you may remain an old maid?"

"No; I have not broken with an objectionable suitor!" said Margaret, as if she had heard in his speech only those words she repeated.

"If not objectionable, why have you shaken him off?"

"I have not shaken him off. A cruel misunderstanding has parted us."

"I will believe that when you explain to me what the misunderstanding was. Your complete and persistent silence on this point has long since convinced me of what I always suspected, that you covered your own good sense in breaking a foolish tie under an appearance of a lover's misunderstanding. Why you should do yourself this injustice I cannot even guess. I never expected that you would be so silly as to ruin yourself by a marriage with that meddling barrister; and with me, *ma chérie*, you might safely throw off the mask. I do not think less of you for showing a proper, if tardy, appreciation of what is due to yourself and your family."

"You mistake me altogether. I am sorry, as it will give me the pain of wounding Sir Harley again."

"Come, come! Do not be so obstinate. I own I am obstinate myself, but it is a quality more becoming in a man. Nobody thinks it is pretty in a woman. I have given you ample time to get over the unpleasantness caused by your breach of your first engagement, and now I am merely pointing out to you that you may, without impropriety, begin to drift into a second. I know from experience that my favourite child is not implacable. You resisted me for months on the subject of poor Dangerfield. I let you have your own way, and you gradually came round to my views of your own accord. Doubtless I have but to practise patience, and see you willingly bestow your hand on Sir Harley Winthrop. I can wait. All things come to the man who can wait. In the end you will probably maintain that you only accept your husband for some out-of-the-way reason, quite apart from the pleasing of yourself, and I will never interfere with such a fancy. The properties of Gorseley and Amberwolds will be united——"

"Not by me," muttered Margaret, who had listened as if fascinated to the easy, purring, reasonable tones in which he had been talking to her, as if she was a wilful and troublesome child, whom he was treating with admirable forbearance.

"Certainly by you," he said, in the same suave manner.

"I do not understand," said Marigold, her mind for the moment diverted from her own affairs by the singularity of the suggestion put to her. "René would naturally be heir to Amberwolds."

"Would he? Perhaps so. If he were one who would do me credit in such a position. He is nothing, however, but a clown."

"Would you not rather perpetuate your own name with the estates?"

"The mighty name of Dunois? No. And if I would, he wouldn't. Fifine would marry him in spite of himself, and they would call themselves Huntingtower. They would run through the property in half-a-dozen years. The honour of the family and the care of the estates will be safer in your hands, my little daughter."

"How very strange!" said Margaret.

"You ought rather to say, 'How very nice!' little one."

"I do not think it nice to take everything from my cousins."

"Oh, do not be uneasy about them. I will give them enough to eat; but they shall be tied up tightly with annuities which they cannot dissipate. You will always be kinder to them than they deserve, besides."

Margaret sat dumb for a few moments, asking herself how she should make this old man clearly understand that she could never marry; this man, who had put it out of her power, by his own wicked acts, ever so to make herself happy in this world? Without accusing him of his own crimes, and so explaining her view of her position, how could she make him see her as she was?

"And now, Margaret, as I have fairly put my intentions before you, I will allow you to go away and think about them."

Margaret's breast heaved. The pain of wrestling with him was great; but she must fight till she had won at least an outward peace. She would not be tormented by Sir Harley's suit; neither could she bear to let him be deceived, even for a day.

"Grandfather," she said earnestly, standing up and leaning towards him, with both hands resting on the table, "you must understand that I mean what I say. I shall never marry. You must make your arrangements for the future with this view. Sir Harley Winthrop shall know my determination as soon as possible."

He gazed at her in astonishment. Her words, her look, had the force of truth, and he began to see that she thoroughly meant what she said. Up to this moment he had felt quite sure that her courage had given way at the prospect of marrying into comparative poverty, and leaving wealth and ease behind her. Now, seeing

at last the agony of meaning in her eyes, he realized with a shock that her behaviour was due to some suffering which he could not understand. At all events, she meant to defy him. The spirit was roused at last which he had feared to rouse. He had lost the child on whom his hopes had chiefly rested.

He had believed that Lance, and only Lance, had stood between him and her perfect compliance with his wishes. But Lance was gone; and yet here she was more completely outside of his control than she had ever been in the days of her engagement.

He fell back upon the old idea which so often comes to the relief of the perplexed mind of man. "It is impossible to understand women," he thought. "There is no reasonable way of accounting for their caprices."

"You will be in another mood to-morrow," he answered lightly. He would not even yet quite take her at her word.

"I shall never be in another mood," she urged. "Believe me at once, lest you perhaps prepare a deeper disappointment for yourself. I will not marry since the joy of my life is gone. I will stand by you, stay by you, do my duty to you in personal service, but my life is in my own hands. You must put my future out of your calculations and arrangements."

Then the anger, long provoked by this only creature he loved, but hitherto kept well in the back-ground of his thwarted, scheming, but not altogether ignoble heart, rose suddenly and swelled up within M. Dunois, blotting out the landmarks of prudence and forbearance. His eyes flashed, and he glared wrathfully at the pale but resolute girl who stood looking at him with all the tragedy of her silence and endurance in her eyes.

"You mean this for defiance, Mademoiselle?"

"I mean it for truth," said Margaret steadfastly.

"As you please, then. As your insolent obstinacy has chosen. You shall be as forgotten, as completely left out as even your demand requires. You shall not sit at my table, nor live in my house if you will not accept my rule as a parent. You shall return whence you came to me, as poor as you were when you first saw me."

"But not as happy," said Margaret, bitterly; "yet certainly I will go."

"You are a madwoman!" cried the old man, now beside himself with rage.

"Spare me further, grandfather. I shall never have the power to displease you again. Be kinder to René and Fífine than you are to me."

"Ungrateful wretch! You whom I made my first and dearest. To go and leave me with only such rubbish on my hands! I cannot bear the sight of you. Begone!"

Margaret turned away her eyes, ashamed of witnessing his ungoverned passion, and went slowly and regretfully out of the room. In spite of all she knew of him, and had suffered from him, there was a lingering pity for him in her heart. She had sheltered him with her girlish generosity, believed in him with her childlike faith, hoped good things of and from him, served him, petted him, almost loved him. That night she slept in her old home under Dr. Meadows' roof.

The moonlight shone into her chamber (the little room in which she had lived and dreamed from childhood to womanhood), gilded the books she had tranquilly read in the old days, the little ornaments she had treasured, the familiar designs on curtains, walls, and floor. In all she read the story of her lost happiness. Since she had last been the permanent tenant of this room, she had been living in a terrible dream, which began with splendour and ended in ruin. Under the ashes of the burnt-out glories of a year her love was buried. In that great wave of change that had passed over her experience, her happiness had been drowned. Lance was gone out of her life. The joy that had made this little chamber as a royal kingdom to her no longer burnished it. She had brought back to it a broken heart.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE TROUBLE DEEPENS

Mrs. Meadows welcomed her child back to her fireside with open arms, and did not worry Margaret with questions. The quarrel between the lovers had been long a mystery to her, which she had vainly tried to solve. Appealing to Lance on the subject, she had been answered so as to make her feel, first that his wound was too sore to bear a touch, and next that he had no hope. Mari-gold's love had failed him, and that was all. He would never go near Amberwolds again.

The good lady had gone to London to see him at his chambers,

and found it hard to get leave to speak a few words with him. He was immersed in business. Singular good fortune had been his of late in his profession. It seemed as if his great trouble had brought him a fierce accession of energy, which carried all before it. Smiling bitterly at the success that brought no joy with it, he yet gave himself no joy, no leisure; but worked on with a dogged determination at least to make his power felt by his fellowmen. The day would come, perhaps, when success would make up to him for the loss of his love. He could never be the man he might have been, had she been true. But he would win the world and forget her.

He had looked fagged, ill, grim. During their short interview, Mrs. Meadows had felt that he was more pained than comforted by her presence. She had nothing to communicate to him that could alter his own convictions as to facts; he had nothing to tell her but what was more humiliating, more harrowing than he could bear. She brought with her the perfume of dead days that she could not restore to life again, and which he wanted to forget. People were waiting to speak to him on business. The great world was rolling on and carrying him with it. The love of woman is not the only thing by which a man can live. Ambition was henceforth to be the mainspring of his existence.

Dispirited and sad, Mrs. Meadows had returned home more mystified than ever, inasmuch as she could not bring herself to disbelieve in Marigold. That the girl suffered, she knew, and her extraordinary reticence she put down to the score of pride. Saying nothing to Margaret of her visit to Lance, she had told herself that she would wait patiently, hoping against hope that time would throw some light on this strange misunderstanding, and restore the old happy state of things.

When, therefore, Marigold came to her that evening, creeping into her arms, and begging to be taken home again, and when it appeared that she had been turned out of doors by the Squire, for refusing to receive Sir Harley Winthrop as a lover, then, indeed, Mrs. Meadows rejoiced, and lost no time in sending a short note to Dangerfield, making him fully aware of the state of the case.

To Lance, however, the news did not bring all that joy which she had hoped it might. Sitting at his desk, studying the letter with a stern face, he said to himself that he had never, except, perhaps in his hardest moments, accused Margaret of throwing him

over for worldly reasons. He knew it was only that her heart had proved a traitor. With her generous views of things, she would now try to soothe her conscience and atone for her fault (if her fault it was, rather than her misfortune) by refusing to follow her own inclination. Though she had broken with him, she would not marry the man who had robbed him of her affections. Such conduct would be like her. He thought he could see clearly through her motives, and, as usual, believed that the penetration for which he was so noted could not be at fault. It took him a whole week to consider whether or not he would run down to Amberwolds and hazard another interview with Margaret.

One day Marigold was returning from one of her visitations of the poor. It was a quiet, gray day, cheerless, but peaceful. A recent storm had swept all the remaining withered leaves from the trees, and the wayfarer through the woods trod the glories of last summer under his feet. Amber, brown, and red, rotted into darkness on the damp earth—heaps of fairy gold turning to clay. The thickets glowed with them, and Margaret's dark figure moved over flames that did not burn, like a martyr passing unscathed through the ordeal by fire. Stepping from behind a screen of trees on to the beaten path, she suddenly came face to face with Sir Harley Winthrop.

He looked delighted to see her. "I have tried twice to meet you," he said, "and was going home disappointed for the second time. Do you live in the woods?"

"No," she said, "I live now with Mrs. Meadows." She was resolved that he should know exactly what he had to expect. It was intolerable enough that she should be misunderstood by Lance, but she positively would not have this other man fall into any mistake regarding her. She did not know how she was going to inform him of certain things he ought to know, but she would talk on, hoping that the conversation would lead to his enlightenment.

"You are spending some time with her?"

"I shall, probably, spend all my remaining days with her. At least, unless I live too long."

"And what do you think will become of your other friends in the meantime? How will the Abbey get on without you?" said Sir Harley, beginning to see that something was very wrong, yet trying to ignore the fact, lest he should surprise her into an unintended confidence.

"I know not," said Margaret, gravely. "But I know that there are few whose vacant places in the world are not easily filled up. At all events, I am not going back to the Abbey any more."

"Are you really in earnest?" He looked at her observantly as he spoke, and noticed the slight hollows in her cheeks, and the dark shadows under her eyes. There was a change in her altogether that could not be described. The red curve at her mouth had straightened into a pale line; her eyelids seemed to have grown large and heavy; her very hair appeared to have grown limp. In her voice was a vibration he had never heard there before.

"I am really in earnest. I have told you because I wish you to know. My grandfather is displeased with me, and has sent me, in anger, out of his house. Am I not fortunate in having my dear friends to return to?"

"The old——" Sir Harley checked himself in time, before using language scarcely suited to a lady's ear; and the next few moments found him battling with his desire to invite her then and there to come as soon as possible and make her home at Gorsley Manor. His more delicate instincts warned him to be careful how he made such a proposal just at present; yet, he was sure he could not leave her till it was made.

But Margaret was eager that he should know the whole state of the case soon enough to prevent such a catastrophe.

"You are wondering now," she said with a little smile, "how I could have been so naughty as to get turned out of doors. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes; tell me."

"You know," she said, suddenly turning scarlet all over her face, with the pain of saying what she had to say, "you remember that I told you in Paris that I was engaged to be married."

"I remember," said Sir Harley, wondering much what might be coming, and a little startled at the directness of her speech, "and I have also heard since that you are now, of your own desire, free."

"Not of my own desire. That is what you must not believe. That is the difficulty between me and my grandfather."

Sir Harley breathed a long sigh. He understood her now. A second time she had made an effort to save him the pain of being refused.

"Then your engagement is not really at an end!"

"It is at an end."

"But only temporarily and through his interference?"

"Not, I fear, temporarily, and not through his interference."

"It is, then, your own doing, or—Mr. Dangerfield's. You have quarrelled."

"I do not think we quarrelled; but a difficulty has arisen between us which cannot be removed. We are parted as completely as if we hated each other."

"Yet—yet—you do not hate each other?"

"I shall never love any other man," said Margaret, gently, but with despair in the tones of her voice.

Sir Harley, taking in the words and the tone, accepted the pain they gave him as a brave man suffers the hurt of the surgeon's knife. He knew that Margaret's confidence was intended to stop the progress of his disease and effect his cure. He could not believe in the cure at present, but it might come.

"My grandfather," Margaret went on hurriedly, "would have me behave as if the engagement had never taken place, or as if it had been a heartless one, and I had wearied of it. And I cannot so behave. And this is the reason why I am banished."

They walked on in silence for a minute or two, while Margaret felt only with a great sense of relief that she had put him right; and Sir Harley reflected on the unselfish and sympathetic straightforwardness of the girl in thus daring to wound herself sorely that he might be saved from falling into the false position which M. Dunois' dishonest representations had prepared for him. Though he still felt that he loved her very dearly, he did not build any hope for himself on the fact that she was actually free, and that she believed her engagement to be for ever at an end. By her manner, look, and conduct, she had made him feel that her love for her lover was such as to influence her whole life. It seemed to place her apart from him at a distance which he could not bridge over. He knew himself to be a man who never could be content with a wife who, however delightful she might be in herself, could only give him a half-hearted affection. And thus he knew, though he could not realize it at the moment, that she had cut him free.

But he would not be behind her in generosity.

"Miss Huntingtower," he said presently, "I will be as open

with you as you have been with me. When I met you to-day, I was hoping with all my soul that you would yet be my wife. If you had not been so plain with me, I should have asked you to let me hope. M. Dunois had given me to understand that you were as free in heart as in hand, that your engagement had been a mistake and a trouble to you——”

“I know,” said Margaret.

“And I know now what a heart I have lost. But I own that, as I have lost your heart, I would not take you without it.”

“Of that I have felt sure,” said the girl, earnestly.

“Yet I am proud to think you felt me so dear a friend that you put yourself in pain for my sake.”

“I did and do feel you to be that kind of friend.”

“Thank you. And now may I venture to say a word about yourself. My dear, do not let a misunderstanding take the joy out of your life. Try to set things straight. So fearless and so frank with me, how can you allow a mistake to exist for one hour between you and the man who has your faith? ”

Margaret gazed up at him with a wistful but perfectly hopeless look in her eyes. She shook her head.

“There are some things too difficult ever to be explained,” she said.

“Will you not trust me to give an opinion upon that? I am not M. Dunois; and sometimes a third person can perceive what two cannot see. Can you not tell me your difficulty?”

“If I could tell you, I could tell him,” said Margaret, sadly. “But I thank you for your sympathy, and for—all the rest. I must go now, or I shall behave like an idiot,” she said, with a little wry smile, and giving him her hand. “Good-bye.”

He felt that he could not detain her any longer, pressed her offered hand, and turned away with a strong feeling of disgust and contempt for the man who, having once secured Margaret's love, could suffer any misunderstanding to part him from her. He was far from having the slightest idea that he himself had had anything to do with that misunderstanding.

Could he at the moment have seen Lance's face, as, standing in the opening of the thicket above them, he looked down on the figures of Margaret and Sir Harley in earnest conversation on the path below, he might have gained more information as to the cause of the difference between the lovers than he was ever likely to gain in any other manner.

Lance, having made up his mind that he would see Marigold again, had arrived at the nearest station to Amberwolds by an early train, and was walking across the woods to the village, when he suddenly found himself looking down from a distance on Miss Huntingtower and her—friend.

Had the girl been presented to his eyes on any other spot of earth, rather than in these woods—the woods sacred to their old dear meetings, their hours of happy companionship and unbroken faith—he might not have been driven so utterly mad by it as he was. But now he stood quite still with a sort of horror, looking at the past and present, both lying under his eyes, one in true, and the other in false colours which simulated truth. Margaret stood with her face away from him, but he saw her raise her head and look up at Sir Harley with an earnest movement. He saw Winthrop take her hand and hold it; and then he would see no more, but wheeled round, and started off to walk back to the station as fast as he could to catch the returning train to London.

He was not so quick, however, but that Margaret saw him. Sir Harley having dropped her hand and left her, she swiftly set her face to the thicket again, lest any stray traveller on the path should surprise her in tears; and then it was that she saw and recognized Lance's retreating figure.

Her first impulse was to cry out to him, to run and overtake him, to bring him to her side at any cost; but a moment's thought silenced her, held her fast to the spot where she stood, urged her to let him keep away from her. What could she dare say to him if he were to come? In her agony she flung her arms round a tree and hid her face, so that she might not see him vanishing for the last time out of her life. Had he turned his head, he might have seen her despairing movement; but, having beheld more than he wanted to see, he was resolved to see no more; and the trees spread out their bare branches on the upland, and blotted out his figure from her horizon.

Half an hour after Mrs. Meadows saw her through the window, approaching the house, and hastened to open the door for her.

"My child, you are frozen. Your walk has not warmed you. Take off your bonnet, and be comfortable at the fire at once. Did you meet the Doctor anywhere? He will stand still by the hour, watching some miserable little animal, till he gets a cold in his

head. I wish he would give it up. He has collected sufficient notes to make material for a dozen books, and might be content to sit down and write them."

Mrs. Meadows poured out all this to keep herself from exclaiming at Margaret's more than usually pale face and haunted-looking eyes, which at present gave her more trouble than her husband's susceptibility to cold in the head; but she was afraid of startling the girl away from her by taking much notice of her looks. Any attempt she had hitherto made to fathom the mystery of the lovers' quarrel had resulted in signal failure. Margaret's continued silence in her so-evident grief affected her in a manner she could not have described. It frightened, shocked, appalled her.

"If it had been any one but Margaret," she often said to herself. "There are girls who are naturally full of caprice. But our Madge was always open and transparent to a fault."

"I did not meet him," said Marigold, cowering over the fire. "I have been through the woods and across to see the poor Browns. The mother is dying fast."

There was a curious envious tone in her voice in saying the last words that struck on her friend's ear.

"Margaret, let me speak to you plainly. That is what we shall be saying about you by and by if you go on as you are doing. We shall have to say that you are dying fast. Can you not confide in any one?"

"I have nothing to confide," said Margaret gloomily.

"Nothing! Then it was for mere caprice you quarrelled with Lance?"

"I did not quarrel with him. He quarrelled with me. And perhaps he had reason."

"You had given him cause for distrust?"

"He thought so; and he may have been right."

"And you would give him no explanation?"

"No."

"He is jealous of Sir Harley Winthrop."

"I should not wonder."

"Have you given him cause for such jealousy?"

Margaret passed her hand over her head and looked at her questioner with a distraught air.

"May be so," she said wearily. "May be so. But it does not signify. Let the matter rest."

"I will not let the matter rest. I will have an answer from you. Has that other man taken your heart from Lance? I know you have quarrelled with your grandfather rather than encourage him. You are true in act; but are you true in heart? Could you, if you would allow yourself, accept Sir Harley Winthrop?"

A rush of indignant blood crimsoned Margaret's face at the blunt question. How dare any one put such an outrageous idea into words? She remembered then how her conduct justified the question, and her face grew lily-white again. After all, why should she not let them think her guilty of this treachery, and be questioned no more? It might save her from the never-dying temptation to tell the whole truth, and save herself from the torture that was eating up her existence.

But no. She could no more take refuge behind such a shameful untruth than she could vigorously deny it. She said with a sorrowful curl of the lip that was a new expression on her sweet mouth:

"After all, when he thinks so, why should not everyone else think so?"

"Then it is not true?"

"If you believe it possible, you may as well believe it true."

"Margaret, I think you are possessed of some uncanny spirit. You are like a changeling. Until you went to Paris, no one ever heard your lips prevaricate. Your straight, clear answer might always be counted upon. Now it is impossible to get an honest word from you. You talk in riddles."

"Life has become a riddle to me; a riddle I cannot read. I suppose I am what circumstance has made me."

"Margaret, you used to love me. Have you any idea of what pain you are giving me?"

"I think I have. Only my own pain is so great it seems as if I cannot feel yours. It is horrible, isn't it?"

"Most horrible. My girl, you must be roused out of this mysterious unhappiness." Here a sudden fear that the child so dear to her was becoming insane came upon Mrs. Meadows. "You have got yourself into a morbid mood, and it appears that talking things over will not drive it away. Come with me to London for a few days, and we will visit the places you used to be charmed with."

"Don't ask me. Nothing could be so hard for me at present as any attempt at pleasure-seeking."

"Do you remember saying that you could imagine an unhappy person, very unhappy indeed, finding consolation and joy in looking at a certain picture in the National Gallery? Try the experiment now."

Margaret smiled wanly. "That was only a happy person's theory about an unhappy person," she said, "I was wrong. Pictures can do little for pain. Yes, I remember the picture, and now I can remember my thought. I fancied a creature who had outlived all happiness, all desires, exhausted by suffering, utterly desolate. But I have not outlived anything. My interest in things is still terribly acute. Twenty years hence I may go with you to see that picture."

"Not with me, I fear," said the old lady, softly. "Twenty years hence I shall probably be beyond the reach of your confidences."

Margaret looked at her with a cloud of anguish in the tender gray eyes, which in other times could hide nothing from this mother-like friend. She seemed to realize in a moment that there would come a day when she would stretch out her arms to the air and call upon her, wildly imploring for the presence of the ear that would have hearkened to her, and the heart that would have sympathised. A vivid sense of the desolation of years yet in store for her in the long, cruel future awakened in her, and with a sharp cry, like the wail of an animal in pain, she flung herself upon the elder woman's neck, and fell to weeping wildly.

"O, pity me!" she cried, "and ask me no more; I cannot speak—I am dumb."

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

*(To be continued.)*

## CASHEL HOEY ON WELLINGTON

THE following pages have, with some difficulty, been disinterred from an old number of *The Nation* newspaper, much less for the sake of their subject than for the sake of their author. John Cashel Hoey was an Irishman of great literary talents and accomplishments, who, for more than one reason beside "the curse of Swift," did not receive anything like due appreciation in his lifetime, and who now runs the risk of being completely forgotten.

Like Thomas D'Arcy McGee, he was born at Carlingford, on the southern shore of the spacious and beautiful bay which bears the same name, the component parts of which name suggested this conundrum to some idle brain sixty or seventy years ago :—

Upon my *first* I carried my *second*  
 Across my *third*, no bridge being near.  
 My *whole* a fishing town is reckoned,  
 Famous for oysters and small beer.

I am not sure that small beer was ever made in Carlingford, and the word may have been introduced by the poet, in obedience to the "wicked necessity of rhyme."

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who is wonderfully accurate in the minute information he gives us about "The Poets of Ireland," says that Cashel Hoey was born at Dundalk in 1828, but, certainly, his family were settled at Carlingford; Carlingford was his home and, I think, his birthplace. He assisted Gavan Duffy in editing *The Nation* after 1850, and was editor for some time after Duffy went to Australia. He then moved to London, where he was a contributor to the *Spectator*, and especially to the *Dublin Review*, of which he was for many years the very efficient literary editor, while Dr. Ward, as editor and proprietor, confined his care to the departments of theology and philosophy. He died January 6th, 1892.

The following specimen of Cashel Hoey's style was contributed to *The Nation* as an ordinary piece of weekly journalism, a day or two after the death of the Duke of Wellington, September 14th, 1852.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The loftiest name in England for the last forty years is now nothing but a name. An epileptic fit and a few hours of agony have divorced the soul and body of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. A wan skeleton in Walmer Castle is all that now remains of the greatest Captain and the greatest British person of his age. A few days more and the hallowed dust of Westminster will consume even that to ultimate dissolution. In the shadowy Hades have met at last the two great island soldiers, the Corsican and the Irishman, the coeval antagonists, so great, yet so diverse, on whose swords were staked the fortunes of Europe for so many years of carnage and waste.

“It was a strange freak of destiny that from those two insular dependencies, the weakest of all Europe, should go forth the two puissant leaders of its mightiest empires. Strange that an old castle of the Pale by the Meath sea-side, and the humble home of an exiled notary of Ajaccio, should bring forth in the same year the two whose fate it should be to lead the armies of a dozen kings against each other, and array the Powers of the earth like pawns upon a chess board! A marvellous thing it was, when that long war was done, to recognise how decisive in its policy and its strategy had been the vigour and intellect of the two alien islands. In the field had been displayed the keenness, the longanimity, the mortal pertinacity of Wellesley against the lightning *coup d'oeil*, the omnipresent energy, the marvellous combination of Bonaparte—and after, when all the fray was ended, and every road that converges on Paris had been reddened with the trail of blood—when the Powers of Europe sent their delegates to make peace at Vienna, they were the Irishman, Castlereagh, and the Corsican, Pozzo di Borgo, who, in that mighty assembly, represented the two great Polar influences of England and Russia. Four great names—greater anywhere in the universe than in the lands of their birth, unnaturally betrayed for their fame.

“From the Orkneys to Cornwall, throughout all Britain—and from the Queen’s throne to the peasant’s ingle and the artizan’s garret—a low wail of genuine sorrow fills the English air for this man’s death. Hearty and true it is, God knows, for there was an everlasting and grateful memory of the signal services which he had rendered to their country, and which the gorgeous panoply of all his honours had never seemed sufficiently to recompense. And for more than this was he dear to them. Of their coldness, their

stubbornness, their punctuality, their perseverance, their down-right, unimaginative common-sense, and plain, matter-of-fact earnestness, they have recognised in him the most exalted type. "The Duke" was the adopted representative man of England. Yet, again, if there be to his memory so true and touching a tribute, there broods beneath it a far deeper and more intense sense of sudden dismay. In its dearth of statesmen, and its distrust of them, that spent old man was, perhaps, the sole one whom the English nation relied upon, as upon a barque able to weather every storm, and reckoned thoroughly honest and capable for service in all emergencies. Where is now the wary veteran whom the news of a French fleet within view of that mournful castle near Dover would in one hour create Dictator of England? Where now, when aspiring ministers begin to lisp democracy at popular ovations, is the Peer of many proxies, the Paladin of the English aristocracy, whose weight with the Crown, the Lords, and the People, more than once prevented a rupture of the British Estates, and so often reconciled them in harmonious action? Where, in these neutral days, when British parties balance like the beam of a scale, is the man of ancient prestige, of paramount influence, and universal trust—whose very name was the shield of a Cabinet—who once held the seals of a whole Cabinet himself? Where is he, the last survivor and the chief actor of the affairs of a departed generation, who in any necessity of State, foreign or domestic, would bring the sagest counsel, the most intimate and comprehensive experience, the most alert and practised capacity, and a name that sounded like a spell, to cope with it? Ah, well, in England, with her horizon narrowing and her political atmosphere growing daily more lurid and changeful—well may a howl of sorrow swell from all her halls and ships. Well may the haughty nation humble her head in sorrow, for one loftier than a king lies a corpse under her gaze to-day.

"'Tis nearly sixty years since Colonel Arthur 'Wesley,' of the 33rd Infantry, sailed down the River Lee on board of a military transport ship, glad to evade the probable fate of a debtors' prison by the honourable and adventurous alternative of foreign service. He had been four years in the Irish Parliament, and had won no fair name there. Another young soldier of an Irish noble house sat on an opposition bench, than whom it would be hard to imagine a more complete and antithetic contrast to the young scion of

Mornington. We need hardly name Edward Fitzgerald—the pure, gallant, generous, and self-sacrificing chevalier of an oppressed people. He had begun the work that brought him to a bloody and glorious grave in his early manhood. The great West Briton had likewise begun the work that gathered around his head such a constellation of honours, and in his hands the threads of so much human power. He had begun it meanly. To vote, to gamble, and to dissipate with the Castle, shifting from regiment to regiment for chances of promotion, and in all things heeding only the personal fortunes of an ill-provided cadet of a poor aristocratic house—such was his only Irish career. It was not to the island of his birth that he looked for rank or honour. His whole breed were Britons to the core—as British as Cooke or Castlereagh or the first venal parvenu of a newly-created peerage. His elder brother, a man of memorable abilities, had some time before cast himself outside native politics for a broader and richer field of exertion; and was full soon to be Governor-General of India. Four years of Dublin life and steady submission to the minister's whip, tangled the young officer in a mesh of debts, but brought him his colonelcy. Soon after he sailed in the disastrous Walcheren expedition. A generous and discriminating bootmaker relieved him beforehand from some of his pressing liabilities; another tradesman got a power of attorney to apply his meagre allowance in gradual liquidation of his bills. And so went forth the great adventurer from his native land.

“ Never, surely, did the most dazzling dream of young ambition distance reality so far, as fell short of it whatever vision of fame may have gleamed before the young soldier's eye on that bright May morning, when, with his regiment round him, the broad highway of fame open, and his narrow native land left for ever behind, he saw the dim speck of Clear sink behind him in the blue distance! Who should have whispered to the fancy of the penniless officer what jewels and gold, what dignities and estates, what titles and offices, what ribands and orders; the exulting triumph and the testimonial statue, the freedom of cities and the thanks of Senates, the friendship of Sovereigns and the gratitude of nations, the Marshal's baton and the Minister's portfolio, all lay before him in that gorgeous and glorious future? Who should have prophesied to him that when his long life, after so many battles and escapes, should at last tranquilly end in another half century, nearly every

aristocracy in Europe should lose in the dead Irish soldier of fortune one of its adopted titular dignities ; that the insignia of every knighthood in the world should blaze in a constellation of chivalry over his coffin ; that his death-bell should toll a national calamity wherever the British Empire extends, should stir a secret joy and hope in its enemies ; a sound of indifference in his native land alone.

“ That iron character of his is a strange study. Great, really great, without the inspiring enthusiasm or the prescient imagination of genius ; upright and just in the use of power, but as much from coldness of temperament and forecast of calculation as from a high and rigid standard of right ; victor over the greatest conqueror of a thousand years, yet who should dare to say that this cold, calculating spirit was the legitimate master of Napoleon’s ? The world has certainly known few greater generals. That long Peninsular War of six years, that began on the distant beach of Corunna only to end, after so many bloody fields and various vicissitudes, at the very portals of the Tuilleries, was one of the greatest labours a human intellect ever sustained. ‘ Bear witness,’ says its historian :— ‘ Bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts of Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthez, the crowning battle of Toulouse ! To say that he committed faults, is only to say that he made war ; but to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed ! How many battles he fought, victorious in all ! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, uniting power of thought and the habit of laborious, minute investigation and arrangement ; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master spirit in war. Without it, a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, but he cannot be a great captain.’

“ Into the Cabinet he carried the habits and capacity of the camp. He measured the policy of parties as he measured the tactics of armies. He yielded to popular demands as he might yield to an overwhelming pressure upon the lines of a military position.

He cashiered Huskisson and Anglesey from his Ministry, as he would have shot two officers found insubordinate in the face of the enemy. He yielded Catholic Emancipation with a parallel stubbornness and the same sense of superior forces that he displayed when he fell back from Massena on the lines of Torres Vedras. And there the similitude halts. He determined to fight within his entrenchments against Reform, but down they went like dust, before the advance of popular passion. For the first and only time, his popularity was dimmed ; for long years he and his party never saw office again. He had no theodolite to measure the element of public opinion. Politics were to the old General a science of force, as much as the strength of a position or the discipline of a brigade.

“ He is dead at last ; one of the greatest Britons and one of the worst Irishmen that ever lived.”

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### EARTH AT PRAYER

We dare not break the mighty hush,  
 Nature is praying now ;  
 The snow's white flag of peace hangs out  
 From every amber bough.

The sky, with solemn outstretched hands,  
 Bends o'er the silent heath ;  
 The hills look up with awe-struck brows,  
 The clouds are white as death.

Forget awhile thy restlessness,  
 Thy petty feuds with Care—  
 Bow down and worship, human heart !  
 Our Mother is at Prayer.

A. D.

## A NEW GRAVE NEAR THE "OLD CHAPEL"

**I**N many towns and country places in Ireland where new churches have risen up more worthy in outward seeming of their grand name of House of God, the sacred edifice which they have superseded is carefully preserved, and even used occasionally for Divine worship, and is called affectionately the "Old Chapel." The old chapel which is here linked with a new-made grave is the one which keeps guard over two centuries of graves at Newry. Two centuries: for, though it only dates back to 1789, there was an earlier one, of which some ruins remain in the centre of the older portion of the graveyard; and this modest building must surely have been more ancient than Mr. J. F. Small makes it in his excellent *Historical Sketch of Newry*, where, at page 182, he says that the first Catholic Chapel since the Reformation was built about 1740. But would a new building be erected in place of it so soon as forty years later? St. Mary's is still, after 120 years, in good working condition, still used as the "Old Chapel" on Sundays and at some other times. It was there, in the Old Chapel, that a great crowd gathered a month or two ago, accompanying the remains of a Newry citizen to a grave newly dug hard by. The Bishop whom the most venerable Pope Leo gave recently to the See of Dromore, Dr. Henry O'Neill, standing beside the coffin as it halted for the last time before reaching its final resting-place, spoke solemn and beautiful words which we are anxious to preserve; and it is chiefly for this purpose that we have invited the reader to kneel in spirit beside this new grave near the Old Chapel.

Michael Magee, the only son of Joshua Magee, whom the older inhabitants of Newry still remember with respect and kindly regard, had not nearly reached the end of his second score of years, and seemed to be only at the beginning of a career of great public usefulness. He had thrown himself with intense earnestness into the public affairs of his native town; and, young as he was, he had been chosen as Chairman of the District Council and representative of the province of Ulster on the newly-constituted Board of Agriculture. In both capacities he more than justified the confidence reposed in him. A week or two before his death he

had returned from a short visit to the United States full of new ideas and plans for the benefit of the people of his district; but, to their grief and dismay, a few days' pneumonia carried him off before they had time to be alarmed. He died December 5th, 1901. Three days later—an inclement Sunday—a vast multitude of all classes and all creeds accompanied the remains from the Cathedral to the Old Chapel, before the altar of which, as we have said, the last halt was made on the last journey; and there, standing in front of the coffin, the Bishop spoke as we once heard his beloved father in God, John Pius Leahy, speak from the same spot on a similar occasion—similar, yet dissimilar, for then, as was fitting, the sons were burying the mother and there was no room for the complaint

That Death a backward course should hold,  
Should smite the young and spare the old.

Dr. O'Neill probably began by repeating as his text the middle words only of this twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; but all the words are pathetically appropriate, for they tell how, when our Divine Redeemer "came nigh to the gate of the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and a great multitude was with her." No doubt, when the mournful pageant of Naim was repeated at Newry, the widowed mother had been forced to bid her last farewell before and was not present then; yet it was to her, in the solitude of her bereavement, that the Bishop's thoughts turn, and, like his Divine Master, he says to her, "Weep not!"

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These words occur to me as a fitting text out of which to weave some thoughts suitable to the melancholy occasion that has brought us together. They remind us of a well-known incident in the far-off days of our Lord's public ministry, putting before us in simple, touching outline the story of a Galilean woman upon whose life the shadow of a great trouble came, and who, like many a mother before and since, sorrowed for the loss of her boy. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." And if we go on to fill up the details of the picture, as it is our duty to do, we can easily imagine the relations that existed between that mother and son, and how dear he was to her heart. She loved him, doubtless for himself, but perhaps too, again, because his features reminded her of the husband she had lost. Like other

mothers, she had shaped her dreams regarding his future according to the feelings of her own heart : how he should grow up to man's estate, the light of her eyes, her pride, and her joy, and should fill his father's place amongst the men of his native town, and how, perhaps, one day his children would cling round her knees, and the sound of their merry voices and childish prattle would brighten the old home, recalling memories of her youth, and soothe the sadness of her declining years ; and then, too, it was sweet to think how, as she grew feeble and helpless, her son would be drawn still closer to her in affection, and would care for all her wants with faithful and untiring love, and, when her day did come, would, with his own hands, close her eyes and lay her beside the dead husband of her early life.

What a strange and beautiful thing is a good mother's love ! How hopeful, how patient, how unselfish, never tiring, never giving up ! There are so many things it strives to do, so many things it can do. But one thing is beyond its power. It cannot ward off the stroke of death. One day the widow's son grew sick. The mother, confident of the future she had planned for him and for herself, was the last to realise how the sickness came. She hoped in spite of friendly hints and signs only too plain to others. But, all the same, the end came, and one day he died, with his mother's name upon his lips and his mother's hand clasped in his, leaving in her home a vacant chair, and in her heart a vacant place that no other on earth could ever fill.

Are these mere fanciful thoughts ? No, but the true story of a common sorrow that has wrung many a mother's heart since the world began, and, ah ! the very counterpart of the sorrow that wrings a mother's heart to-day. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." But to the widow of Naim in the very depth of her grief there came a very unexpected consolation. As she walked, weeping, behind her son's bier she came face to face with the dear Lord Himself, and straightway all the pity and love of His sacred Heart were stirred at the sight of the stricken woman ; and, speaking in tones of tenderness that lightened the weight of her sorrow, He said "Weep not !" And then by a singular exercise of His Divine power He raised the dead youth to life, and gave him back again to gladden his mother's heart.

No such comfort as this can be expected in the hour of her bereavement by the mother who is mourning now. But still comfort

of a true kind will be hers; for, in the very name of the same blessed Lord, Faith speaks to-day, telling her to weep not, that the well-beloved son of her heart's affection is not lost but gone before; that he still lives and will live on for ever, that his passing away was but a slumber in which he closed his eyes to the beautiful transitory things of the world, and the next instant opened them in the boundless extent and grandeur of eternity; that he has only departed from the valley of exile with its agitating troubles and its hollow joys, with its dangers and its temptations, to enter into his true country, that everlasting home where mother and son who loved so well on earth and who have been parted for a time by death shall meet again to renew and continue that love unbroken for ever.

But the sorrow for his death is not confined merely to the mother who bore him or to the other members of that little home circle of which he was the light and the joy. Not in my memory has the death of any public man occasioned in Newry such genuine and such wide-spread grief. At the sad news tears sprang to eyes unused to weeping, and in the darkness and silence of the death-chamber strong men who came to look their last upon the friend they loved broke down and sobbed like weak women. Surely his must have been a singularly loving personality to have so won upon the hearts of all creeds and of all classes, that not one single note of discord mars the sad chorus of regret in which our fellow-townsmen unite. Other men indeed have filled larger places in the public life of the town. His time was short, but yet long enough to furnish striking evidences of the possibilities of a great and distinguished future, and of the possibility of his name being one day added to those who have reflected lasting distinction and honour upon this ancient city of the Yews. Blest, as he undoubtedly was, with zeal of a high order, he found only in recent years the work that seemed most congenial to his taste and to the bent of his genius, and into that work he threw himself with a thoroughness and single-minded devotion that must have been something of a surprise to those who only knew the lighter side of his character. Wonderfully quick in his grasp of a subject, with a singular aptitude for mastering details, with a great facility for expressing his views in forcible, lucid, and popular language, he was just the man to direct in his native county the first beginnings of that industrial movement with which his name is largely associated; and if God

had only spared him greater length of days, it is safe to say that many projects now on foot for the benefit of town and country would have been materially assisted by the zeal and energy which he always brought to the work in which he was engaged. Now that work has ended for ever. His place in Councils shall know him no more; the friends who knew and loved him, and they were many, will miss him sadly, will miss his bright, pleasant, cheery ways that always brought sunshine wherever he went. And we may add with truth that Newry, by his death, loses one of her most virtuous public men whom in these days she can ill afford to spare.

But something better far is to be said of him than that his work on earth was such as to win the passing praise of men. Amid all the occupations and distractions of life he never forgot the duty he owed to God and to his own soul. He never ceased to practise throughout his life those early lessons of piety he learned at his mother's knee. Imbued with a deeply religious feeling, faithful to the sacred obligations imposed upon him by his religion, he was in practice and in profession a true child of the Church; and I who knew him well and knew him long in the brightness of his boyhood, in the promise of his youth, in the vigour of his cultured manhood, I can say for myself and for his numerous friends in the priesthood, that, if we admired our friend's great talents, we esteemed him still more for his virtues, which were many, and we mourn him to-day with a keen sense of personal loss.

He passed away surrounded by those he loved, strengthened by the grace of the Holy Sacraments, leaving behind him memories which many of us will not soon forget, and giving us through the life he lived, and through the death he died, the strongest hope that he has already entered into the joy which God has promised to his faithful servants. Oh, may his soul rest in peace! Oh, may the God of all consolation comfort his mother and sister in their bitter anguish, and bring them all one day to join him in that blessed Kingdom where there is no parting and no sorrow, but only the union of loving hearts and joy for ever.

## BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED "LUKE DELMEGE"

SOME years ago the *Weekly Register* published an interesting series of papers under the general title of "Books That Have Influenced Me." Mr. W. S. Lilly discussed under this character Newman's *Essay on Development*; Mrs. Blundell ("M. E. Francis"), *The Mill on the Floss*; Montgomery Carmichael, all the works of Count Joseph de Maistre. Curiously enough, Father George Tyrrell, S.J., selected *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*; while the strange choice of Lionel Johnson was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., of Doneraile, contributed to the series the following account of some of the literary influences that have helped to make him the author of *The Triumph of Failure*, *My New Curate*, and now *Luke Delmege*, last of all—for the present.

We fear that Charles William Russell, D.D., would hardly be recognised under the terms by which this whilom Maynooth student describes him here—"one of the greatest of European *littérateurs*." His best writings in the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Dublin Review* were, of course, anonymous, and earned for him no reputation among the general public; yet for forty years, as Professor and President at Maynooth, he did an amount of literary work which for quality and quantity was astounding, when we remember his other absorbing employments and all his surroundings. We remember hearing Aubrey de Vere one day remark to Judge O'Hagan that Dr. Russell seemed to him the very ideal of a literary man, especially in his capacity for taking a keen, intelligent interest in so many diverse species of literature.

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I cannot now remember who was the kind friend that placed the books in my hands; but I cannot easily forget the sensation of wonder and surprise and delight when the music and the mystery of *In Memoriam* and the Promethean wisdom of Carlyle's *Past and Present* were revealed to me. It was far back in the sixties, and in halls where literature had to be studied surreptitiously, and under the uncongenial, but very effective shadows of Perrone or Récéveur. It was a serious thing to be detected in such clandestine studies, and I dare say our superiors were quite right in

insisting that we should rigidly adhere to the system of pure scholasticism, which was a college tradition. But was not our President one of the greatest of European *littérateurs*? And what danger could deter us from escaping from the sawpits of logic into the gardens of literature—from *Barbara, Celarent, Darii*, into the moonlight and the melody of Tennyson? Then one day our venerable Professor, whom we frequently tried to decoy from syllogisms into extemporised lectures on literature, read for us in his grand, sonorous tones the prologue to *In Memoriam*.—

“Strong Son of God! immortal love!”

It was his *imprimatur*, and this was the consecrated union of Literature and Theology, and our conquest was complete. Let me say that the keenest pleasures of my life I reaped just then from the pages of Tennyson; and if I rebelled a little at his foolish philosophy of faith in doubt, and criticised too keenly a clearly padded line, the music and the glamour swept criticism aside; and that curious twilight of colour which the great poet cast over all his conceptions, mediæval or modern, haunted me into all the grey and sombre experiences of middle life. I could have wished that one, to whom I was so deeply indebted, had died with the Book of Psalms, instead of *Cymbeline* in his hand. I thought it affectation, or the heresy of art for its own sake carried to the threshold of eternity. And when I read in the January number, 1893, of the *Nineteenth Century* “that Tennyson was rather a Theist than a Christian,” I had pity for a lost friend, and sympathy for a dethroned idol.

But if Tennyson influenced sentiment, or created taste, Carlyle made a deeper, more profound, and more lasting impression. His gospel of work, at once the curse and blessing of humanity, became the synopsis of all practical natural Theology for me far into middle life. It took many years and some suffering to see that this attractive gospel of work for its own sake, and divorced from a higher motive, would be very limited in its practical bearings and issues on human life; and that, at the last, this too was vanity. And yet it is a noble lesson to the young that which tells:—

“There is a perennial nobleness and sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, never so forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope for a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual

despair. . . . Consider how in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labour is in him; is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up, and of sour smoke itself is made bright, blessed flame?"

These are brave words for the young. I demurred somewhat to this inference :—

"Work, never so *mammonish*, mean, is in communication with Nature."

But my whole soul went out to the man who wrote :—

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. Labour is Life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred, celestial, Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, self-knowledge and much else, as soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that holds good in working, cleave thou to that, for Nature itself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge, but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge, a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices. till we try and fix it. 'Doubt of whatever kind can be ended by action alone.'"

Simultaneously with this birth in my mind of a great, new principle, there sprang up an admiration for silent strength, such as was manifested in the history of Abbot Samson. The quiet, self-contained man, retiring and hidden, until he was brought into prominence by his election as Abbot, and then suddenly developing energies and qualities for governing, hitherto dormant and unsuspected, had a wonderful fascination for me. Even now, I think sometimes that his example may well be studied and copied by those who are placed in power, and have assumed the responsibilities of ruling men. But when Carlyle afterwards applied his principle to such mock-heroes as Mahomet and Luther, I confess I began to see that there was something needed to sanctify strength; and that brute force, material or intellectual, can never be by itself an object of veneration. And, when, as in the case of some of Carlyle's heroes, it was associated with positive cruelty and injustice, especially in some of his heroes of the French Revolution, it was quite clear that such philosophy was not only Paganism in disguise, but was simply the ethics of the cannibal and the brute. Later still, his *Latter-day Pamphlets* created simple disgust; his contemptuous disdain for the Papacy and Papal

ceremonial I regarded as the ravings of a Roundhead after a "revival"; then, one day, I chanced to read a sentence he uttered, when passing a roadside Calvary in Normandy: "Poor fellow! and your time, too, is drawing to a close." I closed Carlyle for ever. But judging from my own experience, and taking into account the natural repulsion to Carlylean teaching that a Catholic must feel, I am led to think that his influence on the minds of countless young Englishmen and Americans must have been very great. And I was not surprised a few years ago to find that a number of young American Catholics, visiting London for the first time, made their maiden pilgrimage to that famous house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. I have retained from the *débris* into which my idol collapsed, but two principles: Know thy work, and do it! And let that work be *ohne hast aber ohne rast*. Let me also say, that these words have often given me a vivid picture of the operations of the Eternal mind in the government of His universe; and that the constant appeal of Carlyle to the "Eternal verities," the "everlasting silences," the final triumph of truth, the final discomfiture, and defeat of fraud and untruth, although sounding painfully like cant, have still a ring of sincerity, and, as such, must influence for good, the minds and hearts of the young.

I have often in later life asked myself what was the charm that affected me so powerfully in these two writers—what was the note, so peculiar to themselves, that awakened echoes which were silent under the most powerful solicitations of other great writers? And it took many years to discover that the spell was the enchantment and mystery of that idealism, which is common to all great thinkers from Plato downwards; and which approaches so nearly in its discoveries and effects to faith, that in Catholic hands it may yet become the most powerful auxiliary of the latter. Though liable to grave abuse, when misdirected or unsustained by a superior revelation, it is at once the great central problem of all modern philosophy, and to many minds it may be the gateway to the truth. A certain writer has put it thus:—

"The grand question of philosophy is whether the material world furnishes only a summation of sensual impressions, or whether it is really and truly a revelation? That is, can we or can we not *see* through material phenomena into a region which is not appreciable by sense? To put the question in a clear light, we ask: Is the material world a final object, which conveys only sensual impressions—or is the material world a book that affords

sensual impression, and which, over and above that sensual impression, conveys an intellectual meaning intended by the Author? A dog looking at a book sees the same that a man sees; but he understands not the intellectual meaning intended to be conveyed to the reader by the aid of the symbols. Is, then, the universe an object final, or a book? This is the great question of philosophy. If we admit it to be a book as St. Paul does (Rom. i. 20), we thereby admit science to be truly a revelation.—(*Theory of Hum. Prog.*, Dore, p. 252.)

It may be said that this was the aspect under which, first Wordsworth, then Tennyson and Carlyle viewed the outer creation.

I rejected Carlyle, then, for the friend introduced by Carlyle, and the steady companion of my maturer years—Jean Paul. I could never understand why Goethe could be considered the first intellect of Germany. His irregular and licentious life, his brutality towards helpless women, and the covert atheism and pagan voluptuousness that pervade his writings, repelled me. On the other hand, the simplicity and pathos, the rich quiet humour, the total absence of uncleanness or vulgarity in dealing with the humblest and homeliest subjects, and the sublimation by poetic instinct of the most ordinary incidents of human life—in a word, the broad humanity of this great writer, Richter, and his perception of the awful sanctity of human life, worked out under the stars, and with all the unseen worlds for witnesses and audience, strike me as the noble characteristics of the best dramatic work that has ever been given to the world. Who, that has ever read it, can forget Richter's *Dream of the Dead Christ*, or his *Dream of the Universe*, as translated by De Quincey? These passages are for the "dim, religious light" of cathedrals; but his *Analecta*, as many admirers have given them to the world, are an *Enchiridion* of beautiful thoughts, startling similes, and antitheses, that make one gasp and wonder. Is this the soul of Shakespeare come again, and embodied in this strong, massive, homely and beloved German master? So far as style is concerned, and all the essentials of a prose-poem—humour and gentleness, strength, and sublimity—Richter is the one writer whom I should like, far off, to imitate.

One other book I must mention, Emile Saisset's *Essay on Religious Philosophy*. This book was a distinct revelation. To one accustomed to the catechetical style of question and answer in all our manuals of Catholic Philosophy, it was a novelty, and a pleasing one, to find the great problems of religious philosophy

treated with all the graces of style and charm of subdued eloquence in which our French contemporaries are the recognised masters. Written from a Theistic standpoint, these two volumes need only to be continued into the developments of the Christian revelation to become recognised manuals of philosophy. Alas! the writer stops short just here; and his work is truncated and imperfect. But it suggests the reflection, when will our great Catholic apologist arise, to give us, no longer the dry skeletons of catechetical philosophy, but the divine figure, as she appeared to Boëthius of old, clothed in all the fairest forms of human speech, and adapted, so far as her visible presentment requires, to the idiosyncrasies of the age? Surrounded by all the safeguards of defined and dogmatic truth, she needs only to be known to be loved, as men have always loved her, even in the inconsistent and puerile systems that have deflected her beauty and her truth. Such is the thought that haunts all the pages of such a philosopher as Saisset, who, recognising its truth dimly, quotes largely from St. Augustine and St. Anselm, St. Thomas and Suarez, Malebranche, Fénelon, Leibnitz, and Pascal.

Those were my intellectual guides, at least in purely literary matters. In professional studies, my deepest attachment is to St. Augustine, whose *City of God*, though read fragmentarily, has had a profound influence on my mind.

In the higher life, I confess my indebtedness to that noble book, Lessius *de Perfectionibus Divinis*, to the *Meditations* and *Soliloquies* of St. Augustine, and to that best of uninspired writings — the *Imitation of Christ*.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Luke Delmege*. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. [Price, 6s.]

No book that is likely to appear for a long time can, for interest, vie with the new novel—if novel it can be called—that has just come to us from the pen of the author of *My New Curate*. We confess that the extraordinary fascination that that book has exercised over a wide circle of readers outside the Catholic Church has been a surprise to us, but its success ensures also a world-wide audience for *Luke Delmege*. This is not a sequel to the former; it is even more distinct from *My New Curate* than *The Triumph of Failure* is from Father Sheehan's first book, *Geoffrey Austin*. But still it is much more closely akin to *My New Curate* than to the first two tales. Most of the actors and talkers are priests, English and, especially, Irish; and these excellent men are discriminated with exceeding cleverness, the peculiar character of each being well maintained all through. Father Sheehan has planned this new book on a larger scale. It fills nearly six hundred pages, and is divided into five books, which ought not to have been ignored in the table of contents. We have no notion of analysing the plot, and it is needless to express our admiration for the skill with which so many characters are individualised for us, by their conversation and little touches of description. As before, Father Sheehan is at his very best in the two married couples, Mary and Matthew O'Shaughnessy, and another Mary and John, whose surname we forget. There is also a very unconventional heroine, who ends very differently from ordinary heroines. We will watch with great interest the verdict pronounced by the reviewers on this remarkable book, which the principal London publishing firm has produced very attractively.

2. *A Manual of Ascetical Theology, or the Supernatural Life of the Soul on Earth and in Heaven*. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. London: R. and T. Washbourne. [Price, 7s. 6d. net.]

Father Devine has already published some useful books—*The Creed Explained*, *Convent Life*, etc. His new work is the most important of his contributions to Catholic literature. It is a portly

octavo of more than six hundred pages, which the publishers have produced admirably. The author in his preface mentions that he is indebted in a certain degree to the work of Father Terrien, S.J., *La Grace et la Gloire*, for the plan of the work and its development. He also acknowledges his obligations to Father Pesch, and to the treatise *De Gratia* of Dr. Patrick Murray, of Maynooth. It is this solidity of matter, drawn from such sources, that gives its special value to the present work. The style is sober and clear, and aims at instructing those whose interest in the subject makes a plain theological statement sufficiently attractive. Father Devine very properly does not scruple to give two or three pages at a time from writers who have treated well the various parts of his subject, and he always refers carefully to the writings of Archbishop Ullathorne, Father Monsabré, and others whom he thus quotes. He has evidently expended a large amount of thought and labour on the composition of this scientific treatise on the supernatural life. It is not intended for mere devotional reading, but as a strictly theological discussion on grace, merit, beatitude, and many other questions that regard the life of the soul on earth and in heaven. A glance at the sixteen columns of index, which very usefully complete the work, will enable the reader at once to perceive the large number of interesting subjects which are treated in the careful manner that we have described in this *Manual of Ascetical Theology*.

3. *Sundays and Festivals with the Fathers of the Church, or Homilies of the Holy Fathers on the Gospels of all the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year.* By the Rev. D. G. Hubert. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price, 6s.]

In this compact and well-printed volume of nearly four hundred pages Father Hubert gives the Gospels of all the Sundays of the year and of a few of the chief feasts, each followed by a short homily of one of the Fathers of the Church. St. Gregory the Great preaches twenty-two times, St. Augustine twenty, St. Jerome eleven, and St. Ambrose six times. The others drawn upon are:— St. Leo the Great, Venerable Bede, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Hilary, St. Peter Chrysologus, and St. John Chrysostom—the last, strangely enough, once only. Father Hubert does not follow the Breviary in his selection. Very properly he does not attempt a literal version; but, though his sentences read pretty freely, there is little charm about the style; and we hardly dare to hope

that this book will have the effect its author desired towards a better appreciation of the Fathers of the Church, however solid and edifying these very brief Gospel homilies may be.

4. The publishers of the two preceding volumes have issued two others of much more modest dimensions. The Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., who gave us before two dainty and devout booklets extracted from the writings of Father Frederick William Faber, has lately compiled a shilling booklet, *The Christmas of the Eucharist*, which gives a great part of the second book of *The Blessed Sacrament*, the largest of the wonderful series that the Oratorian poured out in the few years allotted to him as a Catholic priest. It was probably meant for a special Christmastide circulation, but it did not reach us even in time for our New Year Number. However, it is in season all the year round. The section about the apparitions, etc., might, perhaps, have been replaced judiciously by some other selection from Father Faber's pious and learned pages.

The other devotional book published by R. and T. Washbourne is *Visits to Jesus and Mary*, a handbook of prayers for use when visiting the Blessed Sacrament, by the Rev. Charles Cox, who has recently been appointed English Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. May it remind many of a sacred duty and a precious privilege which are too often neglected even by those who are striving to live a devout life.

A much smaller booklet is *Adeste Fideles*, published by the Catholic Truth Society of London, consisting of beautiful Christmas hymns, by Emily Hickey, Katharine Tynan, Rose Metcalfe, and others, back to Elizabeth's martyr, Robert Southwell, S.J.

5. *The Tower of St. Michan's and Other Verses*. By Randal McDonnell. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. [Price, 1s.]

This dainty little quarto, which the publishers have produced very tastefully, is so good that we are surprised it is not much better. All the themes and the treatment of them show refinement and poetic feeling, but some of them are very slight indeed, and, small as the book is, it might have been much smaller with advantage. An Irishman has no excuse for using twice the Cockney rhyme, *dawn—forlorn*. Obedience to a sculpturesque regularity of metre is often rewarded in mysterious ways. Mr. Randal McDonnell practises no such obedience, and his little poems suffer from this looseness of form. Even in the opening poem, named on the title

page, which purports to be perfectly regular, the poet, by an oversight, has admitted two syllables too much into the last line of page 10. We give our vote in favour of "A Modern Magdalen," "Beside a Tombstone in a Churchyard Grey," and "The Queens-town Letter Express." The last of these is a clever, spirited bit of rhyming, which makes skilful use of technical terms, reminding us that the poet is also author of *An Elementary Treatise on the Steam Engine*.

6. The large and beautiful religious magazine, which has hitherto been published by the Jesuit Fathers in New York, under the title of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, will in future appear as the *Messenger*, while its cheaper, smaller, and more exclusively religious supplement will be known as the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and will assume a more convenient shape, though still larger than the corresponding European organs of the Apostleship of Prayer. The *Messenger* will, we are sure, continue to unite high literary and artistic merit with solid piety.

7. The fifth yearly issue of the *Open Window* is more interesting than ever, especially for those who are concerned about Newry and its neighbourhood. The Frontier Town of the Yews at the head of the Strand—for thus do history and etymology expand the name of Newry—is bound to be particularly grateful to Mrs. Corder Pinkerton, for making its past and its passing history so interesting to many more than its own children. The wealth of illustration, especially in the matter of portraits, is amazing. A complete set of this Annual will be invaluable for the future historian of Newry and for many others. The new number is a marvellous sixpennyworth.

8. *Jesus Living in the Priest: Considerations on the Greatness and Holiness of the Priesthood*. By the Rev. P. Millet, S.J. English Translation by the Right Rev. Thomas Sebastian Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. [Price, 8s.]

This fine, solid, and substantial volume was published in French in 1858. Four editions of an Italian translation of it have appeared, the latest in 1898. The Bishop of Nashville, in the United States, met with it in Rome, and was greatly struck by its order, its clearness, its solidity, its spirituality, and its common-sense. Strange to say, he failed to get a copy of the French original, and was forced to translate it from the Italian translation.

It is a most useful addition to a priest's ascetic library. It is excellently produced by the publishers; but several misprints have crept into the Latin quotations, as at page 495, etc. It is translated extremely well.

9. *A Life's Labyrinth*. By Mary E. Mannix. The "Ave Maria": Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A.

A full-length story of three hundred pages, with plenty of romance and adventure. The reader will follow this narrative with interest, but we are bound to say that it is not quite as good literature as we expected from Mrs. Mannix. Some of the incidents are a little melodramatic, some of the conversations a little stilted, and some of the sentences a little slipshod. How could so good a writer let this sentence pass on page 156? "She was anxious to go to Mount Heron, feeling that at Cliffbourne there was nothing to stimulate her search for the real criminal, whom she had thought from the first might be discovered, or, at least, that her father's innocence might be established, by evidence to be found only in the old castle."

10. A very interesting and very extensive library might be made up of the publications issued by various schools and colleges about themselves, their special studies and special amusements, and the goings-on of their ex-alumni. School magazines multiply apace, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, as we see from the lively pages devoted to "Our Exchanges" in one of the largest and brightest of them, the *Georgetown College Journal*. Is it so in other languages beside English? The latest of these that has taken the trouble to knock at the door of our editorial sanctum is the *Mount Angel Magazine*, which is published by the Benedictine Fathers who conduct Mount Angel College. This college is some forty miles south of Portland, in Oregon, one of the north-western States of the great American Republic. There is a rich variety of story, poem, and essay; but the illustrations and printing are not as well executed as in most of the American publications. God bless all who in any corner of God's Church are engaged in the hard and holy work of educating the young, whether or not they enliven the monotony of their little world with periodicals like the *Mount Angel Magazine*.

11. Very different from the dainty little gilt volumes bound in silk which were popular as Annuals for a short time some seventy years ago—very different from these are the *Mungret Annual*, Christmas, 1901, and the *All Hallows Annual*, 1902. The

*Mungret Annual*, like the *Open Window* mentioned a moment ago, has appeared now for five Christmastides. The new number is excellent, and most interesting even for outsiders to whom the proper names, with which every page bristles, are utterly unknown. What must it be for Mungret men past and present? The printing and illustrations (which are scattered lavishly through the pages) reflect credit on Guy & Co., of Cork and Limerick.

The *All Hallows Annual*, 1902, is a splendid souvenir of the more than Golden Jubilee, the Diamond Jubilee, of this great Missionary College at Drumcondra, near Dublin. It puts on its title page "1842-1902." The account of the founder, the Rev. John Hand, is in the highest degree edifying. May the name of that humble Irish priest be for ever held in honour and benediction! From Father Hand it is a long leap to Father James Kelly, who contributes an extremely interesting paper, "In a South African Vicariate during the War." For those in any way connected with the college all the contents of the Annual must have almost equal interest. The illustrations are very good and very numerous; and it is enough to say that the printers are Maga's own, Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Nassau-street, Dublin. In the delightful programme of the Irish concert on St. Patrick's Night, given on page 44, two names come curiously together that were closely (pun intended) associated fifty years ago. The second item is "Recitation—The Irish Tongue—Mullen—Mr. W. Close." We do not know if W. is the initial of Walter or William; but Father Michael Mullins, the author of "The Celtic Tongue," had a college friend, William Close, who died soon after being "priested." Mullins, of Clonfert, addressed to Close, of Down and Connor, some whimsical stanzas, of which we remember the first:—

"Less welcome the calm to the tempest-tossed sailor,  
 Less cheering the dawn to the dew-laden rose,  
 And Monday less dear to the journeyman tailor  
 Than thou to my bosom, O sweet Willie Close!"

By the way, the compiler of this programme gives the authors of all the songs and recitations, even putting after "The Battle of Lough Swilly" the initials of "The Monks of Kilcrea," being unaware that this fine poem was written by Arthur Geoghegan. Why, then, is not the name of Dr. Patrick Murray, of Maynooth, joined with his hearty "Song for the Pope"?

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

MARCH, 1902

## AUBREY DE VERE

[*Died January 21, 1902*]

WHILE others lay their tribute wreaths of glory  
On all the lifework of the Poet gone,  
Be Ireland's wreath laid lovingly upon  
His lyric record of her chequered story,  
The dim grey shades brought back from legends hoary  
And made to live and love and fight again—  
Her patient women and her dauntless men  
Steadfast through wrong and persecution gory.  
The gift she won by Patrick's daring prayer  
That far-off nations through her lofty mission  
"The kingly ermine of the Faith"\* should wear,  
Yet thwarted ever in this world's ambition :  
These and all woes and glories of her Past  
He shrined in song where they must fitly last.

R. P. C.

\* "St. Patrick on Mount Cruachan."

## AUBREY DE VERE

R. I. P.

A BEAUTIFUL life, a life of wonderful purity and intellectual refinement, was ended by a peaceful and holy death on the Feast of St. Agnes, January 21st, 1902. Aubrey de Vere had eleven days before completed his eighty-eighth year.

The *Daily Chronicle* has an interesting department in which, no doubt, several ingenious contributors combine to select appropriate mottoes for the birthdays of certain noteworthy men, as they come round in the course of the year. This year, as it turned out, was the last chance for honouring thus the birthday of Aubrey de Vere, and happily the opportunity was availed of. The first quotation was naturally from Cowley's famous apostrophe to another convert, Crashaw, "poet and saint"; and, indeed, the author of *May Carols* was a poet and a saint. The next motto was from Ben Jonson's address to "illustrious Vere," and the five remaining mottoes are, as we might expect, taken from the poet's friend and master, Wordsworth, referring to "his natural graciousness of mind," and to his "choice word and measured phrase, above the reach of ordinary man"; and how

By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine.

We will not now attempt any estimate of Aubrey de Vere's life-work. We have not waited for his death to pay our homage to his genius. The fifth volume of this Magazine, to which in its earlier years the veteran poet was himself a frequent contributor, contained a rather extended account of his writings up to that date (1877), in which, "with gratitude and reverence, we proclaimed our belief that in the loftiness of his themes, in his unselfish and untiring devotion to his art, in his superiority to all ignoble thought and unworthy diction which might catch more readily the ear of the unskilled and unstudious listener, and in that joyous perseverance which is in itself the proof and crown of a divine vocation, Aubrey de Vere is a true poet, divinely called." Due notice was, of course, taken of Mr. de Vere's subsequent works, except, indeed, his very latest volume of too unegotistical *Recollections*, which he reserved till

the last lustrum of his life. On the other side of the Atlantic we inserted, in *Donahoe's Magazine*, a minute appreciation of the poet's work and personality, so recently that he was too near death to read it.

The two elder brothers of the poet were the only other members of his family who became Catholics. Sir Stephen de Vere, the fourth baronet, succeeded his brother Sir Vere de Vere many years ago, and is now in his ninetieth year. We are glad that he has survived his younger brother; for thus "Sir Aubrey de Vere" remains the exclusive title of their father, the author of *Mary Tudor*, while our great Irish Catholic poet will always be Aubrey de Vere.

He is buried in the old graveyard of Askeaton, four miles from Curragh Chase, the beautiful home in which he was born and died. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . for their works follow them."

Mourners have sometimes beguiled the loneliness of their grief by strewing upon the grave the flowers which had been the favourites of the beloved dead. This new grave near Askeaton Abbey has already been treated thus. The only tributes to the memory of Aubrey de Vere that we have yet seen are very appropriately thrown into that metrical form in which he himself particularly excelled, like his father and his Master before him. The sonnet on our front page is by an Irish judge; the following is signed "F. C. D." in the *Tablet* of February 8:—

"Master of manly verse and mystic dreams,"

He is gone from us! Those pure lips are mute

That, so severely, bravely resolute

'Mid the world's clamour, spoke his chosen themes.

The eternal truth, not falsehood that truth seems,

Careless of evil or of good repute,

He sang: bequeathing a rare soul's tribute

To Faith's clear light that through a dull world gleams.

God's Church, God's saints, and Mary's name thrice blest,

And Ireland's story told in his calm way

Who knew no thought of meanness, scorned all hate,

Tender and true, yet deeply passionate;

The dignity of sorrow, joy's bright day:

Of these he sang, these are his life's bequest.

We have preserved carefully a large number of the letters which

Mr. de Vere was good enough to address to us each year since we had the happiness of making his acquaintance more than thirty years ago. These we hope hereafter to confide in part to our readers. Those who are acquainted with the biographies of Lord Tennyson, Lord Houghton, Sara Coleridge, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Coventry Patmore, and Madame Craven, know how generously Aubrey de Vere poured out in his delightful letters his treasures of knowledge, thought, and feeling.

High and holy, pure and beautiful, were all the life and writings of the gifted man whose mortal remains rest near the venerable ruins of Desmond Castle, not far from the hill where St. Patrick is said to have preached and which bears his name, Knock Patrick, and near the home of another man of genius holy enough to be named with him. Dear and blessed for all true Irish hearts will be for ever the names of Gerald Griffin and Aubrey de Vere.

M. R.

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## MORNING

AWAKE! Awake!

Dawn opes her glorious eyes,

And scatters o'er the skies

Clusters of roses red.

Awake!

Arise!

'Tis Morn: black Night has fled,

Dew gleams on grass-blade, flower, and spray;

Birds pour their hearts in hymn-like lay:

Arise! Arise!

Lift thou pure hands to Heaven, and pray.

M. WATSON, S.J.

## THE SQUIRE'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS

### CHAPTER XXIX

#### NEW ARRANGEMENTS

M. DUNOIS, having pushed Margaret out of his house and heart, and turned his eyes steadily away from her, began to say to himself that, after all, he might make an Englishman out of René, by marrying him to an English woman of family. Naturally he thought of the Miss Winthrops. The elder was a splendid creature, but she would not do. She was too magnificent in herself, and would look down on René; and, besides, was there not a rumour that she had made a conquest in high quarters? M. Dunois' mind rested on Justina. A fine girl, but not too fine. One who would be grateful for so good a position, take pains with her husband and support the credit of Amberwolds. Of course they must assume the name of Huntingtower.

M. Dunois put himself into his best coach, and had himself driven over to Gorseley to seek an interview with Lady Winthrop. He was conscious of having substantial good things to offer in return for blue blood in the alliance he hoped he was going to arrange. Lady Winthrop received him rather coldly, but the Squire, nothing daunted, was not slow about letting her know the object of his visit.

"I am aware," he said, "that the French method of effecting the marriages of our children does not always find favour in England, but may there not be exceptions? In a case where two ancient properties lie so close together, and where a young man and woman are so admirably fitted for each other, the parents may surely be excused for a mutual desire to see a union spring up between the families."

Lady Winthrop's looks from cold became haughty. She was not by any means anxious to see her stepson married.

"I assure you," she said, "that in this case any interference of ours would be quite useless. Miss Huntingtower has emphatically discouraged Sir Harley; and, I believe, he is not a man to persist in forcing his attentions on a woman who does not appreciate them."

M. Dunois stared and frowned. "I do not allude to Sir Harley," he said. "As for Miss Huntingtower, she has displeased me, and I no longer look on her as a child of mine. But I have other children, Lady Winthrop. I have a grandson who will be the owner of Amberwolds."

Lady Winthrop's brow cleared. "You are thinking of my daughters, M. Dunois. Well, I may say I have only one. Cordelia is engaged. It is still a secret, but I may tell you that she will be married shortly to Lord Broadacres, eldest son of the Duke of Methusalah."

"I had heard something of that," said the Squire; "and it is of your youngest daughter I would speak."

Lady Winthrop's eyes brightened and then darkened, and she sighed a little. What an excellent opportunity for a plain girl like Justina! The young man, René, was not at all so bad; and, if she, Lady Winthrop, could only get him under her own control, she would undertake to work up his raw material and turn him out a proper squire. But Justina, who was as obstinate as any one in the world, was still going about persisting (in her smiling way) in regarding herself as engaged to that presumptuous Mr. Farnley.

However of that, Lady Winthrop hinted nothing to M. Dunois. She would make a final effort to rouse Justina to a sense of her duty, and would give her an opportunity of retrieving her fortunes.

"Yes, I perceive that it might be suitable," said her ladyship, "but girls in this country are so wilful, M. Dunois. A mother cannot answer for the fancies of her daughter. Your grandson and my Justina are hardly acquainted; and I am sure that if your proposal were laid before her this moment, she would refuse it promptly. An Englishwoman wants to be wooed, you see!"

"And why should she not be?" said the Squire. "In fact, my idea was to invite the young lady to spend some time at Amberwolds. My granddaughter, Fifine, will be charmed to have her society. And René will be with us all the time."

To this proposal Lady Winthrop agreed; though still gently shaking her head and warning the Squire not to expect too much. Nevertheless, he went away thoroughly satisfied of the success of his mission. "I hope she is a sensible girl," he reflected, as he went home, "for René will live in the leading-strings of whatever woman may take him in hand." And then he flashed an angry

thought at Margaret, and said to himself that he had punished her fitly, even at the cost of breaking his own heart.

The next step was to explain his intentions to Fifine and René, and on his return home he walked into the drawing-room, where the former was sitting in state, hoping for visitors. Since Margaret's departure from the Abbey in disgrace, Fifine had bloomed out into a wonderfully fine lady. She found herself now the *châtelaine*, important in the eyes of the world, with power over others; and the glory of her new circumstances almost turned her head. Margaret being no longer in her way, she could do as she pleased, and already she had marked out plans for her own amusement and gratification, which would have taken M. Dunois by surprise, had he known of them.

She was perfectly dressed in the height of fashion, and lying gracefully on a lounge, reading a French novel, which she put aside now and then, while she mused upon the pleasures she had been arranging for her future. M. Dunois standing suddenly before her, noticing the turn of her head, the expression of her eyes, her attitude and occupation, read her like an open page, and smiled cynically to think how he was going to overthrow her little expected triumphs. He took a seat before the blazing fire, and began to talk to her.

"You will feel the house dull now," he said, "since you have no companion. I have been thinking of that."

"Not at all. Not at all, I assure you," protested Fifine. "Margaret was scarcely a companion for me. She is ten years older in her ways, and so dreadfully wise. I am not the least dull. I shall bring more visitors about the house than Margaret did, *grandpère*."

"Never mind Margaret. We will leave her out of our conversation. I allow she was in every way different from you. Still she was some one to speak to, and now that she is—let us say—dead, you are not much of a person to live alone in these spacious chambers. So I have arranged that you shall have a companion."

"Oh!" said Fifine, thinking he meant her to have a *chaperon*, and instantly resolving to make the troublesome old lady, whoever she might be, do everything just as she ordered her.

"Miss Justina Winthrop is coming to pay you a visit."

Fifine smiled. That was not so bad. A house must be a little gay where there are visitors.

"I shall do my best to entertain her," said Fifine, sitting very straight in her chair, and looking important.

"And I may as well tell you at once," continued the Squire, "that I have serious views in bringing Miss Winthrop here."

Fifine sat aghast. "Perhaps he is going to marry her," she thought. "Oh, poor me! poor René!"

"You must understand that I intend to make René my heir. I had other views some time ago. But, owing to certain disappointments, I have changed my plans." Here the Squire gave a frown to Margaret's implacability. "René will be Squire of Amberwolds. And that being so, he will require to have a suitable wife."

René! So it was René who was to be married to Justina Winthrop. Fifine turned red and white, and bit her lips. René, who was like her little tame dog, to be petted or knocked about just as she was in the humour. It was ridiculous to think of him as the husband of a dignified English wife. And René to be Squire of Amberwolds! Fifine felt that all this news would require a good deal of reflection on her part presently.

"Little fool!" thought the Squire, observing her, "she thought she was going to be mistress here."

Meantime Fifine had regained her presence of mind and cleared her countenance.

"You may rely on me to do my best to entertain Miss Winthrop," she said, "and I hope she is a sensible girl, for René is certainly a goose."

"She is a rock of sense. Girls who have not beauty always are," said M. Dunois; and Fifine laughed, reflecting complacently that no one could accuse her of being a rock of sense. Nevertheless, she hugged the belief that she was as sharp-witted as the Squire himself, in spite of her pretty face; and the Squire observing the play of her eyes and lips, told himself that he had better include her in his plans for the prosperity of the family, as she was quite cunning enough to interfere in her small way to spoil his arrangements, and quite clever enough to do so with success.

"A moth can ruin the most costly stuffs," he thought. "And Fifine is a moth. She may find a way to destroy the fabric I am weaving so painfully."

Then he said, "I may as well tell you, my dear, that if you

behave nicely in this matter, and help to carry out my intentions, I shall not forget you either. I will take care to find you a proper husband ; even if I have to go back to France to search for him."

Though meaning to please her, M. Dunois could not, for the life of him, help planting a sting in the tail of the speech that he had intended to be encouraging. And the only part of the speech which told on Fifine was the sting.

After he had left her, she threw herself full length on the hearth-rug, and clasped her little hands above her head, and thought. So this was all that had come of getting rid of Margaret. René the Squire, and married, and his wife mistress of Amberwolds! Why, she should be even more insignificant under the shadow of the matron-mistress of the Abbey than she had been by her cousin's side. And then a husband would be found for her. Ah, she knew well what he meant by saying, "even if he had to go to France to search for one." Fifine had remarked, that during the past year, while Margaret, with all her dulness, had had many lovers, she, though she had flirted to her heart's content, had received but one proposal, and that from an unimportant and almost moneyless man. The Squire, observing it, had rated her cheaply, and he would find her some creature whom she could not endure ; some stout, elderly, coarse-faced person who would take her for the sake of her dowry. "Not so fast, dear grandpapa!" muttered Fifine, twisting her little fingers together. "After all, I am not your granddaughter for nothing, I begin to see my way out of this tangle."

After this, Fifine was so sweet and so tractable, that M. Dunois, although always on principle suspecting her, found her docility pleasant, and owned to himself that his mind was relieved, seeing how far, under present circumstances, she had it in her power to annoy him. And so, as it had been arranged, René arrived from Oxford one day at the close of his term, and Justina appeared on the same afternoon, being driven over from Gorseley by her mother.

Justina was as smiling as usual, and seemed willing to make herself agreeable to every one ; and M. Dunois admired her power of adapting herself to circumstances. "Excellent girl!" he thought, "to understand her own interests so clearly and so readily. There will be no trouble on her side. And as René has not even intelligence enough to make a choice for himself, and with Fifine so well disposed——"

M. Dunois saw the way clearly before him, and would have been content only for that recurrent shock which would fall on his heart when any one alluded to Margaret.

Had he heard Justina's parting words to her mother, he might hardly have been so well satisfied with that young lady.

"Now, kiss me, mother, for I really have been very obedient. And if John should call to-morrow, just ask him to come on here."

Lady Winthrop had turned away with a despairing sigh, owning to herself that people who are at once amiable and determined are utterly impracticable. Her hope of her second daughter's making an important marriage had dwindled to a speck on her horizon; but, as long as even that speck was there, she acted as if it had all the proportions she desired. She had exacted obedience from Justina in the matter of paying this visit, although she knew by the girl's shrewd glances and happy laugh that she intended behaving herself during her stay at Amberwolds only as an engaged young lady might behave towards her mother's friends.

The only member of the family at Amberwolds who had ever interested Justina was Margaret. Sir Harley had made no secret of his rejection, or of the cause of it, and all the Winthrops were aware that Margaret was in disgrace for her fidelity to a man whom she loved. So far Justina's sympathies were with her; but, then, why had she quarrelled with her lover? She hoped for an opportunity of making further acquaintance with Margaret, and her talk with Fifine was chiefly on the subject of her banished cousin.

"Oh, don't waste your sympathy there," said Fifine. "Margaret would not be satisfied with marrying any one less exalted than a duke, and so she has managed to lose all her lovers, while the duke has not turned up. At all events it is a very good thing for you that grandfather has become disgusted with her."

"Why?" asked Justina, dropping her needle and looking at the girl in utter astonishment at her impertinence.

"Oh, you know René was nobody in the Squire's eyes until Margaret got into disgrace."

"I see," said Justina, and went on with her stitching, asking herself what the consequences would be in this house when it should be known that she did not intend to accept M. Dunois' grandson for her husband. She felt no compunction about dis-

appointing these people. On the contrary, the absurdity of the situation took her fancy; and owing to her gay humour the evening passed over pleasantly enough.

René, who, during the course of the afternoon, had been instructed by his grandfather as to the course he was to pursue, was shy and constrained, until Justina's pleasant sallies made him forget to be afraid of her. He was honestly Fifine's slave, but then Fifine had many times assured him that she would not marry him upon a pittance. And he had just intelligence enough to perceive that it was better to be Justina's husband and Squire of Amberwolds than to be nothing at all.

When Fifine saw René meekly holding Justina's silks while she wound them off his fingers, she resolved that she would not sleep till her own plans were, at least, put in proper train.

"Have a turn on the terrace, René, when the rest are all gone to bed," she said, and René, who always obeyed her lightest word, did not fail to keep the tryst.

Wrapped in a white fleecy shawl, coquettishly twisted about her head, Fifine looked charming in the starlight.

"Well, what do you think of your future wife?" she said.

René looked sulky.

"She is not as pretty as you," he said, resentfully, "but what can a fellow do when he can't get what he wants?"

"Does a fellow always know what he wants?" asked Fifine, tartly.

"This fellow does at all events. You know I want you, Fifine. But you will not marry me poor. And I shall never be rich unless I marry Justina."

"Now listen to me, René. You know you are so dull you cannot see what lies straight before you."

"If I cannot, you always take care to tell me when anything disagreeable is there," said René, nettled.

"It is well I do, sometimes. Now, I ask you, since Margaret is disposed of, who on earth has the grandfather to leave anything to except you and me?"

"I don't know, indeed."

"Neither do I. I think no matter what you do, he will, in the end, have to make you Squire of Amberwolds."

"Then you think I may venture to refuse to marry Miss Winthrop?"

"Yes," said Fífine, clasping both her little hands over his arm, and looking sweetly up in his face.

"Oh, Fífine! Do you mean that you will stick to me and take the chance?"

"I do. If we play a bold and cautious game, we shall deserve to win, I think," said Fífine. "But we must think about it a little, and do nothing in a hurry."

A few days after this it happened that Margaret was sitting on a fallen tree on the verge on the common, backed by the woods, looking down the slopes to the sea. She had just found at her feet the first snowdrop, and picked it, thinking its frozen aspect suited with her heart and fortunes. She wondered how she could bear to meet the gladder faces of the primroses when, in their turn, they must appear.

Suddenly looking up, she saw coming towards her a face which bore a certain resemblance to flowers. Margaret had only seen it once before, on the occasion when Dorothy had worn a white passion-flower in her breast, and now the face reminded her of that pure starry blossom, whose beauty is associated with suffering.

Dorothy coloured when she saw Miss Huntingtower, and then turned pale as death. She had a deadly grievance against Margaret shut up in her heart. How could she manage to speak to the young lady without reproaching her?

Margaret, thinking her shy, rose to meet her, and invited her to rest on the seat beside her.

"Thank you, I am not tired," said Dorothy, who could not bring herself to accept any civility from the girl who had made Sir Harley Winthrop unhappy.

Margaret was herself too sad to take heed of Dorothy's sharpness. She had, from the first, instinctively liked the child, and was not sorry to have met her again. She said:

"Then I will walk with you, as I am quite rested. Which way are you going?"

"I only came out for a race on the common."

"Come, then, it will do us both good."

Dorothy was mollified by the frank readiness to humour her, and noticed that Margaret was looking ill. They walked on silently for some minutes, along by the side of a thick screen of trees that skirted the common. At last Margaret turned to her young companion and said, smiling:

"Miss Lea, what have I said or done to vex you? Whatever it is, I did not mean it."

Dorothy was startled by this direct attack. "Done or said to me?" said Dorothy, "Nothing."

"But you have some cause against me."

Dorothy's eyes fell, and she coloured violently. Then she looked up boldly and said :

"I have."

"I knew it," said Margaret. "Now tell me what it is."

"Only this," said the younger girl, desperately, "that you have brought trouble into the house that shelters me, Miss Huntingtower. You have broken my benefactor's heart."

"Oh, no," said Margaret. "Do not say so. Sir Harley's heart is not broken."

"You played with him, you encouraged him, and then you sent him away," burst forth Dorothy.

"I am sure he never thought so," said Margaret, distressed. "I looked on him as a friend. I had hoped he was still my friend."

"He does not complain," said Dorothy, scornfully, "but one sees, one knows, what he must have suffered. Why could you not have hurt some common man, Miss Huntingtower? Sir Harley is too good, too noble to be rejected by any woman he has condescended to love."

Margaret looked at her gravely.

"I agree with you perfectly," she said. "He is worthy of being loved by a better woman than I am."

"He desired no better," said Dorothy, hotly. "It is you, and you only who can make him happy if you like. Good heavens! to think of such a man being made unhappy for life by one of us!"

"Of us?"

"I mean by anything so small as a woman. I own that you are about the beautifullest, cleverest, best of us. And that is why I cannot forgive you for hurting him. He will never find such another to love."

"I hope you are wrong there. I am sure you are wrong. Your compliment, too, is extravagant; and you will one day see how dreadfully you have exaggerated. I honour you for being so loyal to your friend——"

"He is my friend. He is all the friend I have in the world. Only for him I should be a wretched little waif, beating about the

world among strangers. He has given me a home. I would give my heart's blood to procure him his desires——"

"That would be no use, dear. There are things one's heart's blood cannot buy. You will have to learn this, Dorothy."

"Ah—!" said Dorothy, drawing a long breath. "Have I not learned it? Do I not know it? Miss Huntingtower, I should like to beg your pardon. I never meant to attack you like this, *but* I could not help it. I have behaved outrageously; but as I have, will you tell me one thing? Can you *never* change your mind and make him happy?"

"Never, Dorothy. Believe what I say. I have sorrow of my own, if you only knew it."

"Sir Harley Winthrop's wife could not possibly know sorrow."

"Perhaps not, dear, if sorrow had not come to her before she was his wife. At all events, I am very sure you will have an opportunity some day of discovering that what you have said is not true."

"He will never marry a wife without loving her."

"He will have a wife whom he can love."

"He will never marry any one but you."

"I think you are wrong. I am sure you are wrong. Time will prove to you what you will not now believe."

Then they parted at the top of the common: Dorothy feeling a re-action of shame at her own boldness, and anxious to get out of Miss Huntingtower's sight; and Marigold having got a new thought to divert her mind from dwelling on her own troubles. A lively interest in Dorothy had sprung up within her, and she found herself wondering as she walked home whether Sir Harley would ever discover what passionate gratitude and devotion burned for him in that child-like and yet womanly heart.

At the same time, Sir Harley himself was walking alone, behind the trees away towards where the common was bounded by Gorseley fields and thickets. He went thoughtfully and lingeringly, like a person not in a hurry, and occasionally he glanced behind him. Presently, the flutter of a gown caught his eyes, and he turned and proceeded to meet Dorothy.

It was many months since he had seen her last, and perhaps this was why he looked at her so observantly as she drew near him. How the child had grown! There was such a change in her altogether that Sir Harley thought he could hardly have recognised her

to be Dorothy, only—well, the childlike eyes were there, looking out from the face that had grown so curiously and so beautifully womanly in half a year. Having become more stately, Dorothy had felt the necessity for dressing like a grown-up person, and her draperies no longer stopped above her ankle, but descended to her feet. The wreath of dark-green leaves binding the little round bonnet close to her head gave her the look of a young dryad, and the scarf swathed tightly about her figure added to her air of classic grace. Her cheeks were still a little flushed with her late excitement, and there was a spark of fire in her expression, as she came along unconscious of observation, which transformed the meek little Dorothy in her benefactor's eyes. From the look that came into his face as he watched her approach one might almost have supposed that he had overheard her spirited championship of himself. But how could that be, as they were coming from opposite directions?

When she looked up and saw who was approaching her, a light like a sudden ray of the sun in a dark lake shot from her eyes. She had not seen him for so long, except at a distance; and now he was going to speak to her. No suspicion that he knew of her attack upon Margaret troubled her, but the memory of it made colour come and go in her cheeks as he took her hand.

"I am almost afraid to claim your acquaintance," he said, "but I suppose this is Dorothy Lea, or at least all that is left of the little girl who six months ago bore that name. Now, that is an Irish way of putting the matter, is it not, seeing what a tall lady you have become?"

"I have had to let down my dresses," said Dorothy, simply.

"So I see. What wonderful six months!" and the thought passed through Sir Harley's mind that every time a new flower opens its sudden beauty surprises us as much as if no flower had ever before slowly bloomed up to its perfection under our notice.

Dorothy thought within herself that they had been six rather sad and very quiet months, spent almost always alone at work in her high room, or dreaming about the woods and gardens.

"And what have you been doing with yourself these many, many weeks, shut up in an ogre's castle, while we have all been disporting ourselves here and there?" he asked, suddenly aware of the solitude in which the wonder had been worked—the wonder of Dorothy's development into womanhood.

"Sewing," said Dorothy.

"And never, I warrant, thinking of your friends."

"Yes, I thought of them. What else had I to think about?"

"I hope you sometimes thought of me, Dorothy!"

He could not have helped saying it for his life. And yet he wondered what he meant by saying it.

But Dorothy took his words very simply. "Of course I thought of you and all your plans and wishes. If I could put everything right for you and yours by thinking, all should go straight."

"And so all does go straight," he said, emphatically. "Now I am beginning to know why. You keep my affairs straight by your thinking?"

"You are laughing at me."

"I never was more earnest in my life," said Sir Harley, smiling.

"Then everything is right?" said Dorothy, eagerly.

"Perfectly right, if you will only not walk quite so fast. I am fond of an afternoon stroll in winter, and I don't want this one to come to an end too soon."

Dorothy's feet fell in with the slower movement of his steps, but she said, doubtfully—

"Lady Winthrop will not be pleased if I am out late."

"But you are in such careful hands."

"And I have work to be finished this evening."

"Will you bring it to the drawing-room, and finish it there?"

Dorothy laughed.

"It would look funny in the drawing-room, and so should I, working at it."

"Then come without it."

"You speak as if I were a drawing-room lady—like the rest."

"And you are not? What are you, then?"

"You know what I am, Sir Harley. Only a dependent on your mother's bounty."

"My mother is in heaven," said Sir Harley, lifting his hat reverently. "You are dependent on nobody's bounty but mine. Do you feel it hard to accept what you want from me?"

"Sometimes," said the girl. "Sometimes I think I cannot stay here always. But I would rather owe everything to you than to any one on the earth."

"If that be so, why think of going away? I will not have you go away. Now, if you are determined not to come to the drawing-

room, sit here for a little, and let us finish our conversation. Here we have a couple of mossy stones, just waiting for us."

Dorothy did as he bade her, and sat on her mossy seat, supremely happy for the moment, while he talked in his easy, pleasant way, telling of things he had seen and places where he had been, and drawing her out to show him, unconsciously to herself, a great deal of her own inner self. The sun began to set fierily behind the woods, and Sir Harley, seeing it, said quietly :

"Now, let us go home."

He walked with her to the gate, and then returned on his steps and paced up and down upon the common till night had fallen. Dorothy's face was before him all the time. Dorothy's voice was in his ear. He was looking into the future, and asking himself would there come a time when he should ask her to descend from her lonely little perch under his roof to take her place as mistress of his home. He had borne a sore hurt lately, and wanted healing for his wound. Was he going to find it in Dorothy, with her freshness, beauty and devotion ?

"I have heard that hearts are sometimes caught at the rebound," he thought, "but I never quite believed in it before."

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## THE CHRIST RE-SLAIN

WE saw Him, and He had no comeliness,  
His face the face of one in lone distress,  
His vesture was distained as is the raiment  
Of them that tread the vintage in the press.

His head upon His breast for shame was bowed—  
A worm, no man—the outcast of the crowd,  
Whom one might spit upon nor fear repayment  
For thus insulting—humbled, broken, cowed.

We would have none of Him, for He was weak  
And to the smiting hand He turned His cheek.

The gospel that He taught was sheerest madness,  
That heaven is only for the poor and meek.

We would have none of Him, for with Him went  
All they whose lives in wretchedness were spent,

All they whose eyes were filled with tears of sadness,  
All they whose senses kept a ceaseless Lent.

The Christ is dead, and yet our hands are white :  
He faded as the darkness of the night

When morning breaks upon the world and bathes it  
In one grand heaving of the rosy light.

The Christ is dead : we had no need of Him,  
Neglect hath chilled His life in every limb,

His spouse the Church enfolds His corpse and swathes it,  
But looks in vain into those eyes so dim.

We are the heirs of all the ages past,  
Ours is the wealth of lore in them amassed,

Humanity, by priestcraft fooled and beaten,  
Hath shaken off its irksome bonds at last.

We know the beauty and the charm of earth,  
We see there is no evil thing but dearth,

No sad thing else but man may take and sweeten  
With his self-will and use it for his mirth.

Time goes, but is not short, and Time is ours,  
And o'er the end of Time bleak Nothing lowers —

From Nothing we have come and vanish thither  
When Death's hand grips us from our path of flowers.

Yet some there be who say that in the street  
Their glance hath caught the gleam of hurried feet,

That He we left for dead had come back hither,  
And sits with lowly men to-day at meat.

J. W. A.

## THE SISTERS OF MERCY AT ROSTREVOR

THE following pages embody words that were spoken nearly forty years ago. They would hardly have survived so long and certainly would not now rise to the second birth of print, if it were not for the sake of many places and persons whose names are embalmed in them, or embalm them rather. Some of these names have already from time to time been commemorated in our Magazine. Rostrevor and Killowen have figured in fact and fiction, in prose and rhyme; and to their holy pastor, Father Patrick O'Neill, a tribute of reverence and affection was paid after his death a few years ago, separately and in connection with his holy bishops, Dr. Blake and Dr. Leahy.\* A well-deserved tribute will in the course of the following pages be paid to his immediate predecessor, the Rev. Bernard Mooney—an excellent priest who was very harshly and unjustly treated in the famous trial arising out of the marriage of Captain Yelverton (afterwards Lord Avonmore) and Teresa Longworth. At this inauspicious union Father Mooney assisted in the little rural Chapel of Killowen, still existing in hale old age though long superseded in use by a beautiful Gothic Church of the Sacred Heart a few fields further on towards the mouth of Carlingford Bay. Several years afterwards, when some lawsuit connected with Rostrevor came before Chief Justice Monahan who had presided at the Yelverton trial, that upright and eminent judge took occasion to make public reparation for the injustice that had unwittingly been done to this excellent priest. It must be confessed that Father Mooney had not proved himself an adroit witness when mercilessly cross-examined by the counsel on both sides—James Whiteside and Edward Sullivan—neither of whom wanted the whole truth to come out. He fared much better, we can confidently hope, at his next cross-examination, when he appeared a little later before the tribunal of the Particular Judgment.†

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xviii. (1890), pp. 248, 320. "A Rustic Sunday" at page 169 of the twenty-seventh volume is all Killowen.

† "When I come back, I shall be quite ready to be cross-examined." This was the last word spoken to his Biographer by Lord Russell of Killowen when setting out for his last circuit. It was a word of solemn and happy augury.

What will be said here of one particular convent is true of every similar convent in Ireland and outside Ireland. God be praised for the angelic lives that are lived and all the quiet good of various kinds that is wrought all over the world by the thousands of Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Presentation Nuns, Loretto Nuns, Carmelites, Dominicanesses, Poor Clares, Colettines, Franciscans, Little Sisters of the Poor, Religious of the Sacred Heart, Good Shepherd Nuns, Ursulines, Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of the Holy Cross and Passion, Soeurs du Bon Secours, Little Sisters of the Assumption, Brigidines, Sisters of St. Louis, Poor Sisters of Nazareth, Faithful Companions of Jesus, and all the other beautiful vocations which afford so striking a proof of the sanctity of the Catholic Church. We are not sure that even this long list is a complete enumeration of the Communities of holy women in Ireland. And when in addition to our Nuns at home we think of the hundreds of Irish maidens who conquer their natural timidity and do violence to their home-loving natures by going forth from home and kindred, leaving the beloved island of their birth, and travelling to distant lands, often to strange and unhomelike places beyond even the track of the ubiquitous Irish emigrant—the heart of any true Catholic must be filled with gratitude for the grace of belonging to the one Church that has so manifestly the note of sanctity, and we must needs bless God for bidding us believe the beautiful and consoling dogma which tells us that all who belong to the true Church by their prayers and good works assist each other. “I believe in the Communion of Saints.”

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a saying of our Blessed Lord, not contained in any of the Four Gospels, but preserved for us by St. Paul. Nor indeed is it even quoted by St. Paul in any of his wonderful Epistles, but it only fell from his lips among the parting words which he addressed to the people of Ephesus and which the Holy Ghost inspired St. Luke to report in the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The great Apostle there bids his Ephesian converts “remember the word of the Lord, how He said: It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive.”

These were St. Paul's parting words when setting out on his last journey to Jerusalem, and thence to Rome and death. And

St. Luke goes on to tell us that the Christians fell on their Father's neck and embraced him, and there was much weeping amongst them all, and they grieved greatly at that word he had said that never should they look upon his face again; and thus in sadness they went down with him to the ship that was to bear him away. Might not this touching scene remind us of another scene too frequent for many years past at our seaports, where the friends wish to see the last of their friend who is going to begin life again on the other side of the Atlantic? And so they "go down with him to the ship," and the men try to cheer and to speak bravely, and the women try not to sob too loudly, and both fail; and the guardian angel of the emigrant, if angel could be sad, would be sadder than any of them, for his poor ward's chances of salvation are hardly improved by his change of home. But when the faithful of Ephesus had seen the Saint sail from the harbour of Miletus and were returning, they dwelt on all that he had so often told them, repeating to one another those last words: "Remember that saying of the Lord Jesus: It is a blessed thing to give rather than to receive."

A singular honour for these simple words which the Apostle of the Gentiles thus left as his last legacy to the Ephesians, and which, with our divine Lord who spoke them first, he repeats to us to-day: "It is a blessed thing to give." Yes, it is indeed a blessed thing to give—to imitate the Giver of all good gifts, to be the representatives of God, the ministers and deputies of His bounteous Providence towards many around us—to enjoy the luxury, the exquisite luxury of doing good, of being good; the delicious sensation of having done a generous and holy deed for generous and holy motives—thus to keep our own hearts safe against all the approaches of hardness and avarice, whilst we make it better for some of our fellow creatures that we have lived—to look on the faces of those who have received mercy and kindness from us and to read our thanks in their eyes, or rather, while refusing to exact our tribute by looking at them, to be conscious that gratitude is shining there, and that their hearts are blessing us and beseeching God to bless us. God cannot resist that prayer; before it reaches His throne, it is granted, and Jesus—He who will be our Judge but now is only our Saviour and our Brother—He rejoices to pronounce our sentence by anticipation: "Come, ye blessed of My Father!—thrice blessed in this that ye have been mindful of

that word of My mouth, 'It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive.' "

You are mindful of that saying so divinely beautiful, or at least you are filled with its spirit; and you are here to-day to exercise, for your soul's profit, and for God's glory in many ways, this blessed, this consoling duty and privilege of alms-giving. And surely if it be a blessed thing to give, it is plain that the blessedness of giving increases with the richness of the gift and the generosity wherewith it is given.

What is your gift? You give to God and to His Church, and to some chosen souls within her inner courts and to many souls without—to the poor, the ignorant, the sinful, the sick, the dying,—above all to little children—you help to give to all these in different degrees all that is comprised in these words, the Sisters of Mercy at Rostrevor. For to-day is completed the establishment of a Convent which, nestling under the sacred shadow of this Church, shall be, please God, for centuries the holy and happy home in which race after race of this devout and charitable sisterhood may by the good work of prayer and the prayer of good works sanctify their souls for the Home Eternal.

One soul has gone home from hence to that eternal home already. The road between the two homes has been traversed once already. Already, but a few days since, it has seen one virgin soul pass home to Heaven, in the fresh purity and fervour of her youth. At least it was here in this infant convent that, a few weeks ago, I saw the holy Sister Winifride by whose new-made grave I knelt yesterday. And when they tell us, the watchers by her death-bed, how this spouse of the Lamb, so young, had years before vowed her whole heart to God for life and then had received from death so long a warning used so well and needed so little, and when they tell us how at the end, as she said some moments before the end came, she felt, "not tired yet ready to rest," words to which God gave a deeper meaning than she meant; and so at the end "not tired but ready to rest," (may she rest in peace!) gay to the last and gentle, she sank to sleep, with a happy smile upon her face, and upon her innocent lips, a strong cry of contrite hope and love—"O God, have mercy on my soul!"—when they tell us of so sweet a parting, what cry can spring to our lips but "Thanks be to God, *O Deo gratias!*"—the same cry which sealed the dying lips of another whom you knew, the first Sister of Mercy

in Newry, and the first who was taken up to the Heart of Jesus in Heaven from the Convent hallowed by that name.\*

Thanks be to God! Yes, let us give thanks to God for her. Let us rejoice with her in her joy, however we may mourn with those she has left behind in mourning.

He mourns, the father whose former sacrifice in yielding up his beloved child to God's stricter service was greater almost than hers, and whose new sacrifice, now that God has claimed her for a yet closer union, is all his own, while her portion is but to love him and to pray for him.† She prays. Even the holy departed souls can pray for others, though they themselves for a time are still in suffering, and in the need of prayers. But did not she suffer much, and with saintly thankfulness, in so lingering and so premature a death? And what had she to expiate by suffering? And are not all her sufferings over, and is it not from amongst the white-robed band of virgins who "follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth" that even now she "sings the new song" and prays for us?

She prays to that Father, of whom all fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named, that He may comfort her poor father as He only can, strengthening him with His grace to murmur meekly—"Our Father who art in heaven, thy will be done." For him she prays, and for the mother to whose maternal heart the Son of the Mother of Sorrows, Himself the Man of Sorrows yet the God of all consolation, addresses that word of consolation, "Weep not, the maiden is not dead but sleepeth"—yea, rather the maiden has waked up from sleep, and it is well with her. She prays for all the dear friends also who loved her and whom she loved. "Loved," do I say? Who love her and whom she loves; for all true love is from God and in God, with Whom she is. And, praying for friends and kinsfolk, she prays for these, her sisters in religion, bound to her by ties less earthly though scarce more sacred. Her prayer for them is that they may, through their longer term of exile, serve God faithfully in that vocation which she held and holds so dear, and in the various duties with which that vocation

\* Mother Mary Catherine O'Connor, who was the first Superior of the Sisters of Mercy in Newry. She came from the Convent of Kinsale with a novice who was returning as a nun to her native town—Sister Mary Aquin, of whom something is told in the *Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell of San Francisco*.

† Mr. Joseph Lupton is dead many years, though he long survived his daughter. He is remembered among his fellow-townsmen for his staunch Catholic spirit and (is it bathos to add?) his exquisite skill in music.

would have entrusted her if God had not hastened to shorten her exile and call her home.

What are those duties? What is that vocation? Who are these Sisters of Mercy? First, they are Christian Virgins who, drawing aside and banding together, devote their lives to the observance of the evangelical counsels of perfection under the consecration of the holy Vows. This much they are in common with all religious societies. If they were no more, if they did nothing but prepare themselves for the immortal life of Heaven by a mortal life of prayer, detachment, purity, retirement, and self-sacrifice, it would be enough. Nor could it be said that such an existence, however calm and happy for the few whom God's special graces might have called thereto and fitted for it, was selfish or slothful or cowardly in its very security. In the first place the only clear, unconditional duty of each of us is to save his own soul—to come before the tribunal of Jesus Christ with his soul free from sin and rich in the merits of a good life. All we have to do is to save our own souls, though for nearly everyone this duty involves multiplied relations with many other souls. But we are for God, not for any of God's creatures, no matter how close to us or how dear. We are for God; and a life like this, led by a weak child of Eve amidst the temptations and vanities of this fallen earth, is, indeed, something done for God, a compliment as it were and a glory for God, a compensation for outraged love and for violated rights, a living life-long act of contrition, of hope, of charity, a profession of faith in God's eternal truths, a tribute to the majesty of God's beauty and God's power, the supreme triumph and trophy of His grace.

For it is all the work of God's omnipotent grace. No fear that any soul worthy of so sublime a vocation could therefrom be tempted to a miserable, blasphemous pride. Such a one cannot forget that He by whose grace she is what she is, says to her, as He said to them of old, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." She cannot forget that to whom much has been given, from her shall be required much; that not the vocation, but courage and fidelity in obeying the vocation and in acting up to the vocation, decide the eternal rank; that "many from the east and from the west shall sit down in the kingdom of Heaven while the children of the kingdom shall be cast out,"\* and that all the

\* Matth. viii. 11.

generations of the true believers in Jesus Christ shall call His Mother herself "Blessed," fulfilling her own prophecy, not so much because that of her womb was born and at her breast was fed the Redeemer of mankind, as because she heard the word of God and kept it, and by her lowliness found favour in His sight. She cannot forget all this, nor can she forget that not to the first beginnings only of the Christian Church do those words apply, but to all the works of grace in all time, "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong, and the things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are." Herein lies God's glory—that His highest instruments are nothing, and that He Himself is all, and with their nothingness worketh all.

But God's glory is our good. Our love for God contains in it a true, sincere, enlightened love of self, and this love of self is not true or sincere or enlightened unless it urge us to use the means which, according to our dispositions and circumstances, may best secure our only happiness, our only interest, our only end and aim, our only good. If this be selfishness, it is such selfishness as our Lord enjoins on us when He asks with terrible emphasis: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We must save our own souls. The religious is resolved on saving her own soul.

And yet again even the purely contemplative religious is not cut off by her holy seclusion from all opportunities of helping on her fellow-pilgrims towards Heaven. She lives. Her life by itself alone is a reproach and an appeal; a meek but vehement reproach to the dastardly self-indulgence of the sinner; an appeal against the tyranny which the joys and sorrows, the duties and pleasures, of this brief hour of life exercise over the minds and hearts of men. The bodily and social wants are not our only concerns on this earth, and the concerns of this earth themselves are not our only concerns. Even here, "not by bread alone doth man live," and the heart that loves its God purely, apart, in silence and in secret, may do a truer service to mankind than the arm that wields hammer and battleaxe, or even the lips that speak words of truth and comfort to the doubtful and the sorrowing, or the hand that places bread in the wasted fingers of hunger, and smooths the pillow of the sick.

Yes, the world must go on, and money must be earned, and the sturdy fight of life must be maintained, and commerce and politics

and science and alas ! war and many worse miseries must go on to the end, which end shall come whenever God pleases. Yet, still, " one thing only is necessary," and the temporal passes with time, but the eternal passes not. Would the daily conduct of most men suggest this to a thoughtful observer? Nay, even those who serve God best in other holy but less holy callings, even those who are in the world but not of it, even those who keep before themselves habitually the truth that they are here only for a few years of probation to fit themselves for heaven—even they must still be content to act often as if the things of time were the only necessary business, and the things of eternity were at best but an after-thought, a mere accessory, a secondary consideration. It is well that there should be some whom God calls aside from the crowd, and whose lives and deaths may serve as a protest against the subtle worldliness, the moderate, decorous paganism of this purse-proud nineteenth century, which, like the Pharisee in the Temple, thanks heaven that it is not like other centuries—as a reminder that this earth is not all, that success in life is not all, that wealth and respectability are not all, that God is all, the Lord of all worlds and of all souls, and that every man, be his station as high or as low as it may, is but the helpless creature of God, yet very dear to God, and raised by God to so grand an end as this, to love and serve God here, and to love and see and be happy with God *there*. Yes, God is God, and heaven is heaven, aye, and hell is hell; and *we* are what we are ! And life is but a narrow and perilous strait between two misty promontories called birth and death, through which narrow and perilous strait all must pass, on to that ocean, unknown and vast, which we name Eternity.

The lives, of which this is the moral, are not selfishly useless. But furthermore, while these secluded souls preach thus mutely to the worldly and vain, they are not mute with God. They pray. Their life is a prayer, and their hours are filled with prayer. They pray to God for you. Who can tell the power of such prayer with Him the All-powerful? How many of the known and unknown graces of your daily lives may descend upon you from this purer air, this higher level, as the stream which skirts your beautiful village is fed by showers falling far away up among the lonely hills ! Such prayers breaking the silence of such lives make themselves heard in heaven. They hold back the bolts of God's anger, they throw open the flood-gates of God's bounty and mercy. In the

older pages of sacred story, when battle raged between the Hebrews and the Amalecites, did not Moses in prayer on the mountain fight a better fight for the people of God than Josue with his host? For, when Moses lifted up his arms, Israel conquered, and, when he let them drop, Amalec prevailed. Then Aaron and Hur stayed up the old man's arms on either side, and the old man prayed on, and victory was with Israel. And you, my brethren, like Aaron and the other, you sustain the arms of these feeble virgins, who, removed far from the turmoil of the battlefield and its dust that is laid by blood, pray with unwearied fervour for all who are engaged in the terrible combat, terrible most of all for the wicked, craven fools who slink from the combat and dream they are at peace. And these hands, weak but pure, raised to God in prayer upon the mountain-top, may do more for the final triumph of God's cause than all the stout arms and brave hearts down below in the valley of Raphidim.

But is there not a mistake? Have not I forgotten? Is not all this foreign to the nature of the Sisterhood whom to-day you are welcoming to a new home and a new field of action? For these belong to an Order not contemplative merely but active. I have remembered this all through. I have remembered that the flame of charity when dispersed and refracted through its various outward manifestations attracts more of the admiration of men, even as the white ray of light that has been decomposed in passing through the falling rain drops enchants the eye by the brilliant contrast and exquisite gradation of its hues, while the pure and uninterrupted ray itself, though it contains all these combined, seems colourless by its very intensity. I have remembered this. Nay, these other thoughts, seemingly irrelevant or less appropriate, have been suggested precisely because of this; precisely because, while urging the claims of an institute which in many of its functions exacts the sympathy and applause of even the false philanthropist who in relieving the temporal wants of man would fain ignore God and make abstraction from eternity, there is danger of dwelling too exclusively on the more physical results and forgetting the source of all that is really good and noble and holy in the work. "All the beauty of the King's daughter is from within," and the merit and true success of the Nun's active duties depend on her union with God by prayer and a pure intention, and the virtues of the hidden life. For this is no crude human invention

for the better carrying out of the precept of charity by Act of Parliament, no picturesque experiment in sentimental philanthropy, no amateur association for the practical development of social science. It is a permanent institution in God's Church, which joins to the observance of the evangelical counsels (as we have partly seen) the exercise of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy—as we now pass on to consider.

For they know—those for whom we are striving to excite in our breasts an affectionate envy—they know the force of the old monastic motto, *Laborare est orare*, to toil is to pray, work is worship. They know that the Queen of Virgins is Mother of Mercy also, and Comfortress of the afflicted, and that though her whole life was a hidden life, “hidden with Christ in God,” yet she, the silent handmaiden who “kept pondering these things in her heart,” knew how to wed action to contemplation, and displayed no impotent or sterile sympathy for even the temporal wants of her brethren—going with haste over the mountains of Judea to help the mother of the Precursor, and whispering to her Divine Son at the marriage feast, “They have no wine.” They know that the other Mary who chose “the better part” which *they* have chosen did not always kneel at her Saviour's feet in prayer, but that in the very act of commending her devotion as she knelt there one other time, our Lord added these words, “The poor ye have always with you, but Me you have not always”—leading us to infer that when He has withdrawn His visible presence from us, when He no longer abides among the children of men in human form, subject to all human miseries as He once was, in order to suffer for us and with us and to be like unto us in all things except sin—when Jesus our Emmanuel, still our Emmanuel, our “God with us,” is no longer with us *thus; then* we are to show our tenderness towards Him in the persons of His beloved poor, whom we have always with us. Ah! yes, always, especially in poor Ireland. They know, these Sisters of Mercy, that for them in their glorious calling it is not enough to weep at home, like the sisters of Lazarus, over the souls whom Jesus loves, or even, like them, to send messages to Jesus, on the wings of prayer, “Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick.” but that also when Martha whispers to Mary, “The Master is come and calleth thee,” that is, when the active duties of their vocation summon them abroad from the tranquil happiness of the beloved cell and the holy convent chapel

more beloved, to visit the sick body tenanted often by a soul sick with a deadlier sickness, they must rise quickly and go forth, Martha and Mary together, and, perhaps, seeing their tears, Jesus will weep with them over the wretched creatures whom He loves better far than they can love them, whom they love only in Him and through His grace; and from His lips the word of power may fall, "Lazarus, come forth!" Poor man, poor woman, poor child, come forth from the grave of sin, of ignorance, of languor, of despair—come forth and live.

There is hardly any department of Christian zeal from which the Sister of Mercy is debarred. By the education of the young she seeks to forestall the fatal influences of the world, the flesh, and the devil on the tender souls just maturing into the power, the awful power, of committing sin. She instructs the adults who had not, when young, the good fortune to be trained in such a school, but who have grown up in ignorance and too often in the vices which ignorance engenders or at least fosters. In her orphanages and widows' homes she shelters the two extremes of life, the helplessness of bereaven childhood and the destitution of forlorn age, verifying the words of the prophet Jeremiah (xli. 11):—"Leave thy fatherless children; I will make them live; and thy widows shall hope in me." To her care also are often confided those beneficent palaces of mortality, such as that which our chief city, so generous and so Catholic, erected recently under the invocation of the *Mater Misericordiæ*. Hospitals we call them, that is, guest houses, into which throng as bidden guests all the innumerable varieties of human disease and suffering, in search of careful nursing and healing skill better than wealth could command. For servants out of place the Houses of Mercy attached to most of the convents afford a temporary home in which those important members of society, on whom the comfort and well-being of families so much depend, may, in waiting for another service, be trained more carefully for the duties of their state, while in the meantime they are spared the sad necessity of wasting in a few weeks of unwilling idleness the hard-earned savings of years, and secured likewise against other more serious dangers and temptations. And if some wretched creatures, for want of such securities or in any other circumstances of guilt or misery, should have fallen from the virtue for which our Celtic maiden is a proverb—even for such, as the Son of the Immaculate Virgin has mercy for them,

so these ministering angels of His mercy have mercy ; and where it is needful and possible, they will open to the repentant outcast a refuge from despair, an asylum where Magdalen may fling herself again at the feet of Jesus and weep, and hear Him say, " Many sins are forgiven thee—go, sin no more."

But hospitals, Magdalen asylums, reformatories, can only be organised in a few special localities. Little children, however, are everywhere, and " the poor ye have always with you," and sickness and death are strangers at no time and in no place. The Sister of Mercy, therefore, binds herself above all by a more stringent and universal obligation to aid the action of grace on souls at the two seasons when such efforts have the most likelihood of success—in childhood and during serious malady. When the hand of God presses upon us, when sickness puts us in mind of death, when the vivid glow of health is gone, our appreciations of many things are modified, we wonder at the dreadful fascination which certain feelings and objects have wielded over us, we begin to see that after all we must some time or other and before very long drop out of this world, and that really, if a man were wise, he would look to it. At this crisis, to the bedside of the sick, especially if recommended by the further attraction of misery and destitution, God sends on His errand of mercy visitors who, in striving and pleading for the poor soul's salvation, will attend with all thoughtful charity to the wants of the perishable body, even to the providing of the little luxuries or rather necessaries which the ailing palate would crave in vain from penury, while (better than food or medicine) they will bring into the bare comfortless room the soft voice of sympathy and affectionate compassion, cheerful holy words, a kind face, and by the prayer of the heart more than of the lips they will win the sufferer to bless the Hand that chastises in love ; and, if all their care may not retain him in life, they will teach him how to die.

But life is the prophet of death. He who lives well cannot die ill. " Happy they who have borne the yoke of God from their youth." How many a deathbed owes its peacefulness and its hopefulness to the early training of the convent school ! " Suffer, then, the little children to come to Me." You yield to-day, my brethren, to our Lord's entreaty, you not only " forbid them not," you not only allow the little children to approach Him whose " delight is to be with the children of men ;" but you take them by the hand and lead them to Jesus, that He may take them up

tenderly in His arms, as He lifted up that favoured child in the Gospel who leaned his little head against the breast of the Messiah, forestalling the privilege of St. John. These, too, He will take to His heart; their place is still there. For neither the beloved disciple nor that infant rival of his enjoys any monopoly of God's love. God is love, and God is infinite, and so is His love. The mystery of God's love is not at an end; it lives, it acts, immortally. The Heart against which the cheek of that little child was pressed, so as to feel Its very beatings, was beating then and beats now with a true personal love for each of us, and for each of the little children of our lanes and cabins. Each of these little ones has a soul, can love God with that soul, can save that soul or lose it, can do so much good and so much harm to so many other souls—good and harm for time and for eternity. The whole material world could not pay down the value of the soul of one of these little ones. This world is not a world of kingdoms and republics, of arts and sciences, of armies and parliaments, of mountains and plains, of streets and fields, of mines of coal and gold, of fruitful or barren lands, fruitful or barren seas—it is only a world of souls. God's eye is upon souls only. God loves only souls. *Domine qui amas animas!* Long before the new Law of Love began, the Almighty was thus addressed as the "Lord who loveth souls," and even then He yearned for souls with a father's yearning, entreating them tenderly, "Child, give Me thy heart." But since then the Lord God of Hosts has become peculiarly the Lord God of little children; for the Child Jesus has nestled in the Virgin Mary's arms, and the little children have nestled in the arms of Jesus, and Jesus has said, as He is saying in your hearts this moment, "Suffer little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." *Of such.* Yes, not of them alone, but of such as they. And who may feel a happier trust that theirs also is the Kingdom of Heaven than these may feel who strive so well in their inner lives to be as little children in purity of heart and religious obedience, and who hardly appear save in this blessed enterprise of bringing the little children to Jesus?

They bring the little children to Jesus and to the knowledge and love of His law by a true education, by all the nameless details of that conscientious training of mind and heart and hand which will fit them for the real duties of their state, and (perhaps more than by any positive knowledge imparted) by that potent magnetism of

their own character and example, and all those subtle influences of voice and look and manner which the young are so quick to study and which gradually refine the most froward, lifting them insensibly (with whatsoever space between) up towards that uniform type of character assigned by a recent writer \* to all Sisters of Mercy in common—"gentle, patient, hardworking, humble, obedient, charitable, and, above all, simple and joyous." At any rate the religious who have thus been characterised endeavour to form their pupils to habits of industry, modesty, truth, and piety, elevating into a principle in their hearts the traditional instinct of their humble virtuous homes, imbuing them with a love and reverence for duty, though duty be almost always toil and often suffering, sanctifying thus the poverty of the poor and perpetuating the innocence of the innocent—perpetuating by transmuting it, transmuting the innocence of ignorance into the better and safer innocence of virtue.

And if here I went on to urge the temporal advantages that accrue from all this to innumerable families in helping them to "earn" and to save their earnings, and to keep their poor firesides decent and fairly comfortable, I should not be afraid of running counter to the First Beatitude. God forbid that with sacrilegious hand I should dare to filch one jewel from the sacred diadem of poverty. But if riches carry with them their fearful perils, the lowest extreme of penury has its own dangers also, and in our day perhaps more than in any day. No, not the poverty of hopeless misery, of indolent beggary, of sloth, of sin—not the poverty that dooms to the poorhouse, for the poorhouse is no school of industry or virtue—not the poverty that festers in the lanes and alleys of overcrowded cities like London or Liverpool, where the unfortunate children wallow in filth and ignorance with all the vulgarities of vice rampant shamelessly around them—not the poverty which breaks up the wretched but beloved home, and scatters the poor victims forth to huddle in those squalid dens, or to cross the ocean perhaps for worse, far away from the sound of the Irish chapel-bell and its Sabbath summons, so well obeyed; not the poverty that works such results as these is that poverty which is blessed of Heaven, and not all, alas! who suffer poverty make good their title to the Gospel Beatitude of the Poor. But the poverty which does not condemn to idleness and despair and crime, but only to

\* Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J.

unceasing labour and many privations endured with resignation—the poverty that is able and willing to accept that condition which for fallen man is not a curse so much as a punishment, nay almost a blessing, “In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread.” Out in the fields under God’s sunshine and God’s rain, and in the simple homesteads where constant cheerful toil, where honest Christian pride, where the attachments of race and home, are powerful allies with religion and all her sacramental and unsacramental graces in enabling so many to practise great virtues almost without knowing them to be virtues—where half a parish is but as one family, all taking an interest in each other’s fortunes, all taking shame in each other’s faults, and thus making human respect (so often an incentive to evil) the check of passion and the safeguard of all good—where enmities and scandals are as utterly unknown as crime—where the unvarying round of duties discharged day by day, year after year, hardly leaving space for the simplest pleasures, makes of the blessed Sunday a true and a doubly welcome day of rest—where the salutary ordinances of the Church are observed with filial docility, the plain home-like chapel crowded always, and on the great Feasts so many gathered round the Communion rails, though all this does not imply merely a few minutes’ walk to a street hard by, but often a journey of many toilsome miles down and up steep mountain roads in all weathers—where in these ways and a thousand others the pure strong faith of Irish Catholic hearts avows itself and points towards Heaven, and cools the summer’s heat and makes the wintry blast less keen, and the burden of life so much easier to bear. This is not wealth, this is not abject poverty, but I think that in the eyes of the angels this is not the least enviable of human lots, and this is or at least used to be—for, as some may have guessed, I have not drawn upon fancy but upon memory for this picture—this used to be and is Killowen. And I trust that the other portions also of this parish, of which memory has not so many an old tale to tell me, are just as truly and as practically Catholic as the hamlets that stud the fields along the shore, from where the wooded mountain slopes down to the margin of our exquisite Bay on to the Causeway Water.

By to-day’s work you are doing your best to secure that whatever change is in store for this little corner of God’s Church may be in this regard a change only from good to better. The

children of to-day are the fathers and mothers of the coming years ; good mothers are among God's most efficacious means of saving the souls for whose salvation Jesus died. The children for whose education you are providing will as daughters, as sisters, as wives, as mothers, as women, promote and cherish the sanctity and happiness of many and many a hearth. God help them in all their struggles, wherever they may be ! And if, perhaps, not all here at home—if (may God forbid it for their own sake and for Ireland's !), but if some of these also must indeed leave the homes where their fathers and mothers have lived before them, lived and toiled and prayed and suffered and been happy, as happiness may be in this valley of weeping ; let them take with them, as a token from the poor old land, not, as has been sometimes done, a green sod dug from an Irish meadow,\* but let them take the faith, the piety, the purity, the modest self-respect, the love for all things good and the reverence for all things sacred, which *you* will teach them in the Convent Schools.

And would to God that all of our blood and faith who are scattered over the face of God's earth, where God pleases or at least where God permits, might all bear away with them, and preserve along with their little means, these better treasures. And as of old our great St. Patrick in a vision saw the children of the Irish who stretched out their hands to him and said, "Come to us, O holy youth, and dwell amongst us"—ah ! would that even thus the children of the Irish in their turn, in all the strange lands which have ceased to be strange to them, might hear from heaven the voice of their Apostle : "Cling, O my children, to the faith, which Jesus Christ and His Vicar sent me to preach to you ; forget not the prayers you learned at your mother's knee ; practise with pride and love the religion which your fathers cherished in darker days than these ; show yourselves, wheresoever your lot may be thrown, worthy children of saints and martyrs."

\* A week or two after these words were spoken, Mr. Pope Hennessy (afterwards Sir John Pope Hennessy) said almost the same thing on the hustings at Wexford :—"They should remember the condition of their country. Every year Great Britain was increasing in population and in wealth—her railways were increasing in prosperity ; but how was it with Ireland ? Her population were flying from her shores—he saw, month after month, the young men and the young women of Ireland crowd the emigrant ships in Cork harbour, many of them carrying with them a tuft of grass, or some little portion of their homestead, so that if they died across the Atlantic a bit of the old soil might be laid upon their graves."

Yes, martyrs. Let me pursue this train of ideas a little further, for it is not a distraction but an argument. Not saints only but martyrs. For were not they martyrs, the men, the women, and the children who sustained that long battle of heroic fidelity from which this miracle results that, despite a system of persecution so insidious, so obstinate, so remorseless, that every Protestant of moderate fairness has branded it with the fiercest reprobation, Ireland nevertheless has remained Catholic and Catholic to the heart's core? Martyrs? Yet on the feasts of Irish saints the priest stands at the altar robed in the white of virgin or confessor, not in the red vestments which symbolise the blood of martyrdom. But this only reminds us that even pagan Ireland had a marvellous instinct for the Faith of Christ, and did not, like other countries, put to death the messengers whom the Master of the Vineyard sent to her but received them with gladness. Still you have heard of that stranger from the other shore who made it a reproach to one of our forefathers long ago that the Irish Church was thus unconsecrated by the baptism of blood; and you remember the answer: "You and yours will soon wipe out that stain for ever." The answer was a prophecy, and the penal days (which were centuries) have fulfilled the prophecy and made Ireland the Virgin Martyr of the nations. No martyrs of the Irish race? Ireland's history is a martyrology. Every graveyard in holy Ireland—all over her hill-sides and her valleys and her plains, west and east, south and north—every old Kilbroney within the four seas is rich with the bones of martyrs. Nor can even those who think or pretend to think that all this was endured so long, so long, not for God's Truth, but for foolish and abominable error—no candid mind amongst them can blame us for aspiring to draw at least this moral from the story of those who have gone before us, never to blush for the Faith for which they bled, to smile with pity at our own paltry sacrifices for our religion (thank God, we have some to make) when we compare them with theirs, and according to our altered circumstances, more tranquil but hardly less perilous, to make this green Ireland still and for ever that which she assuredly has been through all the changes of her past, a living proof of the divinity of the one Church, Catholic, indestructible, everlasting.

Will not *you* do your part in this glorious work? Who can doubt it *here*? Here where every block of chiselled granite, every oaken beam, every ray of this tinted light which floods the

sanctuary with so religious a radiance, where everything proclaims your faith, your generosity, your pious zeal for the beauty of God's house.

But now it rushes in upon me again, a thought which like some other thoughts I have striven to keep back within my heart, for he who addresses men in God's name ought not to remember his own—but, dear friends, I have faith in your kindness, I know you will forgive me if no longer I pretend to forget the gentle providence which has brought to pass what was unlikely, that although my lot has been cast elsewhere, this portion of my ministry should nevertheless have its beginning here. For never before until this hour has it been my duty as a priest of God to speak thus to the souls of any of God's creatures; and so, after all, the first of His public temples in which I must presume to lift my voice is this—this which is certainly not new to me or strange, linked as it is with the fondest and most precious recollections of childhood and youth, and if not linked immediately with the holiest epoch of all, the day of First Communion, it is that, like most of you, I can recall the poor old weather-beaten chapel with its stained walls and its rough earthen floor to which so gracious and so noble an edifice succeeds. May you, may all they who will worship here through all the years till this massive pile shall crumble in its turn—may you be as fervent and as true as those who once knelt in this sacred spot under a less sightly roof, and prayed that God's grace and blessing might rest with you their children, then but little children or unborn. And their prayer was heard.

For it is no common sign of God's grace and blessing that not out of your too great abundance, nor in the best of times—far from it—this worthier temple stands now in its simple majesty upon the same consecrated ground. But, my brethren, you will not let me confine the merit to yourselves; for, just as in this other holy work which you accomplish to-day, your zeal was nobly succoured (was it not?) by the liberality of many a benefactor far and near.

But who enlisted those charitable auxiliaries? Who organized, guided and sustained your efforts? God forbid that we should be so ungrateful as not to allude on such a solemnity to him whose last desire was to add this work to all that he had done. Not for us, but for those who are to come after us have pious hands placed

beside the altar of the Madonna yonder tablet\* so touching in its modest reticence. Were that marble dumb, were *we* dumb, the very echoes of this holy place would whisper of him. It is his monument, nay, it is his sepulchre; for as of old the Lawgiver of Athens bade them strew his ashes round the island he had won for his country, so beneath this new sanctuary, this new fortress erected for the adornment and defence of the Church Militant, the bones of its Founder await the Resurrection. And so to him might here be appropriated the epitaph of the architect of St. Paul's in London. "If you seek for his monument," they have written beneath the bust of Sir Christopher Wren, "If you seek for his monument, look around you." *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*. In like manner, this beautiful church is Father Mooney's monument. It is the last and greatest, but by no means the only proof of that love for the beauty of God's House which his memorial tablet claims for him. Already two dwellings for the Most High, and one for His minister, erected in the northern portion of this diocese, attested sufficiently the quiet energy and self-sacrifice of this humble, unassuming priest. But the crowning trophy of his life was this Church of our Lady of Rostrevor, which cost him many a journey, many a toilsome day, aye and many a sleepless night (he told me so), many a cruel anxiety, many a hope and many a disappointment. *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*.

And where was the source of this strong purpose achieving these marvellous results? Yes, in the circumstances of time and place and person results simply marvellous. An earnest piety, a sober systematic enthusiasm in the pursuit of duty and of duty alone, and this continued through all the days of his lengthened term of years. It is a solemn charge—the pastor of many souls, father of so many families, their guide and helper in more than

\* "*Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuae* (Psalm'xxv. 8). Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Bernard Mooney, P.P., whose remains lie within the sanctuary. He was pastor of this parish for seventeen years, during which time this Church was erected. He departed this life the 25th November, 1864, in the 63rd year of his age. *Requiescat in pace. Amen.*"

After twenty-five years more of most holy and most fruitful priestly work, Father Mooney's admirable successor died in his turn and went to his reward. His memorial tablet on the wall of the same beautiful church bears this inscription:—

"*Beloved of God and men, his memory is in benediction* (Eccles. xlv. 1). Of your charity pray for the soul of the Very Rev. Patrick O'Neill, P.P., V.F., who died 16th April, 1890, in the 70th year of his age and the 45th of his sacred ministry. R.I.P."

spiritual needs, watching those whom he baptised growing up through childhood and youth, and those whom he prepared for the other holy sacraments passing on to manhood and womanhood, and so many of his flock, the young and the old, dying and seen no more; able to do so much, so very much for the good (in this world and the other) of so many of God's creatures; able to do so much and doing it. Ah! these things are not written in history; but, when history has reached her last page, we shall see that the truest man is he who strives to serve God faithfully in the post which God assigns him, as Father Bernard Mooney strove to do in his. If this memento of one in whom I too found a kind and a constant friend through many a year may have touched your filial piety, I will think of those whom he trained up in virtue and in the holy faith and discipline of the Catholic Church, living temples of the Holy Ghost, indefinitely more precious each of them than this, than all temples brilliant with gold and marble; and, as the best monument of your pastor—I speak only of the dead; of the living (though I could say much) I say nothing except that he compensates for such a loss—as the worthiest memorial of him whose second anniversary is near at hand. I will point to you his faithful and devoted children, and I will say again, *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*. And then once again I will interpret the mute eloquence of your eyes and of your hearts, and I will pray in your name, and with you in my own, "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace."

But he is gone, gone to his judgment, gone to his reward; and we remain. We have still to live; we have still to endure the patient martyrdom of life. How long? God only knows. But God knows also your hearts this moment. He knows that you grieve for having done so little for so good a God and done so much against Him. And He knows too that you are praying humbly for grace to remember always that your hand's most secret deed, that your soul's most silent thought, is at every instant clear before the eye of Him the Lord and Judge from Whose lips you hope to hear the words of welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father."

You hope to hear those words. Give yourselves this day a new right to that hope, seal the good purposes with which God's grace has inspired you, by giving with a pure intention and a generous heart the offering of thanksgiving, of reparation, of charity, you are now about to make to God before His altar. "It is a blessed

thing to give." Give for the good of your own poor souls and the souls that are very dear to you among the dead and among the living. Give in the name of the afflicted, the sick, the dying, and of all the poor and miserable ; in the name of the children who will owe to these Sisters of Mercy lessons and memories that will help to keep them safe in the perils of life ; in the name not only of those favourites of Jesus, little children and the poor, but of His dearer friends, these who for His sake have made themselves poor and have become as the little children of whom they are the visible guardian angels ; in the name of their invisible guardian angels also who (as our Saviour tells us) always see the face of our Father who is in Heaven ; in the name of all the blessed spirits, human and angelic, who while they rejoice (as our Saviour tells us again) over every repentant tear that is shed on earth, must surely take a joyful interest in a work like this ; in the name of Her their Queen and Mother, Mother of those who mourn, and o those who console the mourner, and who help the needy, Mother of Mercy for whose sake these her daughters are called Sisters of Mercy ; in the name of her Divine Son, Jesus our Lord ; in the name of God.

M. R.

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### MEMENTO ETIAM, DOMINE !

How shall we pray for our beloved, whose care  
 And hurt and struggle God hath bid to cease ?  
 Oh, how but in our Holy Mother's prayer  
 Uplift when God is on her altar there ?

"Grant them, O Lord, refreshment, light, and peace."

EMILY HICKEY.

## MY FIRST VISIT TO ST. PETER'S

**T**HERE is no use adding "St. Peter's, Rome," for there is only one St. Peter's. Most of us have read many descriptions of that most marvellous temple, the best of all being, perhaps, poor Childe Harold's in one of his Catholic outbursts; but some of our readers will be glad to have "that vast, that wondrous Dome" described over again in plain prose by a Dromore student of the Irish College at Rome who never dreamt that his letter would fall into editorial clutches.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any other city, however great or renowned, is at most only the capital of a country; but Rome, the great, the ancient, the Eternal City, is the acknowledged metropolis of the world, the queen of nations, the home of saints and heroes, the seat and glory of religion and art. All that I had read, thought, fancied, and admired from my earliest years; all that had awakened my youthful enthusiasm in the classic story of ancient Rome or in the marvellous history of its Christian days, seemed to flash back on my thoughts in that one moment when I first realised that I had set foot upon its sacred soil.

Having taken up my quarters at the Irish College which is situated about the middle of the city, on the slope of the Quirinal Hill, my first visit of course was to St. Peter's. With the first view of the great Basilica many writers have expressed their disappointment. I had prepared myself to be likewise disappointed; but such was not the case. Yet I cannot say the scene caused me any emotional surprise. To me it looked like a vast enlargement of some well known picture; but even so I was not prepared for the extent of the Piazza, the magnificence of the semi-circular colonnades, the vast flight of steps, and the ethereal delicacy and beauty of the tall fountains. The main building, almost five hundred feet in height, produces an overwhelming effect upon the mind of the spectator. The colour of the Travertine stone, of which the vast pile of building is constructed, is so bright and so susceptible of shade, that no picture can ever convey a true idea of the effect of St. Peter's under the brilliant Italian sunshine.

The details of the façade of the church are so harmonized as to give at first an impression of grand simplicity. As one approaches, owing to the length of the Latin cross, the dome disappears from sight, and the immensity of the great front is all one can grasp.

Ascending the flight of steps that lead from the Piazza, one enters the vestibule, with its magnificent arcades of marble columns terminated at the end by the equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne. The portico is so vast, that it is said many of our European cathedrals would fit within its area. Five doors corresponding with those of the vestibule lead into the church, the centre portals being a masterpiece executed in bronze. The door to the extreme right is the "Porta Santa" (or Holy Door) built up with a portion of marble which is removed only on the solemn occasions of a jubilee. I had the pleasure of seeing his Holiness Leo XIII. pass through it, Christmas Eve, 1900.

The first view of the interior of St. Peter's gives an impression that can never be lost or forgotten, but never can be repeated. It was not merely admiration that took possession of me at the sight, but a strange feeling I cannot realize. My first impulse was to walk aside and gaze silently through the sunlit atmosphere, that seemed laden with a mist of gold, on the glorious lines of arch and roof that follow on and on to the distant choir. As I passed up the nave and through the arcade of noble arches adorned with all that ornament and sacred art could devise, and caught glimpses of the side chapels, tombs, and wealth of mosaics on every side, I felt that nothing ever written of St. Peter's could be an exaggeration. As a marvel of beauty, magnitude and magnificence, verily it stands unrivalled amongst the works of human hands.

After the first feeling of wonder is over, one is struck with a familiar object which rises before him like the memory of some off-dreamt dream. It is the great bronze canopy with its twisted columns resplendent with ornament that overshadow the tombs of the Apostles. From the base of the pillars to the top of the cross that surmounts it, this canopy is one hundred and twenty feet in height; yet from the vastness of the building of which it is the central feature no such idea of size is realised. Beneath the canopy is the Papal altar, where formerly on great festivals the Pope was wont to celebrate Mass. An oval space in front, surrounded by a marble balustrade which supports triple clusters of ever burning lamps (ninety-three in number), reveals the crypt which encloses

the relics of SS. Peter and Paul. This sacred spot is reached by a double flight of marble steps, within the curve of which is a beautiful statue of Pope Pius VI. The Pope is represented in a kneeling posture facing the golden gates of the tomb. I got permission to descend; and as I knelt there where so many have longed to kneel, it was difficult for the moment to realize the privilege vouchsafed to me—for had I not reached the very centre of the Christian world—the very heart of Christendom?

When I had recited a short prayer, and fixed an earnest, lingering gaze on the Apostles' tomb, I ascended to examine somewhat in detail the magnificent temple of faith that enshrines their relics and their memories. I passed beneath the lofty dome. Far above as in the vault of heaven itself, were the figures of the Evangelists enshrined in glory, while along the border beneath in huge letters of purple-blue mosaic, on a golden ground, ran the words: *Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum.*

Since I had entered the Cathedral, its wonderful proportions had grown upon me. On every side the Latin cross seemed to have opened out in lengthened beauty, and now I began to realise in some little way that splendour with which the labour of ages, the wealth of kingdoms, the spoils of ancient times, and the proudest inventions of modern magnificence, had combined to enrich the noblest shrine of Christian times. From the "Confession," as the great canopy beneath the dome is called, the eye is naturally carried on to the bronze tribune which fills the end of the choir and encloses the Chair of St. Peter, the seat being supported by the colossal figures of the first four Doctors of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom.

On each of the four massive pillars supporting the dome are two recesses, the lower containing respectively the statues of St. Helen, St. Veronica, St. Longinus, and St. Andrew. In those above the relics of these saints are preserved. In one the head of St. Andrew is enshrined; in another a portion of the True Cross, and in a third the spear that pierced the side of our Lord. But, perhaps, the most interesting relic here preserved is the Towel of St. Veronica presented to our Lord on His way to Calvary.

In the centre of the floor is a large round slab of red porphyry, an object of great interest to foreigners, being the one on which the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were formerly crowned.

Kneeling here, Charlemagne was crowned eleven hundred years ago.

As I have said before, there are chapels opening from the side-aisles and transepts, twenty-nine in number, most of which are decorated by princes for their own burial places, and as shrines for their special saints. As I inspected each of these chapels, I was struck with admiration for the magnificent pictures in mosaic. These are twenty-four in number, and each is said to have cost £80,000. They were copied principally from masterpieces in the Vatican Gallery and other churches in Rome. The Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament, and Domenichino's Last Communion of St. Jerome, are the most strikingly beautiful. It is only by the closest inspection and under the influence of certain rays of light that one can detect that they are not painted, but were wrought, bit by bit, in infinitely small particles of mosaic, so small that one hundred and sixty pieces are contained in the square inch.

Let me now say a few words of my first ascent into the dome which forms one of the principal features of this great basilica. The height, as I have said, to the top of the cross is five hundred feet. A broad paved stairway of very gentle incline leads up to it. The roof of St. Peter's is like a little town in itself. Here houses and ranges of workshops for artisans engaged in the constant repairs of the church are erected.

It is only from this point one can understand the proud boast of Michael Angelo, when he proposed "to place the Pantheon in the air." Here you can fairly realise the magnitude of the dome, and the rotunda on which it rests. From the roof the ascent to the dome is made by a succession of staircases, from which passages lead out both upon external and internal galleries. I soon began to have some idea of the immense height I had already gained.

Within the dome the mosaic figures of the Evangelists, the symbols and the cherubs emblazoned on the vaulted ceiling, seemed to stare at me in all their gigantic proportions. From the highest gallery beneath the lantern, looking into the abysmal depth of the church below, I could hardly realise that the minute moving forms were human beings. The last flight is very narrow, sloping inward to suit the inclination of the rapidly narrowing curve. Lifted as in mid-air, higher than the flight of birds, I looked out in mute

astonishment on the prospect that lay beneath me, and beyond. Rome, old and new, with its ruins, palaces and churches stretched away on every side. The gardens and the palace of the Prisoner Pontiff of the Vatican lay at my feet. In the distance the beautiful amphitheatre of hills which enclose the Campagna of Rome, and behind them the summits of the loftier Apennines, still crowned with snow, the Tiber with its long sinuous windings through the gloomy plain, and yonder far the blue Mediterranean gleaming in the sunlight, formed a vista of overpowering interest and charm. From this last stage an iron ladder, almost vertical, leads into the ball of the cross. I descended, not a little fatigued, perhaps from the reaction of my enthusiasm, perhaps from the exertions I had almost imperceptibly gone through in that memorable forenoon.

Passing once more into the great vestibule, from the porch I again looked down and over the great piazza clasped within those vast colonnades, curving out like mighty arms always open to receive the children of the Nations who come up to the great Temple to marvel, to reflect, and to pray.

Once more, when I had passed the sparkling fountains and the historic obelisk, I looked back, as I often have done since then, on the colossal vision, that mighty dream in stone—St. Peter's—and feasting my gaze on the wondrous dome, "the diadem of the Papacy, suspended between heaven and earth." Is it not, I thought, truly an emblem of that divine Institution which we behold ever erect and immovable amidst the passing waves of time, and on which the last sun of eternity will set?

H. M'G.

## ANONYMITIES UNVEILED

## ELEVENTH INSTALMENT

IN the preceding paper devoted to the interpretation of various initials and fanciful signatures, we came to our own Magazine, and revealed all that needed revealing about the contributors to the first volume of THE IRISH MONTHLY. Let us do the same for the second yearly volume and some of its successors.

But first, out of its proper place, let us share with our readers the information which *Donahoe's Magazine* gives us about one of our contributors whose turn ought to come a good deal later. In American periodicals she has called herself "Ethna Carbery," but in our pages she gave her true name, Anna J. Johnston. That is her name no longer; she has changed it by receiving the last of the sacraments. For the Catechism puts Matrimony even after Extreme Unction; of course, because the first five are for all the faithful, Holy Orders and Matrimony for some only. The excellent magazine that we have named, in its Christmas Number for 1901, informs us that Miss Anna Johnston, of Belfast, has lately married Mr. Seumas MacManus, author of some humorous volumes and of two charming collections of folk-tales. Mrs. MacManus will probably continue to be "Ethna Carbery," under which pen-name she has contributed to *Donahoe's Magazine* several very winsome stories like "A Cold Courtship," "In a Misty Burn," etc.

In our own Magazine there are few anonymities to be revealed in our second volume. Of course the author of "Jack Hazlitt" was Dean O'Brien of Newcastle West, Co. Limerick. The initials of his title, Dean of Limerick, are affixed to a poem "Outer and Inner," at page 512; but I am sure that these lines were written by a parishioner of his, Miss Penelope Hartnett, though the Dean may have touched them up, perhaps to their detriment. "B. D. L." (Baptist, Dean of Limerick) was the signature of the long letters which he contributed to the *Morning Star*, the organ of John Bright, and which according to some malicious persons hastened its death. "Christmas Memories," at page 59, is also by Miss Hartnett, though signed "P. M.," no doubt the initials of her two Christian names, Penelope Mary.

Farther on in this second volume there is a pleasantly written paper on "Béranger, his Story, and his Songs," signed "P. F.," now well-known as the Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J. It dwells perhaps a little too emphatically on the poet's best side; and I remember a Frenchman writing to protest against the too favourable impression given of *notre misérable Béranger qu'on ne saurait trop déprécier de toute manière*. Almost immediately follows an ode "To Experience," signed "V. N."—to wit, the Rev. Vincent Naish, S.J., who has for many years taught and preached in India, chiefly at Calcutta.

The signature to the next poem, "Evicted!" at page 211, is puzzling; it is another of the cases in which not the initials, but the final letters of the name, are used. Rosa Mulholland was the "A. D." who wrote this very pathetic poem. Other initials which appear soon after are "J. M. O'R.," Miss Julia O'Ryan; and "M. J. M.," Mrs. Charles Martin. The authors of two pieces that that are side by side after page 254, "D. G.," and "P. O'F.," are now working in Australia—Father David Gallery, S.J., and Father Peter O'Flinn, S.J. The letter indeed heads his charming paper "Off to California," but a few years later he went further.

Of course "J. F." and "J. O'H." were the Rev. Joseph Farrell and John O'Hagan, Q.C.; but why were not even initials affixed to "Angels in Heaven," at page 314? This exquisitely pathetic poem was written by Denis Florence MacCarthy on three of his children who had died young. It is dated "Good Friday, 1874;" he died on Good Friday, 1882. The elegy is followed by a clever little essay on "Scholastic Priggery," denouncing the pedantic pronunciation of certain words according to their Latin or Greek derivation. It is signed "X," the usual symbol of an unknown quantity, and an unknown quantity it must remain, for I have quite forgotten the writer. It is answered cleverly at page 494, in a letter to the Editor, by "M.A." This Master of Arts was the late Father John Walford, S.J. The "M. J. McH." who writes the impressive poem, "Last Moments," was the Rev. Michael J. McHale of the diocese of Tuam. I think he went soon afterwards to America.

Throughout this volume of THE IRISH MONTHLY, Miss Margaret Mary Ryan, the author of "Songs of Remembrance," signs herself "M. My. R."—the "My" being evidently introduced to save her initials, "M. R.," from being confounded with those of the Editor

himself. A later expedient for the same purpose was to adopt what we used to call a *nom de plume*, imagining that we were talking French, whereas it seems that that phrase is never used by Frenchmen. The pen-name or pseudonym or *nom de guerre* selected for the poet was "Alice Esmonde," which she has ever since retained, though it was not of her own choosing. In at least two instances her final letters, "T. Y. N.," are employed.

Finally, some of the last pages of this second volume of THE IRISH MONTHLY contains a masterly criticism of Aubrey de Vere's drama, "Alexander the Great." It is signed "J. S. C.," the second and alas! the last appearance of the initials of Father John S. Conmee, S.J., the present Superior of St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.

Early in the third volume we recognise under the initials "C. W. R.," Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, as the author of an extremely curious and learned paper on the so-called Wizard, Michael Scott, who was in reality an erudite and holy priest, once named by the Holy See to be Archbishop of Cashel—a dignity which he however declined on account of his ignorance of the Irish language. Most of the other signatures occurring in this volume have been already explained. There is one indeed that would require a good deal of explanation. "Dublin Places and Persons," dealing with the historical and literary associations of a great many houses in our Metropolis, is attributed to "Edward Mew." This was merely a whimsical expansion of the contracted form of the Editor's official signature, "Ed. I. M.," which sounded like "Eddie M." The Christian name being then changed into the more dignified Edward, and the M. getting its name in the Greek alphabet spelled phonetically.

There are few revelations to be made with regard to volume the fourth. The first of many excellent stories by Miss Mary Mahony is assigned to a pseudonymous "Katherine Roche;" and "Ethel Tane," the writer of some exquisitely simple verses, is in real life Miss Elizabeth Wayland. The Mr. Mennell of this volume is the Wilfrid Meynell of subsequent volumes and of London Catholic journalism. A pathetic poem in this volume, "The Fallen Ones," is signed C. K.—Miss Charlotte Kirwan, who, I think, was dead when these verses were given to me by a kinswoman, a venerable Sister of Mercy.

In our fifth volume begins quite anonymously one of the most

excellent stories that it has ever been our privilege to publish — “The New Utopia.” It was the first of many contributions by that holy and gifted woman, Augusta Theodosia Drane, in religion Mother Frances Raphael. The series of papers on “Wit” are by the Rev. W. A. Sutton, S.J., though they are credited to “Isaac Tuxton.” Two or three singularly beautiful poems signed “M. La T.” are by Mrs. Maria La Touche, of Harristown. The sonnet of Filicaja at page 232 by “W. W.” was translated by the father of that very worthy and accomplished man, William Woodlock, sometime Divisional Magistrate, Dublin. “Probatice,” by “A. O’B.,” is the first of much admirable prose and verse contributed by Miss Attie O’Brien, who died a happy death long ago. “Hugh Roe O’Donnell’s Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of the Curlew Mountains,” is an exceedingly spirited historical ballad. “J. H.” who wrote it was then (1877) a country curate. He soon became a distinguished professor of Maynooth, and is now Bishop of Clonfert.

All that it seems necessary to reveal about anonymous writers in our sixth volume is that the “J. O’R.” who visited the Shakers of Hampshire (page 555) was Canon O’Rourke, P.P., of Maynooth ; and that the Female Ratepayer who makes an earnest “Plea for the adult Irish Blind” is Mrs. Morgan O’Connell. Strange to say, two of the finest poems in this volume are omitted in the table of contents—“Magdalen” by Attie O’Brien at page 385, and at page 376 “Oblation” by Thomas Sebastian Cleary, a clever but not very prosperous journalist who died somewhat recently. “The Lord and Lady of the Lakes” at page 643 is a very interesting poem by Dean Neville, of Cork. He was a close kinsman of Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, the author of “Gougaun Barra ;” but these verses are, perhaps, his only printed homage to the Muses.

Before deciphering some initials in our seventh volume, I will confess my inability to identify the J. A. F. who contributes an excellent essay on “The Round Towers and recent Investigations.” However, before delivering this to the printer’s final and irrevocable operations, I shall communicate with the Very Rev. Jerome Fahey, P.P. and V.G., of Gort.\*

The translation of Petrarch’s Sonnet CCCII., at page 157, is signed “O.,” whereas in the table of contents it is signed “I.” The

\* I have done so, and I find that Dr. Fahey was the writer of this paper.

reason is that Father Ryder, the present Provost of the Oratorians at Birmingham (his predecessor was Cardinal Newman), changed from "O" to "I" when he learned that "O" was already the signature of Judge O'Hagan in "Dublin Acrostics" and in our own pages. "A Bloodthirsty Wish," by S. D. T.,\* is another instance of finals used in place of initials. The writer was Father Thomas Edward Bridgett, C.S.S.R. These lines followed immediately "Aunt Maxwell's Return," by C. M.—a bright little comedy by Miss Clara Mulholland which has often figured successfully in convent theatricals. That number of our Magazine contained contributions by three sisters and a brother. One of these we have named; the second is easily discovered; but for "The Dream Madonna" we had to go back to the brilliant girlhood of one whose pen was capable of great achievements for which most important work of a very different kind, as the efficient helpmate of a great career, was substituted. "The Close of Day" which precedes it is one of the sweetest lyrics it has ever been our privilege to print; but alas! we have never seen another line from the writer's pen, and even this dainty song has been preserved without his knowledge and in his despite.

The only other anonymities of our seventh volume that need now be revealed are a Canon and a Bishop who contribute verses. "F. M. R." was Father Francis Ryan, P.P., St. Joseph's, Dublin, who ended his holy life April 30th, 1901; and "M. F. H." is Dr. Howley, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland. We had almost overlooked an extremely interesting *débutante* in this seventh volume. "Through the Bars," by M. B., is the first appearance of "M. E. Francis," who has since delighted the readers of fiction with so many pure and graceful stories full of life, humour, and interest—*In a North Country Village, A Daughter of the Soil, The Duenna of a Genius, Pastorals of Dorset, Yeoman Fleetwood*, and half a dozen more. "M. E. Francis" is itself a pseudonym. Miss Mary Sweetman married Mr. Francis Blundell, and, being often spoken of amongst her own as "Mrs. Francis," she has given to this name the *kudos* achieved by her most ingenious and versatile pen. This is another instance of three literary

\* Some ingenious reader may suspect that "T. D. S." at page 392 of the same volume is this signature reversed; but these are the well-known initials of T. D. Sullivan of *The Nation*. By a curious oversight his name is omitted in a list of thirteen editors and writers of *The Nation* at page 397 of our twenty-ninth volume.

sisters. Miss Elinor Sweetman is the author of at least two poetical volumes of remarkable merit, some items of which appeared first in our own pages; but we have not the honour of counting amongst our contributors Mrs. Agnes Castle who generally writes in partnership with her husband, Mr. Egerton Castle, with such brilliant results as *Young April*, *The Pride of Jenico*, *A Bath Comedy*, &c.

We may pass on from this volume after identifying the author of a pathetic little sketch called "Only a Baby's Shoe." Sydney Starr to whom it is assigned was Miss Fanny Gallagher, daughter of Mr. J. B. Gallagher for many years the well-known editor of the *Freeman's Journal* under Sir John Gray. Miss Gallagher has since devoted her talents to more practical matters than stories and verses.

Our task grows easier as we advance. The index of our eighth volume contains no disguised signatures that have not been already interpreted. "A Discursive Contributor" was Mrs. Sarah Atkinson; "Melbournensis" was the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.; and "The Present Writer" was the present writer. In the same volume there are verses by "G. B." and "G. J. B."—namely, Miss Grace Baiss, and the Rev. George Buckeridge, S.J. "E. G. S." is the Rev. Edward Swainson, then a Redemptorist Father.

Our ninth volume contains two delightful "Letters from the South of Ireland" by a Vagrant Sketcher, namely—Mrs. Sarah Atkinson. "Robert de Nobili" is marked by no signature of any kind. It was a very valuable contribution from the pen of Mr. Atteridge. The "M. M." who gives "Hints to Amateur Nurses" was Lady Martin; and her brother, Mr. William Corrigan, was the writer of "A Trawling Excursion in Dublin Bay." The musical verses, "A Reverie" at page 424 signed "D.," are by the Rev. Patrick Dillon, D.D., of Dublin, and now of Peoria, U.S.A. The clever little sketch which follows it immediately—"Arch-Conspirators"—has no signature at all; Father Thomas Finlay, S.J., was the writer. The fine appreciation of Sir C. G. Duffy's "Young Ireland" at page 145 was by Judge O'Hagan.

We will make no revelations about our tenth volume except that "F. Pentrill" is Mrs. Carew-Rafferty, that "D. Mundrom" is a Canadian Jesuit, Father Lewis Drummond, and that the three holy stanzas which conclude the volume are by Lady Gilbert, under the impenetrable disguise of "Azozi."

In the next volume the "Notes of Home Rambles" are by the late John Fallon. "Viator," who describes Christmas in Rome, was Mr. Henry Bedford; and "W. H.," who writes on "The Culture of the Will," is the Rev. William Hayden, S.J. Finally, "J. A. N." marks several graceful pieces by Father Naughton, S.J.; and the Rev. Arthur Ryan, of Thurles, translates into musical blank verse the *Dominus Regnavit* of Lauds.

In the volume for 1884 "Lisfarnham Ferry" is by Miss Mary Mahony, who puzzles the reader by calling herself "A. F. North" instead of her usual pen-name "Katherine Roche." Mr. T. H. Wright puts only his initials to several thoughtful verses, while the solemn lines "Fiat Lux" by Master Pigot are signed also by his initials "D. R. P."

In volume thirteen "J. J. K." who tells "A True Ghost Story" is Mgr. Kelly, P.P., V.G., Athlone; "F. T.," who pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, is Fanny Taylor, in religion Mother Magdalen, Foundress of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God; and "G. R. K." is the late Father George Kingdon, S.J. "Evelyn Pyne" was Miss Noble and is Mrs. Armytage. The next volume contains "An Idyll of the City" by T. F. W.—a young man, Thomas Woodlock, who we think changed from London to New York. He also wrote "A Kobold's Holiday" in the next volume, signing only "F." Three sonnets translated from French and Italian are relics of Father William Eyre, S.J., who merely affixes his initials, "W. H. E." "Eden," "Eros," and "A Maiden" are three poems by "E. E. T.," the last letters of Count Plunkett's names. The editor ought not to have permitted so dark a disguise as this. No name or initial is affixed to the "Songs from Shakespeare in Latin." This series was written by the late Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.

As our limits are overpassed, we shall economise space by merely giving in full the names initialed to sundry items in our more recent volumes. "J. G.," Rev. John Gerard, S.J.; "Smaragdus Priestman," Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.; "J. McD.," Rev. John McDonald, of San Francisco, brother to Dr. Walter McDonald, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth; "N. C.," Nathaniel Colgan; "P. A. S.," Father Sheehan, since so well known to us; "S. G. D.," Susan Gavan Duffy; "D. B.," Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, of the London Oratory; "J. W. A.," Father John Atkinson, S.J.; "C. H.," Miss

Constance Hope ; "R. O'K.," Rev. Richard O'Kennedy, P.P. ; "H. F.," Rev. Henry Foley, S.J. ; "B. G.," Miss Beatrice Grimshaw ; "D. H. M. B.," better known to us as Father David Bearn, S.J. ; "M. A. C.," Mother Mary Alphonsus Carroll, of Mobile ; "P. J. M. C.," the Rev. P. M'Curtin, S.J. ; "E. O'L." the Rev. Edward O'Leary, O.S.A. ; "R. K.," Rev. Robert Kane, S.J. ; "W. P.," Rev. William Power, S.J. ; "S. M. C.," Sister Mary Clare, of South Africa. And then three are dead (may they rest in peace)—"L. M'G.," Louisa M'Gahon ; "I. D.," Inigo Deane ; "G. T.," George Teeling.

It does not seem expedient to proceed further with these revelations. Going back to volume sixteen, we see "S." attached to several beautiful poems by Dr. George Sigerson ; and at page 605 "An Evening Reverie" is signed "B. A. M.," namely, the late Brother Azarias Mullany, an Irish-American member of the Christian Brothers, author of many valuable works of solid matter and attractive style. "John Littlejohn" in these later volumes is the T. F. Woodlock before referred to. Mr. John O'Gorman Lalor, who died some years ago in Africa a few days after his marriage, signed two or three contributions with his initials or with the final letters of his names. Finally, in our twentieth volume at page 651 is found a very pious and pretty carol, "At the Crib," signed "G. O'N.," probably the first appearance in print of the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., who has since done much good work, which, however, is merely a scanty sample of what he is to do ; and "Dene Bernards" is the too puzzling signature of a too rare contributor, whom we shall punish for the rareness of his contributions by betraying him as brother to the author of *Luke Delmege* and *My New Curate*.

We may here out of their proper place mention two signatures which were long unknown to us in the literature that grew out of *The Nation* fifty years ago. In *The Library of Ireland* there were two volumes, *The Poems of Thomas Davis* and *A Casket of Irish Pearls*. A long and excellent introduction to the first was signed T. W., whom I only knew long afterwards to be Mr. Thomas Wallis, a gifted but unhappy man. The *Casket* was edited by Thornton MacMahon—who (I have very lately learned on the very best authority) was Mrs. Callan, a sister-in-law of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Lalor's Maples*. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. [Price, 5s.]

God bless the devoted band of Catholic women in the United States who are employing their talents in the writing of pleasant and wholesome tales. "Christian Reid" and Sara Trainer Smith have lately laid down their pens for ever (may they rest in peace). Of those who remain no one has done better work than Miss Katherine Conway. The list of her writings swells apace. The four volumes of the "Family Sitting Room Series"—*A Lady and Her Letters*, *Making Friends and Keeping Them*, *Questions of Honor in the Christian Life*, and *Bettering Ourselves*—are teaching their shrewd lessons to a very wide public, some of them having already reached a fifth edition. Her volume of travel-sketches, *New Footsteps in Well-trodden Ways*, is in a second edition, and even her volume of poems, *A Dream of Lilies*, has reached a third edition. Her first full-length story, *The Way of the World and Other Ways*, is in a second edition; but so also is her newest book which we have named at the top of this page. Already it has overtaken its predecessor, and we have no doubt that a very special popularity awaits it. *Lalor's Maples* has a very interesting plot cleverly worked out. Mildred is a beautiful character, and the hero is worthy of her. On principle we never give the least inkling of the plot of any story that we notice. We have said enough to guide the choice of those who want an innocent and interesting tale, not of the goody-goody order.

2. *A Baconian Summary*. By Edward Harding. London: Robert Banks & Son. [Price, 1s.]

We agree with Mrs. Henry Pott, the writer of the preface, that this is an excellent sketch of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. We have no doubt that Mr. Harding will make many converts and confirm many waverers. He puts his arguments very clearly and strongly, but we are not sure that he makes any adequate attempt to meet the arguments of the opposite side. How could such a man as Francis Bacon have slipped out of life, leaving the most splendid fruit of his lifetime to be discovered as his nearly three

hundred years afterwards by Mrs. Henry Pott and the late Ignatius Donnelly? No doubt it is strange enough that the diary of Samuel Pepys should have lain undeciphered more than a hundred years; but the cases are very different. However, we are bent on holding the orthodox faith; and even Mr. Harding's excellent shilling's worth we have only studied so far as to be able to see that he marshals a formidable array of very curious facts and that the strongest points against the commonly-received authorship of Shakespeare's Plays are put forward very clearly and skilfully.

3. *The Life of Father Pernet, Founder of the Little Sisters of the Assumption.* London: Art and Book Company. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

We have not copied the title page of this book because it is the least satisfactory page of the whole. It does not tell us that the translation has been made by Lady Herbert or that the preface is from the pen of Cardinal Vaughan. "Some one has blundered" in retaining the title page of the French original, which has a preface by the Bishop of Montpellier and recommendations from Cardinal Vanutelli (who indeed speaks for Leo XIII.), and from the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Rheims. We have here an extremely edifying and interesting biography of a true man of God. Personally, Father Stephen Pernet is an attractive character of a very saintly type; and his spiritual daughters, the Little Sisters of the Assumption, who nurse the poor in their own poor houses, have already won a very special place in the affections of the faithful wherever they are known. By the way Lady Herbert mentions only Dublin when speaking of their work in Ireland. They are established also securely in Cork. Such work as theirs, done as they do it, is a sure sign of the Church of Him who gave as one of the marks of His mission, *pauperes evangelizantur*. This volume of two hundred large pages, well printed, and well bound, with a portrait and a picture, is cheap at half-a-crown.

4. *St. Anthony in Art and Other Sketches.* By Mary F. Nixon Roulet. Boston: Marlier and Company, Ltd., 1901. [Price, 7s. 6d.]

It is another proof of the popularity of St. Anthony of Padua that his name is here given to a book of which he only occupies thirty pages out of two hundred and sixty, with five pictures out of forty-eight. Other chapters are given to the religious paintings of Tintoretto, to Music's Saintly Votary (St. Cecilia), the Painter of Angels (Fra Angelico), a Saintly Scholar (St. Catherine of Alexandria), the Painter of Heaven (Murillo), and the Painter of the

Virgin, who (strange to say) is Murillo over again. Madame Roulet published several pleasantly written volumes when she was Miss Mary F. Nixon. The art subjects of the present volume are treated with much vivacity of style, and the half hundred full-page photogravures reproduce many famous works of Murillo, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Raffaele, Guido, Sassoferrato, Carlo Dolce, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Correggio, Paul Veronese, Titian, Perugino and others. The publishers have evidently tried to make the printing and binding not unworthy of the artistic and literary merit of the work.

5. *The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.* . By the Rev. A. Tesnière, Priest of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. Translated by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger Brothers, 1902. [Price, 5s. net.]

This is a volume of three hundred pages, solid in every respect including the binding, and printed in the satisfactory manner which we are used to in the publications of the enterprising firm that hails from three great American cities. The Order to which the author belongs, and which is specially devoted to the great dogma of our Faith whence it derives its name, has quite recently obtained a footing in the New World ; and to its New York Fathers has been confided the direction of the Priests' Eucharistic League, of which the organ is the Irish monthly journal *Emmanuel*. Father Tesnière's work is divided into four parts, each comprising twelve or thirteen meditations or discourses on the objects and titles of the Blessed Eucharist, its adoration and the rite of Exposition. It has been admirably translated from the French by Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone, a close kinswoman of the Grand Old Man, and, like his sister, Miss Lucy Gladstone, a fervent convert to the Catholic faith. In reading her easy and natural English one forgets that this is a faithful translation from the French.

6. *The Year Book of the Holy Souls.* By the Author of "Vera," "Blue Roses," "The Maritime Alps," etc., etc. London : David Nutt. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

This particularly elegant quarto has puzzled us a good deal as to its authorship. The publisher's name, very familiar to book-lovers, has not hitherto been associated with Catholic or religious books. We have a vague, but extremely favourable, recollection the two stories, *Vera* and *Blue Roses* ; but we had no idea that the writer—whose initials it seems are C. L. H. D.—was a Catholic. The Year Book of the Holy Souls is, of course, distinctively

Catholic, though quotations from very Protestant sources come in oddly sometimes between saints and Catholic preachers. Four days are allotted to each left-hand page with appropriate passages generally of prose, and on the opposite page the saints of each day are named. Scripture texts are given at the foot of each page, and each month begins with a page devoted to itself and to the special devotion to which it is dedicated. Altogether, this is the most original and the most literary work of its kind that we have seen except *The Birthday Book of our Dead* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son) which was compiled by Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D., the gifted daughter of the poet, Denis Florence MacCarthy.

7. *Sermons on the Stations of the Cross, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, etc.* By the Rev. B. J. Raycroft, A.M. New York and Cincinnati: Frederick Pustet & Co.

This is a very readable collection of very short sermons—often only four or five pages—plain and practical, but sometimes adopting a tone that would jar on an audience in Ireland, however it may be relished in the United States. Father Raycroft says that he writes his sermons after delivery. Better to write them before and revise them after in the manner that Father Faber describes in one of his prefaces, probably the preface to *Spiritual Conferences*.

8. *Saint John Chrysostom.* (344-407). By Aimé Puech. Translated by Mildred Partridge. London: Duckworth & Co. 1902. [Price, 3s.]

This series of critical and historical Lives of the Saints is rapidly making its way from French into English literature. We do not know whether our gratitude is due to the publishers or to some unknown Mæcenas behind the scene. The present account of St John's Chrysostom's life and works is very well done in the original and is admirably translated by Miss Partridge. Father Bowden of the Oratory has acted as censor. In the 11th line of the second page of the preface is *biography* a misprint for *bibliography*? And in page 99 ought not *treaty* be *treatise*?

9. *Odin's Last Hour and Other Poems.* By Henry McD. Flecher. New York, Chicago, London: The Neely Company.

This is a large and ambitious volume of verse by an Irishman whose work has lain for some thirty years in America. His nationality, his themes and his spirit predispose us greatly in favour of his Muse, yet we are unable to feel the enthusiasm that

he wishes to inspire. We are not impressed by the poem which is named on the title page, though it contains many fine couplets. Out of the great variety of lyrical pieces in every sort of metre we are inclined to think that Mr. Flecher has succeeded best in the simple ballads in which the Irish accent is discernible. His objectionable fondness for compound adjectives of his own compounding is kept in restraint when Portmore and Ballinderry and other memories of his childhood hold sway. Graceful thought and tender feeling are everywhere present while rhyme and rhythm are never defective. There is never the slightest offence against good taste in the choice or the treatment of subjects. But all this only makes us regret the more that we feel ourselves compelled to abstain from the more enthusiastic welcome which Mr. Flecher's admirers would no doubt expect us to give to the Author of *Odin's Last Hour*.

10. *A Treatise of Spiritual Life*. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. D. O. Donovan, O.Cist. New York and Cincinnati: Frederick Pustet & Co. [Price, 4s.]

This work was written more than two hundred years ago by Charles Morozzo, Cistercian Abbot and Bishop of Bobbio. This is the first English translation. The three parts treat respectively of the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Way. To the first of these seventeen chapters are devoted, to the second nine, and to the third four. The helps and hindrances of the spiritual life are discussed in the orderly, leisurely fashion favoured by old ascetic writers; and although nothing fresh or original can be expected in these sober and solid pages, they will be studied with profit by the humble and sincere reader.

11. *Harold the Saxon and Other Verses*. By Tinsley Pratt. London: Elkin Mathews. [Price, 1s.]

This little paper-covered quarto is No. 5 of "The Vigo Cabinet Series, an Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse," and its forty pages contain five poems of considerable merit. The three best are historical ballads about Harold, Boadicea, and Hawkins—"When Hawkins Sailed the Sea." The stories are told with a good deal of tunefulness and vigorous diction. There is much, too, of the old classic calm and dignity about "The Return of Helen," which is told in musical blank verse.

12. *The Perfect Woman*. Translated from the French of Charles Sainte-Foi, by Zéphirine N. Brown. Boston: Marlier & Co., Ltd.

The Translator has very properly made omissions and adaptations where the original seemed unsuitable for the new readers of the book. These will, no doubt, find much to interest and instruct them in these pages, though our glance through them has not convinced us that there was any urgent necessity for presenting them to English-reading readers. The book is very neatly produced.

13. The Rev. J. Hilarius Dale, whose name has been for a great many years familiar to priests as the translator of Baldeschi, has prepared very carefully a fifth edition of *The Sacristan's Manual* London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 2s.] It is a handbook of church furniture, ornaments, etc., harmonized with the most approved commentaries on the Roman Ceremonial, and the latest Decrees of the Congregation of Rites.

*A Daily Thought from the Writings of the Rev. Father Dignam, S.J.* (London: Burns and Oates), is a holy little book; and so is *Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, compiled by the Rev. F. X. Lasarroc. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago).

The newest of prayerbooks is "*The Shrine of the Sacred Heart. A Manual of Prayers compiled as an aid to devout clients of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by a Dominican Father.*" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). It has evidently been edited with extreme care, and will soon become a favourite with many of the pious faithful. It only costs a shilling.

14. Many in these countries, even among good Catholics, are deceived by the newspapers as to the nature of the crisis in France. We wish that such persons would read *The French Associations Law, its Motives and its Methods.* By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. (London: Longman, Green & Co.) From their own speeches and writings Father Gerard shows clearly the objects and spirit of the authors of this iniquitous measure. The price of the masterly pamphlet is a shilling.

15. Mr. Robert M. Sillard's *Barry Sullivan and his Contemporaries.* (London: Fisher Unwin), has received very emphatic and discriminating praise from such experts as Clement Scott and Joseph Hatton as well as from the *Academy*, the *Athenæum*, the *Times*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Spectator*, and a very large number of provincial journals. It is a work of great research, good taste, and solid judgment.

16. We have often expressed our admiration for the energy and ability with which school magazines are carried on in various corners of the English-speaking world. The *Mangalore Magazine* is one of the very best of them. The *Xaverian* is the organ of the Jesuit College at Kew, Melbourne. One of the three editors is C. Gavan Duffy—*clarum et venerabile nomen* repeated in the third generation. Our old friend *Vectis* is now "an Island Quarterly," edited in his own original way by the versatile and vivacious editor, Dr. Dabbs. The *Orphan's Friend* comes to us from St. John's, Newfoundland; and a very pleasant and pious miscellany it is.

17. We can only mention Mr. Dudley Baxter's vigorous plea for rood-screens—*The Holy Rood* (London: Art and Book Company). The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco issues *Catholicism in the Middle Ages* by the Rev. Thomas Shahan, D.D.; and our own C. T. S. at home has published several new penny-worths, such as *Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother*. Another penny library is *Denvir's Monthly*, of which No. 1 is a fresh and clever study of Thomas Davis by W. P. Ryan.

18. Besides *Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother* which we have already mentioned, the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has published several "Meditation Booklets suitable for the various seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year." *Purgatory* and *Advent* appeared before; and they have been followed by *Thirty Hints on the Art of Meditation* and *Thirty Simple Meditations on the Passion*. These are admirable little books, and we suspect that the former will be a favourite in convents. It is original, fresh, and thoroughly practical. In the Liturgical Series a Priest of the Diocese of Dublin has edited *The Ceremonies of Candlemas and Ash Wednesday*—but, as usual, it did not appear fully in time. But the best pennyworth of all is *St. Alphonsus Liguori's Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, edited by Father Magnier, C.S.S.R. Seventy-two pages in a serviceable binding for a penny—and these pages among the holiest and most fruitful that have ever been written.

19. At the last moment a volume has reached us which will not feel itself at home among the publications which usually come under our notice. *The Reminiscences of Sir Barrington Beaumont, Baronet* (London: Grant Richards) is truly described by its publisher as "a vivid chronicle of social and political life in

England and France during the latter years of the Eighteenth Century." It pretends to be a real diary, the writer of which arranged that it should not be read till seventy years after his death; but one perceives at once that it is in reality a novel, bringing in such real persons as George Selwyn, Horace Walpole, Count Fersen, Marie Antoinette, and others. The writer has evidently studied the period well, though we suspect that Macaulay or Abraham Hayward would detect sundry inaccuracies and anachronisms. There is plenty of incident, lively conversations, epigrams original and selected, and a clear and correct style that is never dull. The printer has made mistakes in the few Latin phrases. The superabundance of French phrases is, we suppose, intended to be an imitation of a vicious fashion of Horace Walpole's time. Other vicious fashions of that time are referred to pretty discreetly in this clever book.

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### A GREY HOUSE BY THE SEA

THE darkness of an autumn night  
 Falls on the lonely sea.  
 No stars are in the far, great heaven,  
 The salt winds sweep the lea.  
 A grey house on a rocky shore  
 Comes back in dreams to me.

Beneath the high, embattled walls—  
 The windows warm and wide,  
 Ever the same, low, lapping sound,  
 Comes with the evening tide.  
 Far-off and sweet in distant heights  
 The moon is like a bride.

Across the mystic waters wan,  
 The night winds wander free.  
 Again there comes the long, long moon  
 Of the dim, lamenting sea.  
 A grey house on a lonely shore  
 Comes back in memory.

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

APRIL, 1902

## THE SISTERS OF MERCY AT LIMERICK

**T**HIS title has been chosen purposely to remind the reader of the pages that were lately devoted in this Magazine to "The Sisters of Mercy at Rostrevor." That former article fastened down in print words that had been spoken so far back as the year 1866. Three years later (March 7, 1869), the same voice was allowed to recommend to the good and generous people of Limerick the various charitable works undertaken by the Sisters of Mercy in that city. The motives and arguments put forward hold good of the work of the Sisters of Mercy everywhere; and the present extracts may incite some persons to aid those members of this holy Institute who are working nearest to them. After an introduction, which need not be reproduced here, the preacher proposed the two-fold question: What have the Sisters of Mercy given to Limerick? What has Limerick given to the Sisters of Mercy?

\* \* \* \* \*

What have the Sisters of Mercy given to Limerick? They have given themselves. They have given up themselves to God and to the work of God, to a Nun's work for God, among His sick and suffering poor and among the children of His poor in His poor but faithful city of Limerick.

First, the Sister of Mercy gives herself to God by labouring earnestly to save and sanctify her own soul in the patient and happy martyrdom of religious life—a true Religious Life. And this is her paramount and essential work, the source of all her strength and merit in all those external works for others, to which

though less important our attention is now to be confined. Although indeed this interior work is already work done for others, a boon bestowed on others. "And the Lord said to Abraham : If I find fifty just, or thirty or ten in the city, I will spare the whole place for their sake" (Gen. xviii. 26). And are no blessings shed upon us, are no evils turned aside from us, for the sake of the pure hands that are lifted up to Heaven in secret, for the sake of the good prayers that do not even break the silence of the holy Convent Chapel? The very life of a Sister of Mercy is a prayer—a litany of supplication—"Lord, have mercy on us; Christ, hear us; Holy Mary, pray for us." And this litany goes up for ever, not for themselves only but for all the children of our Father who is in Heaven. And what does the consoling dogma of the Communion of Saints mean but this, that "all that belong to the true Church by their prayers and good works assist each other"?

But what are the works undertaken by the Sisters of Mercy directly for the good of those to whose service they devote themselves in their vocation? What is the peculiar vocation of a Sister of Mercy?

It is now forty\* years since Catherine McAuley began in her quiet, prudent way the marvellous enterprise for which God had long been preparing her, though He was only to allow her ten short years for actually working at it before being called to her reward—surely "an exceeding great reward," *merces magna nimis*. During that fruitful decade of years she trained wisely and patiently and lovingly her first spiritual daughters on whom the permanence of her work depended, and she founded twelve houses of the young Institute.

Of these the original centre-convents of the Institute of Mercy, the sixth in order of time, almost the first in importance, was the convent planted under the shadow of the old Abbey, hard-by the Treaty Stone of Limerick. And into none of her first associates, co-foundresses as it were of the Order of Mercy, did Mother McAuley infuse a larger share of her own spirit, not one of them reproduced more perfectly the character of the amiable and venerable Foundress in its calm wisdom, its meek maternal firmness and dignity, its patient noiseless energy, than she to whom the Limerick Foundation was entrusted. Mother Elizabeth Moore, like all but one or two of the first generation of Sisters of

\* Thirty-three more have gone by since these words were spoken.

Mercy, has gone to God. A few weeks ago the first anniversary of her happy death was kept with due honour. Weeks and years are over for her ; but with us remaining here on earth it is a year since her soul was judged by the Judge who has pledged Himself not to allow one cup of water given in His name to escape without its reward. What store of merits and good deeds awaited her, stored up in the faithful memory of her Lord and Master ! Were there not many and many in Heaven before her who thronged to bid her welcome and said : " But for her and hers *we* had hardly been here " ?

It was a memorable day in the annals of Limerick, that 24th of September, 1838, Feast of our Lady of Mercy, when about 8 o'clock in the evening four ladies in grave religious garb drove in by the road from Charleville and took up their abode in Peter's Cell, the first Limerick Sisters of Mercy. In the thirty years since then the Sisters of Mercy have been doing their work in Limerick day by day, year after year, as the Sisters of Mercy will continue to do their work in Limerick year after year, day by day, long after all of us have been buried in Mount St. Lawrence or (let us hope) in some such consecrated soil. The good they have done meanwhile God knows fully, and only God ; but God will forget none of it—no, not the smallest particle of it. Every prayer, every aspiration, every good thought and word and work, every sin prevented, every sinner's heart softened, every tear dried, every pang alleviated, every want relieved—everything they have done for their own souls or the souls of others—all remains and will remain for ever clear and bright and distinct and vivid for ever before the mind of God—as vividly present, my brethren, as to the eye of God reading your hearts this moment is the wish which I trust He reads in your hearts this moment, the wish to earn your share in the memories treasured up thus within the Heart of Jesus. Some one \* has written : " All are not priests, but priestly duties may and should be all men's." All are not Sisters of Mercy, but all may partake in the blessed work of the Sister of Mercy.

That work is manifold. In most places circumstances may allow or compel the Sisters to confine themselves to the three objects which are defined in their Rule as " peculiarly characteristic " of their Institute—namely the education of poor girls, the visitation

\* Denis Florence MacCarthy, in " The Lay Missioner," the original of which was John O'Hagan.

of the sick, and the protection of distressed females of good character, especially servants out of place. For *these* works of mercy (and can there be any better or more useful?) there is a field everywhere: for everywhere there are children to be instructed, and, "the poor you have always with you," and sickness and death are strangers in no place.

But Limerick has afforded to the Sisters scope for the exercise also of almost all the other ministries of mercy which they can fitly undertake, all except one from which, where need is, they do not shrink, but which here is admirably discharged by another devout Congregation, having for its peculiar object the imitation of the Good Shepherd, Who, with eager love, hurries after His poor Lost Sheep and brings it home with joy. Yes, dear brethren, thanks to your zeal and to their zeal, the Sisters of Mercy in Limerick have not only their holy work to do within the convent walls, and in so many crowded schools, and by the bedsides of so many sick poor in our cellars and garrets—but also in Orphanage and Hospital.

Almost the noblest pile of buildings in our city, Mount St. Vincent, with its exquisite Gothic chapel and its lofty spire—to what is it consecrated but to the fulfilment of that word of the prophet Jeremy (xlix. 11.)—"Leave your fatherless children, I will make them live: and your widows shall hope in Me"—Orphanage and Widows' Home, sheltering the two extremes of helplessness, bereaven childhood and widowed desolation. Further removed from our streets, across the river, stands another vast establishment, the home also—if the name "Home" may be thus profaned—of widows and orphans, for these will always abound among the poor. Hither also comes the Sister of Mercy on her merciful errand, and she makes her home in the Hospital of Poverty, in order that, when sickness is added to the miseries of the Workhouse poor, she may be at hand to tend them in their sickness and relieve their wants, and soothe them and pray with them; and that, if Death deigns to release them, she may be at hand still to prepare the poor soul for his coming, and to make his coming doubly welcome. In the Workhouse chapel they kneel, the humble devoted Sisters on either side of the altar—I was touched one morning lately when I saw them thus in the bare, unconventlike Workhouse chapel—and their prayers go up to Heaven mingled with the prayers of the poor creatures whom the

world scorns as paupers, but in whom they see souls most dear to God; and the paupers feel they are not homeless or friendless, for Jesus Christ is near them, and His holy Nuns.

I should wish to pause and study with you a little the statistics for the past year furnished to me concerning the charities which implore your aid to-day. Statistics, to be sure, are dry things, and they say you can prove anything by statistics. But think that in these figures every unit stands for a soul, and that one soul, even the meanest and foulest, is dearer to God than a thousand solar systems. These thirteen hundred children taught in their schools—what a work *that* is towards the salvation of those children and the salvation of many whom those children influence now and will influence hereafter when they are children no longer. These three thousand visits paid during the last twelve months to the comfortless dwellings of the sick and dying poor. Taking these suffering souls at their best moment, when they feel the hand of God heavy on them in mercy, when sickness is their fellow-lodger, and Death knocks at their door—but, before he enters, the ministering Angels of Mercy glide in with kind voice and kind face, and while attending with thoughtful charity to the wants of the perishable body, they think most of the immortal soul, and if they cannot make the sick man live, they teach him how to die.

The House of Mercy attached to the Convent affords a temporary home in which young women of good character who are without employment are trained for the duties of their state and spared meanwhile the necessity of wasting in a few weeks of unwilling idleness the hard-earned savings of years. Servants out of place, no home to go to,—poor creatures! God help them—would to God that hunger was their worst danger. Two hundred girls have passed through this House of Mercy during the past year, and the Nuns have procured situations for three hundred. I have alluded already to the one hundred and thirty orphans supported and educated at Mount St. Vincent and the six hundred patients tended in the Workhouse Hospital of St. Camillus. I might have also spoken of the forty monitresses educated and trained in connection with the schools of the Sisters of Mercy while earning salaries of from £5 to £17. I might have dwelt much longer on the work of the schools, the most important work of all—adding a word about the kind and watchful interest which the good Nuns take in their pupils in after life, especially at their

entrance into womanhood. But though I have said too little, you need much less to be said to induce you to bless the Giver of all good gifts for giving the Sisters of Mercy to Limerick, and to bless the Sisters of Mercy for all that they have given to Limerick—all that they have done during these thirty years past, and all that they will do (if it be God's will) for hundreds of years to come.

Yet again the good work of the Limerick Sisters of Mercy is not bounded by our city walls. Newcastle, Rathkeale, Adare, which are flourishing offshoots of this fruitful stem, may be said to form one community with St. Mary's Convent; but Limerick may fairly lay claim to a portion also of the merit gained by the independent colonies which it has at intervals sent forth—Kinsale, Mallow, Killarney, Ennis, Roscommon, Glasgow, Edinburgh and others. I chance to know some of the good which the first of these has effected. In 1844 Mother Mary Francis Bridgeman with another left for ever St. Mary's Convent and her native city of Limerick for the quaint old town of Kinsale where she still presides over a very large community which has meanwhile multiplied itself from two to more than one hundred and fifty nuns, dispersed through ten or twelve convents over the world, from Derby in England and Newry in the North of Ireland to Cincinnati in the centre of the United States on to San Francisco upon the shores of the Pacific. There were several natives of Limerick in the little missionary band who went out to California in 1853. Among them was the venerable lady, Miss Reddan, who had founded and maintained the Magdalen Asylum here in Clare Street till the coming of the Religious of the Good Shepherd, and who then in her fiftieth year became a novice in Kinsale under her niece, Miss Bridgeman, to whom she had been as a mother; and, as if this had not been humility and detachment enough, she soon after left Ireland for ever under a young Sister of Mercy who had not half her years or her experience.\* Thus on the banks of the Sacramento River, as on the banks of the Shannon, the Sisters of Mercy and even Limerick Sisters of Mercy are doing good work for God, making Limerick indeed and Ireland known and kindly thought of everywhere, while achieving their appointed task of spreading the love and knowledge of God over all the earth—helping above all to keep the Irish race in exile true to the Faith

\* See *The Life of Mother Baptist Russell*, which is printed in the United States, but may be had from the Publishers of this Magazine.

for which their fathers have suffered so much in the poor old land at home, and thus contributing their part towards the worthy completion of that magnificent chapter in the history of the Church militant which a writer summarised lately in these terms:—"Five dynasties, ten generations, eighteen sovereigns, three hundred and thirty years have witnessed the hopeless experiment to force Protestantism upon Catholic Ireland." Catholic Ireland—yes, Ireland unchangeably, eternally Catholic, thanks to the almighty and all-merciful grace of God working through many instruments, through none more efficient than in their own sphere and measure the Sisters of Mercy.

Do not fear, dear brethren, that much remains to be said, though much would remain to be said if a fitting answer were to be given to the second part of the question I proposed at the beginning: What has Limerick in return given to the Sisterhood of Mercy? But the two views of the subject run into one another, and many things I have linked with the former belong equally to the latter. It is the piety of the Catholic family, it is the generosity of the Catholic public, that founds and sustains convents. Limerick has done its duty in this respect, and to no Order with more cheerful liberality than to the Sisterhood of Mercy.

First of all, you have given to it the Sisters themselves: more solid proof of your appreciation than chiselled granite or marble or gold, for these are better treasures, and the giving of them costs you dearer than the large sums expended, not out of too great abundance nor in the best of times, in building up and supporting the many establishments which, as we have already reminded ourselves, you have confided to the Sisters of Mercy. In the second place you have bestowed on the Sisters, your own kinswomen and those associated with them, the means and the opportunities of spending themselves for God according to the varied functions of their Institute. You have not, through a false or selfish, or too natural love, held them back when Jesus looked upon them in their youth, and loved them, and said: "Come, follow Me!" Hardly one household but has given up to Religion its dearest and brightest: All of you in all classes number friends and relations among the Sisters of Mercy. Our revered Bishop himself, \* whose presence here to-day is an encouragement and a

\* Dr. George Butler, Bishop of Limerick before Dr. O'Dwyer, *quem Deus diu sospitet.*

benediction, and only the newest proof of his paternal interest in all that concerns the Sisters of Mercy—bound to you also, my Lord, by the closest human ties, are some among the Sisters of Mercy on earth, and, alas!—or you will bid me say, thank God!—among the Sisters of Mercy in heaven. And if the last and least of the first four who ten years ago were allowed to begin the work of the Society of Jesus in Limerick may, on this plea, claim citizenship in this old Catholic city, he may be pardoned for remembering now with pride and thankfulness that, besides other religious kindred, three Sisters of Mercy are bound to him by the same tender and sacred ties. Nay, I will venture to reveal another personal circumstance, namely, that the Sisters have no doubt asked me to plead for them to-day because a much more difficult suit before a tribunal not so favourable was lately pleaded for them with more than professional zeal by one whom I rejoice the more on that account to call my brother.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Many other pages follow those that I have transcribed; but I do not care to preserve them. However, before tearing up the faded sheets and throwing the fragments into the waste-paper basket, I rescue one other tribute paid by Limerick to the Sisters of Mercy—the lines in which Aubrey de Vere has (as I said in quoting him at St. Michael's, Limerick), described tersely and suggestively the distinctive duties of a Sister of Mercy in language which in its measured solemnity will not sound incongruously beneath this sacred roof:—

Within her convent-home the Sister lives  
A rapturous life of Christian freedom masked  
In what but servitude had been to one  
Lacking vocation true. The Life Divine  
"Hidden with God" is hidden from the world  
Lest virtue should be dimmed by virtue's praise.

To this world's ken  
Convents, of sanctity chief citadels  
(Though sanctity in every place is found)  
The snowy banners and bright oriflams  
Of that resplendent realm by counsels ruled,  
Not precept only, spread in vain, despised

\* Great interest was taken at this time in a certain convent lawsuit, one of the first of the many *causes celebres* in which Lord Russell of Killowen was engaged.

Or for their accidental good revered,  
 Not for their claims celestial. Different far  
 The lesson we have learned. The poor are fed,  
 The orphan nursed: around the sickman's couch,  
 Gentle as light, hovers the healing hand.

Times of trial

Are changed to Sabbaths; and the rude, rough girl  
 Waiting another service finds a home  
 Where that which years have marred returns again  
 Like infant flesh clothing the leprous limb.  
 Yet all these things are but the blossoms only,  
 The tree's deep root is secret. From the vow  
 Which binds the will's infinitude to God  
 Upwells that peaceful strength whose fount is God.

Yes, God Himself is the fountain-source whence all flows; and  
 only God Himself could work this work, to transform Eve into  
 Mary, a frail daughter of Eve into a Sister of Mercy.

## MY ACOLYTE

HE stands beside me when, morn after morn,  
 I give his mother of the Bread she seeks  
 To sate her soul with: his complexion speaks  
 Of wheat-fields when the harvest-day is born;  
 For golden locks his gentle brow adorn,  
 (His eyes are speedwells) and—what fully ekes  
 The likeness out—upon his downy cheeks  
 Are ghosts of poppies peeping from the corn.

So, in my little acolyte I see  
 A living symbol of the Eucharist  
 Moving along the altar-rails with me;  
 While in his raiment red and white persist  
 Hints of that prior rite whereby, we know,  
 Even sins as scarlet are made white as snow.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

## THE SQUIRE'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS

### CHAPTER XXX

#### M. DUNOIS' FINAL DEFEAT

M. DUNOIS sent for his grandson one morning, and received him in his study with a very important air.

"Now, my son, I wish you to tell me what progress you have made with Miss Winthrop. You have been in her company every day for a fortnight, and I think you ought to be pretty well acquainted with each other."

"We get on very well together," said René, hesitatingly, and looking on the ground.

"Good. I thought you would like her. Have you given her to understand what are your intentions?"

"No, not yet," said the young man. "The fact is I am a little afraid of her."

"Not a bad way to begin. It shows there is something in her. But I do not think her a very alarming person."

"She chaffs a fellow so."

"That must be in your own imagination. For my part, I think her the most solidly sensible young woman I have ever met."

"Dreadfully sensible when she stops chaffing," muttered René disconsolately.

"Now listen to me, René. Your ideas of women have been formed upon your cousin Fifine, who is, I must tell you, an exceedingly bad model. A few years hence, when you are a settled, married man, you will come to perceive all that."

René winced, but M. Dunois went on without noticing his uneasiness.

"And now I have not much more to say to you, only to let you know that I expect you to propose to Miss Winthrop in the course of—let us say two days. On the third day from this, I shall expect you to tell me the result of your wooing."

"Give me another week," pleaded René.

"No, I will not, sir. If you do not propose in three days, I will do it myself."

"Oh!" said René, looking up.

"I mean on your behalf, of course."

"Oh!" said René again, looking down.

And then the interview ended, and René went straight to Fifine, and told her the state of the case.

For the next two days all Fifine's leisure time was spent in packing some large trunks with her valuables, and at the same time she gave her maid permission to go home to Paris for a holiday. On the second evening the maid departed, taking the trunks with her. Although Fifine was going to do a very rash thing, she was resolved to do it in the most prudent manner possible. She had no idea of leaving herself without plenty of pretty dresses, and was determined that nothing of value she possessed should remain behind her if she could possibly carry it away.

During those two days she went about with the consciousness that she was about to run a great risk, but then she thought the odds were greatly in her favour. Better venture all than sink into a mere maid of honour to Justina Winthrop, as Queen of Amberwolds. Much better to be mistress of Amberwolds herself.

On the evening of the second day Justina sat in the drawing-room alone for some time before dinner. When dinner-time came, it brought M. Dunois, but neither Fifine nor René appeared. M. Dunois waited a little, conversing with Justina in the most courtly manner; at last fidgeted, wondered, and finally rang and sent to inquire why his grand-children kept him waiting.

Half an hour later Margaret was with Dr. Meadows in his study, copying out for him, under his direction, parts of the manuscript of his new book on "The Peculiar Habits of Small Animals." Mrs. Meadows came to the door to summon her to the drawing-room to tea. The Meadows dined at an old-fashioned hour and had a long evening for work or idleness. In passing through the hall Marigold saw two letters on the table, and just glanced at them with a latent unacknowledged hope that there might be a London letter among them for her. If there had been, how should she have answered it? With a slight shiver of pain she took up the *Times* and went into the drawing-room. In the paper was the report of an important case in which Lance was distinguishing himself, and Margaret read it, kneeling on the hearthrug, with her face from the light. It seemed that he was

already winning that success which they had so confidently expected a year ago. Now the primroses were here again. A glassful of them stood on the table by her side. Having read the paper, she placed it by Mrs. Meadows' hand, and dived into her work-basket, which was well filled with flannels for the poor.

"Margaret, was not that a double-knock at the hall-door?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Meadows dropped the *Times*, Marigold her needle, and both sat listening. "Lance," was the thought in both their minds. Late visitors were very unusual, indeed, in this household.

"It's a woman's voice," said Margaret; and then the door opened and Justina Winthrop appeared.

"Mrs. Meadows, excuse this late visit, but M. Dunois is taken suddenly ill."

"M. Dunois! Ill! What is the matter?" exclaimed Margaret and Mrs. Meadows in a breath.

"I fear a shock has caused his illness. Something unexpected occurred, and that is why I thought I had better come to you myself."

"In the meantime let us tell the Doctor," said Margaret, springing to the door.

"I met him in the hall, and he went at once," said Justina.

"What has happened?" repeated Mrs. Meadows. Margaret had disappeared to put on her cloak and bonnet.

"René and Fifine have gone away," said Justina. "At dinner-time they were missing, and a note was found stating that they were about to be married. When M. Dunois read the letter, he became very angry, and suddenly fell down unconscious."

"Ah, that would be hard upon him," replied Mrs. Meadows. "He had other views for his grandson. But I am not surprised at the girl's disappointing him. I always felt she would do something extraordinary. Poor, ambitious old soul! All his children have failed to fulfil his expectations."

"Miss Winthrop, I am going to the Abbey," said Margaret, re-appearing. "Will you come, or will you return to Gorseley at once?"

"Or will you stay with me?" asked Mrs. Meadows.

"I would much prefer to go with you, Miss Huntingtower, and help you to nurse your grandfather."

"Come then," said Margaret.

They found the Squire stretched on his bed in the brown wood panelled room he had chosen for his bed-chamber, Dr. Meadows and Victor attending on him. His illness was paralysis, and the Doctor thought there was little hope of his recovery. A famous physician had been summoned from London, and every effort would be made to prolong the patient's life.

His first sign of returning consciousness was a muttering of Margaret's name; and when he saw her in her place by his side, a look of content stole over his face, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief. Victor was indefatigable in his attentions, and grief was visible in every line of his anxious face. He alone knew that Margaret was haunted by the thought of the crime that lay on the dying man's soul. Would he take any thought of repentance before yielding up his breath? Victor, though he had not lived much by the rules of religion, had a certain dread of death and judgment, and thought he would himself not like to die with a murder unconfessed on his conscience.

But now M. Dunois could not speak except in unintelligible mutterings. He must not be disturbed, said the Doctor; and then they arranged that in order to save Margaret's strength for her duties as nurse, she must yield her place to Victor during the nights.

Victor, sitting patiently by his master's bed in the dead of night, observed how the ray of the shaded lamp fell on that strange, brown figure of the man wrestling in an agony of prayer on the panel at the end of the room, opposite M. Dunois' bed, and the passion it expressed fascinated him as it had fascinated the old man now lying unconscious of such fancies by his side. Thoughts, not altogether welcome, visited Victor as the ray of the lamps fluttered and the praying figure seemed to move. Presently, M. Dunois' eyes opened, and he muttered something about "lawyer" and "will." It was not the first time he had spoken the words, and Victor assured the patient that the lawyer had been sent for.

And then it came suddenly into Victor's mind that he had got a golden opportunity, and that he ought to make a struggle to prevent a great wrong being done.

"Master," he said, touching the sick man's fingers, "can you understand what I say?"

M. Dunois pressed his hand.

"Master, you must not agitate yourself too much about what I am going to tell you. You have been angry with Mademoiselle—I mean Miss Huntingtower. But I want you to know that she has suffered a great deal for your sake."

The old man's eyes, fixed on the servant's anxious face, told that he followed his words, and asked that more be said.

"She quarrelled with Mr. Dangerfield because she allowed him to suspect her rather than to betray your secret. That is the truth, Monsieur. In spite of all my care, she discovered that you were not ill that time in Paris, but that you were absent. Ah, she is clever and bright-witted, is Miss Margaret, and she found out the truth. She knows what you were doing all that time. She suffered terribly for your sake, Monsieur, and you have not been kind to her."

A sudden light of intelligence flashed from M. Dunois' eyes, and then a spasm of pain contracted his face.

"Calm yourself, master, and I will tell you all about it. Mademoiselle was warned by me not to let Mr. Dangerfield know our secrets. She was wise and brave as she always is, and partly for fear of harm to him, and partly to protect you, she has kept her discovery to herself. She has allowed Mr. Dangerfield to suspect her, has permitted him to quarrel with her, rather than betray what she knows."

M. Dunois turned an agonized look on Victor, as if he would say, "Are you sure this is true? Are you not deceiving me or yourself?"

"I know what I am saying, Monsieur, and it is truth. I have watched Mademoiselle Margaret. All these years I have not been a spy for nothing. I can see what is going on around me."

The patient made an effort to speak, which, however, produced nothing but meaningless sounds. Victor was frightened to think of what might be the possible result of his venture in the cause of justice.

"Rest quiet, master, I beg you," he said, "and only remember what I have told you. Sleep a little if you can, and Victor will watch by you."

And Victor did not dare to say another word that night, but often, as the hours passed, he stole a glance at the silent face on the pillow, always to see the eyes fixed with a look of pain on the life-like and prayerful figure in the panelling.

It happened the next day that Margaret, urged by Justina, had left the house to take the air a little, after a long day's attendance in the sick-room, and, not caring to stray further than the avenue, walked up and down there alone, with distressing thoughts. She was profoundly touched by the yearning looks which the patient had turned on her often during that morning, and she was tormented by the conviction that he wanted to speak to her but could not. Her own sorrows were forgotten for the moment in her deep appreciation of the tragedy of the old man's approaching end, hastened by the complete disappointment and final overthrow of his ambitious hopes for his children. They had all failed him. She, herself, had she not deserted him? If he had not deserved that his plans should flourish, that did not lessen the sadness of his punishment in her eyes. If he had sin, crime upon his head, that only intensified the gloom of his tribulation.

A richer, denser purple was beginning to gather round the base of the dun and olive woods, and a pale sea of daffodil-colour filled the wide heaven above their heads. The beauty of such evenings hardly attracted Margaret's notice now; it was associated with all foregone and impossible delights, and could not be thought on. Her eyes were bent on the ground as she walked, and she did not see a figure approaching her till a man was close by her side, and till it was too late to withdraw and escape a meeting with the General de Védresse.

Her young face fell into stern, hard lines as she recognised him. What brought him here now? Had he not taken his revenge? Had he not apportioned out their sin and their unhappiness to her grandfather and herself?

"Miss Margaret, is it possible I meet you alone? I am, indeed, fortunate."

"I am sorry I cannot say the same for myself," said the girl unflinchingly.

"Harsh as ever, I see, and yet even in your harshness more charming to me than the most amiable of your sex. I am a man of fixed ideas, Mademoiselle. I do not change."

"Neither do I."

"But it is the part of woman to change. All the world knows that fickleness is one of your sex's most piquant charms. If you suddenly say to yourself, 'I have been insolent to this man, I have scorned and snubbed, and detested him, but I will change my way

now, for I find that he loves me in spite of it all'—if you say that and act on it, who will blame you? Not I, for one. I will marry you to-morrow, and forgive and forget."

Margaret glanced towards the house, but reflected that it would be better to remain here till she had fought her battle out and dismissed him, than to bring him indoors to disturb her grandfather, and perhaps kill him with excitement.

"M. de Védrasse," she said, "I hope you do not intend this to be a long visit. If you came here to ask me again to marry you, please to take my positive refusal at once, and spare me further pain."

"I will not take it. I have your grandfather, I have you in my power."

"No, thank God, he is no longer in your power!" the girl said, thinking that death would at least free him from all human bondage.

"You think he bought himself off. He probably told you that by doing me a mighty service he paid off all scores between us."

Margaret looked at the cruel face above her and almost gasped for breath as she perceived that he was sounding her, trying to find out whether she knew of M. Dunois' crime, and instinctively she felt that she had better pretend to be ignorant of the nature of the service done.

"I understand that he almost ruined himself to serve you," she said, "to make you a payment which you required. He bought my freedom and his own from your persecution, at a heavy price. A bargain was made, and you are quits."

M. de Védrasse's face had grown darker. He was satisfied that Margaret was talking of what she really knew nothing about. The idea of money was still the only one in her mind with regard to this question. But he was now going to play his last card, and it was a desperate one.

"There was a bargain," he said, "but it was not fulfilled. M. Dunois undertook to pay me a great price, but he failed to pay it. He dared to cheat me, to deceive me. Therefore his freedom, as you call it, and yours have been gained under false pretences, and are forfeited."

"False pretences. Failed to pay the price. What did he mean?" asked Marigold, to herself. "Could she but get the assurance that his words were true! Was it possible there had been a mistake? But no; the evidence as she knew it was strong.

And how could she credit for a moment anything that this monster might say?"

"I prefer to believe M. Dunois' word rather than yours," she said.

"Ah, I will see him, and he will not dare to deny his cowardice, his failure to my face. He will not venture to declare, 'I did what you stipulated I should do, I fulfilled your orders. I bought my liberty by——' Come, Mademoiselle, lead me to M. Dunois. We will settle this matter in his presence!"

"I will not bring you to him. And this matter is settled already. I beseech you to go, M. de Védrasse, and leave us in peace."

"By heaven, I will not go yet. But when I do, if I go without your promise, it will be to work such vengeance on your grandfather as you little dream of. I will blast him, ruin him, he shall die——"

"Hush!" said Margaret, sternly, lifting her hand and glancing towards the house. "He is beyond the reach of your malice. He is already dying."

The General started, and the scowl on his face gave place to a look of blank astonishment and dismay. He did not think of doubting Margaret. The truth was in her voice and in her face.

"What—what is the matter?" he stammered, all his bullying, silenced, all his plans undone.

"Paralysis; brought on by long agony of mind, I believe," said Margaret, with bitter sadness. "You have already done your worst, M. le Général. He need give you no further trouble. And now I have only to say if you have any just right to his property, if any debt remains of his to you unpaid, send in your claim when he is dead, and everything that is right shall be done. I fear you will not have long to wait. Ah, here is the doctor coming to pay his visit. He will assure you of M. Dunois' state."

The General did not stop the doctor from London, who drove rapidly past them, but slunk aside and stood for a few moments, sullenly looking on the ground, while Margaret watched him breathlessly, uncertain of what his next movement might be. At last he looked up, fixed his eyes on her, taking her in from head to foot with a burning gaze, and after a silence that seemed endless to the girl, he said, slowly:

"Mademoiselle, I have loved you truly, whatever you may

think—devil as perhaps I am. You could, if you would, have made me a better man. I acknowledge now, at last, that I am beaten; not by you, but by fate. Death has stepped in to help you, and in this case he is a powerful ally. I wish you good evening;” and lifting his hat with an air of sarcastic politeness, he pulled it over his eyes as he turned from her and strode away.

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## CHAPTER XXXI

### PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT

Lance was deep in the morning's business in his chambers when a telegram was put into his hand.

“Victor, Amberwolds, to Mr. Dangerfield, Temple, London. M. Dunois is ill. Come.”

He read and re-read the communication in great surprise, and sent away his clerk with a bundle of papers that he might think the matter out. A telegram from Victor, summoning him to M. Dunois' bedside, seemed extraordinary; no word from the Meadows accompanying it. As soon as he read the summons, he knew he was going to obey it at any cost, but he felt some reluctance to do so. Even suppose a dying man had relented towards him and wished to express regret for having tried to thwart his happiness, would that alter things as they now stood? Could that restore to him the unbroken faith of his love who had unlearned to love him? Would it be able to blot out of his memory the look of dread and shrinking he had seen in Margaret's face in the Louvre Gallery that day when she unexpectedly saw him before her? or deny the fact that she now met another than himself in the woods among the primroses? For it was the primrose season again, as he had remarked in the midst of London smoke and hurry. Did not the flower-girls thrust bunches of the smiling starry blossoms against his shut hand as he walked through the streets? Heavens! it was too much to ask of him that he would go down to this place and behave himself decently for the whim of one who, when in possession of the powers of life, had treated him only with disgust and contempt.

Nevertheless he was already making his preparations to start, scribbling a note to ask a brother barrister to attend to his case which was coming on in an hour, giving directions to his clerk as

to what was to be done and said in his absence ; and before long he was in the train on his way to Amberwolds.

Walking across the country from the station, he instinctively altered his course as he neared the village, and instead of making straight for the Abbey he turned in at Dr. Meadows' gate. Margaret, he knew without asking, would be at the patient's bedside, so he need not fear to meet her here.

Mrs. Meadows' eyes shone when she saw him.

"I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, holding him fast by both his hands.

"That is something," he said, a little grimly, though he returned the warm pressure of her clasp with interest. "And now that I am here I really do not know why I have come."

"Did anyone send for you?"

"Victor ; the servant."

"Then it must have been in obedience to orders from his master. I have not seen Dr. Meadows since the morning, but then he told me that the patient had passed a good night, and was able to speak a little. He fears another attack, however. The old man has not long to live."

"You think Margaret had nothing to do with the sending of the telegram?"

"I cannot, of course, say positively, but I think not."

Lance's jaw settled into stern lines and his eyes darkened. He pulled out his watch and looked at it. "I wonder how long I shall be required up there," he said, "I must return this evening."

"Is that imperative?"

"Quite."

Then Mrs. Meadows saw, sorrowfully, but little hope that in the course of an hour or two the mystery of that quarrel between her sensitive, obstinate girl, and this strong-willed, self-confident man, would have time to get cleared up. The question, why Victor had telegraphed, she put aside to be thought upon after her visitor should have gone on his way.

"I do not know why you are wanted," she said, "or for how long ;—but, Lance!—if you see Margaret, be gentle with her. She is very unhappy."

Dangerfield's mouth twitched, but he merely bent his head, as if to say that was a matter which had passed out of the circle of those things with which he could venture to interfere. He was

not accountable for her unhappiness. True, she might not be quite at ease, after all that had come and gone; but could any woman living have experience of the passion of suffering he had managed to live through at the will of a girl's caprice? Women chattered of pain and unhappiness. What did they know of the convulsion, the revolution that took place in the soul of a man when the foundations of his faith and his hope were found to be tottering?

As Lance entered the Abbey, the lawyer, who had been with M. Dunois for some time, was just leaving it, and, as Dangerfield advanced into the great hall, Margaret crossed it from the other end. She was returning to the patient's chamber, from which she had been banished during the lawyer's attendance. As she saw Lance, a lovely colour flashed over her face, and she made a step forward with a little cry, but, meeting his stern eyes, she turned deathly pale again, and her hands fell by her side.

"I must ask your pardon for this intrusion," said Dangerfield, in his most matter-of-fact manner. "I received a telegram from M. Dunois' servant, which accounts for my being here."

"I did not know," said Margaret, faintly. "If you will go into the morning room, I will make it known that you have arrived."

Then, having rallied her dignity, she turned from him with a firm step and disappeared.

In a few moments the door opened, and Victor came into the room on tiptoe.

"Mr. Dangerfield, excuse me, I am come to bring you to Monsieur's bedside, if you will not refuse to see him. I hope you will not, as it is very important you should hear what he has to say."

"My good fellow," said Lance, gently, "I will give him my best attention."

"And you will be ready to forgive?"

"I do not think I have very much to forgive. M. Dunois never liked my company; that is about all."

"That is not all, Monsieur. But we are keeping him waiting, and he is impatient; and to-morrow he may not be able to speak."

Lance followed the servant into the sick room, where the stricken old man lay staring before him at the wall, with troubled

eyes, which turned as Lance came close to the bedside, and fixed themselves on the young barrister's face.

"You are welcome," he said, thickly. "I cannot offer you my hand, but if you will touch it with yours I will be thankful. I have much to say to you, and my time is short."

"Do not distress yourself," said Lance, taking the cold hand in his own strong, warm clasp. "If there is anything I can do for you, trust me; I will do it."

"Alas!" said the old man, plaintively. The cry, slight as it was, expressed a world of unavailing regret.

"Sit," he said presently, turning his eyes again on Lance. "Victor, too, will stay. Victor must hear and correct me if I go wrong."

Lance drew a chair and sat so that M. Dunois' eyes could rest upon his face while he was speaking to him.

"Where is Miss Huntingtower?" asked the patient.

Lance started. Was she, too, to hear this confession, whatever it might be? Then it would be more trying than he supposed.

Margaret came in quietly on the moment, and took her place at the other side of M. Dunois' bed. At a sign from him, she placed her hand on his, and he held it; and Lance felt his heart harder as he observed the movement.

"Mr. Dangerfield, you must judge me as you please, but my bringing up was not as good as yours, and my nature was not as strong, or as sound as yours, and very early in my career, I got into mischief that has lasted my life. Boy and man, I have been bound to a certain secret Society, which now overspreads the world. There was a time when I thought to win power by means of it, and to do good in my own way. In my better moments I have had my dreams, but they were only dreams—dreams. I have done no good, but a vast deal of harm in my day."

"Master!" pleaded Victor, touching his own breast impulsively.

"Ah, yes, Victor here thinks I was useful to him, and I am glad to think I was a little. I saved him from falling deep into the Society's plots. I rescued him from them to a great extent, and for this I incurred their everlasting enmity. They pursued me with their malice wherever I tried to break new ground, they denied me all support within themselves, they made me an outcast in the world. I own that I was not true to them, that I cheated them in any way I could, as a slave will trick a cruel master. But when my

good fortune—when the ownership of Amberwolds dropped upon me, all was changed between them and me.”

“I understand,” said Lance, who was not greatly surprised at this opening of M. Dunois’ story.

“No, sir; you cannot understand. You have never been in their toils. At first, my delight in my new possessions was wild and triumphant, but I soon began to fear that they would hunt me down once more on account of my wealth. I lived long in dread of their visitations, and at last the blow fell. My arch-enemy came down upon me. I bargained for my life at the expense of more than half my possessions, and they have levied their blackmail on me ever since. Do you follow me?”

“You must not excite yourself,” said Lance quietly. “I follow you easily.”

“You guess now why I dreaded and disliked you. I knew if you were much in my company, you would find me out. I wanted to sink the past. I hungered to be respectable. And Margaret here was dear to me. I had expected to hate her as I had all my life hated everything that is prim and conventional; but instead of that, I loved her. I had not believed it was in me to love anything; but I did, I loved her. I do love her.”

Lance’s mouth twitched, but he did not raise his glance. His face remained stern and impassive.

“Therefore I could not give her to you. I hoped to part her from you. And I did part you.”

Lance bent his head slightly, while an increasing grimness overspread his mouth. Margaret sat like a marble statue, her eyes on the patient’s face.

“I parted you two, but not in the way I had intended to do it. Margaret was perverse. She had all my own determination, and a better courage and higher motives than I was born to. She was more than a match for me. Worldly ambitions could not tempt her. Her fidelity was the most obstinate thing I had ever met. I could not cope with it.”

Lance with difficulty suppressed a groan. Why had he been obliged to come here to listen to all this, to have it more fully proved to him that it was no foreign force, no pressure put upon her from outside that had taken Margaret away from him, that no worldly motives had been able to sway her, that, having withstood all attempts to overcome her loyal will, she had been stolen from him in the end only by the weakness of her own heart?

M. Dunois went on after a painful pause.

"At the time I took her to London in the season, I almost despaired of ever bending her to my will, and when at the command of another person I brought her to Paris I had only a faint hope that some misunderstanding might spring up between you during the short separation. But circumstances then did for me what I had not been able to do for myself."

"At the command of another person," thought Lance. "Sir Harley Winthrop of course."

"Do you follow me?" asked M. Dunois anxiously. "Victor, think for me. Mr. Dangerfield must not misunderstand me. Does he know what I mean by saying that I went to Paris at the command of another person?"

"I presume, your neighbour of Gorseley," said Lance, with an effort of impatience at this unnecessary torture.

"No, sir; not so. I am speaking of my arch-enemy, the General de Védrasse."

Lance started. The General de Védrasse! The man whom Margaret had mentioned in her letter as having been present at the ball, who had come from Paris to ornament the entertainment with his presence. Grandfather's old friend. He was a new figure in the drama. Anything was better than the constant harping on the old story already too well learned by heart. "Well, what about the General de Védrasse?"

At the mention of the name Victor had almost jumped where he stood, and looked round the room apprehensively as if he foared ears in the curtains or at the key-holes.

"Do not look uneasy, Victor," said M. Dunois with a gleam of his old cynical smile. "I am dying. Even the Society cannot take vengeance on the dead."

Lance felt that he must ask a question now.

"Was he the General de Védrasse, the arch-enemy of whom you spoke, who threatened your life and extorted your money?"

"He is the man," said M. Dunois. "What? Did Margaret never tell you of his conduct?"

Lance controlled the lines of his mouth and brows as if he were reigning in a fiery horse, and said coldly:

"Miss Huntingtower is a loyal woman. She knows how to keep the secrets of her family."

"Good!" said M. Dunois, with a flash of his old spirit. "Such a woman is rare. Learn how to value her, Mr. Dangerfield."

A wave of crimson swept over Margaret's face and left her paler than before, while she never moved her eyes from her grandfather's face. Lance withdrew a little as if from a blow. What did the old man mean? Was he going to rave? Would this dreary interview ever end?

"Did she never complain to you of the persecution of M. de Védrasse, who was insolent enough to ask her to be his wife? Who was so audacious as to try to compel her?"

"Never," said Lance.

"Brave girl! She would spare me, while she herself would suffer all."

Lance raised his eyes with one wide flash upon the pale face opposite to him, and then lowered them again. There was a mystery here; and yet how could its unravelling put things straight between them, between the two who had distrusted each other? Margaret did not move. She was absorbed in expectation of what might be coming. How far would he confess? Would all his sin be told?

"M. de Védrasse having fallen in love with her, tried to use all means in his power to force my consent. I was at his mercy, and yet I tried to cheat him still. I would not give him Margaret. Bad as I am, I did not think of doing it. I confess, though, that I tried to bring about a hasty marriage between her and Sir Harley Winthrop. It seemed to me that such an escape as that was to be desired. I wanted to strike you and the General together at one blow. But again Margaret was more than a match for me. She sent Sir Harley Winthrop away. In the very moment when I was hoping for triumph, I found he was gone."

Again a flash of light crossed Lance's brain, and seemed to assert Margaret's truth, but as quickly became extinct. He recalled the look he had seen on her face in the Louvre. She had sent Sir Harley away, but then why had she no welcome for him? The fact of that hateful moment, with its meaning, remained with him; and facts are stubborn things.

"After that, we had to fight our hand-to-hand fight with the General, with the Society. Had we not, Margaret? Had we not, Victor? My girl defied the enemy. I could laugh this moment,

in spite of everything that has come and gone, to think how this slight creature defied that arch-murderer. She bit me at last with her spirit, and I defied him too. It is one of the few good things I have done in my lifetime. Yes; I defied him. Margaret and I together—we defied him!”

Marigold, listening, began to tremble. He was coming near the critical point in his story. Would he make full confession, or would he leave her with the burden of his secret?

“I tasted the delight of that one good moment. I was a man. I had behaved with courage. I felt like a conqueror. But the next hour I found into what a pit of trouble I had fallen. My life was to be sacrificed in a week’s time unless I obeyed the will of the Society. And the command of the Society was—Victor knows what it was.”

“Yes, master.”

“A murder was to be done in Russia. An obnoxious prince was to be swept out of the world. I, old as I was, weak as I was, must consent to undertake the management of the business. I was to become a murderer in order to save my life.”

Margaret had covered her face. Victor was shaking with agitation, and as white as a ghost. Lance sat motionless, gazing at the speaker with eyes that seemed to demand the whole truth, without the swerving of as much as a straw’s breadth from accuracy. All the lawyer, all the investigator, the cross-examiner, was in his face.

“I accepted the task,” continued M. Dunois; “I said ‘I cannot bear to be killed in cold blood. My courage was only the thing of a moment. I have no sustained courage in my nature. I will pay the penalty of my defiance of you, my master, in the Society. But when I have done this thing the score will be wiped out between us. My child is, for the future, to go unmolested.’ It was a bargain. Margaret remained in her belief. Did I tell you what her belief was as to the cause between us? She thought I had gambled away my fortune to this man. She imagined that the members of the Society who met at our rooms in the evenings were mere gambling acquaintances. She understood that I had undertaken to pay off a heavy debt, the price of her own freedom and mine. In this belief I allowed her to rest. How could I have explained the truth to her?”

“But the bargain between me and the General was what I

have told you. I was to become a murderer in order to escape with my life, and my child's future in my hands. Victor will tell you how I fulfilled my engagement. Victor will tell you how I left Paris by stealth, pretending to him that I was going with secret despatches of the Society to Austria. Margaret will tell you how, for nearly a week, I was supposed to be lying ill in my own apartment, how the doctor visited me, how cruel I was in refusing to allow her to come into my sick room, how in the end she opened my door to find my room empty; how she forced the truth from Victor after that, and how she kept my secret. Margaret will relate to you all about the farce of my convalescence—not such a farce either, as far as my illness was concerned, for I was worn out and suffering in mind and body. My child can remember the morning when the papers were full of the horror of destruction of the the Russian Prince, blown into annihilation by dynamite, in the house where he had been invited to accept hospitality. Victor will describe to you—but no, Victor does not know everything. I am going to inform you myself.”

Margaret's head was bent low on her hands, her shoulders were contracted, she seemed to crouch under his words as if they had been stones cast on her. Victor stood bolt upright, staring at his master with eyes of terrified approval. This was the story he had so eagerly desired should be told. Lance sat by, controlling his own agitation, and carefully noting the points of the case in his lawyerly mind, as the old man's revelations fell word after word on his ear.

“Victor would tell you, Margaret would tell you, if she would speak, that I went to Russia and did that murder. Both have screened me, believing me to be guilty. But I am not guilty. I went to Russia, under promise to organise that deed, but I went with the intention of preventing it. I said to myself that I would take care that my apparent efforts should miscarry. I would hinder the working of my own plans. I would, if necessary, forewarn the intended victims of their danger. De Védrasse should believe that I had fulfilled my engagement, and that, through circumstances, accident had thwarted the accomplishment of the Society's designs.”

Margaret had raised her head, and was looking at him with eager eyes, hollow with anxiety.

“But it was done,” she whispered.

"Yes, it was done; but not by me. When I arrived at the spot, I found there one who was a more zealous servant of the Society than I was, who quickly suspected me, and took the affair into his own hands. And so the murder was done. But I swear that I had no share in it. My intention of tricking the Society, of cheating the General de Védrasse was frustrated, however, and I knew that in time my new sin against them must be found out and punished. Owing to the necessity for great discretion, for silence, and for hiding on the part of those who had carried out the Society's sentence on the Russian nobles, I knew there would be some little delay before the particulars of the transaction could come under the Society's notice. And in the meantime, soon after my return here, I heard of the sudden death of the man who had done my work in the matter, and who had it in his power to report my defection. Since then I have been free. I believe the Society credits me with having acquitted myself of my engagement, and that I have purchased my freedom."

Margaret could have told him that the General had found him out; but she decided quickly that no object could be gained now by informing him of his enemy's late visit. She now understood the enemy's complaint that he had been cheated and betrayed. The nightmare of crime that had preyed upon her was gone. Her face shone with a light of intense relief and thankfulness.

"How I have misjudged you!" she said.

"My dear, I have been bad enough to deserve any of your judgments. Only I am not a murderer. Mr. Dangerfield, you see now why I had to tell you all this story. Margaret, though she could defy me and Sir Harley Winthrop obstinately—she is beyond measure obstinate—would not involve you in the affairs of a criminal. She would not connect you with the family of a murderer, nor subject you to the vengeance of the Society. She would break her own heart first; and she has nearly done it. Go away now, both of you, and leave me alone with Victor."

Margaret kissed his hand impulsively, and rose and fled; and Lance, with one eager glance after her retreating figure, drew a deep strong breath and stood up from his seat.

"M. Dunois," he said, "I have thought hardily of you, and I have felt bitterly, but this generous confession makes everything straight. I thank you with all my soul for not leaving us in the dark."

M. Dunois signed to him to go. He had spoken and he would now be silent. Out of gratitude to Margaret and in the presence of death he had lifted up his voice and uttered the truth. But he could not like Lance Dangerfield.

Lance went out of the room like a man out of a dungeon, stunned by the sudden light cast in his eyes. "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Marigold did not appear anywhere, and Dangerfield walked out of the Abbey door into the open air to think over the astonishing revelation just made to him, and to familiarize himself with the new idea of Margaret's conduct. How his darling had suffered, and how little she had trusted him! Was it desirable that a man's wife should have such a peculiar power of keeping a secret from him? These were the first thoughts that swept through his brain. After a few minutes in the crisp fresh air, with the young leaves budding around him, he forgot all remaining soreness, and remembered that Marigold had erred only on the side of tenderness and fidelity.

Retracing his steps to the house, he sent a servant to ask Miss Huntingtower if she would be good enough to walk with him in the old fruit garden. And then he went back to the garden, so that no eye should see their meeting, if so be she should consent to come. How could he complain if after his cruel mis-reading of her conduct, she should refuse to see him again, should gather her dignity round her and tell him that faith once broken could never be mended, that a wife could not expect to be happy whose husband had learned before marriage to distrust her? How pale she had looked, how thin and altered, like one who might die of the effects of the trial she had passed through, even after the trial was at an end! Heart-wrung by these thoughts, he stood gazing blankly in the direction of the gate till he saw her coming towards him between the ranks of the blossoming fruit-trees. She was wrapped in a long dark mantle hastily thrown on, and above which her face looked as frail and colourless as the white narcissus at his feet. As he questioned, even from a distance, the expression of her eyes, he felt a thrill of indescribable gladness. There was no coldness, no resentment or reserve under those firm yet gentle brows. He had thought of several things to say to her in this moment, but he said nothing. He only opened his arms, and she flew to him as a bird to its sheltering tree.

"My love, how you must have suffered!"

"Are you satisfied that I am true?"

"Marigold, don't heap coals of fire on my head. How did I dare to doubt you? But, darling, I am frightened to see how well you can keep a secret."

"So am I—almost. And yet I could keep it over again if danger threatened you through my failing to keep it."

"Was that your chief motive? Was not loyalty to your grandfather sufficient?" he asked jealously.

"I fear the loyalty would have broken down before the desire for your advice and sympathy. I fear it might have done so. At all events I was not allowed to prove myself on that point. Victor assured me that, if the Society discovered that you were aware of their plots, they would destroy you. Therefore, I would have cut my heart in little pieces rather than you should have known."

"And *my* heart in little pieces, too? Could you not have trusted in my discretion, in my power to protect myself?"

"No; you would have been for putting justice first, the unearthing of criminals before the consideration of your personal safety. I knew you too well to believe that you would be careful of your own interests as opposed to what you considered your duty to your profession and to society. You would in some way have come to the front in the matter, and so have attracted the malice of the fiends."

"Capitally put indeed—enough to give me a lesson. How do you know I shall not take a hint and act upon it now?"

"I hope you will not be so mad as to act on anything you have heard, but, if you do, I am not accountable for it. I did not tell you the story you have heard. Besides, as M. Dunois is, thank heaven, innocent of that crime, we have less concern with the whole affair. To screen one connected with yourself, for the sake of your own advantage and comfort, would have been more difficult to you than to let alone a group of individuals of whose works we only, after all, know by hearsay, and in whose affairs you are not entangled. You will not think it necessary to seek out and expose the General de Védresse, now that we are free of him."

"The scoundrel! I am not sure that I shall not go to Paris expressly to have the pleasure of thrashing him!"

"If you do that," said Margaret, with a blanching face, "you may as well wait till you have buried me before you go. I shall

die quickly enough with such a sword hanging over my head. No, Lance, for God's sake let me feel that I have really escaped out of this long tunnel of underground horrors into the free air of heaven."

"My poor little Madge!"

"Promise me that you will forget the General de Védrasse and all the story you have just heard—that you will think of it only as a page out of a sensational novel, or some other unreal account of the working of those secret societies of which people pretend to know, and are so curious to know something."

"If I make you this promise, then, will you make me another to balance it? Will you consent to marry me without any more delay, without waiting for more unholy plotters to start up to make mischief between us?"

"I will do anything you like—only," she said sadly, "we must wait to see what is going to happen here. You forget my grandfather's state."

"I do not think he is dying," said Lance, "and if he quite recovers, who knows but he may begin to make fresh arrangements for us after his own fancy? This is clear, he will never like me, and, my darling, I do not want him to do anything for us in a worldly way. I am succeeding in my profession quite beyond all reasonable hopes. I can offer you a home now. Come to it, Madge, and put an end to our troubles!"

"But we need not run away like Fifine and René. Well, then, I will not tease you. As soon as he is better——"

But M. Dunois did not get better.

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## CHAPTER XXXII

### CONCLUSION.

The next morning René and Fifine arrived at the Abbey with anxious, scared faces, and Fifine immediately pushed herself into M. Dunois' room without waiting for leave from patient or nurses.

M. Dunois opened his eyes and suddenly saw her standing at the foot of his bed.

"Grandfather, René and I have come to see you, to ask you to forgive us. We could not help what we did. We could not help what we did. We could not bear to be separated."

"Well," said M. Dunois, "you shall not be separated. Nobody can part man and wife."

"But you will quite forgive us for taking our own way?"

"Yes, oh yes, quite."

"But, but——"

"You are anxious to know about my will. Yes, I have left you a pretty little income, enough to keep you from want. But if you are eager to know who is my chief heir—I tell you, Margaret. She does not know it yet herself. She is not so curious for information as you are. Margaret shall have everything, because she is the only one of my children who dealt with me honestly."

"René is your grandson—your only son!" gasped Fifine.

"True," said the sick man; "but leaving him in such clever hands as yours, my dear, I am not uneasy about him. Now you may go away, Fifine. You have frustrated my plans and cut short my life, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that you have overreached yourself as well as me. Now go, before I find myself obliged to tell Victor to take you away. René was ashamed to come in, I suppose. He has more grace about him than you have."

Fifine was forced to retire; and the next visitor to M. Dunois was a person of quite a different character. Of this individual he had raved for two or three days to Victor in his cynical fashion.

"François and I were schoolfellows," he said, "but he was always odd. He went away and became a *curé* in a little village of the Pyrenees, buried himself out of sight, and spent his life grubbing among peasants, and dreaming about another world instead of enjoying the pleasures and excitements of the real one under his eyes. He had a most aggravating way of saying to me, 'Charles, there is another world.' I despised him, and yet he always, somehow, kept his corner in my heart. When I married, I took my wife to spend a fortnight in that village of the mountains; and those were the happiest moments of my existence. I was almost good, then. I was tolerant even with François. I only laughed at his 'Charles, there is another world!' Victor, do you think there is another world, or that he or any one else knows anything about it? Now that I have nothing else to do, and am at a loss for something to think of, I fancy I would like to hear him explain what he meant by that constant cry of his. I have

become curious to know what he has to say in favour of the theory of another world. Besides, he was fond of me. What do you say, Victor, about sending to ask him to come and see me? A little change of air will do him good, after all these years spent in one dull spot——”

Victor would have tried to fetch down the moon for his master's satisfaction, and lost no time in sending for the old schoolfellow, whose memory had now taken hold of the dying man. After a few days, he arrived; a meek, patriarchal figure, with a countenance expressive of almost childlike innocence and placidity. He spent hours alone with his old friend, nor left his side till his eyes were closed in peace, for a further seizure of paralysis suddenly extinguished M. Dunois' lingering spark of life, and the foreign intruder upon an English property soon had all he required of English earth—a grave.

Some years have passed, and it would seem as if Lance and Margaret had too large a share of good fortune, only that they share it with such royal generosity. Dangerfield is known as the most successful lawyer of his day, and his friends no longer hint to him of the Woolsack as a joke, seeing that it is now fairly within his reach. Victor has never visited France since his master's death, but remains the attached retainer of his dear Mademoiselle Margaret and her children. René and Fifine have not suffered from having been left a good deal to their cousin's tender mercies; but she has more trouble with them than need be told. One might almost say that, if it were not for the constant annoyance of Fifine's discontent, Marigold's happiness in this world would be all too perfect.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

THE END.

## TO A ROBIN IN OCTOBER

'Tis you that are singing the sorrowful song there,  
 Little brown birdeen up in the thorn !  
 What is it troubles you all the day long, dear,  
 Whistling and whistling, sad and forlorn ?

Oh, is it because of the fairest things dying,  
 Brown leaves falling and butterflies dead,  
 That you and the west wind for ever keep sighing  
 A keen for the hopes and the days now sped ?

Or maybe you're sobbing " good-bye " to the swallows,  
 Fleet, fickle friends of the long summer's day ?  
 Fast homewards they hie them, on wild pinions, wafted  
 To south lands sunny and far away.

Hush ! they are heartless, O dear little birdeen !  
 There's no delaying that swift, swift flight,  
 'Tis tired they are of our greys and our shadows,  
 They want the blue skies and the warm sunlight.

But this I know truly, O red little Singer !  
 You trilled us a different tune one day,  
 When the world and I knew the gladness of spring time,  
 And your old brown bush was white with the May.

And he who has left me alone, and with sorrow  
 To fill my heart—he was with me yet,  
 And he said he loved me ! O Robin, my Robin,  
 Must I remember though he forget ?

Hush, little friend of mine ! cease that sad song of yours.  
 Hush, winds, your sighing, let sorrow rest.  
 Not all our complaining can bring back the spring time  
 Nor dead hope and love to us. Silence is best.

## BORROWED PLUMES

## VIII

**T**HOUGH the supply of original verse shows no sign of abating, we must deck ourselves out in another set of borrowed plumes. We shall even introduce our first poetical quotation with the prose remarks of the *Buffalo Union* where they are headed "The Mother on her Son's First Mass" :—

There is no earthly joy that can come to an Irish mother's heart comparable to the ecstasy she experiences as she beholds for the first time the son she nursed at her breast, standing at the altar of God, offering the Holy Sacrifice. Her streaming eyes attest her profound gratitude to God that He has vouchsafed to her vision the glory of that day. She is beside herself with holy pride and gladness and ready to chant with holy Simeon the joyful *Nunc Dimittis*.

From the very moment of his birth—his baptism, first communion, confirmation, the early prayers she taught him, the anxiety and soul-yearnings for his weal which she experienced during his college and seminary years—how they all loom up before her now ! And how her soul goes up to God in gratitude and praise for the gladness that He gives her mother-heart on the blessed morning of her son's first Mass !

We have been led to these reflections by the following exquisite poem, entitled "From Mother in Ireland on her son's first Mass." It breathes the very soul of maternal affection ; and through the tears of joy that flow we see the soul lifted in gratitude to God. The poem appeared originally in the *Catholic Youth*.

The day has come, alanna,  
 That I watched for through the years ;  
 And my heart is full of blessing,  
 But my eyes are full of tears.  
 The day has come, alanna,  
 And I am far away—  
 The mother will not see her boy  
 Upon his first Mass day.

Sweet day of all my longing !  
 Sure, why should I complain ?  
 I'd bear, to have my son a priest,  
 A thousand years of pain.  
 But with the chalice in your hand,  
 In vestments gold and white,  
 To see you thus, oh ! would be heaven  
 To a poor mother's sight.

To watch you at the altar,  
 And hear you read the Book,  
 And when you turn around and pray,  
 Observe your holy look.  
 And, my child, to bow with you  
 At that most solemn hour,  
 When our dear Christ is present  
 Unto your words of power !

Some say I would not know you now,  
 You are so changed, asthore ;  
 Ooh ! I would know you, darling,  
 If an angel's wings you wore.  
 Little they feel a mother's love,  
 Who doubt, when face to face,  
 That twenty years of waiting  
 Can live in one embrace.

Now do not feel alone to-day,  
 Ma bouchal stor machree !  
 For Christ is more than mother  
 And son to you and me.  
 Sure, if I thought you'd shed a tear,  
 It's o'er the seas I'd roam,  
 With a little shamrock and a sod,  
 To make you feel at home.

'Tis true, asthore, I'm with you,  
 And though worlds should us part,  
 My eyes would look into your eyes,  
 My heart beat to your heart.

I'm with you near the holy rail,  
 Your kiss is on my cheek,  
 I feel the blessing of your hand,  
 I hear you laugh and speak.

Oh, darling, were I nearer,  
 I think my heart would break ;  
 Such blessedness steals o'er me now  
 And rapture for your sake.  
 Enough, enough to breathe my name  
 When Christ is in your hand—  
 Oh, don't forget your father's grave  
 And poor old Ireland.

I'll make my heart your altar,  
 And my breast a house of prayer,  
 And Jesus, at your holy word,  
 Will tabernacle there.  
 I'll wait for you at morn,  
 And I'll pray with you till noon,  
 And every eve I'll dream of you,  
 My own Soggarth aroon.

\* \* \* \* \*

The niece of him who sang the "Soggarth Aroon" sent us the following simple lines, which she found somewhere with no name attached. It would be very well for us to take up that fine old greeting, "God save all here," when we enter a room or join any batch of our friends :—

There is a prayer that's breathed alone  
 In dear old Erin's land ;  
 'Tis uttered on the threshold-stone,  
 With smiles and clasping hand ;  
 And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured low  
 With sigh and falling tear,  
 The grandest greeting man may know—  
 The prayer, "God save all here !"

In other lands they know not well  
 How priceless is the lore  
 That hedges with a sacred spell  
 Old Ireland's cabin door.

To those it is no empty sound,  
 Who think, oft with a tear,  
 Of long-loved mem'ries wreathing round  
 The prayer, " God save all here ! "

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still,  
 To bless each threshold true,  
 The echoes of her homes to fill  
 With fervour ever new ;  
 And, guarding with its holy spell  
 The soul and conscience clear,  
 Be graven on each heart as well—  
 The prayer, " God save all here ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton seems to be the most distinguished woman-writer of verse beyond the Atlantic, and her standing is fully recognised even in London. She has published *Swallow Flights*, *In the Garden of Dreams*, and other poetical volumes, the latest being issued by Macmillan & Co., a collection of " Lyrics and Sonnets," with the title of *At the Wind's Will*. The very last page of this tasteful volume is " La Vie " from the French of Montenaeken—namely, the " Peu de Chose," of which we heard something in this Magazine in March, 1901. Mrs. Moulton puts the second stanza first, and thus and in other ways turns the little piece topsy-turvy :—

Ah, brief is Life,  
 Love's short, sweet way,  
 With dreamings rife,  
 And then—Good-day !  
 And Life is vain—  
 Hope's vague delight,  
 Grief's transient pain,  
 And then—Good-night !

Miss Rose Metcalfe keeps closer to the Belgian original in the following version hitherto unpublished :—

Vain is life's proving,  
 A little sorrow,  
 A little loving,  
 And then—good-morrow.

Brief is life's seeming  
 Hopes fleet and bright,  
 A little dreaming,  
 And then—good-night !

And now, although a back number of *Truth* furnishes us with sixty-seven prize, or would-be prize translations of these much translated verses, we shall certainly move the closure after giving the Rev. J. O'Connor's version :—

Oh ! empty Life !  
 Love's fickle play,  
 A little strife,  
 And then, good-day !

Life's narrow day !  
 A broadening light,  
 A dream's delay,  
 And then—good-night !

\* \* \* \* \*

Another American, Miss Susan Coolidge, is said to be the writer of the following verses, which some have found useful. But the past is not quite so completely beyond our power, though indeed it cannot be undone or recalled, and what has been has been :—

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
 Every morn is the world made new.  
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,  
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed,  
 Yesterday's tears let yesterday cover,  
 Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled  
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever  
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,  
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never  
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
 Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them,  
 Cannot undo and cannot atone ;  
 God in His mercy receive, forgive them !  
 Only the new days are our own,  
 To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,  
 Here is the spent earth all re-born,  
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
 To face the sun and to share with the morn  
 In the chrism of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning :  
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
 And troubles forecasted and possible pain,  
 Take heart with the day and begin again.

## WHEN WILL RUDD RANG THE BELL

TO-DAY I wandered homeward,  
 When many days had fled ;  
 I saw 'mid clustering elm-trees  
 The steeple over-head.  
 From forth the dim old belfry  
 I heard the notes that fell,  
 Just as I stood and listened  
 When Will Rudd rang the bell.

God bless the black old sexton  
 Who filled my heart with joy,  
 Who rang the chimes at Christmas  
 When I was but a boy.  
 His work is o'er, he 's sleeping ;  
 And gone fore'er the spell—  
 The thoughts which fancy wakened  
 When Will Rudd rang the bell.

H. S. SPALDING, S.J.

## EYES OF THE SOUL

## I

“**I**NVISIBLE things are clearly seen,” says St. Paul in one of those contradictions which he loved. Cosmic emotion was known to him; he realized full well the wonderful impressiveness to the soul of the lofty, expansive firmament, of the majestic succession of day and night, summer and winter; he felt the relationship between this glorious order of the world and the finest sensibilities of the human spirit.

The Catholic Church has ever supplied satisfaction for every craving of the human heart. Would it not be possible for us to act a little more in harmony with the wonderful sympathy of our Holy Mother? As the absurdities of human nature dog our footsteps and rub us up the wrong way, can we not try to get a deeper thought out of the passing annoyance, something a little more Catholic than contempt? The miserable imposture called Spiritualism numbers among its votaries those whose cravings after communion with the unseen world can be fully satisfied by intercession for the Holy Souls, and help in every-day life gained by their prayers.

If we meet a sentimentalist whose vagaries annoy our own prized commonsense, is it not possible to bear with the “too-too” and to gently turn the troublesome little rivulet towards the broad river of life that bears upon its breast—among all the great ships and little boats—an aerial skiff called Poetry?

The sacred writers do not merely enunciate stern facts, their writings teem with imagination. Look at Job exclaiming “The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at His reproof.” Or the Psalmist crying out “The Lord sitteth upon the waterflood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.” These are elements of pictorial vividness that belonged entirely to the forms of thought in the speaker. The eyes of his soul actually saw what he described.

## II

“We needs must love the highest *when we see it*,” sang Tennyson, and the poet of truth never wrote a truer word. What

I am begging for, is a determination to help those who do not "see," to open blind eyes with the sacred ointment of sympathy.

To sneer is so easy, and so useless. I heard a well-meaning lady address a class of girls a short time ago: her words were very bitter. "You, none of you, really care to grow better," she said. "To spend your last sixpence on a trumpery brooch and run about the streets to show it when work is done, that is all you care about."

Faces flushed, expressions grew harder. A friend who was with me had a chance of speaking to one child who walked home with us.

"Did it ever strike you," she queried, "that yours is a high ancestry? Your Father is the King of heaven, your Elder Brother the great Prince of Peace. Do you sometimes think how best to hold yourself as the daughter of a noble house?"

"They thinks us just dirt beneath their feet, them ladies do," the girl answered.

"No, dear, I think you are a little mistaken," Madame Loyeux replied. "But I was thinking now of One Who loves you so dearly, Whose Sacred Heart longs to have you for His Own, Own love, Who wants you to be beautiful, like Him. And, oh! He is so lovely, if you knew Him you could not help loving and following him."

"I know Who you mean," the child said softly, "but it is so easy for ladies to be good."

"Indeed it is very *hard* sometimes," rejoined Madame, "but could you not try to tell all your troubles to-night to the Sacred Heart? Remember He worked as a carpenter for His daily bread."

"I'll try," little Molly murmured as we parted at my gate. Her face was softer, and her eyes had a hopeful gleam.

### III

In these days when speed is the one desideratum, is there not a fear that the eyes of the soul may not have a chance to see?

A few days ago, we were gathering round the fire in the hall, where one of the yule logs still burned, the tea cups making a pleasant clinking, as one and another came in from cycling, moting,\* or driving.

Most of us had been as far as the little market town of Spilsby.

\* Is this word used for "driving a motor car?"—Ed. I. M.

Even Madame Loyeux, who had merely walked with the aid of a trusty stick, had taken the short cut across the fields, spurred to the endeavour by desire to exchange a book.

The wonderful mildness of a mild January had brought some yellow furze into blossom, and a cheeky little robin had laid some eggs in a nest from which a thrush had flitted last year. Madame Loyeux was speaking of these things, and of the lovely view of the old church, as the sun grew lower and lower till every window was lighted with a golden glow—and asking what the others had noticed.

“I did Spilsby in thirteen minutes, five seconds,” said the cyclist. “A good road.”

“I had the De Dion there in seven minutes. Ought to have gone on, not far enough to make it worth while to get the speed up,” said the owner of the motor car.

No one had *seen* anything!

E. J. R.

## “IN DARKNESS AND THE SHADOW”

Huddled we lie within the narrow room  
 Of a close prison, walled all round with sense ;  
 Ever we strive with fretful impotence,  
 Straining our eyes, if haply through the gloom,  
 Piercing the upper darkness of our tomb,  
 Some ray from spheres of being more intense  
 May with its burning and white radiance  
 Bring to our mind some shadowing forth of doom.

And some by faith have climbed the rocky wall  
 A little way and cry “ We see the light : ”  
 But they below, “ ’Tis in disordered eyes  
 The semblance of a shining.” Then they rise  
 Higher a little, “ Lo ! from the Infinite  
 A cold wind cometh and far voices call.”

R. P.

## AN EXCELLENT MAIDEN SPEECH

THE expression, "a maiden speech," is generally employed with reference to a first appearance in a certain legislative assembly from which maidens are excluded for the present; but who knows if a century which begins with feminine Masters of Arts may not end with feminine Members of Parliament? The maiden speech which we have called "excellent" was not made in the House of Commons nor by a maiden outside but by a matron, who begins by saying that it is indeed her first appearance of the kind. The reason why we wish to transfer it from an ephemeral newspaper to a perennial magazine is because it interprets admirably the feelings entertained by Catholic matrons and maidens towards the convent home of their childhood and girlhood. The affectionate loyalty shown here towards Princethorpe is felt by thousands and thousands towards Rathfarnham, or Mount Anville, or Laurel Hill, or Sion Hill, or Sienna, or Cabra, or Newtownbarry, or Ramsgrange, or Balbriggan, or Stanbrook, or Mayfield, or St. Leonard's, or Gumley, or Thurles, or Navan, or Waterford, or Sligo, or Stone, or Coloma, or Vilvorde, or Les Oiseaux, or Manhattanville, or St. Mary of the Woods (Indiana), or Blackrock (Cork), etc., each with its faithful legion of ex-pupils ready to defend its honour, and to show the gratitude which Lady McDonnell expressed so well in the following address, after distributing the prizes at St. Mary's Convent, Ramnee, near Naini Tal. That last piece of geographical information would be *ignotum per ignotius*, if we did not add that Lady McDonnell is the wife of Sir Anthony McDonnell, G.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, and Chief Commissioner of Oudh, India. *Who's Who* informs us that Sir Anthony was born in 1844, and married Henrietta, daughter of Ewen McDonnell, Keppoch. As this has a Scotch sound, and as on the other hand the Governor has Patrick for his second name, and was educated at Queen's College, Galway, this seems to be, and indeed undoubtedly is, a union of the Irish and Scottish McDonnells. But this is a sufficient introduction to the "Maiden Speech" which we wish to be taken to heart by convent girls thousands of miles away from Ramnee and Naini Tal. It may not

be amiss to add one other preliminary observation: namely, that there is no fear that home will be forgotten or the domestic affections dulled by this useful exile from the home circle. What heart more affectionate or more home-loving than the heart of the good, bright, busy convent-girl?

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the first time that I have ever said anything in public, even to children. I cannot make a speech, but yet I cannot let this last occasion, when I shall see you all, pass without saying a few words which will, I hope, remain in your memories, and which may, perhaps, help you later on in your lives.

On this occasion, at all events, I have the advantage of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, indeed, of most ladies who could address you in India, for I can enter into and sympathise with your convent life as none of them can. I, too, was once a convent girl, many, many years ago, so long ago in fact that perhaps some of you can hardly realise that such a distant time existed. But still I was—and I thank God for it—a convent child, and a very happy convent child.

Far away from here in the beautiful English county of Warwick, there stands in its own beautiful grounds a great red brick building. That red brick building is a convent, founded originally by French ladies, who had been driven from their own convent in France during the great French Revolution of which the youngest of you have heard. These ladies eventually settled in this lovely spot, and for about a hundred years or so, hundreds of English girls have passed their happy childhood or youth within those convent walls. These girls have grown up to be women and have been scattered all through our vast Empire, but wherever they have gone, they have carried with them the cherished memory of their convent home. For me, in my many travels, in my long residence in India, and throughout my busy life, the memory of that convent has never grown dim, and amongst all the blessings which God has given me as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and friend, there is none for which I thank Him more than for the years passed at St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe, where I had before my eyes the living example of all that is best, highest, and most beautiful in woman. Therefore, my children, I can speak to you of convent life. And what I would say to you is this—whatever the circumstances in which you find yourselves in after life, whatever your

troubles, difficulties, or perplexities, try to follow the example you have seen before you in this convent, try to think what the nuns would have done under these circumstances and then try to do it.

You older girls may say, "How can *we* copy the nuns—we want to grow up, we want to amuse ourselves, we want to marry, we don't want to shut ourselves in a convent and devote ourselves to good work." Yes! I know all this is true. To very few of you, in all probability, will be given the highest grace of the religious state, but on each and all of you is laid the obligation to try to be good women—and if you strive to act up to what you have been taught, and to what you have seen in St. Mary's Convent, Ramnee, you will be, in the true sense of the word, good women. Here, you have seen entire obedience, unremitting hard work and an all-embracing charity. If, in your homes, you obey as these nuns obey, your fathers and mothers will have their homes brightened by your presence during the holidays, and will long for the time when you go home to them for good.

If you work, as these nuns work, you will take much of the burden that must fall on the shoulders of your parents, or it may be of your husbands, and you will save them trouble, worry, and anxiety in all cases, and very often money. Sometimes in India it is thought a degradation to work, but I hope that you, my children, will never be so foolish as to think that. It may be that some of you may have to work for your livelihood, but whatever are your circumstances, I say to you: work, and work hard. If you cannot do high intellectual work, still you must keep your minds and your hands employed. Darn the stockings, keep the room clean, look after your little brothers and sisters; do whatever work is nearest at hand, but *work*. It is not good for man or woman to be idle—I say especially it is not good for woman. You all know the old adage of the mischief that is found for "idle hands," and it seems to me that this is especially the case with women.

But when we come to try to emulate the charity which fills the air in this convent, we know that we who live out in the world cannot hope to attain to within even a measurable distance of it. Still if you try to practise even a little of this great gentleness and charity, all those around you will be the happier and brighter for your endeavours. I would say to you in your joys and amusements, when you are "out"—which all girls in all times have

always longed to be—keep the memory of your convent before you, so that all your pleasures may be innocent and even work for your good.

When trouble comes, as come it must to all of you, let your thoughts go back to St. Mary's Convent first, and above all, immeasurably above all to its peaceful chapel; and next to its brave and gentle Sisters. You will gather from your recollection of the latter courage and strength to face the battle of life, just as they have faced the giving up of all that was dear to them in order to do their duty, and to teach you to do yours.

### GAY'S EPITAPH

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, and now I know it."

—*Epitaph of the poet Gay in Westminster Abbey.*

O GOOD sleek man, who looked from out a warm red-curtained window—

Another's\* window—on this world of weariness and pain,  
You never marked that figure standing lonely at the corner,  
Cold and lonely in the wind, in the bitter pelting rain?  
You never met at evening, where the sullen river rushes,  
The lost one whose white hands writhe wild in ecstasy of woe?  
You never heard the moaning that is born of hopeless anguish  
Nor gazed in eyes so sorrowful that tears can never flow?

Well, draw your fine red curtains, get you back then to your fireside,  
Go for a little while again and sip your rosy wine,  
But oh! blaspheme not any more the sacredness of sorrow,  
Mouth not with foolish gibe at that which hath the mark divine.  
For mirth is good and very good, and given us for the journey,  
That even in their wandering the pilgrims yet may sing;  
But they who only laugh at life have surely devil's laughter,  
Where God hath groaned in agony and pity for the thing.

R. P.

\* The Duke of Queensberry.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in the twenty-eighth chapter of *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, attributes the disappointments and disasters of his hero's last premiership to the fact that Mr. Gladstone was Mr. Gladstone and could not be anybody else. "He could not be Lord Melbourne, for example, whose single appeal was 'Why can't you let things alone?' He could not be Lord Palmerston, who was perfectly content so long as he could humour and propitiate and cajole the majority in the House of Commons. He could not even be Lord John Russell, who, although a man of zeal and earnestness much more like to his own, could nevertheless express sometimes his willingness to 'rest and be thankful' for what had already been gained. Mr. Gladstone was, but only in his own high, unselfish way, like Johnson's Charles of Sweden, who thought nothing gained while aught remained to be done."

This passage is referred to for the sake of the last sentence. I suppose that Mr. M'Carthy knew that Dr. Johnson's fine poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," was an imitation of one of Juvenal's satires, and that his Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was Hannibal in the original. The sentiment here ascribed to Gladstone is still more vigorously expressed by Juvenal :—

*Nil actum reputans siquid superesset agendum.*

"Deeming nought done if aught remained to do."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth for more than twenty years before 1880, told me, when I once consulted him about the best methods of note-taking, that he had never taken notes except on one subject—the testimonies paid by Protestants to the Catholic religion. I account for his abstention from the habit of note-taking by the fact that, very soon after his student-days were over, he had the *Dublin Review* at his disposal for the publication of anything that he wanted to put into print; he had not to wait, as some have to wait, for years, while putting materials slowly together. I am reminded of his collection of Protestant tributes to the Catholic Church (what did he do with it, I wonder?) by passage in the *Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter*, who did

magnificent work for the languages and literature of India. Writing to Miss Murray, whom he afterwards married, he says :—

“ I never could become a Roman Catholic, but I wonder more people do not become so. It is the consistent Church in which, by the labours of pious and talented men for ages, the reasonableness of its religious system has been made most clear and patent to all. If we grant its premises, we get over all the inconsistencies of Protestantism ; and those premises contain a maxim which removes these difficulties by placing them beyond the reach of reason and within the province of faith. The Protestant is distracted with doubts because he goes abroad and sees for himself ; the Catholic has no doubts because he lingers quietly within his cloister and believes what he is bid. The truth is that reason is not a sufficiently fine instrument for dealing with God’s thoughts. It is like a good telescope which, when used for not very distant objects, acts wonderfully, but, when you apply it to remote islands, you see things more distinctly no doubt than with the naked eye but all discoloured and distorted, a rim of confusing colours round the scene and men like trees walking. So is reason a wonderful power, but how uncertain a sound does it give upon God’s great work, compared with an instrument God Himself has given us—Faith ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

One who aims high and is not contented with a moderate degree of success in a literary undertaking of which she has charge, spoke of her disappointments and difficulties to the late Abbé Hogan of St. Sulpice whom we have more than once commended to the veneration of our readers. “ I was impatient because I could not make the progress I wished ; and he said to me in his kind way : ‘ My child, I am an old man, and I have never yet succeeded in doing all that I wished to do.’ The gentle reproof comes to mind, but I am still impatient.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Even if it had no other effect than to make some read over again beautiful and holy words, it will not be amiss to confess certain inaccuracies in the account given, at page 105 of our present volume, of a funeral discourse of the Bishop of Dromore. It was reported in two local journals, and unluckily the less accurate of the reports was forwarded to us. We thought ourselves

acute enough in changing "holy joys" into "hollow joys"; but, in spite of some misgiving as to the little phrase in the middle, we allowed this to go to our printer: "If we go on to fill up the details of the picture, as it is our duty to do, we can easily imagine," etc. Why our duty? The Bishop only said, "as it is not difficult to do." Two passages further on would have been more impressive if this "only son of his mother" had been described as "blessed with abilities of a high order" (not "zeal of a high order") and as "having departed from this valley of tears with its cheating pleasures and its hollow joys." This last phrase reminds me of words that I heard spoken very many years ago by Father Isaac Moore, S.J. (may he rest in peace) on the death of a young pupil of Crescent House, Limerick, "He has gone from a world of real sorrows and unreal joys." But if we are right before God, if our heart reprehend us not, the joys and the sorrows of life are equally real and very good in their way.

\* \* \* \* \*

The same American lady, Miss Margaret Sexton, who gave us some good advice in prose about replying promptly to our correspondents, gives us in verse some very good counsels about little sins of omission that we are very liable to fall into. Indeed, "the letter you did not write" is one of them.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
 It's the thing you leave undone,  
 Which gives you a bit of headache,  
 At the setting of the sun.  
 The tender word forgotten,  
 The letter you did not write,  
 The flower you might have sent, dear,  
 Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
 Out of a brother's way,  
 The bit of heartsome counsel,  
 You were hurried too much to say;  
 The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
 The gentle and winsome tone,  
 That you had no time or thought for,  
 With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,  
 So easily out of mind,  
 These chances to be angels,  
 Which even mortals find—  
 They come in night and silence,  
 Each chill, reproachful wraith,  
 When hope is faint and flagging,  
 And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
 And sorrow is all too great,  
 To suffer our slow compassion  
 That tarries until too late.  
 And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
 It's the thing you leave undone,  
 Which gives you the bitter headache  
 At the setting of the sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

A correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, October 21, 1901, gives to print (for the first time, he thinks) Lewis Carroll's translation of Martial's Epigram on the Epigram :—

Omne epigramma sit instar apis ; sit aculeus illi,  
 Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.

Three things must epigrams, like bees, possess :  
 Their sting, their honey, and their littleness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Church requires an extraordinary amount of the poetic nature from such of her children as enter deeply into the spirit of her festivals. The one point before me is the Passion. We generally mean by that what happened on a limestone rock a little outside the town of Jerusalem during a few hours of a certain day some 1870 years ago. Now, is it not a magnificent stretch of the poetic and dramatic faculty to be able to live that scene over again, to enter into the feelings of those who took a Christian part in it, to grieve over it, almost to weep aloud with Magdalen or silently with Mary? Thanks be to God, without being saints like Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Sienna, Paul of the Cross—

I think of those whom we *know* to have lived in the Passion—one does not need to be a saint like any of these to enter deeply and feelingly into the meditation of our Lord's sufferings; but to do so is unearthly, is against the senses, is a triumph of the spirit, is an annihilation of space and time, an exercise of the feelings and imagination which is too lofty for the name of poetry.

Here is an illustration which may get blurred in the process of being written down. That poor light-hearted young widow, who died just a month ago,\* yearned over her three little children, especially Nora, aged nine years, who was too young to understand the terrible loss she has just sustained by her mother's death. Even the eldest good little boy seemed very insensible. But when Nora grows up, if I or any other friend explained to her her mother's devotion, how she kept aloof from all that a young woman of her state might relish in order to keep a comfortable home for those three poor little creatures from whom she thought God could not take her—"He won't take me from my helpless children," she said, but He did—if Nora then cried over the thought of her mother's devoted love understood at last, I would think it a proof of a tender heart; and if she kept up an abiding loving memory of her poor mother's goodness, I would think her heart far more like than most hearts to the loving Heart of Jesus.

And again on the mother's side, if I knew that when God admits her spirit to heaven—perhaps it is already sufficiently purified, and the suffrages of the Month's Mind have removed any hindrance that remained—if she in heaven constantly thought of her three little ones on earth and prayed for them, I wish I could know this, for it would make me think well of her and of heaven. Now, why do we, any of us, take for granted as a matter of course, that Jesus our God yearns towards each of us personally and individually with love infinitely more intense than any such mother has for her little daughter? We are obliged to believe this; and, therefore, I say that Catholic Faith imposes on us as a mere matter of course an amount of poetry, of sentiment, of tender feeling, of dramatic imagination, to which the most extravagant bursts of eloquence or poetry are tame and cold. At least it would be so if our minds were strong enough to take in our relations with God in their fulness, and if our hearts were

\* This note was jotted down many years since.

large enough to hold the feelings that the convictions of faith would prompt.

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Sometimes in fiction there are pathetic scenes where some one is dying through the fault of another (bodily hurt or mental anguish), and the dying one forgives completely and makes the guilty come near and smiles at him. Suppose such a very simple case as only a fatal accident happening among children through the fault of any comrade. Supposing a rude boy had pretended to push his little sister down a precipice, and had done in reality what he only wanted to pretend to do—what would his terror and his grief be? Would it not be hard to keep him from leaping after her, even if it were to his certain destruction? And if the child were not killed at once, but even lingered for days, and if the mother allowed the guilty one to approach the bed, we can imagine him trying with tears and sobs to show how grieved he was at the sad mischance—how glad he would be if he could take the place of the sufferer!

It is our sins that have put Jesus to death. We are His executioners. We are guilty of His blood. Yet His Mother forgives us and allows us to draw near to His dying bed.

Oh, come and mourn with me awhile;  
See, Mary calls us to her side,  
Oh, come and let us mourn with her—  
Jesus our Love is crucified.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Faith does not require us to keep any reality out of sight. "Jesus being risen from the dead dieth now no more." But He suffered all that could be suffered during His mortal life; and He suffered beforehand what He would have suffered from my conduct if His mortal suffering life were going on now. Supposing there was a wicked, rebellious son of a good King who, in the good old times or in the bad old times when such crimes did not disqualify for the throne, plotted against his father's life: supposing the old King heard of the design and made himself invulnerable by some perfect coat of mail concealed under his kingly robes; supposing the son would not trust the deed to any other hand, but using a child's opportunities of being alone with a parent, had come behind

\* F. W. Faber.

the King, and, with his sharpest dagger prepared beforehand, had driven it with all his might into his father's heart ; if the hidden armour drove it back, and the King were unscathed, would his son be one whit the less a cowardly parricide? So our sins, as far as lies with them and us, crucify again the Redeemer who died for us all, and once for all.

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## AT THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
Blind in spirit, O Lord, am I,  
Make my eyes to see, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
Deaf to Thy voice of Love am I,  
Make mine ears to hear, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
Dumb from utterance true am I,  
Open my lips in praise, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
Maimed by sin, and halt, am I,  
Bid me arise and walk, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
Naked, and poor, and weak, am I,  
Clothe me, enrich, and comfort, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by !*  
God of Love, Thy child am I,  
Bless me, O my Lord, I cry,  
As Thou passest by.

EMILY HICKEY.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Wise Men and a Fool*. By Coulson Kernahan. London : Ward, Lock & Co. 1901.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan thinks it necessary to begin by explaining the title of his book. He himself is the fool, and the wise men are the poets and novelists whom he discusses—R. L. Stevenson, Dr. George Macdonald, Frederick Locker, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, the Brontes, Tennyson, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and Emerson. Our author, who is an Irishman not sufficiently known in Ireland, appraises these men and women in a serious spirit, and with freshness and thoroughness. We think it is Lord Lytton (the first) who said that the best criticism was enlightened enthusiasm. Mr. Kernahan is very generous in his enthusiasm, in which we cannot always share—for instance, over the sonnets of Mr. Watts-Dunton, who is much better at theory than practice. By the way, are there couplets in *The Excursion*? And is the hackneyed saying at page 105 Fénelon's or Buffon's? On the whole this is a clever, pleasant, and instructive book, though it will hardly reach its two hundred and fiftieth thousand like one of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's previous writings.

2. *Corinne's Vow*. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger : New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. [Price, 5s.]

Americans in the South of France, where they meet with romantic experiences that are very well told by Miss Waggaman, Many readers will think the story made more interesting by a rather glaring cover and numerous illustrations, which other readers would gladly dispense with.

3. The Catholic Truth Society of England (69, Southwark Bridge-road, London, S.E.) continues to display great energy in issuing very good books in shoals : *Dante*, by Father H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory, and "*The Faith of Old England, a Popular Manual of Instructions in the Catholic Faith from a Doctrinal and Historical Stand-point*," by Father Vincent Hornyold, S.J., are two marvellous sixpenceworths of very different kinds. The following publications of the same Society cost only a penny each :—*The French Association Bill : its Authors and Objects*, by Father Gerard, S.J. ; *The End Justifies the Means*, by the same ;

*The Prospects of Catholicism*, by the Rev. William Barry, D.D. ; *Our Church Music*, by R. R. Terry ; *Christian Civilisation and the Perils that Now Threaten It*, by Dr. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia ; *The Mass : an Aid to Understand It*, by the Rev. W. A. Bendon ; " Psalm cxviii.," edited by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P. For a penny also we have the following little biographies :—*Father Faber*, by M. S. B. Malins ; *Blessed Sebastian Valfré*, by the same ; *St. Margaret of Scotland* and *St. Cecilia*, which seem to be by Lady Amabel Kerr ; *St. Aelred*, by the Rev. A. J. Saxton ; and *The Carmelites of Compiègne*, by the Countess de Courson (whom we are always glad to identify as the B. N. who wrote the newest and best history of the Jesuits in English). The most interesting pennyworth of all is *St. Patrick's Breastplate*, the original Irish, with a translation in prose by Dr. Whitley Stokes, and three in verse by James Clarence Mangan, Miss Emily Hickey, and Mrs. Alexander, the late wife of the Protestant Primate of Ireland.

4. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is rivalling its Saxon namesake and elder sister, but it has as yet seldom soared above the popular penny. That is the price of *St. Grellan*, by E. Leahy, *Holy Week and the Festival of Easter*, and *Mater Dolorosa*, by the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., D.D. The gifted Author of *Luke Delmege* is also the author of some half-dozen of similar booklets about St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Aloysius, St. Dominic, St. Alphonsus, etc. With this sacred series we may name *A Few First Principles of Religious Life* by Father Reginald Bukler, O.P. (price 6d.), published by Burns and Oates, and *Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth* published by Benziger for half-a-crown.

5. *Notes of Lessons on the Herbartian Method*. By M. Fennell and Members of a Teaching Staff. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1902. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

Those who are engaged in the great work of education, which at present absorbs a larger amount of the brain of the world than ever before, will find much to interest them in this practical exposition of Herbart's plan of teaching by assimilation, association, etc. For much of the practical work of this treatise, we believe, we are indebted to the Ursuline Convent at Wimbledon, near London. However it may lighten the labour of the learner, it involves much hard work on the part of the teacher ; but hard work can never be dispensed with, no matter what improvements may be introduced.

6. *The Child-Healer*. By George H. R. Dabbs, M.D., Shanklin, I. W.: Silsbury Bros. [Price, 6d.]

Dr. Dabbs shows a benevolent heart and a genial fancy in this half-allegorical story of a child who returns for a short time to this earth from the other life and who is used by God to work strange cures in the souls and bodies of men. The juxtaposition of the natural and the supernatural is, perhaps necessarily, a little grotesque at times; but the whole phantasy is conceived under the inspiration of a generous enthusiasm for the poor and afflicted, especially little children. The doctrine propounded at page 26 is not meant, we hope, to run counter to the teaching of our Divine Redeemer who certainly used fear as a help to love, and who is fully as explicit in threatening chastisements as in promising rewards. We must not with impious self-conceit dare to regulate the concerns of God according to our personal notions or exaggerate one of God's attributes unduly at the expense of another.

7. There has just been published at Friburg an interesting brochure, *Le Cardinal Wiseman et la Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre*, by the Abbé Eugene Carry. It shows an intimate acquaintance with the life, character, and labours of the first English cardinal and with the circumstances of the time through which he passed. M. Carry has already given a similar sketch of Newman; and he promises a study, on the same lines, of the third great agent in the Catholic movement of the nineteenth century—Cardinal Manning.

8. The Conductors of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, which has become known to many new readers as the first vehicle for the publication of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, have begun another very important enterprise, namely, a religious and literary magazine for educated lay Catholics. Three numbers of the *Dolphin* (this is the name chosen for it) have appeared, and the Editor has shown his usual energy in catering for his new constituency, which, we are sure, will increase every month. The *Dolphin* will, we trust, establish itself as securely as its ecclesiastical sister magazine, on which some thirty American bishops have bestowed the heartiest commendation. Its scope is very wide, embracing all the branches of knowledge in which a thoughtful and educated layman may be supposed to be interested—ecclesiastical arts and sciences, practical church work, literature (the reviews are particularly good), Christian defence, Bible

studies, art and fiction. The subscription for this fine magazine (3 East Fourteenth-street, New York) is sixteen shillings.

9. Catholic publishers are liable no doubt to many hardships and many disappointments, but they ought to be able to find consolation in remembering what a holy work it is to send out a good book on its career of usefulness. As it is a horrible crime to have any part in the production of a bad book, whether as writer or as publisher, so it is a blessed thing to have a share in the good that is wrought by an innocent and holy book in the course of years. We are not thinking now of spiritual books only; for at present there is question of two publishers who ply their grand trade in two continents, Europe and America, Herder and Benziger, and the books just forwarded by the latter are only story books. *Mary Tracy's Fortune*, by Miss Anna Sadlier, and *Bunt and Bill*, by Clara Mulholland, are the latest additions to the long catalogue of innocent and pleasant tales published by Benziger Brothers. They are both sprightly, interesting, and well written; and the publishers have printed, bound, and illustrated them so well, that one wonders how they can be given for two shillings. The other German-American firm, Herder of Friburg and St. Louis, has issued a very beautiful and scholarly edition of the *Orationes et Meditationes de Vita Christi* of Thomas à Kempis. The frontispiece is that picture of Thomas Hemerken with which Sir Francis Cruise has made us familiar. The last hundred pages are devoted to a very exact and scientific account of the manuscripts and various readings. It is an extremely holy book produced very attractively.

10. When speaking of the new publications of Benziger Brothers, we referred to their long lists of stories, chiefly for young people. Even since writing that paragraph, we have received two more, each costing two shillings—*As True as Gold*, by Mary E. Mannix, and *Recruit Tommy Collins*, by Mary G. Bonesteel. They are pleasantly written and more than innocent. The scene is laid in less familiar parts of the States.

To another previous paragraph we must also add a few words in order to welcome the two newest penny books of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland—*The Morning Offices of the Holy Week, Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, and Good Friday*, and *Thoughts on St. Joseph and St. Patrick*, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P.—which seems to have been printed before the Pope conferred the

degree of Doctor of Divinity on the author of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*.

11. The rest of our space may be given to a brief review of the reviewers of the latest of Father Sheehan's priestly novels named a moment ago. If this paragraph required a title, it might be either "*Luke Delmege* and its Critics," or "Luke Delmege and his critics," for some of the reviewers have written as if the hero of the tale represented the opinions of the writer, as if Dr. Sheehan approved of all that Father Delmege said and did. This is hardly fair. The new novel is in some respects less pleasing, less winning than *My New Curate*, but it is a much greater book, of higher power and deeper interest. It is indeed what the *Spectator* calls it—"a very long and a very full novel, but its matter is so excellent and so varied that one does not wish it shorter." The same English critic describes it as "vividly interesting, entertaining and stimulating in every page." The *Morning Leader* says that "Father Sheehan shows powers of analysis of an extraordinary kind," and the *Scotsman* calls his new work "a distinctly able book," and the *Star* "the most fascinating novel that I have read for months." *Punch* says that "in *Luke Delmege* the Rev. P. A. Sheehan has given us in delightful style a deeply interesting study of Irish life and character." They are still more enthusiastic on the other side of the Atlantic where the *Catholic World* calls this remarkable book "one of the finest works that the art of fiction has ever given to the world." The only unmitigated attack on *Luke Delmege* that we have heard of was administered by an Irish journalist who candidly but inartistically confessed that he would not have said a word on the subject if the book had not been praised warmly by a rival newspaper. On the whole it is pretty plain that Dr. Sheehan has "proved his jump"—he has fully maintained the position acquired by *My New Curate*. We might indeed have included among his applauding critics Leo the Thirteenth himself, the Grand Old Man of Christendom, who has sent to the Pastor of Doneraile, along with the diploma of Doctor of Divinity, the gold medal with which he honours those who have done good service for Catholic literature.

## AUREA DICTA

1. The ready concession of minor points is part of the grace of life.—*Henry Harland.*

2. He who gives way to annoyance and discouragement when he falls proves that he does not know himself, and forgets that he is made of a soil which can only grow thorns and thistles.—*St. Aloysius.*

3. Have respect for children. They are our masters. We work for them. What we sow, they reap.—*Bishop Spalding.*

4. There is in our young men a failure of will, of the power to resolve highly, and to pursue the object of desire through long years of unwearying labour.—*The Same.*

5. If we are weak and poor, we need someone to help us: if strong and rich, someone whom we may help.—*The Same.*

6. No one is interesting to the crowd unless he have a touch of vulgarity.—*Anon.*

7. Cast the past into the mercy of God; the present into His love; the future into His Providence.—*Anon.*

8. Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare think.—*Longfellow.*

9. Politeness is the poetry of conduct, and, like poetry, it has many qualities. Let not your politeness be too florid, but of that gentle kind that indicates refined nature.—*Denny Lane.*

10. Well! Life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join in each other, and the scheme thus gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when lo! as the infant clasps his hands and cries: "See, see, the puzzle is made out!" all the pieces are swept back into the box—the black box with the gilded nails.—*Lord Lytton.*

11. To fear nothing and to face danger is the courage of a noble animal; to be afraid, yet to go through to the end, is the courage of a man.—*Lilian Quiller Couch.*

12. It is the joy of man's heart to admire where he can; nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration.—*Carlyle.*

13. Those are most to be envied who soonest learn to expect

nothing for which they have not worked hard, and who never acquire the habit of pitying themselves overmuch, if ever they have to work in vain.—*Sir George Trevelyan.*

14. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. There are no hearts to which kindness is so indispensable as to those that are exuberantly kind themselves.—*Fr. Faber.*

15. The kind need kindness most of all.—*Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy.*

16. Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never having a striving good enough to be called a failure.—*George Eliot.*

17. Nothing enriches the character like wide sympathy and many-coloured appreciativeness.—*John Morley.*

18. Thy life is no idle dream ; it is all thou hast to front Eternity with.—*Carlyle.*

19. One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—*Lowell.*

20. It seems to me intolerable to appear to men other than one appears to God. My worst trouble sometimes is the over-estimate which generous friends form of me. We are told that at the Last Judgment the secret of all consciences will be laid bare to the universe ; would that mine were so this day, and that every passer-by could see me as I am.—*Maurice de Guérin.*

21. Every work is perfect in proportion to the amount of patience put into it.—*Archbishop Ullathorne.*

22. No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves ; and everyone is his own best friend or worst enemy.—*Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury).*

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

MAY, 1902

## PEGGY THE PRODESAN'

“**W**ISHA, I'm not a Prodesdan' at all, *achorra*,” said Peggy, with a quiet smile, which had something of mischief in it, lighting up her rugged old face. “Faith the Prodesdan' bishop himself laughed plenty when he heard me tittle,” and for an instant she seemed lost in thought, as, turning away from the dresser she was dusting, she gazed absently through the low, open doorway and out across the hedge-crowned knocks, which in their September glory of amber, scarlet, olive, amythyst and purple, appeared—to use Peggy's own fine simile—“the same as if you were lookin' at every clusther of 'em through a stained-glass winda.

“No,” she resumed, “nayther meself nor anywan ever belonging to me was a Prodesdan'. Round about, out from me seven generations wor all brought up between Whelan's Bridge and Butlerstown, dacent, honest, quiet people, 'idout anything to be said to 'em, but”—and her voice dropped pathetically—“'tis aisy enough wud 'em all now, between the stile and th' elderher three, in Lisnakie graveyard, the whole of 'em together laid.

“*Ma lear!* if everyone knew everything,” she continued, “'tis little right anyone 'ud have to be puttin' sthrange discriptions on me, but sure the neighbours have no harm in callin' 'id to me, and although I'm called it for a quare raison, mind you, I suppose me tittle 'ill stick to me till the day I die.”

I let Peggy talk; intrusive interruptions had lost me more than once the thread of many an interesting narrative, and, having

induced her to be communicative by some pointed query, I generally lapsed into silence and listened to her. The very cross currents of digression into which she slowly drifted from time to time were more or less enjoyable.

Accident in the shape of an Irish downpour had once driven me to ask for shelter in her cottage, and my stay lasted long enough to form an acquaintance which mellowed into firm and lasting friendship on both sides. I read and wrote her letters, audited her monthly rent-book, gave her scraps of information from the newspapers, and for this I was rewarded by a welcome to her neat hearth where I sat in her deep straw chair, smoked my pipe, and filled my mind with folklore enriched with varied interest and faultless local idiom.

Her cabin, which with several others formed portion of the fringe of our quaintest Munster city, was very pleasantly situated; each isolated little homestead looking as if in wandering away from the noise of streets, it had lost its way amongst green hedge-rows while listening to the voice of the great southern river ever rolling through the ivied rocks in the glen below.

Wandering all day through the marshy lands lying out between Kilbride and the sea, I was very glad when evening came to stray towards the familiar half-door of Peggy's cottage and sit beside the fire, listening to the wind rising in the trees behind the house, and listening to Peggy herself as she ingenuously drifted from a long-promised story of Cromwell at Dungarvan into a recital of the reason why she came to be known by her somewhat singular sobriquet.

"Many's the friend I had among 'em, many's the quare day, and many's the pleasant day I spent among 'em," she said, reflectively.

"Amongst whom?" I asked.

"Among the Prodesdans," she replied, looking round with an air of surprise. "Me nor mine never had a better friend than a Prodesdan', and 'tisin't only a Prodesdan', but the Minister himself—poor Mither Ormond, the best friend I ever had in the world, an' sure what I have to say plenty more had to say, for he had a heart for everyone's throuble the same as if 'twas his own. Oh! if every Christian had a heart like Mither Ormond—but *na yraugh*."

"Here, out wud ye now!" she suddenly cried, catching sight

of a number of young ducks who, in coming in through the half-open door, were shyly crossing the clay floor in an oblique line towards a tub of water. "Out, wud ye! How very soon ye watched ye're chance,"—and having driven the ducks hurriedly waddling across the steep threshold she closed the door, and seating herself in the full light of the fire began to knit very rapidly.

"Many's and many's the time," she resumed as she rocked slightly to and fro, "many's the time you gev in the coorthouse, Misther Ormond, spakin' out and makin' fair play for the people. Many's the county cess you paid for a sthruiggler, many's the taxes you paid (may bad luck be to the taxes), and 'tisan't only the poor praised you, but the rich admired you, and 'tis often Father Casey gev it out about the heart you had, an' he standin' in the house of God of a Sunday mornin'.

"But," she continued, in a reckless tone after a brief pause, "in spite of all he done, like a good many more, we had to rise up and clear out when the time come. There was nothing at all due on us, only the wan year's rent, but the agent had only the wan word: 'our house was in the way and 'twould have to come down'—them wor his ordhers, and you may as well thry to go and put feelin' in *that* as to go near him to spake to him," and she pointed to where the bulgy whitewashed wall of the fire-place was being changed into a rich brown colouring by the turf smoke slowly rising against it.

"There was only five of us in it, me father, me mother, and me brother Maurice, meself, and Elleneen, a little sистер I had at the time. Before the throuble come, Maurice tuk it into his head to go to America so as to be able to help the rest of us, and although I think me father's heart broke the day he went out the doore, he left him go. 'I'll be able to help ye,' he says, spakin' very sensible and steady like, when he saw me father doin' his best not to cry much before the neighbours, but my grief! he wasn't much help to us or to anywan else, for he wasn't only seven weeks landed in a sthrange counthry when he died of the faver." And here she stooped low down and needlessly drew the sods of turf together on the hearth.

"Me poor mother never ruz her head from that day out, an' 'twasn't long afther till we laid her in Lisnakie among her own people. Afther that we sthruiggled on together, meself and me

father, thryin' to keep the place between us, I thryin' to do a man's work late and airly; many's the gap I built, and many's the furrow I dug on the other side of the ridge wud the father that reared me; but sure what good was all we done when the sstranger came and scattered all we bound? I was here in town this way of a Sathurday in the month o' May wud a few dozen of eggs and things, an' as I was standin' at the corner of High-street, near Ollave's Church, I heard two gentlemen who passed me talkin' about the great improvements that wor about to take place on the estate before the huntin' sayson, and 'tis little thinkin' I was then that the huntin' sayson would be a huntin' sayson in airnest, an' that the 'improvements' ud lave me 'idout a roof to me head. No," she continued, "I was thinkin' o' nothin' but how I'd industher for me father and Elleneen to make 'em comfortable, an' I was reckonin' up to meself to find out if me next clutch o' turkeys 'ud lave me enough to buy a new frock for her afther I'd pay the mill; that was all was in my mind all that day, an' I walked home across the fields, fair and aisy, early in the evenin'.

"'Tis often I thinks o' that evenin'," she said, musingly, "I thinks of it whenever I gets the smell of the whitethorn. As I crossed above over Oliver's Hill, I could see the country for miles around me. The river was the same as if 'twas asleep it was, an' the chapel windys was like the gates of heaven, an' as for our oul' house it never looked so purty to me before.

"The *boreen* was covered on aich side wud lilac and hawthorn, and I could see Elleneen's brown head at the gate waitin' for me, *m'asthoragh!* She used to be lonesome if I was too long away from her. Me father met me as I turned in off the road, an' the minute I looked at him I knew there was trouble on him. 'What ails you?' says I. 'Whisha nothin', girl,' says he, like that, 'nothin' at all,' says he. 'There's somethin',' says I. 'Well, I suppose 'tis no use cloakin' it from you,' says he. 'The agent was here to-day, at eleven o'clock, an' he says we must lave the place, the 'jement paper is 'ithin in a jug on the dhresser,' says he.

"Well, when I heard him say that," she said slowly, "I thought my heart stopped, an' that me ears began to pain me from listenin' to him, but I said nothin', only thryin' to put courage on him, tellin' him what I'd do, an' everything like that, the best I could of course.

"'Misther Ormond is away,' says, I, 'but I'll make Father

Tierney write over to him to England,' says I, 'an' maybe he'll make out the landlord and soften 'em again' us,' says I. 'Who knows what'll be done ayet?' says I. But the poor man didn't seem to be takin' much notice of me ; he knew well that 'tis only thryin' I was to brazen out the cloud o' misfortune that was blackenin' down about us.

" 'I'll write the letter, Peggy,' says Father Tierney to me when I went to him next day, 'and maybe something 'ud be done. God is good,' says he, and he put me in great hope entirely before I left him. The letter was sent safe enough, but it was never answered, one way or th'other, till 'twas too late to do anything. Mr. Ormond and Miss Ruth (that was his daughter) wor gone away from where they wor stayin', and the people they were wud never sent it after 'em, or maybe I'd be tellin' me story a different way altogether.

" But wait awhile till I tell you all ; just wait.

" To make a long story short, we wor put out on a St. John's Day, the fair day o' Wathe'ford, one o' the finest days that ever come out o' the heavens, it was the same year. Me poor father walked out 'idout a word out of him, ketchin a houl't of Elleneen be the hand, but faith, not so be me.

" I was takin' things aisy enough till I saw wan o' the bailiffs thrown down the little gate o' the kitchen garden that me mother was so fond of, because poor Maurice made it before he went away from us. I lost all conthroll over meself and wud wan swing out o' me two arms, I sent him tumblin' on his head into the lough o' wather that was in the middle o' the yard.

" I did !" she cried, with great vehemence, her tearlit old eyes almost flashing in the gathering dusk, " I did, I felt that minnit that I had the sthren'th o' ten in me, and could pitch sheriff, peelers, and all flyin' in afther him, but the neighbours gother round me and tuk me away wud 'em, and we no sooner turned our backs than the roof went down and all the poor rose threes and creepers wor all desthroyed and choked wud the dust entirely.

" We tuk our few things down the road to Tom Kirby's ; for although any o' the neighbours 'ud let us in for a bit, Tom had the best right to open the doore to us bein' as he was a gossip of a cousin o' me mother's. ' You can stay here wud your father and the child,' says Tom, to me, ' there's plenty in for you,' says

he, 'and plenty to do, too,' says he. And I was very thankful to stay and work on the same floore wud wan o' me own, as I might say, an' as for poor Mary, Tom's wife, although she wasn't belonging to the place at all, but a strange girl, that he married from beyant Kilrosenty, she didn't know where to have me.

" ' You can give me a hand wud the dairy, Peggy,' says she, an' she wettin' tay that evenin', 'and when the harvest 'ill be over there's a heftth o' wool in that loft above that's mouldy to be goin' on a wheel,' says she, 'and only for the misfortune and throuble o' the world, I'd say 'twas rale good look sent you in the doores to me,' says poor Mary.

" Well, then, I tuk their advice, and I stayed wud 'em, and although 'tisn't praisin' meself I am at this hour o' the day, I don't think there was a girl in the seven parishes was able to do me work at the time. I often had a churn made at six o'clock in the mornin', and then I'd turn out into a field and bind afther two men; and when the corn 'ud be ruz in stooks I'd think nothin' o' takin' a basket o' linen sheets in wan hand and me beetle in the other, and walkin' down to the flag o' the river, I'd have them as white as a hound's tooth before the sun 'ud lave the sky.

" Well, at any rate, to come back to where I was, I was aisy in me mind not to be separated from me father and Elleneen: but indeed they worn't long a throuble to me.

" Me father ud sit in Kirby's haggard all day long, lookin' towards the Comeragh mountains, so that he wouldn't be lookin' at all at the ruins o' the oul' house where all belonging to him was born an' reared. Poor Elleneen and Aughrim (that was the name o' the dog we had), used to sit at his feet, and there they'd be the three o' 'em together, all day long that harvest, till we'd come in from the field in the evenin'. Nayther Mary, nor Tom, nor myself could rouse him at all at all; so we used to let him have his way, and I suppose 'twas as well for us to do so. He complained this way of a Tuesday evenin', and on the Sunday evenin' afther he was laid in Lisnakie graveyard. I hadn't any great manes to bury him as I'd like, dacent, but I wasn't 'idout friends. The neighbours wor viein' wud aich other who'd do the most for me, and 'tisn't only that, but them that had throuble on their mind as well as myself came in and nursed him wud me.

" Everyone did their best for me (may God reward them all now!) but I never shed a tear, for me heart was as black as that,"

and Peggy pointed to where the cavernous chimney loomed darkly above us.

"When we came home from the funeral Elleneen crep' up to me, an' puttin' her poor head in me lap, the same as' if 'tis tired she was, began to doze off asleep. Mary Kirby, who had the two eyes fastened in her all the time, says to me, in Irish, 'Wisha, Peggy,' she says, 'I'm in dhread wud the way you have been tossed about an' wud the work an' the time o' the year that's in it, that between us we have neglected that *angishore* of a child; put her straight into bed an' I'll go over an' ask Nell Shanahan to come an' have a look at her, she have great skill in sick childhre' entirely,' says she. 'Wisha do, Mary,' says I, although I wasn't afraid at all of anything happenin' to her, 'go over,' says I, 'and I'll put her to bed,' but I hardly laid her on the bed when she fell asleep, and 'twasn't long before you could hear her braithin' out on the high road. When Nell came in wud Mary, she bent down over her and tuk a houl't of her pulse wud her two fingers, and then she tuk the candle in her hand and looked down at her again (my grief! 'tis she was the knowledgeable woman in sickness).

"'Twill be nothin',' says she, studyin' her voice, and lavin' the candle down again on the table very sarious lookin', 'twill be nothin' wud the help o' God, an' she'll soon put it over her, never fear,' says she. 'Nell,' says I, facin' her out on the floore, 'tell me what ails her. Whatever it is, don't desave me. Come, Nell, tell me,' says I. 'Wisha, *a colleen*,' says she, 'the Lord is lavin' a heavy hand on you, glory be to His holy Name, but put your thrust in Him, for Elleneen is heavy in the scarlet faver.'

"I don't know," said Peggy, speaking huskily, "how I lived through that time at all, but I think 'twas wan throuble batin' down another that kep' the life in me. I was goin' about for a week stupid for the want o' me rest, but I did not sleep that night, I can tell you. Wan thought alone was enough to keep me eyes open, an' that was how was I to put the cost of two funerals on the neighbours in the wan week if anything happened to her.

"The docthor came in the mornin', an' the minut he looked at her he said she should be sent to the Workhouse Hospital.

"Should she?' says Tom Kirby, ketching the word up at wanst. 'Don't offer to say the like in my house,' says he, 'for the first man that'll make a move to take her,' says he, 'I'll chop the hand off um wud the billhook,' he says. 'She's the first

Hyland that was ever carried through a workhouse gate,' says he, 'and if she's to die and go to her people she'll go from here,' says he."

For a few moments Peggy was silent, as if overcome by a rush of mingled memories, and I felt touched myself as I gazed on the expressive old face in which so many varied emotions seemed struggling for the mastery.

"Elleneen died," she resumed shortly afterwards in a low key, "an' went to her people, and the mornin' o' the funeral word came up the road that Misther Ormond was ather comin' home. The grave was just closin' in, and they wor spreadin' the green *scraugh* on poor Elleneen, when who came in over the stile o' the churchyard but Miss Ruth from the Rectory, her black ridin' habit over her arm, and her face as red as any rose from the hurry she was in.

"'Is id one o' the neighbours that's bein' berried?' says she. 'We never heard o' word of anyone bein' sick,' an' she was lookin' round at the whole of us. 'We came home late last night, and I was just goin' over to Amber Hill when I saw ye all in the churchyard, an' 'tis little I thought that a funeral 'ud be me fust welcome home,' says she.

"Some wan—I don't know who it was—tould her, and when she heard everything, and all the misery that had come down on me, she laid her two hands on the railin' of Kennedy's oul tombstone, and looked at me 'ithout a word. I went over to her, and she put her lovely arms around me, and she kissed me, and I never cried till then, an' faith then I cried plenty, never fear," added Peggy, her tears now falling rapidly. "The neighbours cried along with me, an' 'tis well we *caoined* [keened] Elleneen an' me father between us; an' Miss Ruth cried too. *Augh*, that was the mornin' in the churchyard!

"'Wisha, Misther Ormond,' says I to her father, who was comin' up the path when he heard us cryin', an' saw her in the middle of us. 'Wisha, sir,' says I, 'if you were to the fore in the time o' need, 'tisn't in Lisnakie churchyard you'd find me this mornin' idout a roof to cover me or a home or a habitation. I'm a bird alone now, sir,' says I, 'they're all gone from me.'

"'It will always be a regret to me that I wasn't present in his throuble to do what I could for your honest father,' says he, 'I would do what I could,' says he. 'Oisha, faith, 'tis you that

would do the good, sir,' says Terry Hogan, a man that was there, and that had a heavy family, 'idout much help, 'tis you that would do the good turn, and not much talk about it aither; 'tis often you put the seed in the ground for me,' says he, and *ma lear*, there was plenty there that agreed wud him.

" 'Well, now, Tom,' says Mr. Ormond, speakin' to Tom Kirby, when we all gother outside the gate, 'I want to ask one favour o' you, now,' says he.

" 'What's that, sir?' says Tom.

" 'Sich a thing,' says he, 'I know I'll have Father Casey's permission,' says he, 'for what I'm goin' to ask,' says he, 'but I'm goin' to ask you first if you'll let Peggy come up and stay wud us at the Rectory dairy. If she'll only come, she'll never want a home as long as I live,' says he, 'that's all I can say.'

"Tom said nothin', but he looked at me, an' I couldn't spake wud cryin'.

" 'Don't cry, my dear,' says the Rector to me, but *ma lear* he may as well ask the fire not to burn, if I didn't cry I think me heart ud break asundher.

" 'Go wud Misther Ormond, Peggy,' says all the neighbours to me, and Tom at last gev in.

"Well, Miss Ruth tuk me away to the Rectory wud her that mornin', and for eleven years I had nothin' shown to me but the greatest love and kindness. When the masther's health broke down, and he was ordered to lave Ireland for ever, 'twas a bad day for me I can tell you. I could go away along wud himself and Miss Ruth to be sure, if I liked; they gev me th' offer, but where would the likes of a *Moohawk* like me be goin' in sich grand places; besides"—and the echo of the wistful yearning of the true Celt crept again into Peggy's voice,—"I couldn't lave th' oul' place at all. But wait till I tell you," she proceeded, "Wait! When 'twas all settled that they wor to go an' every-thing, Miss Ruth herself come in here to town and got me a good place from the Protesdan' clergy below in Palace-lane.

" 'You'll have nothing to do,' says she to me, 'only to clane and dust the Cataydhril, Peggy,' says she, 'an' you'll have all the week to do it in 'idout anywan to put in or out on you, which,' says she, 'I know you'd rather than to have slurs an' frowns on a sthranger's floore, which I know well,' she says, 'you couldn't put up wud at all.'

“ Well, get me somewhere where I’ll see the oul’ neighbours passin’ the road an’ I’ll be satisfied,” says I, for I could spake to her like wan o’ me own. ‘ I will,’ says she, ‘ the Quintens’ have a l ttle house near town that’ll answer you ; ’tis on the high road over Kilbarry bog, and you can go into it afther we go away,’ she says, and the poor thing was lomesomer and lomesomer every day as the time was comin’ for her to lave.”

“ And it was Miss Ormond who got you this cottage ? ” I asked.

“ Yes,” she replied, “ and furnished it out and settled it wud her own hands. No wondher I’d love her like wan o’ me own if I had them to love, an’ as for Misther Ormond—I may say that I never lost a father till I lost him.”

“ Is he dead, then ? ” I asked.

“ *Eyeh*, he is,” she replied, “ but wait awhile. I settled meself down here, and, although I was gettin’ ould, I was healthy and sthrong, and for eighteen long years I cleaned out the big church below. I used to sweep it of a Monday and Tuesday and wash it of a Wednesday and Thursday, and for the rest o’ the week I’d be in and out dustin’ and settlin’ id right. ’Twas so big that I had a lot to do in id ; and faith the people used to say when they’d see me goin’ there wan day afther another that I was in church oftener than the Dane and all the Chaphther together.”

“ Yes,” she continued, seeing me smile, “ it used to put me in mind o’ Lord Waterford’s coat of arms, the cross on the stag’s head, and didn’t a man that came over from England say to him wance afther he dhrove of a Sunday to church in Clonegam wud him, ‘ Be this an’ be that, Beresford,’ says he, ‘ you have more Christianity on your carriage doore than in your parish church,’ says he.

“ The people thought at first, d’ye see, that I was a rale ‘ black Prodesdan ’ ; maybe some of ’em thought I was a Souper ; and when they found out I wasn’t ’tis then they called me ‘ Peggy the Prodesdan.’ Faith, but (she added mildly), I didn’t mind ’em, ’twas light-hearted was the way wud ’em always. I used to airn me livin’ in paice and quietness, go to Mass on Sundays and holidays, ’tend to me jooty an’ put in or out on no wan.”

“ Wor you ever in the oul’ church ? ” she suddenly asked, as she ceased her rapid knitting, her dark Milesian brows frowning at me interrogatively.

"Not much," I faltered, for I was anxious to have her description.

"Well, d'ye see," she resumed, 'it was wan o' the rale ould wans that belonged to us before Crummle,' an' for fear him and his sojers didn't bate and batther id enough, them that folleyed ather 'em nearly tore id away altogether, till oul' Bishop Chevenix, him that died at the doore wan mornin' ather christenin' his own grand-child (if you please), added a new nave an' porch to id, and so 'twas all changed—a most wan half of id being oul', an' the other half bran' new. The floore is covered over wud comfortable elegant mats an' there's yalla painted prayin boxes on aich side goin' up to where th' oul' althar used to be, an' inside a scrap of a railin' that's in id, there's a long table wud a red cloth on id and frence to id as thick as your finger. Over that there's the lion and unicorn fightin' away as comfortable as if 'tis over a peeler's barrack they wor instead o' being in what wanst was the House o' God, and on aich side o' them there's two big black boards nailed to the wall wud white letthers on 'em just like do be below in the judge's coort-house. In the middle o' the nave, there is a big pulpit risin' up like a big churn wud a stairs goin' up to id the same as if 'twas going up out o' the houl't of a ship 'twould be wud brass railins an' all, an' then, my dear life, there's a big sate like a settle where the Chapther used to be sittin' whenever they'd have a getherin there, an' at the head o' that was another big sate wud a roof to id like a bed, and arms to id like Italian irons where the bishop ud be when he'd take id into his head to come in among 'em; an' he'd be sittin' up in id. Undher that is a big brass aigle, as big as a man, wud a bill on her and her two wings spread out like that"—and Peggy flung down her knitting and spread out her arms with irreverent energy. "The aigle has a big book on her back wud a faded ribbon hangin' out of id from wan end o' the year to th' other, an' that's the Cataydhril now the same as if you wor standin' inside it and lookin' at it all.

"Well, anyhow I had regard for id on account o' what it wance was, and if you went to look for a speck o' dust or a cobweb in id you may as well look for fair play in a jury-box, for you wouldn't get id. Many's the long summer's and dark winther's day I got inside in id be meself, for 'twas surrounded be a big wall an' a graveyard, and no wan used to come in or out to me for the lenth of a whole day. Many's the prayer I prayed in id for the oul'

people that was dead and buried, forgotten be the world, and many's the lomesome tear I shed in id when I'd be scrubbin' on me knees thinkin' o' wan thing an' another an' all that was dead and gone belongin' to meself. Well, I suppose everything in the world comes to an end sometime, an' although I was in id for eighteen long year I left id as suddint as anything ever you'd see of a fine summer's mornin'.

“For two or three nights before what I'm goin' to tell you now happened, I was killed dhramin' of a rat, an' when I tould Mrs. Tobin below (that's where I gets the thread), ‘That's an enemy, Peggy,’ says she, ‘take my word for id the enemy is commin’,’ an' faith she was right, the enemy did come an' put her head out o' the dark soon after.

“There was a new minister in place o' the Dane's curate come to the church, an' as if they worn't enough he brought two folleyers wud him, a big Bibleman an' his wife. Now I couldn't make 'em out at all. They wor from England and they wor more like them quare bitther, mournful soart that do be goin' to the tin meetin' house in Catherine Street than the rale Prodesdans belongin' to the place at all. They used to live over the Freemason's Lodge in Sthrongbow Street, an' the husband used to be out all day readin' an' readin' an' thryin' to get people to listen to him. Even the Prodesdans wor bothered wud him, for I used to hear 'em all talkin' among themselves about him. Well, while the husband used to be out on his rounds, the wife used to be at home, lookin' out o' the windy for herself, I suppose. I heard that she wanted to have the clainin' o' the church tuk ov me, but I didn't believe id; an' wan day she opens the doore o' the church an' walks in to me. I thought first 'twas the Dane's wife that come in, a fine portly woman she was, wud the most good-natured smile you ever saw, but when I saw this wan marchin' up the nave wud as much carriage as a tongs, I said nothin', although, mind, I suspiscioned her from the very first. She comes up and sates herself just near the aigle an' takes up a book an' begins to read.

“‘Are you the person that clanes this church?’ she says, after a long, long time. ‘I am, ma'am,’ says I. ‘I believe,’ she says, ‘you are a Romanish,’ she says. (Oh, I remember the word very well.) ‘What!’ says I. ‘I dar say you're a Roman Catholic,’ she says. ‘That's the torch I'll never quinch,’ says I. ‘What did you say?’ she says. ‘You may swear it,’ I says, ‘on every

book that was ever shut and opened,' I says. 'Well,' she says, 'the last place that me an' Mither Cripps was in'—Mither Cripps was the husband, my dear life, an' her own name was Kezi (divil sich a name for a Christian)—'the last place we wor in' she says, 'we had the great j'y to see many come into the light that was down, fair down in the pitch o' darkness,' she says.

"'Did ye?' I says, an' I down on me knees scrubbin' away. 'Oh, yes,' she says, 'them that hadn't the word, up an' jumped at the word,' or some other sermon like that she put out of her; an' accordin' as she was sayin' id, she was walkin' down ather me, praichin' away at me. I saw be this time, of course, what sort of an *awlawn* I had to dale wud; so I says to her:

"'Me good woman,' I says, 'I don't want your praichin' or talkin'. Read your book, if you can read it,' I says, 'an' keep the hithory o' your husband an' his rovin' thravells to yourself. Let me do me work in paice and quietness,' says I. 'You're the first that ever intherfered wud me in this place, an',' says I, risin' me voice, 'don't be followin' me from sate to sate, for I'll not listen to you.'

"'But 'twas no use; nothin' wud stop her. The more I scrubbed, the more she praiched, followin' me down the nave, wud the book open in her hand, and the flag that I'd just be ather dhryin' and wipin', that's the flag she'd walk on. 'Your Church have the mark of the baste,' she says. ''Tis all here,' she says, and she tappin' and tippin' the laif o' the book wud her long fingers.

"'What's the principal mark in your Church?' I says. 'Look over your shouldher,' I says, 'at the two wild animals tearin' aich other. What marks and tokens are them?' I says. 'A lion an' a unicorn an' a wild aigle,' I says. 'Sure 'tis often they frightens the poor innocent childhre ye brings in among ye,' I says.

"'You ignorant woman, do you know that you're talkin' to a lady?' she says"; and Peggy, assuming an air of outraged grandeur, carefully imitated a prim English accent, closing her eyes and slowly elevating her dark eyebrows with incomparable mimicry.

"'A what?' I says, 'for I was hopin' to turn the talk round to herself some way; but she wouldn't let me. She turns again to the religion, and no wan ever heard out of anywan's mouth

sich scaldin' talk as I put up with that day. She cut me an' insulted me every way she could, an' when she saw the way I was takin' id, she got worse. I often wondher to this day how I left her alive at all; but she didn't know what was savin' her, because, if she went on at me for ever, I wouldn't lay a finger on her; for I knew where I was—in the oul' part o' the church, where the Mass used to be said long ago. But, of course, she knew nothing about that at all, an' so the same performance went on for another half an hour be the big clock above us, I scrubbin' an' she bargain'; and all for no rayson, mind you, at all. So at last I says to her, without liftin' me head, spakin' fair and aisy, as I'm spakin' to you now:

“ ‘I'm goin' to lock the church now,' says I, 'for I'm goin' home to a cup o' tay; so you'd bether be goin' out,' says I, 'for if 'tis a thing you don't g'out, you'll have to be thrun out,' I says, 'for I promised the churchwardens that I'd allow no stragglers, an' I must keep me word,' I says.

“ ‘What! What! Me!' she screeches. ‘Aye,' I says, ‘out you'll have to go,' I says, ‘if you wor as great a lady again, and as many more bugle-bades an' topknots on,' I says, ‘out you'll have to go.'

“ Well, wud that, I think, she gev a lep in th' air, an' slappin' down the book on the pew, she screeches: ‘I'll have you dhruv, I'll have you dhruv and banished this very day,' she cries, an' bouncin' out o' the pew (mind, I don't know whether she did it a purpose or not), she claps her big fut down on me hand that was lyin' flat on the wet floore, and wud the stamp she gave she broke asundher a little cross that was on an oul' ring on me finger for years ('twas bought at the big mission in Bonmahon long ago), an' when I saw the ring broke an' felt the pain of it edgin' through me hand now, I couldn't stand no more, I makes a jump to me feet, and I flings away the scrubbin' brush an' makes after her. When she saw me comin', faith she doubled on me round the pulpit, an' flew down the nave an' I afther her.

“ ‘If I'm to be dhruv an' banished, you'll g'out before me at any rate,' says I, 'an we flyin' through the porch, an' wud that I gave her wan shove that sent her through the two doores, and scattered all the bugle bades flyin' about the tombstones.

“ ‘Now!' says I, ‘who'll go first?' But that minit I got a rap of a walkin' stick down into the bare arm, an' when I turned

around, who was there but the hayro of a husband, wud a face on him like the wild aigle—he was listenin' all the time behind the curtain o' th' organ.

“ ‘How dar you,’ he says, ‘offer voylence to a lady?’ he says, an’ he was makin’ another sweep o’ the stick at me when, wud wan spring, I tear it out of his long claws (for me blood was up), an’ wud another shove I sends him of a hand-gallop down the steps afther Kezi’, an’ flings the walkin’ stick whistlin’ afther him through the air, over wall an’ all, into the sthreet outside. No sooner was he at the bottom o’ the steps than he makes a race up again to come in, but I was too quick for him, for I gives a bang to the big doore, an’ closes it in his face, and stooped down to the keyhole to make a defy at him; but, faith, he was there before me, an’ there we wor, the two of us, ragin’ at aich other together, ‘idout aither of us been able to know what the other was sayin’, till we had a turn aich at it.

“ ‘I’ll go to the police this moment,’ he says.

“ ‘No, but go up to barrack an’ call out the sogers,’ I says. ‘Tell ‘em an ould woman is afther baitin’ ye,’ I says, an’ for every answer he gev, I gev another, till the two of ‘em marched off, callin’ out that they’d have me in the body o’ the jail that night, an’ thransport me afther.

“ I heard the clank o’ the gate as they left the churchyard, but I couldn’t see where they were goin’ to, whether it was to the Danery or out towards the sthreet, an’ so I came in an’ sat down for meself in wan o’ the pews inside the nave, for I was determined I’d not do any more work that day—I’d wait fust an’ see what they wor up to.

“ Well, ‘twas a fine warm evenin’ in the month of August the same evenin’, an’ I was tired an’ fataigued wud the hait o’ the day as well as wud the thratement I was afther gettin’, an’ a quiet *sauvaun* came over me, and I fell fast asleep; an’ what is more” said Peggy, leaning forward and peering at me in the clear firelight, “ I stayed asleep. Oh, I’ll never forget it if I lived ninety lives.”

“ Forget what?” I asked.

“ Just wait till I tell you,” she nodded, with an air of deep interest, feeling, no doubt, that she had her auditor well in hand. “ Wait till I tell you! I fell asleep, as I was sayin’, an’ I dhremt, or I don’t know,” she said musingly as she ran a glittering

knitting needle through her dark hair, "whether I could call it a dhrame or not, but I thought I heard the awfulest, lonesomest, cryin' that any livin' Chrishten ever listened to, and it sounded as if 'twas down on dher me feet in the flags it was, an' comin' every minute nearer an' nearer like the wind till at last I saw comin' out through the doore o' the oul' crypt that was closed up for hundhreds o' years, a long, long, sthreel o' people that was cryin' and moanin' to theirselves as they come down the side aisle o' the church. I can't well tell you what they wor like, for they wor half covered over wud a soart of a white mist that rowled all over 'em like a cloud that ud rise out o' the bog; an', as they come near me, I could hear them all cryin' in Irish: 'Who will remimber us? Who will relave us?' And they came moanin' an' moanin' down the church till I thought me heart ud break listenin' to 'em. They made no other sound at all but cryin', an' just when they came to the stone image of oul' Celestine Plunket, the knight that's lyn' on his hard stone tomb since the time o' the Flood a'most, up he gets off his stoney cushion an' walks down the church behind 'em, an' I thought as he walked, that the clank of his stone shoes shuk the roof o' the church as well as the ground on dher nathe him, until as if he was wakenin' up the dead. The batthered oul' tombstones began to lift up all round me, an' I saw the dead people rise up an' follow him.

"Well, they come along till at the turn o' the nave the last of 'em came, an' then I saw this mist that was all over 'em lifted up wud light like the brightest silver, an' in the middle of it all was walkin' an oul' priest, an' 'tis he was the sighth intirely. He was so bright that you'd think he had a hundhert candles lightin' around him. He had a long cope on him down to the ground, an' a branch o' green palm in his hand, an' his white forehead and long grey hair had specks o' blood on 'em, an' every speck was like a star o' fire shinin' out of him, till they wor the same as 'tis a crown he wore. Even his white alb had stains o' blood on it, but 'tis the way it was but flashin' around him as he moved. Everywhere was light, and glory, and splendhor where he was; even as he passed around be where the font was, and it all chipped and black and broke, it shone out like a goold chalice before him; an' sure no wondher, for it 'twas there he was baptized, because," she said, clasping her hands together and speaking with intense feeling, "I knew that in lookin' at him I was lookin' at Father Kyran Hallahan the Marthyr!

" *Mavrone* ! 'twas the sight of him was holy. Even the Poor Sowls grew quiet as he came near 'em. They all went still walkin' an' walkin' around the church, an' when at last they turned around where the allthar used to be they moaned more lonesome and mournful than ever.

" I could see be this time that they wor fadin' slowly away, an' I could hear the cryin' stalin' away too, but I kep' me eyes fastened all the time on the lovely light that was about Father Hallahan, for 'twas happiness to be lookin' at it. Well, all at wance a great black cloud ruz up before me, puttin' out the light, and when I looked up—praises be to the Heavens! there in the high pulpit above me was 'the form of oul' Chevenix the Bishop lookin' down at me. I thought that his head raiched up to the point o' the roof an' he wore a long robe about him as black as ink, while the two black wings he had on him filled the church on aich side of him from the roof to the ground an' back again. But the worst thing about him wor his two eyes. They wor nothin', I thought, but all white in his head an' they looked an' looked at me till I tell you, sittin' there now, that I felt as if the sowl was shivered inside in me.

" I don't think that I could even live wan minute longer wud them two awful white eyes lookin' down at me, even in a dhrame, but I woke up wud a terrible noise to find meself in the cowld dark church at midnight, wud tundher rowlin' through the sky and sthreeles o' fiery lightnin' tearin' in and out through the long black windies.

" Oh! Oh! Oh!" she moaned, rocking wildly to and fro, " will I ever forget that night? I made seven offers at the big doore thryin' to dhrag it open the same as if 'tis to tear it out o' the wall I would, but sure 'twas no use for me, an' when I was afther bruisin' me hands into pieces I makes a dart at the gallery steps to get at wan o' the bell ropes, for not to say that I'd wake the town, 'tis to ring till I wake the nation I would before I'd stay inside where I was a minute longer. When I came to the belfry I found that locked on me too, but if it was, somehow or other I began to get studier in me head an' I felt company in the roofs. I could see through the little splink of a windy that was in the tower, and then out beyand a dawny little shine o' red light through the Friary windies—I knew what that was—an' me heart lifted up wud courage, for the next light I see was a little patch of sky for all

the world like a ripe apple that was spreadin' and spreadin' out far away on the hills, an' I knew 'twas near the break of day.

"The storm o' the night was over be this time, an' I sat down there then be the little windy; an' when at last the sun shone I squeezed me head through it and looked out at the wet roofs an' tombstones below me an' what do you think I sees on the top step outside the big doore down undher me but the key o' the church. Aye, wud the bang I gev the doore afther me pair o' visithors I shuk it out o' the doore an' so locked meself in. Well I didn't stir afther this till I puts out me head again an' I hears here and there footsteps beginnin' to walk an' I knew the people wor commencin' to go to work. The first two men that passed the shreet outside I calls out to 'em to come in across the church-yard an' open the doore for me, an' they opened the gate an' kem in.

"'Faith this wan is up airly enough,' wan of 'em says to the other as they kem up the path an' he shouts up at me: 'Peggy, is it slatin' or plasterin' ye are that you're out so airly, or is it a high notion like the crows you have? Mavbe 'tis goin' to fly you are?'

"'Begonnies this key is the same as if 'tis out all night it was,' says the other as he picked it up an' put it in the lock.

"'Arrah, open the doore for me,' says I, 'what an edge is on ye for talkin' this mornin',' an' at that minute the bell rang an' off they ran, an', me hand to you, 'twasn't a compliment they threw back at me as they were clearin' out through the gate.

"Well I kem down the steps inside an' I put me cloak on me head, took wan good look up the nave before me, an' then I walked out, locked the doore behind me, an' I never put a toe into it since and I never will. I kem home, and afther I had a cup o' tay and tidied meself, I tuk the key down to Mither Briscoe an' gev it into his own hands an' tould him that afther what had passed between meself an' civil Kezi an' the husband, I'd clane the church no longer. 'I'm sorry for this onpleasantness,' says he, 'but Mrs. Cripps, who was here this mornin', tould me that you 'tackeded her in a very voylant manner entirely.'

"'She said no lie there, sir,' says I, 'for if Mrs. Cripps tould you the full account of what happened, I needn't say nothin' at all, because a high-learned woman like her, sir,' says I, 'is too holy to tell a lie.'

"He said nothin' for a bit, only he says, 'Well, Peggy,' he

says, 'I don't want you to give up your work;' but I tould him fair an' aisy that me mind was made up, and that I was done o' the church an' the church key for ever. I kem home again, an' although I hadn't much, only the few shillins I had to bury me, I med up me mind that I'd throuble no wan for charity if I could help it, at any rate.

"Well, as I was passin' down Blackfriars a few days aftherwards, who comes afther me but Sam Allen the jeweller. Sam was a Prodesdan an' his father before him, but he was wan o' the oul' stock that a body 'ud have regard for in spite of everything, so he says: "'What's this you're afther doin' to the Crippses?' he says.

"'Go up an' ax 'em,' I says, for I could see the roguery in his eye.

"'Put it there, Peg,' he says, wud a roar of a laugh, as he caught me be the right hand, an' nearly swung it off o' me before the whole sthreet; 'you put the run on the greatest pair o' hypocrites that ever stole a screw,' he says (he had a great tongue of English entirely, had Sam—kind father *for* him), 'an' 'tish't over yet,' he says; 'be all the goats in Mothel, it 'tish't,' he says, for Sam was the head of a faction among the Prodesdans, an' though I didn't dislike him on account o' that, I had the greatest regard for him because he was a neighbour's child.

"'Wait, Peggy,' he says, 'wait till the Aisther Vesthry, an' if I don't rise music'—an' he tightened his lips an' shook his head at me, like that. But when Sam saw how it was wud me, an' that I wouldn't go near the church no more for friend or foe, he says:

"'Well, then, Peggy,' he says, 'be herrins! you'll not starve, even if you don't take the church. Here,' he says, dhrivin' me in before him into poor Miss Hutchinson's, 'give her all the wool she wants,' he says, 'I want her to knit forty pair o' socks for me,' he says; 'here, let her knit eighty,' he says, 'I'll make presents o' the rest in honour of her,' he says; an' when Sam's faction heard what he done, they gev me, every boy an' man of 'em, an ordher for forty more aich. (Oh! Miss Hutchinson had to send a mule's cart to Phairbrook for more thread!) Now, 'tis the way to say it, I was knittin' between em all, every day but Sunday, for nearly five years, an' I'm knittin' since; so that, as you see yourself, between wan thing an' another, an' the couple of dozen eggs I sells in the week, I wants for nothin'."

A long pause followed, during which I watched the grey film of ashes slowly gathering on the scarlet embers at our feet, and listened to the swaying of the poplars outside, and the whimpering of the ducks as they sought their nightly shelter.

Peggy was speaking again as if she thought aloud, her reminiscences seemingly being interesting to herself alone, as she gazed now and then in absent fashion towards where the photo of a Dominican nun hung in a tawdry little frame on the opposite wall. I did not intrude upon her spoken reflections, even when, with unconscious force, she actually paraphrased an epigram of Lacordaire into delightful idiom, as if to let me know that Sister Finbar, the nun with the Norman face, was once known as Ruth Ormond.

"You are not sorry then?" I said, after a long pause, and, reverting to her previous theme, "you are not sorry for what occurred between yourself and Mrs. Cripps?"

"Sorry for chasin' her out, is it?" she asked, and, with a prolonged look, in which surprise, indignation, scorn, and humour were so rapidly blended as to be simply indescribable. "No," she added, her expression rapidly changing to one of deep reverence, "I'm not sorry for what happened that day, for, if it didn't happen, I'd never pass the night as I did; an' so sign, I'd never have tuk upon meself to give the hour o' day that I gives to remembering the poor dead I saw that night. *Ma lear a's ma yraugh*, 'tis little they thought in their day, the noble men and fine women, that their bones 'ud be ondher the heels o' the strangers wud Kezi's an' Crummelers walkin' over 'em." She fell to murmuring to herself again, and as she did, the drone of her voice seemed to harmonize with the soft hum of the river as it flowed through the glen beneath us.

As I listened, the moon slowly rose up from behind the crest of the hill beyond, turning its crown of dark pines into spires of glittering emerald, and sending quivering bars of light through the cottage window, and across the dull, brown floor. With the opening of the door the soft hum of the stream swelled into a hoarse noise, and I passed out into the beautiful night with a blessing on my wandering feet.

MICHAEL HAUGHTON O'MAHONY.

## AFTER THE CHILDREN'S PRACTICE

WHY do you wait by the organ keys,  
 Dreamily sweet eyes?  
 There's a ripple of laughter over the leas  
 And quiver of butterflies,  
 For young May steppeth across the land  
 With blithely hastening feet.  
 There is some dear joy for her eager hand,  
 Her heart runs on to greet;  
 She is crowned and veiled in a bridal mist  
 Of buds that break for her,  
 And her eyes than April violets kissed  
 With dew, are starrier.  
 And, little one, up on high,  
 The blue and golden sky—  
 The swallows sailing by.

Far off a lark is singing sweet  
 Beside the heavenly door;  
 The meadow spreads a daisy sheet  
 Along her dainty floor.  
 Why do you wait in the shadowy place,  
 Listening and unafraid?  
 With small and sweetly upturned face  
 That might have been half made  
 Of music of the wistful dawn  
 And sound of singing stars,  
 Before the pale night mists were gone  
 Or dimmed the red rose, Mars,  
 Deep in your lifted eyes  
 The blue remembrance lies,  
 The dream of morning skies.

You are climbing, as I would,  
 In your Maytime, Sweet,  
 Up the heights to angelhood,  
 With half-unconscious feet.

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.

## A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

EVERY freshman in the College of M. learned, before he was long in the house, of the *Requiescat in Pace*; the old custom which ordained that when anyone in the college died, student or professor, the ordinary "Benedicamus Domino" which awakened the sleepers in the morning, should be replaced by the Church's aspiration for the departed soul. If he were in the least imaginative—and what Celt is not, when the things of the Unseen are in question?—he listened to the solemn description given by the seniors with chilling blood. The isolation of his room after the healthful companionship of the day in class-room or play-ground, the proximity to scenes of authenticated occurrences too weird to be spoken of with courage even around the study-hall fire—the immense gloomy corridors, and the lonely voice calling in the darkness to the outer void, was enough to make even a healthy Celt of large biceps and heroic digestion feel his nerve-ganglions creep. When, in addition to these demoralizing circumstances, one had the sight of a coffin, black even against the gloom of the empty church, save where the faint light of the lamp of the Sanctuary flickered on the mountings, you can well believe that I was not so chirpy as usual on proceeding to my college room one certain night.

A lonely room it was; one of two built over the eastern side aisle of the College Chapel and reached by a short stairway down from the main corridor. The other room was vacant. Another set of rooms lay over the vaulted nave of the chapel. To light the chapel better, my room had a large window on the innermost side, a 'clerestory' window of the chapel, and over the ground glass of its lower half one could look down into the interior of the building.

Dr. H. had died.

His body lay in the chapel below awaiting interment on the morrow, and to-night I would hear the monitor sing his dismal threnody. At ten o'clock all students' lights must be extinguished and the monitor traversed the corridors to see that the rule was obeyed. I got a-bed in somewhat of a hurry, and gradually the house settled down to absolute stillness, only for the rasping of a tree-branch against one of my north-facing windows, and every passing breeze which stirred the leaves had a meaning for me that

night. When, oh when, would I too pass into that spirit-land and leave a body lying stark and cold? I thought of the many times the dead eyes had looked keenly at me during lecture, and of the heavy familiar figure, in the flowing black robe, about the college grounds. Suddenly I started and quivered. Far away at the other side of the long range of buildings I heard a voice singing. Thinned by the distance to a thread of sound, it rose wailingly on the air and died away. Listening intently, I could hear the steps of the singer growing heavier on the ear as he came. He stopped again. Louder now I could hear the words, and, when he ceased, the quickened beating of my heart. Louder and louder came the heavy muffled tread till it stopped at the corridor end above my stairway. Out he rolled it on the stillness of the night: "*Re-qui-es-cat in Pa-ce.*"

The deep voice had something almost of sternness, and yet when it hung with heavy vibration on the upper note and died down again, there was sorrow, fear, supplication in it.

I shivered. My room always at night had a faint light in it from the chapel lamp, and visions of the 'business that goeth about in the dark' took fantastic shape behind my tightly closed eyelids till oblivion came. How long I had slept I could not tell, but something awoke me, and in the first pulsebeat of consciousness a shock flashed along every thrilling nerve to the citadel brain.

Someone—*something*—was walking in my room. My skin tingled in every pore. Was I awake? was I only dreaming of that monitor's step? I dug five trembling fingers in my arm, and they announced noon-day wakefulness.

It was there! Slow, soft, it went to the end of the long room, and, turning, came straight back to my bed—turned, and retreated again.

Readers of their "Black Cat" will smile in train or at fireside, but *these steps were real*. It came again, and, summoning up courage, I called: "Who is there?" No answer—but the step stopped. Again they came on till I shrank and quivered; but I called, as one calls to the dead: "Who is there, in the name of God?" Again a horrible silence. I peered across to where the chapel window showed a ghostly glimmering square, thinking if the thing passed it I might see. Nothing could I see, but out of the deeper gloom, beyond, came a sigh—a horrible sound that seemed to be a

long drawn sigh and a moan together. Reaching out a frantic hand, I grasped the candle-stick which stood on a little table near and hurled it with all my force in the direction of the sound. A crash followed, a deafening crash, and I buried my head beneath the bedclothes. The blood drummed in my ears; the perspiration poured off my forehead; and the momentary expectation of a touch upon me made me gasp convulsively for breath. Very likely I must have been half smothered, for I fell asleep again. When I awoke, it was broad day-light, and the big college bell was tolling for morning prayer. Nevertheless it was with a fearful eye that I glanced about the room. On the floor lay the fragments of my mirror interspersed with an assortment of matches and in the corner a candle-stick grievously deformed.

After breakfast came the funeral, and all that was mortal of my old Professor of Logic was laid to rest, but I could not shake off the uncanny feeling about that room. It was too real. I was loath to speak of it to anyone, but I did not fancy another night in that lonely place. A man at the ball-courts quickly noticed my unwonted gravity and inquired the cause. I mentioned what I had gone through, and he listened gravely.

"Why," said he, "I heard that noise. Restless after Hackett had gone around—fine voice that fellow has!—I lit up again and was walking up and down my room when I heard some fellow shout, and after stopping to listen, I heard him shout again, and I was wondering what was up, when I heard an awful crash and I skipped into bed.

"Where is your room?" I asked feebly.

"Why, almost over yours."

The whole thing dawned on me. "Oh, confound you! toss the ball." And I spat on my hands to be ready for it.

RICHARD BERCHMANS.

## IRISH EXILES AND WEST INDIAN SLAVES

WHATEVER we may have to complain of, or to regret, in the present condition of the Catholic population of Ireland, we must bless the merciful providence of God for having brought His people so safely through the hardships and perils of many centuries. When we see in authentic history the plight to which the Catholic Church was reduced in these islands at certain epochs in the past, we recognise the supernatural vitality through which she is what she is at present.

The year 1641 is an easily-remembered date in Irish history, and the 8th of December is a favourite Feast in the Church's calendar. On that day, in that year, the two Houses of Parliament in England issued a joint Declaration that they would not tolerate Popery in Ireland, nor in any part of His Majesty's dominions. They little thought that two hundred years after this decree Ireland would be more Catholic than ever, and that through her means, besides the Irish Catholic element in the New World, the Catholic faith would make steady progress also in England and Scotland. The crisis to which our thoughts are now going back is Cromwell's bloody mission to Ireland; but we are concerned with only one of its less known consequences. We have all of us a general idea of the cruelties involved in the Plantation of Ulster, and in the transplanting of the Irish Catholic families to Connaught from their more fertile holdings in Munster and Leinster. Among the penalties inflicted on those who refused to transplant was death, sometimes mitigated into transportation in its worst form. In the year 1655, on the 8th of December (the Feast of the Immaculate Conception turns up again) the Commissioners of Parliament for the Affairs of Ireland wrote to the Governor of Barbadoes to apprise him of a cargo of proprietors that were banished for not transplanting, and along with them were transported three priests. In that same year a thousand boys and as many girls were sent from Ireland to work in Jamaica, which was garrisoned by English soldiers. In the four years previous to that date 6,400 Irishmen and women, boys and girls, had been seized and shipped off to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. When we consider the animosities of race and creed, the trying climate which is fatal to many

even in the easiest circumstances, and the hard and cruel feelings which then prevailed, even in persons more humane than Cromwellian soldiers and greedy traders; we can imagine to what plight were reduced these unwilling exiles, who were many of them of gentle birth—like the three fair daughters of a Clare gentleman, Mr. Daniel Connery, who brought this fate on himself and his family by the crime of giving shelter to a Catholic priest.

These particulars are merely given as an introduction to some extracts bearing on the subject, taken from an exceedingly interesting old volume, which I have been allowed by the possessor, Dr. Michael F. Cox, of Merrion-square, Dublin, to examine. Was the modern binder, who has reclothed it in a dainty and costly garb of vellum, responsible for disguising it under the title *Langue des Galibis*? In reality the linguistic part is only an introduction of thirty pages, but the printer gives it an independent title-page, though the permission of the Jesuit Provincial, dated May, 1655, and the *privilege du Roi* in the following July give the title of the work thus: *Relation des Missions des PP. de la Compagnie de Jesus dans les Isles, et dans la terre ferme de l'Amerique Meridionale. Avec l'Introduction à la langue des Galibis, etc., par le P. Pierre Pelleprat, de la mesme Compagnie.* Just as the American Jesuit, Father Francis Barnum, has within the last year published an elaborate account of the Innuït language spoken by the aboriginal inhabitants of some of the territories near Alaska, so his French brother, two hundred and fifty years ago, did the same for the language of some of the natives of Central America. But in both cases the linguistic labours of the Fathers were undertaken chiefly with a view to helping themselves and others to bring these tribes to the knowledge of the Christian Faith. God be praised for the holy zeal which in all ages of the Church has burned in so many ardent missionary souls from St. Paul to Father Augustus Law.

If the volume, of which this article will form a portion, should survive till the year of our Lord 2149, I greatly fear that the paper will not be in such perfect condition as that of the book before me, which has already lasted just as long, and seems fit to last a thousand years or two. Father Pelleprat devotes eight chapters to the West Indian Islands, and twelve to the mainland of America. The interest for us is centred in the fifth chapter of the first part. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus had eagerly

accepted the invitation to attend to the spiritual wants of the French in Martinique and other parts of the West Indies, and to labour for the conversion of the poor native savages. The first detachment of missionaries sailed from Nantes in the Autumn of 1638, and reached their destination on the Good Friday of the next year. Many other Fathers followed them, and laboured zealously to keep the French settlers true to the practice of their Faith, while using all opportunities of bringing the poor pagans into the fold.

It is strange that, when Father Pelleprat comes to speak of *la Mission Irlandaise*, and states that the number of Irishmen in those parts was considerable and was increasing every year, he says nothing about the iniquitous circumstances which caused this increase in the population of the West Indian Islands. He simply goes on at once to tell us that, to provide for these Irish immigrants (if they can be called so), the Fathers succeeded in securing the services of an Irish Jesuit. "It was time," says Father Pelleprat, "to lend them a helping hand, for as the English, to whom most of them were *engagés* (what a euphemism!) for seven years, did not allow them to exercise their religion in any way, and on the contrary treated them with extreme harshness and vigour, the most part of these poor people, to avoid the violence offered to them, went to the Protestant preaching-house, and were gradually losing their faith."

The Irish Jesuit who came to their assistance was Father John Stritch (whom his French brother calls Destrèche). He arrived at St. Kitt's in the year 1650. He built a chapel in the French quarter of the island, but sufficiently near to the part of the English district where most of the Irish lived. As soon as they knew that a priest of their own race had come, the joy which the news caused them made them forget the danger that they ran in coming openly to welcome the priest that God had sent them. They kissed his hand and threw themselves at his feet to get his blessing. Did he and they speak Irish, I wonder? No doubt they did. He told them \* that he had travelled to those distant islands solely for their sakes, and in order to minister to their spiritual wants. He arranged with them about the best time and means of helping them, without affording their masters

\* I use here a good deal of the language employed by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., some thirty years ago in *The Monitor*, edited by Father Robert Kelly, S.J.

a pretext for persecuting them ; but most of these good Irishmen were so fervent, that they shrank not from exposing their bodies in order to save their souls.

The Father went every day to the chapel, in order to administer the sacraments to them. He remained three months on the island, and was at work from daybreak until one o'clock in the afternoon, hearing confessions, giving communion, instructing the adults, and baptizing the children. God so blessed his labours that many who had already joined the heretics returned to the fold, and the good Father very soon gathered together a congregation of three thousand souls ; a fact that will amaze those who reflect that, as late as the year 1826, there were only one thousand six hundred white people in that island.

Having provided for the most urgent wants of his countrymen at St. Kitt's, he passed to the island of Montserrat, of which they were once the masters ; but the English had dispossessed and enslaved them. As he knew that the English would not allow a priest to land, the Irish Jesuit disguised himself as a merchant buying timber. He soon made himself known to some of his countrymen, and gradually to all the rest. They selected a place in the woods where the Father celebrated Mass and administered the sacraments every day. The whole morning was devoted to the salvation of souls, and afterwards they went to cut down timber and carried it for their good Father ; thus confirming the English in the delusion that he was a timber merchant.

Father Stritch, having given the necessary help to the Irish of Montserrat, went back to St. Kitt's and prepared to build a chapel ; but the enemy of mankind, who could not bear to see the Catholic religion make such progress, filled the hearts of the English with jealousy and distrust, and prompted them to prevent the Irish from going to the French quarter, on the ground that the French were tampering with them, in order to win them to their side in case of an emergency.

The English were not satisfied with forbidding all exercise of the Catholic religion : they not only treated the Irish with all imaginable rigour and severity, but, driven by a blind and mad hatred and fury, they seized by night one hundred and twenty-five Irish Catholics, whom they believed to be the most fervent and influential ; they put them on board a vessel which cast them on Crab Island, which is six hundred miles away from St. Kitt's, and is destitute of all things that could contribute to the comfort

or support of a human being. Some of them, after enduring terrible privations, made their way to Tortuga, or Tortoise Island, where they were well received by the French. The others are supposed to have perished in trying to make their escape on a raft.

These horrors almost broke the heart of Father de Stritch. To save them from their English masters, he gathered together all that he could of the Irish at St. Kitt's, and took them in the year 1653 to the island of Guadaloupe, where they were cordially welcomed by M. Houel, Governor of the island.

Father Pelleprat's narrative is confined to what passed chiefly under his own eyes, and does not even mention Barbadoes, which, as we saw at the beginning, was the destination to which the Bristol merchants generally shipped (at £5 or £6 a head) their cargoes of kidnapped Irish or of transplantable Irish who had not transplanted, and who, when not hanged for this crime, were thus sold as bond-slaves to the sugar-planters. Please God, many of these died off soon with fervent Irish prayers on their lips and true contrition in their hearts, and a great yearning for the Last Sacraments that were alas! denied to them. But we greatly fear that many of the descendants of these cruelly wronged Irish Catholics, left for so long without priests, amidst such dangers and temptations, drifted away into some Protestant sect that had its place of worship beside them: for the last census that we have seen gives Barbadoes only five or six hundred Catholics out of some one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is very sad to see the most Irish and Catholic names represented often in the United States and in South Africa by bigotted members of various Protestant sects. Is this the case also in some of these West Indian islands?

Let us end by reminding ourselves that this nefarious exportation of Irish men and women, young and old, to the West Indies, which was only one of the barbarous incidents of the Cromwellian Settlement, was part of a scheme to empty out the Catholic population of Ireland and leave the land free for English settlers that were to transform it into a few additional English shires. Another means to the same end was to let the agents of the King of Spain purchase some forty thousand of the beaten and disbanded Irish soldiers. What a drain on the Irish race at home, thinly populated as Ireland was then! But the diabolical plan failed; Catholic Ireland was not annihilated.

## THE IRISH FRANCISCAN

A BARE-FOOT friar all in brown,  
 Weather-beat face and storm-rent gown,  
 Tattered hood over shaven crown,  
 Travelleth as the sun goes down.

Whither ere morning goeth he ?  
 Over the bog he moveth free ;  
 Bog so brown it were hard to see  
 That brown man travelling patiently.

Hidden under his threadbare vest  
 He holdeth One close to his breast ;  
 " O Lord, in what poor place of rest  
 This winter's eve thou harbourest ! "

Deep in the pools the red lights die,  
 Darkness veileth the western sky ;  
 Only the plovers cry and cry  
 Amens to prayer as they flitter by.

Who are these, thou barefoot man,  
 Weak and weary and under a ban,  
 Who meet thee in the starlight wan ?  
 Columb, and Patrick, and Adamnan !

Three, with torches faint and white,  
 Threading the holes to give thee light,  
 Bowing before the One of might  
 Thou bearest with thee through the night.

Now the dawn opes in the east,  
 There's the altar, and here the priest ;  
 Welcome now to the last and least  
 Who hunger for the Master's feast !

Table of rock, and cloth of moss  
 (Gold and silver are Mammon's dross),  
 Rude is the stone, and rude the cross,  
 O Christ our gain, O World our loss !

Ye banned and outlawed of the faith !  
 Shrive ye now with bated breath ;  
 Hither the hunter hasteneth,  
 Fear not the little pain of death !

Shines the moon on the curling sea,  
 Sighs the wind in the white-thorn tree ;  
 Forth from the bough as the gale blows free  
 Swingeth a figure dolorously.

A bare-foot friar all in brown,  
 Weather-beat face and threadbare gown,  
 Girdle of rope and shaven crown—  
 Swingeth he as the moon goes down.

R. M. G.

## TRUE REST

MAN seeketh Rest and findeth many woes.

Where dwells true Rest ? Not in the Lotus-land—

There men are bound with sloth's ignoble band ;  
 Nor yet where many quaff the cup that glows  
 As poison in the veins ; nor where man's foes  
 Lure on to death by some fair Siren strand.

Not in song, mirth, and all seductions bland  
 Of feastings, crowned with myrtle leaf and rose.

It is not found in crossing many seas,  
 Nor 'mid pure joys to which the heart is thrall.

Whoever wills to shun vile, fleshly ease,  
 And rules his soul to act at Duty's call,  
 In spite of pain or phantoms that appal,  
 Gains Rest, the port sought in all Odysseys.

M. WATSON, S.J.

## IN THE BLACK NORTH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

WHAT a change a century brings about, particularly a century such as the nineteenth has been ! How little the people of Ireland of to-day realize the state of things in their country a hundred or even fifty years ago ! We read of it and believe it, but we do not and cannot realize it. It is to help a little in that direction that the following pages have been written. They will deal with only one part of the country, the *Black North*, as it is called, and chiefly with one of the blackest spots in it—portions of the counties of Down, Antrim, and Tyrone. They will tell of some of the hardships Catholics had to endure from the descendants of the English and Scotch planters, from the loyal Yeomen, Orangemen, etc., etc. What is the writer's object in committing these things to paper ? Is it to revive sectarian hatred between man and man ? Just the reverse. Should these pages fall into the hands of any Protestant, I trust the effect will be to make him ashamed of what was done under the name of religion, and make him think more kindly of the descendants of these who suffered so severely for being loyal to their consciences ; for, after all, that was their chief fault. I do not mean to say that Catholics, smarting under cruelty and injustice, acted always with prudence and discretion ; beyond doubt individuals, goaded almost to madness, were sometimes guilty of a want of judgment in their methods of defence and self-protection. That on the whole, however, they acted with marvellous patience, and showed almost heroic endurance, is, I believe, equally beyond doubt. They would not have been children of Adam had they shown themselves faultless.

The writer does not forget, nor for a moment wish the Catholic reader to forget, that Protestants, Presbyterians, and even Orangemen, are our brethren, of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, and having human hearts, and, most of them, at least, supernatural aspirations, according to their lights and notions. Take them individually and they will be found as a rule kindly, inoffensive neighbours. It is only when they get together and lash one another into fanaticism over "pious and immortal memories," that they become blind and grossly unjust to the Catholic community amongst whom they live. On these occasions they fall

easy victims to the wiles of the arch-enemy of our race, whose greatest satisfaction consists "in setting brother against brother." He began that trick very early in the history of our race, and from the time of Cain till the present day, he has never desisted from following the same tactics. Alas, that he should be so often successful! How truly may he exclaim in the words of Shakespeare's Puck, as he looks on and sees brother flying at the throat of brother: "*What fools these mortals be!*"

The first story I shall relate has rather a comic side to it. It will, however, bring into light the conditions under which Catholics had then to live.

On the top of a hill, beautifully situated, and overlooking Lough Neagh, lived a family of four brothers and two sisters. Both father and mother were, I think, dead at the time of which I write. They owned a small but well tilled farm of perhaps forty or fifty acres, their fields sloping down on all sides from the house, which, as we have said, crowned the hill. A pleasant stream threaded its way among the meadows at the foot of the hill. Among these meadows and by the side of the stream lay a public pathway, called in that district "a pad." Now, some yeomen of the day going to their meetings to make arrangements, no doubt, against Catholics, took it into their heads to quit this path and to take a short-cut through the fields of the family spoken of above—a most unwarrantable act. The first to notice and resent this was the family dog, a rather doughty specimen of his race. He charged the enemy furiously every time they trespassed. At last one of the number, meeting one of the four brothers, told him if he did not chain his dog or keep him within doors he would shoot him. "*Better not,*" replied the young man, a stalwart, robust fellow, as were his three brothers. "The dog is in the right. Don't leave the public 'pad' and he won't molest you. And if you talk of shooting, don't forget that more than one man can shoot." The result was that the yeoman thought it better, let us say more neighbourly, to keep to the "pad" in future.

Now comes the amusing part of the story. Soon after this *rencontre* the brothers were one night awakened, in the small hours of the morning, by hearing tapping at one of the windows outside. They made no doubt that they were being honoured by a nightly visit from the affronted yeomen (quite a common occurrence then), and prepared for a good fight and resistance.

Accordingly they armed themselves as best they could, and awaited the entry of the enemy. After a time the tapping ceased, and, being tired of suspense, one of the party ventured out to reconnoitre. He found a young bullock lying close to the window, the point of whose horn against the window-sash, as he leisurely licked himself, had caused the ominous noise!

To explain the readiness of their suspicions we must go back a little. The father-in-law of one of these men had, some time previously, been dragged from his bed in the middle of the night, and beaten until he was believed to be dead or beyond recovery. He had been asked if he was willing to leave his house and quit that part of the country. This he had refused to do, whereupon his nightly visitors meted out the punishment described above. The leader then ordered a coal to be put in the thatch of the house, and the windows to be torn out for sake of the lead they contained. "*Take it, boys,*" said he, "*and keep it safe; we want it for bullets.*" In those days windows were commonly made of lead, with diamond-shaped panes. Fortunately the good man recovered, but only to find himself houseless.

On the brow of the hill adjoining his house was a tree known as "*The Gallows,*" for more than one Papist had swung from it. All the efforts of the yeomen\* were, however, unsuccessful. The Papists clung to their homesteads as tenaciously as drowning men cling to spars, and in due time "increased and multiplied."

Let us now move forward a stage in our history. All the brothers spoken of above got married and found separate homes. The one who remained in the old place, his father's homestead, had two sons, the elder of whom was, like his father, a man of stalwart frame, robust constitution, and a terror to individual Orangemen. Without his father's knowledge he had accepted a challenge to fight the biggest Orangeman, physically and morally, in the neighbourhood. One side of the country was physically poor and inhabited by Catholics, the other fertile and in possession of the Protestants.† The young Catholic, knowing that his father would be against him, had made no mention of the accepted challenge. Accordingly it was known only to a few. The Orange

\* Thomas Davis tells his "*Annie Dear*"—

"Around it were the Yeomen,  
Of every ill an omen,  
Our country's bitter foemen."

† This arrangement prevails markedly in County Antrim and other places.

Goliath, however, who was as great a swaggerer and coward at heart as his prototype of old, published it everywhere; so that when the day arrived he was followed to the scene of conflict by an enormous crowd, well armed with sticks and bludgeons. The fight commenced, and the young Catholic quitted himself like a man, until, after a short time, it became clear he would come off victorious. Then commenced foul play. His second and he were jostled and "jundied," as the phrase then went, and the hostile crowd soon closed in upon them. Now began a regular Homeric battle. The few Catholics held their own, getting back to back, until the news was carried to the Catholic quarters, when hundreds came rushing to the scene of conflict. One woman, the aunt, I believe, of the Catholic hero, was bringing a number of blackthorns, etc., to supply her co-religionists with arms, when she was intercepted by the Orangemen. She courageously maintained her ground and her sticks till relief came, whereupon she distributed them with great coolness and discrimination. The biggest, the handstaff of a flail, she handed to an enormous half-witted fellow, who immediately issued forth, crying out, doubly regardless of the King's English: "*Who will I hit?*" "*Hit everyone you don't know,*" shouted the woman, for he was well known by all the Catholics. He made for the most stalwart enemy he could catch sight of, for he was ambitious in his way, and disdained to strike anyone not a fair match for himself. His enemy, not knowing his character, and seeing his huge frame, immediately turned tail, whereupon he gave him the whole length of the handstaff along the back. The Orangeman was entirely disabled, and had to be borne off the field of battle. He was the Hector of his party. The battle soon came to a conclusion, the Catholics pursuing the enemy beyond the trenches, so to speak, until the field was clear. This fray was long after known as "*The Battle of Langtoy's Meadow,*" and formed the subject of a local ballad, the concluding line only of which I remember, and which refers to the defeated Goliath:

"Who swears the deil's in Tullydagan"—

that being the name of the district or townland from which the Catholic party was chiefly recruited. *Langtoy's Meadow* has since been cut in two by the Great Northern Railway, and little the passengers between Dublin and Belfast dream of the scenes enacted about eighty years ago in that meadow over which they pass at the

rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour, drawn by what was first known to the people of the vicinity as "*Dargan's Blind Mare*"—the name given to the locomotive engine on its first appearance in their midst. William Dargan was, of course, the well-known railway contractor, who afterwards lived in Mount Annville, the present busy home of the Sacred Heart Nuns, near Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

Time went by, and the four brothers were all gathered to their fathers one by one, all having attained a venerable age; for they were, as I have said, men of robust constitutions, and their lives were laborious and simple. The average age of the six members of the family was, I believe, over eighty years. The last to pass away was the youngest of the brothers, the father of the victor of *Langtoy's Meadow*, at the advanced age of ninety-five. It is his grandson, who often sat at his knee, who writes these lines. He had not the ordinary characteristic of old age, garrulity, which he abominated, in man or woman. Neither was he a *laudator temporis acti se puero* in the sense of disparaging the efforts of those younger. On the contrary, he was an ardent admirer of progress in every department, and when a threshing machine was set up on his farm by his son, no one praised and admired it more than he, and up to the very last almost he insisted on clearing away the straw himself as it rolled in volumes from the roaring machine. He was a man of very temperate habits throughout life. His strongest prejudice was against smoking, the sight of which he could not bear; for in his eyes it was a sure sign of idleness, and idleness he detested.

About a week before his death his appetite suddenly ceased. He felt the end had come, and when urged to try to take some food, he merely said, with great simplicity:—"It is of no use, I'm done with that for ever." He went to the door of his house, staff in hand. There for the space of a quarter of an hour or so, he contemplated the surrounding country—the Mourne mountains in the far distance on the one side, and on the other Sleamish, in the County Antrim, on whose slopes St. Patrick had herded his master's swine, with the hills of Derry and Tyrone, the homes of O'Neill's gallow-glasses—nodding to each in recognition of old times, for had not his eyes beheld them daily for almost a century? He then took to bed, made his will, "turned his face to the wall," like the patriarchs of old, and passed quietly away. He desired

to be buried with his fathers in Anghagallon graveyard, which though once Catholic, had been taken possession of by the Protestants. That graveyard stands on the top of a hill, and is surrounded by a circle of melancholy Scotch firs, that stand like a hundred armed and watchful sentinels over the dead buried beneath them. In the enclosure is the ruin of an ancient church. A headstone was erected over his grave with a very simple inscription. By some oversight, or perhaps because the stonemason may have been a Protestant, there was at first no mark of Catholicity on it. The present writer went himself with a hammer and chisel and supplied the deficiency, putting a cross and I.H.S. at the top, and R.I.P. below. He was told subsequently that some Protestant bigots had endeavoured to deface the letters, but he is confident they were cut sufficiently deep to render their entire obliteration practically impossible. The men who sleep beneath were noble specimens of their race, and the writer is glad to pay this tribute to their memory.

Far away in the valley below, and beyond the intervening bog, lies the burying-ground of Magh-na-Gall,\* "where," as used to be said, "they bury the strangers." Who were those strangers? Many of them poor Catholics who wandered all the way from Mayo and Roscommon, when their fertile plains had been handed over to bullocks, or walled in to form an imposing demesne for the Rockinghams and Brabazons.

Before leaving this spot, let me tell a story that came to us children from the heart of the County Antrim that lies so near. A famous priest and one renowned for his sanctity, a Father O'Kelly I think, lived there. He was assiduous in looking after his parishioners and in keeping their ranks close and serried. For this he was cordially hated by the yeomen and Protestant gentry of the neighbourhood, and they resolved to get rid of him or to corner him. Accordingly they invited him to dinner on a Friday, placing nothing but meat upon the table. Lo, when the cover of the dish before him was removed it was found to contain a beautiful salmon, instead of roast beef! The enemy was defeated.† Again they invited him, but their tactics on this occasion were to provoke a religious dispute, and thus get an excuse for beating

\* Plain of the Strangers.

† Whether the occurrence was miraculous or the doing of a Catholic cook we do not know. The general belief is that it was miraculous.

him. He was a splendid talker and a man of refined social qualities. The cook, who was a hidden Catholic, overheard the plot, and was determined to do her best to save him. Accordingly on his arrival she issued from the kitchen and demanded aloud and repeatedly "*a fish that had never been caught by a bait,*" as necessary for the dinner. While saying and repeating this, she looked straight and fixedly into the priest's face. He took the hint, and making an apology, rode away to the far end of his parish to visit a Catholic, who was known to be dying. He thus escaped being caught by the bait of a good dinner, and more or less refined conversation, and never again accepted such an invitation.

The story of another saintly priest went the rounds when the writer was a boy. It concerned a famous Lady M——, a great beauty in her day. After death she was said to haunt the castle and even to throw brick-bats at people out of the windows. The castle was made uninhabitable by her, and the priest of whom we speak was implored to lay her spirit. At first he refused, but he was afterwards prevailed upon to consent for reasons which no doubt he considered adequate. The exorcism began, and soon ominous cries were heard. When he attempted to enter the haunted chamber, the candle he held was blown out in his face. He quietly relighted it, and making the sign of the cross, held it out before him and dared the enemy to blow it out again. He then entered the chamber and went on with the exorcism. "For how long am I to be banished from my own castle?" demanded the lady. "For 999 years," replied the priest. "Oh, throw off a 9," screamed the lady. He refused. Had he acceded the number would have been reduced to 99, as is evident when written, though the lady's hope was that he would understand it to mean 990, and thus she thought to be able to trick him. That castle is now a ruin, and the family of Earl M——, once so well known, is long since extinct, title and all.

Let us now come to somewhat more modern times. Within five or six miles of the little town of Dromore, in the townland of Ballela (Co. Down), stands a beautiful cottage surrounded by a walled-in park of seventy acres or so. The gardens attached were once very beautiful, and famous for their roses. The house is T-shaped, the front consisting of two very fine rooms, a dining and a drawingroom. The bedrooms, kitchen, servants' quarters, etc., run back at right angles to this, and are heavily thatched, making them most comfortable in winter and cool in summer.

Twenty years or so ago this cottage was inhabited by the remnant of the "Magennises of Down"—that is, of the old Catholic stock, for, sad to say, a branch had apostatized. The family consisted of the mother, who had passed her hundredth year; of Miss Magennis, aged about seventy-two; and of Roger, aged about seventy, who was unmarried. It was a pathetic thing to see an ancient and honoured family thus dying out under one's eyes. Suspended in the hall were the escutcheon and armorial bearings of the family, with the heraldic device "*Leamh laedar abu*"—"The left hand for ever." They had been the loyal henchmen of the O'Neills of the "*Red Right Hand*," and had once owned the greater part of the County Down. Roger had been a famous master of the hunt in his day, and the refrain of a once famous ballad ended with the line:

"We'll follow Magennis and the cry of his dogs."

He was not a man of an ordinary type or build. He was perhaps below the medium height but he had a solid massive look about him, full-chested and broad-shouldered. Many things might be told of Roger and his youthful exploits in the hunting-field and elsewhere. There is one, however, altogether to our purpose, and with that we must be content. The hunt was finished one day, and, if I remember aright, Roger, mounted on his famous mare, had secured the brush. The Meet dinner was given in a large room of the Hotel in Hillsborough. This Hillsborough, by the way, is quite an English looking little town, built by the Hills, who had come over from England and had got possession of the greater part of the confiscated property of the Magennises. It was quite touching to hear Roger tell, while the tears burst from his eyes, of how these Hills had built their stables and cowsheds on the site of the ancient cemetery of his family, throwing up, in digging the foundations for these prosaic structures, the hallowed bones of his ancestors. Well, the Meet dinner went on pleasantly enough till the champagne began to do its work. Roger was the only Catholic present. When the time for toasts came round, one gentleman stood up and, though aware of Magennis's presence, proposed the "*Glorious and Immortal Memory of William III.*" On the instant Magennis was on his feet, and seizing a champagne bottle by the neck, he declared aloud that if any man stood up to drink to that toast till he had left the room, as he was about to do,

he would hurl that bottle at his head. There was dead silence and many faces turned pale with anger, but no one dared to rise, for they knew well Magennis was a man to keep his word. Bottle in hand, he made his way backwards to the door amid great silence. He then rapidly descended the staircase and ordered his mare to be saddled. He came back leisurely to the hall, and began to put on his overcoat. Soon there was a rush from the room above. No doubt many admired his plucky action in their hearts, but there were others full of jealousy and hate. They gathered about him in the hall, friends and foes, some to bid him good night, and some to pick a quarrel. He was jostled about a good deal and irritated and soon there was a general *melee*, some defending him, as a man of honour, and others determined on revenge. He got his back to the wall and defended himself as best he could. One half-drunk fellow prodded at his face over the heads of the others with the point of an umbrella or walking-stick and succeeded in gouging out one of his eyes. The sight of this stirred his admirers to more decided action. The drunken bigots were driven back, a handkerchief was hastily bound over the wound, and Roger was soon mounted on his mare. To gain home he had between fifteen and twenty miles to ride, and that through an unfriendly country, by night. His mare, however, was almost preternaturally sagacious, and she brought him safe to his own gate between two and three o'clock in the morning. The gate was low, about four feet in height, and had been constructed on purpose that his mare might take it at a bound without disturbing the gate-keeper. This she did triumphantly, no common feat after a hard day's hunting and a journey of fifteen miles or more. But, as I have said, Meg was no common specimen of horseflesh. The doctor was sent for on the morrow, the eye was restored to its socket, and the wound soon healed, for Roger had a scund constitution, that had never been injured by excess of drink or any other vice.

Akin to this is another story of a Catholic farmer on his way to the Maze racecourse, that lay between Lisburn and Hillsborough. It was a dangerous place for Catholics to go to, but so great was their love of the sport, that many could not resist the temptation. As he was making his way along, stick in hand, for in those days every one carried a trusty stick, he was overtaken by a prodigious fellow almost twice his own height. They got

into conversation, and soon the new-comer suspected he had fallen in with a Papist. He stopped short, and, wheeling round, ordered the farmer to bless himself, else he would knock him down. The latter began to parley a little, all the while getting a firm hold of his stick, and arranging the leather thong securely about his wrist. He chanced to be a most adroit hand at the cudgel. "It's very hard conditions," he said. "If I bless myself, you will knock me down, as a Papist, and if I don't you will knock me down for refusing." "Bless yourself!" roared the other, with his stick raised above his head in the air. Like lightning up flew the farmer's blackthorn and took his opponent across the left jaw and ear. He fell like a log on the road, and gave a few spasmodic kicks. The farmer at once bounded over the ditch into the fields, and came out on the road again about a quarter of a mile further on. No one had witnessed the assault, and he never heard again of his unreasonable opponent. That very same day a *melee* occurred in front of the tent in which the same farmer was seated. Some poor fellow, no doubt a Catholic, was attacked and was being murderously beaten. Our friend rushed out and snatching the stick out of the hand of a respectable looking man, who was waiting to get the chance of a blow at the victim, he levelled him with it and then quickly re-entered the tent, skilfully concealing in it the silver-mounted stick. The action had been so quick and everybody was so intent on watching the poor fellow that was trying to defend himself, that it passed unnoticed, unless by his friends in the tent. A moment after, however, there was an uproar, "Mr. Shackleton [or some such name] is killed! Who has done it? Where is the murderer?" Our friend moved about among the crowd, looking as simple as he could, and fell under no suspicion. Mr. S. was conveyed to an hotel and came to his senses when a due supply of brandy had been administered, a sadder and it is to be hoped a more charitable and more cautious man. The tent-owner inherited the silver-mounted stick in compensation for the risk he had run.

It is only about forty years since the following facts occurred. A Parish Priest in a very Protestant district was one night returning home in his gig from a visit to a neighbouring P.P. On his way he had to pass through the most Orange quarter of the town of L——, and afterwards through a village of, perhaps, a thousand inhabitants, and altogether Orange. Almost every night in the

week, or, at least, very frequently, the drums were beaten to a late hour up and down the streets of this village. Whether the priest's horse took fright at the sound of the drums, or whether he himself was directly molested, I know not. I do know that, though greatly liked by all, and most inoffensive, he was naturally a most courageous man, drawing his courage probably from the consciousness of having given cause of offence to no man. To many, however, the fact of being a priest at all was offence sufficient. It is hard to find out what the truth was as to the beginning of the assault upon him. The Orangemen had, of course, their own version of the story, and the priest was ever after most reticent on the subject. It would appear he desired them to stop their drumming and to make way to let his horse pass; that they had refused, and that one even took the horse by the bridle, and stopped him in the street. It was dark at the time, and the priest jumped down from his gig to see who it was, for he knew most even of the Orangemen in the district. The Orangemen say that he took him by the collar, and pulled him over to the light coming from the inn window in order to recognise him. That was too much for the Orangemen, so they fell upon him, beat him, and kicked him to their hearts' content. They then left him for dead. He had, however, strength enough left to crawl on his hands and knees to the house of a Catholic named McPolin, about a half a mile away. He soon heard them coming in search of him to finish him outright, so that he might never be able to swear against anyone. It was too dark to find him, however, and he escaped. He was laid up for a long time with his bruises—no bones had been broken—but he absolutely refused afterwards either to prosecute or give the names of any of his assailants. Many of them, however, were well-known, and when they found he would not prosecute, they had even the ingratitude to boast of their prowess. God, however, "is not to be mocked." One who boasted of having kicked him lost the use of his limbs, and had to go on crutches till, to judge from his colour, he seemed to rot or wither away, for he was well-known to the writer. Another who boasted of having secured, and even worn the priest's hat, lost his mind, and had to be sent to a lunatic asylum.

The Parish Priest who succeeded him was quite another stamp of man. He had been curate till he must have been bordering on sixty, and was not likely to be guilty of indiscretion. His mission

had hitherto lain in a Catholic quarter of the country, and so he proceeded, as will be seen, with great caution on his arrival among the Orangemen. One thing he had done soon after his arrival that rather won him their esteem than excited their anger. To try what kind of man he was some Orange lads, a score, perhaps, or more, got hold of an old drum and a tin whistle, and getting in front of his hall-door, commenced their orgies. After reconnoitring from his window, and seeing the nature of the serenading party, he took down his horsewhip, and sallying forth with it dispersed them right and left, as a set of "idle young scoundrels." This gained him no ill-will whatever, and probably met with approbation at the local Lodge itself, as the act of a sensible and courageous man.

One Sunday, as he was driving home after celebrating Mass at a distant country chapel, two men stopped him on the road and told him there was a poor Catholic very bad at some distance in another direction. "Then jump up on the car," said he, "and take me to him." They had to get up; but after going a certain distance, they both stealthily slipped down from the car, and on looking round he found himself alone! After this he was very cautious, as will be seen presently. On another day he was really wanted by a Catholic to turn aside and visit a sick neighbour. This man kept running after him for some distance, calling out: "Hi! hi!" At last, all out of breath, he overtook the priest. "Oh, Father T——, why didn't you stop? Did you not hear me calling you?" "What did you say?" said the priest, "I heard no one calling *me*." "I shouted 'Hi! hi!'" said the man. "Oh, yes, I heard plenty of 'Hi! hi!'—but 'Hi! hi!' is not *my* name. It may be the name of some Chinaman, but it is not *mine*."

Yet another instance of his caution. We were returning once from an early mass, and when near home, the wife of a poor cottager came rushing to her door, crying out that her husband had burst a blood vessel and was dying. One of the party, a lad at the time of about thirteen, either took the horse out of the car or rushed up to the stable for another—I forget which—and galloped back to the priest's house, a good two miles. He arrived with panting horse, and was himself naturally not a little out of breath with the ride and the excitement. All he could stammer forth was "Oh sir, come fast. D. Mc. [giving the name of the poor man] is dying, and wants the priest." The young lad was as yet himself unknown to the priest, as well as the name of the sick man, so he

was on the *qui vive* not to be trapped again. "What way am I to go? Where is his house?" "It is two mile [they don't use the plural of that word in the North] away, and you are to go up the *Dam Hill!*" The sound of this word was too much for the priest, (the hill was so named on account of a mill-dam below it), so he declared he would have nothing to do with the matter unless he went and got a certain trusty man in the village to certify that he was a Catholic. "I have to start," said he, "for the 'far chapel' [three or four miles away] for the second mass, and I don't want to be tricked by an Orangeman, maybe—the people must have their Mass." This was a little discouraging for the poor boy after his fierce gallop, but the thought of the dying man was in his head, so he at once went and sought out the trusty man, who immediately came and certified that he was a Catholic and "the son of a decent respectable man." The priest was satisfied. "Ride off before me, then, to show me the way, and I will follow you on my car." They arrived in good time; the dying man received the last Sacraments and died a holy contented death. He had been a model of industry and devotion to his family—a man of whom few spoke till he was gone, and then men recognized his sterling worth.

The lad who had made such heroic efforts to secure the ministrations of the priest for his dying neighbour, married in due time and emigrated to America, where he settled down and was greatly esteemed. More than thirty years after the event narrated above, he himself was attacked by bronchial hemorrhage of the very same nature as that of the poor man spoken of above, and had the consolation not only of receiving all the Sacraments, but of having the presence of the priest during his agony and for a full half-hour before he breathed his last. Acts of charity are never forgotten—by God at least.

I must now draw these desultory notes to a conclusion. I might go on thus, as is evident, and fill a large volume. But what I have written will suffice, I think, to give an idea of life in the Black North, at the time of which I write.

One little adventure that occurred to myself, I may mention before concluding, as it is naturally very deeply impressed on my memory.

Immediately after the Disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, I had driven a young priest to his new curacy, a distance of about fifteen miles, and was on my return journey, when, within about four miles of home (I was a young student on

vacation at the time), I noticed a very large crowd of men coming down a road running at right angles to that on which I was going. When they came to this latter they separated, some turning to meet me, as I came, and others taking the same direction as myself. I must say I did not feel very comfortable at the sight, for it was a most Orange district. However, I kept up my courage. It was evening, about six or seven o'clock, in the month of September. Being dressed in black, I naturally met with sharp looks from those I met, but my boyish face saved me, I fancy, from any molestation. It was not so, however, when I joined the party going in the same direction. They reluctantly made way for the horse to pass through, and were evidently discussing who or what I was. It was every instant growing darker, and the horse was considerably fagged. The question was as to whether I was a priest or not. "*I will soon see,*" said one. So, coming up, he put his hand on the front rail of the car and scrutinized my face. I had not a Roman collar on, but I had a little standing collar with a black cravat, which very much resembled one. My scrutinizer was very discriminating, and at once detected the difference. He then returned to his companions and assured them I was *not* a priest. "Well, d—n him, if he is not, he is a young 'un, and we ought to pull him out of that!" They did not do so, however, for in a crowd even of Orangemen will always be found some honourable manly spirit. It is when only two or three are together that an individual Catholic runs any great risk. All the same, I was glad to get free of the crowd, and did not let the horse "pick his steps," as they say, till I was clear of danger.

This is perhaps more than enough. As I said in the beginning, I trust the effect of what I have written will be to make Catholics esteem more highly the religion for which their fathers suffered so severely; and should what I have written fall into the hands of any Protestants, I trust they will detect no sign of rancour or bitterness in it. Some of my earliest and most esteemed friends were Protestants, and I remember some of my Protestant school fellows with sentiments of real esteem and affection.

Orangeism, however, is a great plague and a great mistake. Its first principles are against the first principles of tolerance and charity, and therefore against the first principles of Christ Himself, who came on earth that He might unite men together in the love and fear of God.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

A YOUNG journalist (Irish, of course,) went over to London a few years ago in search of employment. Having too much leisure, he took a copy of *The Times* every day to the British Museum, and with the aid of that magnificent collection of books he was able to detect very many errors in each issue of *The Times*—incorrect statements, wrong dates, inaccurate quotations, and so forth. He drew up a list of these each day and sent it to the Editor in order to show his journalistic capabilities. The Editor expressed his gratitude, but the volunteer censor was not taken on *The Times* staff.

It is extraordinary how many inaccuracies creep into even the most carefully edited magazines. THE IRISH MONTHLY belongs to this category; yet there was at least one mistake in our April Number. *O felix culpa!* Fortunate blunder, which has evoked a correction so courteous and so erudite:—

\* \* \* \* \*

‘On opening at page 227 of “Pigeonhole Paragraphs” in the April Number of your bright little Magazine, I find that in referring to my distinguished namesake’s illustration taken from Johnson’s “Vanity of Human Wishes,” you attribute to Juvenal the line:—

“Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.”

But it is not by the Satirist of Aquinum, nor does it refer to Hannibal. Perhaps you were thinking of the fine passage in Juvenal’s Tenth Satire (v. 154, *et sqq.*) where a similar phrase occurs:—

Jam tenet Italiam : tamen ultro pergere tendit.

*Actum*, inquit, *nihil est nisi Poeno milite portas*

*Frangimus et media vexillum pono Suburra.*

O qualis facies et quali digna tabella,

Quum Gaetula ducem portaret bellua luscum ! etc.

‘But the line you quote is of course, as you remember, from Lucan’s “Pharsalia” (ii. 655), and refers to “the world’s great master and his own” :—

Ipsa caput mundi bellorum maxima merces,

Roma capifacilis, sed Cæsar in omnia præceps,

*Nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum,*

Instat atrox, etc.

'Johnson, no doubt, had both passages in his mind when writing the lines on Charles, and the reference to the taking of Rome, occurring as it does here in both the Latin poets, makes one think that Juvenal's phrase was suggested by that in the earlier writer whom he had studied and admired and whose untimely fate his friend Martial deplored (Ep. vii. 21) :—

Heu ! Nero crudelis, nullaque inuisior umbrâ !  
Debit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi.

'Apropos of Lucan, the application of another passage in the "Pharsalia" (i. 10-12), to the internecine quarrels of the Reformers, was not made first, as is generally assumed, by Macaulay in his Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes. De Bauval (*Considerations sur deux sermons de M. Jurieu*, p. 7), referring to Jurieu's fierce controversies with other members of the Reformed Churches, quotes the line :—

"Bella gerimus [*sic*] nullos habitura triumphos !'

Bayle himself quotes it more correctly in his "Reponse aux questions d'un Provincial," Pt. i, ch. vii. (*Oeuvres*, tom iii. p. 513), in reference to the dispute between Catholics and Protestants as to whether the Council of Constance did or did not decree that no faith need be kept with heretics.

'But Macaulay added force and point to the quotation by retaining the line just before (10) :—

Cumque superba foret BABYLON spolianda trophæis . . .  
Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos !'

\* \* \* \* \*

This Magazine prides itself on rescuing little bits of literature which are encountered in unlikely places, and would be lost for ever if not enshrined in the immortality of our pages. At a recent meeting of the friends of St. Joseph's Hospital for Children, in Temple-street, Dublin, Judge Carton is reported in the *Freeman's Journal* to have spoken as follows :—

"Perhaps there is no more remarkable peculiarity in our modern literature than the large space it gives to children and child life. There was published a few years ago, under the title of 'The Child set in the midst of us,' a collection of poems by modern writers about children, 'not for them,' as the editor,

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, put it. They were chosen as illustrations of his claim for nineteenth-century poetry that 'it had, one may say, almost discovered the child.' Wordsworth, Longfellow, Coventry Patmore, Stevenson, Miss Procter, and notably Mrs. Browning, whose noble poem, 'The Cry of the Children,' was laid under contribution in Lady Gilbert's Report, have all dealt in memorable verse with the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the sicknesses and deaths of the little ones. Nor are these exhaustless themes confined to poetry. In nineteenth-century fiction, too, they also play a large and important part. They have been treated with a like power and tenderness by novelists, and, amongst others, by Dickens, by Barrie, by Norris, and I may add, not least, by Lady Gilbert herself. It was reserved to her, and to two good and gifted ladies long gone to their reward, to transplant these themes from the regions of sentiment and romance into this charitable reality, the first hospital for children established in Ireland. From the day when they founded what has been called the 'dear old big house in Buckingham-street,' there have over and over again been enacted there and within these walls scenes as touching and beautiful, and full of far more interest and pathos because of their reality, as when the 'golden water' danced on the wall above little Paul's bed, or when 'Our Johnny' willed away his toys in the Children's Hospital, or as the scene round the death-bed of 'Joey' in *A Window in Thrums*. What has been happily called by a kind friend of this hospital 'a seedling thought divinely sown in loving hearts' has sprung up and developed into this great and sheltering institution, which has for now over thirty years sent back to home and life and hope many a small patient, its sores healed, its broken limbs made whole, its twisted limbs made straight, its dulled eyes made bright again, and the roses of health brought back to its pinched and pallid face. Here, too, many a tiny martyr who could not be saved from the reaper's scythe by all that human skill and human care could do, found, at least, days and nights of loving tenderness, and peace and grace before it was called away into that rest where all sickness and sorrow and crying are over, and joy for ever has begun. With such a record behind it, and with the earnest of a future which that record gives, surely this hospital is eminently entitled to the very largest support and patronage which can be given to it, by not Dublin alone, but by all Ireland."

One of the "Borrowed Plumes" in our April Number was a very pathetic poem expressing the feelings of an Irish mother about her son who has just been ordained priest far away from her. Why did not the American newspapers from which we quoted it give the credit of this beautiful poem to the New York *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*? We are glad to find that the author of it is the Rev. Father Shealy, S.J., an alumnus of Mungret College, Limerick.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not only children in general, but the children for whom Judge Carton pleaded in particular, have been made the subject of a great deal of prose and verse within our own Magazine and outside it. The last Charity Sermon for St. Joseph's Hospital was preached on the fourth Sunday of Lent, the Gospel of which is taken from the great sixth chapter of St. John, where our divine Redeemer asks the question: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" This text suggested the following quatrain:—

Once in the desert Jesus asked: "How shall all these be fed?"  
 And now for these young sufferers who fill each little bed,  
 Here in St. Joseph's Hospital, His care is just the same.  
 O ye who love His Sacred Heart! help, help them in His name.

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## THE STARWORT

AMONGST our wayside blossoms, fresh and bright,  
 That welcome in with constancy the May,  
 Gleams one men call Great Starwort, modest, gay,  
 And pure as snow seen on some sunlit height.  
 Come! gaze upon its chaste bells, dazzling white.  
 How sweet they cluster on each tiny spray  
 Of tender green, and, when soft south winds play,  
 How bravely each cleft petal-wing makes flight.  
 And we must bless the unassuming grace  
 With which this flower, immaculate, serene,  
 Doth weave such garlands, festive-like and fair,  
 To beautify poor brambles brown and bare,  
 Or cheer, perchance, some pilgrim in life's race,  
 And lift his heart to Heaven's own sinless Queen.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Derriana: Essays and Occasional Verses, chiefly relating to the Diocese of Derry.* By the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker; M. H. Gill & Son. [Price, 7s. 6d.]

This is by far the most interesting and most valuable book that has been published in Dublin for many years. The Bishop of Derry has shown a true patriotic spirit in his selection of the subjects to which he has devoted the patient enthusiasm of research. The scenes that he describes, and the events that he recounts, not only belong to Ireland and her history, but to the author's own part of Ireland. This limitation of his theme has lent a personal interest to his task which has no doubt lightened the labour involved, and has given freshness and originality to his treatment of the various topics. Each of the historical essays is the first attempt that has been made to give a consecutive narrative of the particular events referred to—the origin of that Tara of the North, rōyal Aileach; the foundation of the See of Ardstraw; the famous Convention of Dromceat, etc. These things are of more than local interest; for Dr. O'Doherty most truly says that "it is only by having the history of each locality written piecemeal that we may ever hope to have a real history of Ireland compiled, for the reason that no other writer can be supposed to take the same interest in, or understand the traditions of, a locality so well as he who is a native of it, or has at least been long resident in it." Many antiquarian questions and many stories and legends are entwined with the main theme of these essays, with which are joined papers of a more general kind. It happens that an Irish priest now working in the United States will give in our next number an account of the poems of an American Bishop, Dr. Spalding of Peoria. The last pages of the volume now under notice show our Irish Bishop unbending in the same way; but the themes of his poetry are like the themes of his prose, calculated to instruct and edify, and many of them deserve strictly to be classed under the general name of *Derriana*. The Bishop wishes these to be considered as *Juvenilia*, and indeed some of them

evidently date back to his student-days at Maynooth. This will be for many readers the most agreeable part of a volume which carries its learning very pleasantly, and for which we predict more than a local or temporary popularity. There can be no doubt of its reception in the country of the O'Dohertys. The Bishop, in his article on the Rebellion of Sir Cahir, labours strenuously and successfully to clear the character of his namesake from the charges of murder and cruelty urged against him by such writers as Cox. It was an easier task to establish the claims of Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, to our veneration as a really great man and a martyr for the Faith, though he seems to have been almost forgotten even in his own diocese.

2. *Mariae Corona: Chapters on the Mother of God and Her Saints*. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. Published for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland by Browne & Nolan, Nassau-street, Dublin. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

The name of the author of *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege* would alone secure for this book a large circle of readers. It has come out very appropriately with the flowers of May; but its title-page tells us that it is not confined to the Blessed Virgin. Besides many beautiful essays about the virtues and offices of the Blessed Lady, it pays eloquent tribute to some of the great saints, especially St. Augustine. It is needless to speak of the vigour and charm of Dr. Sheehan's style. This half-crown volume is one of the largest and most important publications issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

3. We have again to express our admiration for the enterprising energy shown by the firm of Benziger Brothers. Three more stories have been sent us, *The Golden Lily*, by Katharine Tynan Hinkson; *Bob O'Link*, by Mary T. Waggaman; and *The Berkleys*, by Emma Howard Wight. The first two cost two shillings each, and the third an extra threepence. They are all, of course, very innocent, and all (not a matter of course) not only edifying but very entertaining. Some will find Miss Waggaman's story too American, but it is a bright and pleasant story for all that. Mrs. Hinkson does not mention on her title-page *A Daughter of the Fields*, and her other very numerous novels of modern life, but only two that are close akin to her new book, which is an historical tale beginning with the time of King Henry VIII. It is another proof of the wonderful versatility of Katharine Tynan's

genius. The historical novel must find more favour with the public than it does with us. Is there not a certain melancholy feeling in reading even about fictitious persons who are supposed to have lived and died centuries ago, all their little interests and vicissitudes over and done with so long ago? We like to imagine that the people who have interested us are still enjoying the happiness which fell to their lot in the last chapter. Exquisitely written as *The Golden Lily* is, many of the youthful readers that the Benzigers cater for in this series will prefer a more commonplace and conventional story of to-day, like *The Berkleys*. This is the first time that we have noticed the name of Emma Howard Wight. She has given us a very pretty and touching story, though the selfish Pauline is a little inartistic in her unblushing selfishness.

4. *Aubrey de Vere : A Memoir*. By John P. Gunning. Limerick : Guy & Co., 114, George-street.

Mr. Gunning is the author of two interesting little books about Moore and Burns. He has not lost much time since the poet's death if he only then decided on writing a similar book about Aubrey de Vere. He has compiled his materials with great industry and arranged them skilfully. The poet's autobiography and other sources of information have been carefully studied. Except a few misprints, like M'Nelic for M'Neill (page 83), and Kenlin (for Kenelm) Digby (page 98)—by the way, in the same place, Edward Healy Thompson ought not to have been called "a Mr. Thompson"—we have detected only one serious blunder. At page 97 *Proteus and Amadeus* is described as "a selection of his own poems," whereas it is a collection of controversial letters which passed between Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and the Rev. Charles Meynell, to which Mr. de Vere wrote an introduction at the request of Cardinal Newman, who was probably afraid to stand sponsor for a book wherein the wrong side is championed as vigorously as the right. Also Mr. de Vere published no book with the title "Religious Poems of the Nineteenth Century." This is no doubt a misprint for "Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century," a collection of Mr. de Vere's essays on subjects connected with faith and religion. At page 71 there are at least two misprints in the sonnet to Cardinal Manning—to whom, by the way, Mr. Gunning has given some of his most interesting and best written pages.

5. *Spiritual Pepper and Salt for Catholics and non-Catholics*.

By the Rev. William Stang, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger Brothers. [Price, 1s. 3d.]

Dr. Stang is an American priest who has published several lively little books, chiefly of popular controversy. He has given his new book a name which reminds one of the quaint Puritan titles of Cromwell's time. It consists of sixty-two short pages on a great many interesting questions that may be discussed between Catholics and Protestants. They are not all treated in a manner that would commend itself, perhaps, to a cautious priest over here ; but they are stimulating and instructive, and many of them very good indeed.

6. *The Last Supper: A Poem.* By the Rev. M. A. Murphy, C.C. Dublin : Browne & Nolan, Ltd. [Price, 6d.]

An Ossory curate has given us here a poem of almost six hundred lines, through which, as his Bishop observes, runs a spirit of tender piety and devotion. It is written in the metre which is most appropriate for a meditation on such a solemn and sacred theme, the heroic couplet which Alexander Pope made his own. An excellent meditation it is on the great memorial of Christ's Passion, and it will be read with pleasure and edification by many readers. But it is so good as to deserve sincere criticism ; and the first remark is that the author could easily have made it better. He cannot have brooded patiently and lovingly over every line and over every word in each line ; for, if he had, many prosaic expressions would have disappeared, and many false rhymes would have been exchanged for true. Of the very second couplet the final words are *serene* and *gleam*, which do not rhyme ; and, further on, we have *shape* and *take*, *come* and *done*, *change* and *exchange*, *scene* and *unseen*, *set* and *beset*, and other false rhymes. The poet pretty often uses turns of expression which are too plainly dictated by the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm.

“The more they love, the more they but aspire.”

That “but” is plainly inserted because a tenth syllable was needed to fill up the line. This fault-finding would have been dispensed with if the poem before us were not worthy, as we said, of sincere criticism—if it were not so good that it ought to have been better. It has given its author many devout and happy moments, and it will do the same for many readers.

7. *The Treasure of the Church ; or, The Sacraments of Daily*

*Life.* By the Very Rev. J. G. Bagshawe, D.D. London: Burns & Oates.

Dr. Francis Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, in his brief but full preface, tells us that the late Canon Bagshawe spent forty out of his fifty years of priesthood at Richmond, and that he was in the habit of delivering well-prepared instructions three times, and sometimes four times, every Sunday. Much of this thoroughly-tested matter forms the substance of his many solid and successful books, of which the best-known are *The Threshold of the Catholic Church* and *The Credentials of the Catholic Church*. The present work is his *cantus olorinus*, and occupied the last months of his useful and edifying life. It consists of seven chapters about the Blessed Eucharist, and two about the Sacrament of Penance, in which all the practical questions connected with each are treated very clearly and solidly. Canon Bagshawe ended his life's work by writing an excellent book which, we trust, will be good to many.

8. *A Little Book of Wisdom: being Great Thoughts of many Wise Men and Women.* Collected by Leila Hardin Bugg. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

An extremely neat book, well printed and well bound, contains a full and novel collection of wise sayings gathered from many quarters by Miss Hardin Bugg, who has done some clever work of her own in the story-telling line. Thirty-three of her wise men and women hail from the United States—which shows that she has not kept to the beaten track. Some of the extracts are too long for their surroundings, and some of the sayings are very common-place; but it is a good book of its kind.

9. *Corpus Christi: Selections from Father Faber.* By J. F. London: Washbourne. [Price, 1s.]

This pretty and pious little book is liable to be confounded with *Corpus Domini*, selections from the same book by J. B. There can be no harm in supposing that we owe the present booklet to the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., who has given us already three other little books taken from Father Faber. Here he joins the prologue and epilogue of the great book, *The Blessed Sacrament*. May they help to give some hearts a little more of the Eucharistic love that filled the heart of the eloquent Oratorian!

10. Number one of "*The Dublin Penny Journal*, a Magazine

of Art, Archæology, Literature, and Science," was issued on the 5th April, from 90, Middle Abbey-street, Dublin. Pretty early in the last century there was a *Dublin Penny Journal*, and after it ceased the *Irish Penny Journal* filled its place for two or three years. No other magazine of precisely the same sort has been published in Dublin since then. The various weekly pennyworths have chiefly been story papers; but the new *Dublin Penny Journal* aims at including Archæology and other serious subjects like its old namesake of seventy years ago. If it keeps up the standard of its first number, it will well deserve a long life and a wide circulation. Another new serial publication in Dublin is our namesake, the *Irish Musical Monthly*, which began in March, 1902. It is published by Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Nassau-street, and sent post free for 2½d. It addresses itself at first chiefly to the Church and the schools, and issues supplements of musical compositions, both secular and sacred. Ireland is not nearly so musical as it ought to be. This new magazine will, we trust, help to cultivate a musical taste among our people.

11. This paragraph is merely an intruder among the "Notes on New Books," for Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion* is not a new book. It is a holy and beautiful book, not made for reading aloud, but made to be read and meditated upon, page by page. It has already, thank God, been very widely circulated, and we cannot think in particular that any surperior of a convent, who had ever seen the book, could withhold from her community a spiritual help so solid and efficacious.

12. *Our Lady of May and other Poems*. By Emily Hickey London: Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road. [Price, 6d.]

Though it reaches us at the very last moment, we must find room for a hearty welcome for this exquisite little book. Our Lady's own Month will hardly bring her any more beautiful tribute than this in any language. Miss Hickey proves here that the tenderest piety can find a vent in true poetical inspiration. There is a great deal of variety and freshness even in the exercise of her metrical skill; and, as we have already implied, the perfection of the literary form is a help and not a hindrance to tenderness of devotion and accuracy of doctrine. We think this is Miss Hickey's first publication since her reception into the Church of Dante and Fra Angelico, of St. Bernard and St. Alphonsus.

## TABLE MOUNTAIN

In all thy moods I love thee, glorious Mount!—  
 Whether red dawn bedecks thy face with smiles,  
 Or when in risen morn's transparent light  
 Thy blue rocks melt into the bluer sky ;  
 Or when we see thee dimly through the haze  
 Of forenoon mist, light as the airy gauze  
 Which clothes Venus Anadyomene  
 Rising, as thou dost, from the white sea-foam.  
 I love thee when the rifted clouds give peeps  
 Of sunlit rocks between their snowy folds ;  
 Or when thy own south wind in summer sports  
 Upon thy summit, piling masses white,  
 Or spreading thin the line of melting cloud.  
 No whit less beautiful art thou in wrath,  
 Dark frowning when the heavens are overcast ;  
 Nor in repose when evening's lengthening light  
 Gives purple prominence to the yawning chasms ;  
 Nor later, when the silver moon evokes  
 Unearthly splendours from thy jagged sides.

But best, I love thee in the clear, cold night,  
 What time the starlight, gleaming, marks thee off,  
 Twin child of night, starless thyself and still,  
 Flat-topped, rough-edged, but otherwise a part  
 Of the deep blackness of the vault of heaven,  
 A being not of earth.

O glorious Mount,  
 Fit table for the immortal gods of yore !  
 Had they but known thee in that far-off time,  
 Thou might'st have lived in song imperishable.  
 Jove's eagle might have swooped from thee, to bear  
 Some Ganymede aloft to pour the wine  
 Or what ambrosial drink might please the gods.  
 Around thy board those gods of poesy  
 Might have held feast divine and council high,

Discussed the affairs of states, the odds of war,  
And all the fateful issues of man's life.

This might have been, but Greece and Rome are dead :  
Imagination's reign has long gone by ;  
And thou art only what thou art, a Mount,  
And nature plays upon thee still unchanged,  
And ever as she plays I love thee more and more.

F. C. KOLBE.

### "ROSES, ROSES, ROSES"

"Mr. Martel has been favoured by the widow of the late Mr. PHILIP JOHNSON with instructions to sell by auction, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., at the Mill garden, Ballyblank, the whole magnificent stock of this celebrated rose-grower. The lots comprise several very rare varieties. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock sharp."

SUCH was the announcement which met the eyes of Julia and myself, when we opened the local paper one February forenoon. Julia and I are old maids, and if we *have* a hobby, that hobby is the growing of roses ; so though we were neither of us robust, and though Ballyblank was at some distance from the little country town where we were staying for a few nights, we determined to attend the auction.

Accordingly, on the appointed day we departed by an early train ; and alighting at a small roadside station we made our way along a mile of very muddy lane to the old Mill.

The quaint garden had a nameless beauty of its own, though all its crowding rose-trees were bare and blossomless. High, thick yew hedges encircled it like green walls. Grass terraces, already sparsely strewn with daisies, sloped down to the river. Here and there nestled a tuft of blue hepaticas. Here and there a cheerful crocus or two shone gaily in the sun.

All through the mild clearness of the February morning the monotonous voice of the auctioneer went droning on and on as he rattled out the titles of the roses and put them hurriedly to the

hammer. To him the names meant nothing but so many fluttering white labels fastened to so many naked rose stems. To us they suggested visions of tender pink; of ardent red; of rich luxurious yellow; of dainty white. As we listened we recalled the delicate intense fragrance of summer nights, and inhaled the odorous air of June.

When the auction was over, we had our purchases dug up and carefully wrapped in matting. And then arose the question of how we were to get back; a problem which, like the foolish old maids we are, we had not fully considered. We could not very well carry our sheaf of rose bushes in our arms to the station, and even if we could there was no train for three hours, as we discovered to our dismay. However, a certain carman called Larry was unearthed; and having made a bargain with him, we set off homewards on his car, holding our treasures between us.

The day was waning all too soon. A faint misty purple hung over the woods; the distant blue hills cut clear against the golden sunset; and Larry's humorous, weather-beaten face gave a touch of life to the picture.

Presently he began, as Irish carmen will, to engage us in conversation: "Yez'll be afther attendin' poor ould Johnson's auction ladies?" he remarked tentatively, to break the ice. We owned the soft impeachment, and Larry having once got his tongue loosened babbled on. "Well, it's bad to be talkin' iv the dead, but he was the quare man intirely. I think he was mad in the latter end over them roses, sharp as he was in other ways. He was a clerk beyond in the Mill, and there was hardly a halfpenny he'd get but he'd spend it on roses. He'd have them bloomin' nearly the whole year. But in the summer that garden was the beautifullest sight yiz ever laid yer eyes on, wid pink roses, and yalla roses, and red roses, an' white roses in thousands. People used to come from all parts to look at them. And the ould chap 'ud walk them about as pelite as ye please, an' he'd give them anny amount iv information, but the sorra a rose would he cut—no, not if the Queen herself was to admire it till she was black in the face. He'd put his two fingers under a bud as if it was a child's bit of a chin he was liftin', and then he'd let it dhrop. Many's the time I watched him when I'd be waitin' for parties outside. The wife and daughters was cracked wid him for spendin' such a power of money on such foolishness. An' often they'd task his conduct up

to him, but he never heeded them. A couple or three months ago he was out prunin' them roses. It was a very damp raw day, but nothin' 'ud make him quit his work while there was a bit iv daylight, so he caught a chill. Well, he had to lie down undher it; and the docther says to him, 'Come in wid me to the hospital, where I can mind you right, and there'll not be a hap'orth on ye in a week,' sez he. So the ould chap went into the hospital, an' the first night he seemed to pine a trifle for the garden, and the second night he got light in his head—so a cousin iv mine that waz in the next bed to him told me. Me cousin sez ye'd have to laugh to hear him. 'There are twenty-five buds on the red rose beside the gate,' he sez, 'and twenty on the white one by the hedge,' he sez. 'And what a mass of blossoms there are on the trellises, I never saw such exquisite colours any other year,' he sez, 'and oh what a beautiful perfume.' And sure there was nothing else forenenst the crayture only a patchwork quilt; and as for the perfume—savin' yer presence, ladies, I think it was none of the sweetest. Well, he went on ramblin' all the next day, an' in the evenin' time he started up, an' sez he, 'I must go out and finish pruning them tea-roses before dark;' an' he sthrove for to rise himself out of the bed, an' he fell back a corpse. The widda lost no time in settlin' the affairs; she wants the garden for petatas. But I wonder the ould fella lies aisy in his grave, and lets people stir them roses he was so precious of. Whoa Polly! Here yiz are at home, ladies."

I saw Julia wiping her eyes as we got down at the hall door. She said it was the wind that had made them water; I know it had the same effect on mine.\*

\* This is a relic of a cherished contributor to THE IRISH MONTHLY—Frances Wynne, who died nearly ten years ago.

## AUREA DICTA

1. Let a man do his work ; the fruit of it belongs to Another than he.—*Carlyle*.

2. To live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him by Whom we live.—*Ruskin*.

3. They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sydney*.

4. Were this consideration—"How insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence"—to be applied to most of our little vexations of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations.—*Dr. Johnson*.

5. We can make ourselves uncomfortable to any extent with *perhapses*.—*Ruskin*.

6. People who never have any time are the people who do least.—*Schopenhauer*.

7. I avoid looking forward or backward, and try to keep looking upward.—*Charlotte Brontë*.

8. Death and separation make us feel as well as know that this world is not our abiding place. We should not knit human ties too closely or clasp human affections too fondly. They must leave us or we must leave them some day.—*Charlotte Brontë*.

9. What you were, others may have to answer for ; what you tried to be, you must answer for yourself.—*Ruskin*.

10. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline ; it trains the will, the heart, and the conscience.—*Cardinal Manning*.

11. Learn to do, to give up, to give away.—*The Same*.

12. Neither days nor lives can be made holy by doing nothing in them. The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments ; and the best grace before meat the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner.—*Ruskin*.

13. My experience of life makes me sure of one truth which I do not try to explain,—that the sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love but from sacrifice, from the effort to forget ourselves, so as to make others happy.—*John Boyle O'Reilly*.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

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JUNE, 1902

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## THE LITTLE JEW GIRL

SÁMI the Jew was a most important person in a certain Slavonian village in the valley of the Waag. It was a prosperous looking little village consisting of a long double row of houses all with gaily painted walls—blue and buff and pink, with here and there a white one decorated with streaks of orange and crimson. The roofs too were picturesque, being for the most part thatched, and finishing at the eaves with a curious sort of fringe; others were made of little slabs of wood, moss-grown and stained by the weather. The owner's name was scrawled upon the beam over the lintel, and surmounted in most places by a painted cross. Before every door was an earthen mound looking rather like an ant-hill, and resembling it in fact in more ways than one; for beneath it, in a deep hole, was contained all the owner's treasure: corn, beans, potatoes—the little store which his toil had wrung from the earth, all the sustenance of the family.

That the population was industrious even the most casual observer could not doubt: the whole place was pervaded by the cheerful hum and bustle of work. Here and there a woman would be seen beating hemp, her brown face shielded from the rays of the sun by a coloured handkerchief; her figure curiously alert and graceful in its week-day attire—the wide-sleeved bodice fitting into the stiff buckram corset to which was attached a many-pleated hempen petticoat spun by her own hands. Rough embroidery on sleeves and apron lent the necessary touch of colour; the blue eyes of the Slovak flashed from beneath her brilliant headgear. Young girls might be winnowing beans a little

further down, by the simple expedient of shaking a sieve in a breezy corner; a man with a round flower-bedecked hat set low over deep brown eyes—a Hungarian this, with bare feet thrust into what were apparently Turkish slippers—would perhaps drive a team of oxen up the street—magnificent beasts, milk-white and standing sixteen hands high, with horns measuring six feet from tip to tip. A light cart made of round poles would next dash past, piled with freshly-cut fodder, and drawn by two well-bred horses, small, finely-made animals with delicate heads that would have looked more in place in plated harness than in this rough panoply of chain and rope. The carpenter, seeming cool and at ease in his baggy canvas clothes, generally worked in front of his house; a distant *chink chink* sounded perpetually from the forge. It was common enough to see a woman plastering her house, pausing every now and then to draw with her slender brown fore-finger patterns on the wet surface—pomegranates and curving leaves—the lines wonderfully bold and sweeping: during the long cold winter months she would work out similar designs on the coarse linen, the produce of her own fields, with coloured threads spun and dyed by herself.

Yes, there could be no doubt that the village people worked hard enough, yet nevertheless they were far from prosperous, and they one and all attributed their lack of prosperity to Sámi the Jew. A Slavonian village cannot exist, it is said, without its Jew; but many a time the rural population in this particular hamlet wished that they could shake the yoke of the Israelite from their bowed necks.

Everyone knew that Sámi had wealth untold. While these poor human ants were suffered to hide away barely so much of their crops as would keep body and soul together, it was rumoured that in his storehouses underground he had laid by treasures such as no one in the place had ever dreamt of. He would disappear sometimes for days together; and, though he never gave any account of his journeyings, everyone knew, of course, that they were undertaken solely for the purpose of adding to his ill-gotten gains. Ah, he was a wicked man, Sámi the Jew, wicked, and clever, and mysterious, and universally feared. The peasants hated him, but were obliged to smile, and nod affably, not to say cringingly, when they met, for had not the cunning old fellow spread his claws over every rood of land, every ear of wheat,

every beanstalk in the whole neighbourhood? He would take his tithes of all when the harvest was reaped; he could at any moment draw in those outspread claws of his and crush the luckless wight who had offended him. Therefore it was better to be civil to old Sámi. But when out of sight and hearing, what things were said! What complaints, what accusations, what threats were muttered against him! Even little Rosália, his motherless child, did not escape, but was reviled, the poor innocent, almost as frequently as her father. She was a true chip of the old block, they said, a cunning avaricious mite.

"Why, look you," one neighbour would remark to the other, "that child can count already better than any in the school. In another year or so she will be helping her father to add up his bill, and, who knows, perhaps urging him to screw us up yet more tightly."

"Yes indeed," the other gossip would respond, "my mind misgives me at her being so clever."

The very children looked scornfully at Rosália, and drew away their scanty little skirts when they sat next her at school. But one day Sister Magdalen, the delicate nun who was staying at the Convent for the good of her health, said a strange thing about Rosália. She had come into the school for a few moments while one of the other nuns was called away, and emboldened by her feebleness the children had begun to play pranks, and one boy had rudely jostled Rosália, calling her at the same time "a dirty little Jew."

Sister Magdalen lifted up her pale face: "Come here, Rosália," she said, and took the child upon her knee; then, raising her thin white hand, she pointed to a picture on the wall.

"Look yonder, children: can you tell me what that picture means?"

There was a simultaneous chirping of many voices: "Pan Jezsis blessing little children."

"Very good. Well, do you know what these little children were? There were no Christians then, remember; our holy Religion had not yet been established. They were little Jews like Rosália, but Pan Jezsis said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

The little scholars were very much astonished, and no one more so than Rosália herself; she had heard of the Lord Jesus

before, and had even learnt one or two hymns about Him which she was careful never to sing in her father's hearing, for once when she had ignorantly mentioned that name he had struck her ; but she had never supposed it possible that He could have loved Jews like her, or been kind to them.

Going home that day, she offered one of her companions a share of her supper if she would tell her about Pan Jezsis, and the little girl complied, relating in who knows what garbled, childish fashion, the story of His Life and Death, and finally drawing her Crucifix from her pocket and pointing to the Figure :

"That's Pan Jezsis," she said, and she kissed it.

"Me, too," cried Rosália.

"Not you," returned the little girl, much scandalized. "You are a Jew—and it was the Jews who killed Him."

So Rosália went home, very sad, and, finding herself alone in the garden, she cut a hazel wand, and peeled it, and tied it cross-wise together with a blade of grass, and set it up against an apple tree ; then she knelt down before it, and clasped her hands, as she had seen the children do in school.

"Pan Jezsis!" she said, "Pan Jezsis!"

But her father coming up, and seeing her thus engaged, snatched away her cross and broke it into fragments and beat her cruelly. Oh, he was a wicked man, was Sámi!

On Holy Saturday, the priest went through the village, blessing every house with the Paschal Holy Water ; the Jew's house was the only one on which the benison did not fall. Rosália stood within the doorway, finger on lip, her bright eyes looking out eagerly from each side of her little hooked nose. When the priest had passed by, she came out, and followed him down the street, noting how each Christian house had a cross carved or painted over the lintel of the door.

"What is that for?" she asked, pausing suddenly, opposite an old woman whom she knew to be more good-natured than the rest, and pointing with her sunburnt finger.

"Why, that is the Blessed Cross, my little one ; we keep it here to protect us from evil."

"Ah," said Rosália, and she went on her way with a drooping head, thinking wistfully how nice it would be if she could have a cross painted over her doorway to keep away all harmful things.

On Sundays she used to watch the village folk hurrying to

church, all dressed so finely, and looking so blithe. She was never allowed to wear an embroidered bodice, or ribbons in her hair; she was dressed in uninteresting bourgeois clothes, very ugly and badly made. Her home was not far from the church, and she could hear the organ, and the people singing; once or twice a year they walked in procession through the village and right across the plain, a tall boy carrying the cross. Rosália would have loved to follow too, and sometimes tried to imagine herself veiled in white like one of the elder village maidens, and walking demurely with folded hands. She even pleased herself occasionally by fancying herself carrying a banner—there is no limit to dream-glories, and the notion made her very happy.

One day, as she stood on the door-step, gazing wistfully after the vanishing procession, her father roughly desired her to take the flocks to the pasture. Sámi's flocks were of a mixed order. There were goats, and pigs, and geese, and even a lean cow or two. Rosália collected them all, and drove them before her out of the farmyard gate, and down the village street, and along the grass-grown lane beneath the willows; but she conducted them in a somewhat curious fashion. Once the village was safely left behind, and she found herself in the shade of the friendly willows, she paused, drew from her pocket a limp and ragged handkerchief which she fastened cornerwise upon her head; then she broke and trimmed a green branch, stripping the stem of twigs and foliage but leaving a cluster at the top; and finally she marshalled her flock, which had stopped when she stopped, and was now dispersed about the lane. Having collected fowls and beasts, she went on again, walking very sedately, holding her green banner aloft, and singing a hymn under her breath.

Poor little Rosália! she had no intention of being irreverent, but she was bent on having her own procession, and followed it with as innocent a heart as any among that distant throng of worshippers.

She was not quite seven years old when the great event happened which altered the whole course of her life. The village folk said they had known all along that Sámi would come to a bad end, but I fancy that most of them were secretly a good deal surprised when he was taken up and led away to prison. There were quite a number of charges against him: theft, embezzlement, the receiving of stolen goods, conspiracy even. Truly Sámi

was a wicked fellow! The village folk stood about their doorways and collected in knots in the street; it was astonishing how virtuous they all felt. The Judge walked up and down, with his hands in his pockets, as though he were not at that moment smoking smuggled tobacco. Young Ludovic the ne'er-do-weel was loud in scorn; one almost forgot that he had removed the hinges from the Castle gates last week besides trapping a number of hares. As for Widow Sztának, she perhaps made the greatest outcry of them all, and was particularly indignant at the notion of the Jew receiving stolen goods: no one would have guessed that at that moment three sackfuls of the best eating apples in the Schloss orchard were hidden under her bed, awaiting the moment when Yozsó Knótek, who had committed them to her charge, should find it convenient to remove them. Such virtuous indignation, indeed, had not been known in the village for many a long day; a share of it was directed against little Rosália—was she not one, as some one poetically said, of a brood of vipers?

The child had run out of the house when the police came to fetch her father; had she been a few years older, she would probably have been arrested, too, as an accomplice; as it was, the myrmidons of the law gave no thought to her. After having searched the house, they marched away with the culprit, leaving one officer to keep watch over Sári's ill-gotten goods. When at dusk Rosália emerged from her hiding-place, and tremblingly made her way home, she found a big bearded man in possession of the premises, and immediately fled away again, wailing. The neighbours looked at her askance; in their present lofty condition of mind, they would have been ashamed to speak to such a wicked little child.

Rosália wandered up and down the street, pausing every now and then irresolutely before some open door: she had cried till she was sick and faint, and had eaten nothing all day. Very bright and inviting did the interior of the neighbours' houses seem, with all the little flaxen heads gathered about the stove, and the mother dealing out the evening meal. "Here, my little bird, my little love," she was saying, perhaps, to one child, when her glance would chance to fall on Rosália and immediately her note would change. It was "little wretch!" and "little serpent!" then.

The old woman who had spoken goodnaturedly to her about

the cross was, it must be owned, less lofty in her ideals than the generality of village folk, for she was actually touched by the little reprobate's piteous, tear-beslobbered face.

"You must be tired out, my dear," she said quite kindly. "Run home and go to bed."

"But the strange man is there," faltered Rosália, with a sob that almost rent her ugly dress.

"Why, the strange man will not eat thee. He is staying in the house to take care of it. Art thou hungry?"

"Yes," said Rosália, with the tears rolling down her poor grimy cheeks.

"Here, then, is a fine piece of bread. Now run away home."

"May I not stay here?" pleaded the child gazing wistfully in the benevolent face.

But there is a limit to benevolence. Even this kind old woman could not make up her mind actually to harbour the Jew child. Why, they might perhaps put her in prison. She said so in round terms to Rosália and finally shut the door in her face. The child went lagging up the street again, pocketing, with secretive racial instinct, the black bread which she had not the heart to eat. She would ask no one else to receive her, but walked on, her little chest heaving, her eyes gazing straight in front of her, until she reached the church. Here she came to a pause, and after some cogitation sat down upon the step, and, drawing her bread from her pocket, munched it slowly, watering it the while with her tears.

The nuns were singing Vespers; Rosália could hear their voices quite plainly through the door. Had they but guessed that the forlorn little creature was sitting without, they would have gladly taken her in; but the summer holidays were now in progress, and the Convent was for the time severed from the outer world: it knew nothing of Rosália's tragedy.

Gradually, as she crouched there, she grew more tranquil, and by-and-bye, her bread being finished, she raised her head and looked about her. The nuns had finished their devotions, but through the key-hole of the church-door a little ray of light was stealing; Rosália knew it came from the lamp which burned night and day in the Sanctuary. Rising, then, and going close up to the door, as she had often seen her schoolmates do, she applied her lips to the key-hole, breathing a prayer through it after the

custom of the Slavonian peasants. The little Jew girl knew no prayers except those which she had heard her companions repeat in school, and these she was murmuring with great fervour when suddenly she started back; perhaps Pan Jezsis would be angry. Everyone was angry with her to-day! She had no right to send her voice into His Holy Place—He might come out and kill her.

Terrified at the thought, she turned, and ran away with all speed, never pausing to look back till she had left the village precincts behind, and stood, a mere speck, on the border of the immeasurable plain.

When she stopped, she caught her breath with a little gasp. She had fled from Pan Jezsis, and lo! here He was confronting her—the Figure at least of the Crucified, suddenly, as it seemed, reared Itself before her. In her fright she had run to the very foot of the great cross which the Lady of the Schloss had recently erected by the road-side. The Figure which hung upon it was life-size and artistically coloured, so that to little Rosália it seemed as though she were indeed gazing upon the Christ. How could she have been afraid of Him? What a kind, kind Face He had—how loving amid all Its sorrow! And the Arms were stretched out, as she had heard one of the nuns say once, to embrace the whole world, to call all to Him! Rosália's father had never allowed her to linger by this cross, and she gazed at it now for the first time long and earnestly. Oh, the suffering Face, the pierced Hands and Feet, the Blood! What had they done to Him!

“Poor Pan Jezsis!” said the little Jew girl, and she kissed the sculptured Feet with tears springing to her eyes. Then she crouched down beneath the crucifix, flinging her arms about its base.

“I will stay here,” said Rosália. “The cross will keep all harm away from me. I will stay here with poor Pan Jezsis!”

There was a beautiful moon that night—fine and large and glowing, a real harvest moon—and a band of harvesters set out, according to the custom of the place, to reap in the dewy coolness. They trooped along gaily, scythes and sickles glittering in the brilliant light, laughing and talking to each other gaily enough.

As they drew near the great crucifix which guarded the plain, they doffed their hats, and were preparing as usual to kneel and

utter simultaneously a short prayer, when one of their number suddenly cried out, and pointed with a somewhat unsteady finger.

"What is that—what is that at the foot of the cross? Is it a spirit?"

"An angel, perhaps," said a woman, devoutly making the sign of the cross.

The leader of the party approached. "Nay, it is a child," he cried. "Neighbours, it is the little Jew girl."

"The little Jew girl!" they echoed, in astonishment. "At the foot of the cross!"

"Yes, poor innocent! Her arms are holding it tight, but she is fast asleep. The poor babe, who would have thought of her coming here?"

They looked at one another remorsefully. "Everyone drove her away," said someone, "and so she took refuge with Pan Jezsis." They clicked their tongues and shook their heads commiseratingly; then the woman stretched out her arms: "Give her to me!" she murmured.

Rosália awoke at early dawn to find herself very warm and comfortable, but amid strange surroundings. The pattern of the feather pillows over and under her was unfamiliar; stretching out her hand, she encountered another little hand, warm and moist, and, lifting up her head, she discovered another head—a downy flaxen head nestling in the cushion on which her own had lain. In the sleeping face she recognized little Milly, one of her school friends; and Milly's mother now appeared in the doorway, wreathed in smiles.

"How have you slept, my little one?" she enquired. It was one of the women who had yesterday driven her from the door with so many harsh words. But now everyone, it seemed, loved Rosália. The whole village was eager to show her kindness. They called her "the blessed child," and some again gave her the name of "Child of the Cross," for they considered the fact of her having been inspired to take refuge there as a special sign of Heaven's favour. Others took the matter more simply and naturally, and were merely touched at the notion of the poor little outcast clinging to the Rood detested by her race. Sister Magdalen made quite a discourse about the affair to the school children.

"Did I not say well," she asked them, "when I told you that

it was little children like Rosália of whom Pan Jezsis said 'Forbid them not'? Yes, and He said again, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

The children reported this speech to their parents, and they nodded sagely, and agreed that it was true.

Shortly after his committal to prison wicked old Sámi caught a fever and died; his goods were forfeited, yet nevertheless little Rosália never knew want. When last I saw her, she was guarding ducks by the big pond in the Schloss grounds, and lustily singing a new hymn. She knows many hymns now, and it is said that she may possibly carry a banner at the next procession.

M. E. FRANCIS.

### COME !

HALF the world is flushed with flowers,  
'Neath sunny skies,  
King-cups brim with yellow gold,  
The corncrake cries.  
And you are coming back to me ere Summer dies.

Thoughts of you have thrilled along  
The garden space,  
Buds of honeysuckle sway  
From their high place.  
Downwards they lean with hinting touches of your face.

Dropt from his singing height, the lark  
Singeth no more,  
Silence in the woodlands grows  
Too sweet, too sore,  
And summer sunshine dims as light through a half-closed  
door.

Now the autumn world is cold  
And touched with rime.  
We may not wander back to find  
The beautiful time !  
Yet come before these russet days to wildness climb.

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.

## GOING TO MARKET

**T**HERE is a little village—a tiny, unimportant, self-sufficing centre—and it lies at the back of Beyond. It is never disturbed by the shriek of the railway engine whistle, and the rare sight of a telegraph messenger rouses no little curiosity. A newspaper aged a week, or even a fortnight, is not looked on contemptuously by any means. Many of the farmers labour with the same tools and implements as did their fathers. Their wives go to church shawled and cloaked in olden fashion. But in one respect the village has progressed. It boasts three post-cars; and on this breezy March morning the three are stationed close by the village, waiting for passengers. It is Easter Eve, and market day in C——, so whosoever would travel by them must hasten lest the seats should all be secured. Passengers by our post-cars don't expect overmuch comfort. No one grumbles unduly at being crushed into a space scarcely suited for a child, nor at being obliged to carry a basket or parcel on their knees, nor at being utterly incapacitated for holding up an umbrella should a shower come on, nor at the rate of progress. You clamber up to your seat, happy indeed if the fates have ordained you two companions of moderate size, and after many delays, much arranging of market produce, and some innocent chaff and banter between passengers and jarvey, off you go, see-sawing up and down as the springs yield and rebound.

“Well, the wind will dry up the land a bit,” someone says, with true Irish hopefulness, “and if the corn's in before the end of April, why 'tis time enough anyway. I was never a great believer in early sowing.”

The remark gives rise to much discussion, and then the various marriages said to be coming off after Easter are talked of, and the parties thereto criticised freely. Births and deaths have their share of attention, so have the different sales of land advertised on bills and posters. Jest and repartees are bandied about, and your steed's pace becomes slower and slower. It is told of a certain jarvey that on long journeys when the “crack” fails he begins to sing. Many have heard the beginning of that ditty, none the end. It goes on, and on, and on, like Tennyson's brook, for ever; and the singer believes he is amusing his fares, and keeping them from noticing the laggard rate of progression.

It is a clear day. The farmhouses on the slope and at the base of distant Slieve Galleon are discernible, and you can trace the windings of the road up the mountain side. The fields show various tints of green, from the rich dark emerald of the young wheat and artificial grasses to the lighter hue of the leas. The thorn leaves are bursting forth, and the young red cones on the larches contrast with the swaying tassels of green on the same trees. The sallows—"sallies" we call them—are covered over with fluffy yellow catkins. The lightsome daffodils nod cheerily at you as you pass, and, now and then, you inhale the strong perfume of the blossoming gorse. The dandelion flowers show among the indented leaves, and a venturesome primrose is occasionally seen in a sheltered nook. The buds on the chestnut are large and bright, and the eaves on the yellow poplars are glistening in every chance gleam of sun. From the fields on each side come long drawn "whoas" and metallic "click-clicks" as teams are restless or lazy. The driver shows his dexterity in passing the heavily-laden carts that become more numerous as the town is nearer. The young lambs bleat among the hills, and the blackbirds sing triumphantly.

On the way you pass are two or three tumbled-down houses whose families have been scattered north and south, east and west. The last to leave one of these was a woman far beyond middle age. Many of her children were in America, and they were anxious she should make her home with them. There was no great cause for grief when she bade good-bye to the already dilapidated cabin, people who do not understand the Celtic temperament may say; and yet more intense sorrow than hers was is seldom seen. I can see her, as I saw her on that morning of parting, her grey hair streaming from under her shabby bonnet, her furrowed cheeks wet with tears, her thin arms stretched out in passionate farewell, her sobs breaking forth convulsively. I can see her drop on her knees and kiss the threshold of the home she had come to a bride, the home where her children had been born, and where she had waked her "man." I can see her turn for one look, and one look, and one last look more, as she took the path to the high road.

At length the outskirts of C—— are reached; and the outskirts in this case are occupied by a huge factory giving employment to a large number of hands. The town itself consists

of one broad street, considerably beyond a mile in length, and bordered on each side by stately chestnuts and hoary elms. The Church of the Holy Trinity and the beautiful Convent of Mercy look down from a slight elevation upon the wide street, and on market days whosoever chances to be portress in the Convent is kept busy. Primarily the work of the Sisters is teaching. They have a day school with which even the most "faddy" of Inspectors have no fault to find, and a flourishing night school for the mill hands. But the nuns go beyond this. They visit the sick, they help the poor, and they have good advice, unending sympathy, and practical hints for anyone and everyone who comes to them. And anyone and everyone does come to the Convent on Saturdays—country girls for music lessons, and lessons in drawing; country teachers for enlightenment on new methods; the sick and ailing to have their sores and pains touched by holy relics; mothers begging prayers for erring husbands or children; beggars seeking alms, shrewd housewives with baskets of farm produce, for which the Superioress pays a good price; young people for books from the lending library; and some for a sight of the Convent and the peaceful faces beneath the veil. It is many a long year ago since a very young and very raw country youth chanced to see one of the Sisters of Mercy then in the house that afforded them a temporary shelter in C——. The nun stood in the doorway holding aloft a lamp while a visitor found the way to the street. The country lad had an eye for the beautiful. "The nun was the nicest girl I ever saw," was his remark to a tribe of sisters when he reached home; and I wonder if serenity and peacefulness and total forgetfulness of self will not make even the homeliest face lovely.

But your driver is moving onward, and from the top of the little hill there is a view of that part of the street where the market is held. Straw and hay are flying in the March wind as the loads of fodder change owners. Dead pigs and live pigs—the latter very noisy—are exposed for sale, and butter, and eggs, and fowls, and potatoes. Of course there is a din, sometimes a terrific din, for a vast amount of bargaining attends each sale. You are liberty now to descend, cramped and stiffened, from your seat; and at liberty, too, to wander about as you like till the hour fixed—and rarely kept to—for beginning the return journey.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

## THE DREAM OF A MIGHTY FACE

I saw men travelling on a various way,  
 Yet every path they went  
 Brought them to one great forest, vast and grey,  
 Before the day was spent.

And very silent stood that forest drear,  
 Nor came forth any sound,  
 Only a nameless terror everywhere  
 Of what might there be found.

All hearts grew cold that came within its bourne  
 And felt its icy breath ;  
 Along its marge I heard the mourners mourn,  
 Then knew I this was death.

“ And oh ! ” I cried, “ these are unhappy men  
 Who know not where they go.”  
 Whence came the strange, fierce voice that answered then ?  
 “ Peace ! peace, it is not so.”

Their poor love broken, rudely torn apart,  
 Unhappy must they be !  
 And yet again the voice within my heart :  
 “ Lift up thine eyes and see.”

And lo ! beyond the horror of the wood,  
 Dim-outlined far away,  
 The shadow of a mighty mountain stood,  
 Where shone eternal day.

O beautiful dear mount ! it seemed to me  
 The face of one who prays,  
 With parted lips, in silent ecstasy,  
 Learning God's secret ways.

A face, indeed, large-browed and wonder-pure ;  
 It grew from out the sky,  
 And calm it was, as one that must endure  
 Through all Eternity.

Gazing forth strongly with adoring eyes  
At things I could not see :  
Filled with the wisdom of the heavenly wise,  
It seemed to beckon me.

O mighty Face ! I had not ever dreamed  
That things so great could be.  
Clothed with eternal majesty, it seemed  
To fill all earth and sea.

And all the while between me and the Face  
There rolled the forest grim.  
Still on the blackness of that hideous place  
Glory of Cherubim.

Oh ! nothing now the things of earth to me,  
However great or true ;  
They were as shadows that for ever flee  
Besides the things He knew.

One only longing came upon my soul,  
And held my poor man's-heart,  
That I might come to knowledge of the whole,  
Seeing this wondrous part.

And standing thus I heard the angels sing,  
And then the word was told.  
As one to whom a very glorious thing  
Doth gradually unfold,

I listened as in words of living fire  
The mighty message ran :  
"This is no angel of the heavenly choir,  
This is the face of man—

"Of him who as an earthly worm of earth  
Hath crawled amid the clay,  
The sinful creature of a sinful birth  
Beyond the light of day—

“ Of him who but a little while before  
Hath faced the wood of death,  
Cowering with terror at the awful door  
To render up his breath.

“ And oh ! the marvel that a thing so low  
Should come to thoughts so high.”  
Yet once again I prayed that I might know  
Even this mystery.

There was a silence, and the air grew still.  
A dark cloud from my sight  
Hid the fair face, while some mysterious thrill  
Ran through the wood of night.

Then wilder and more wild the tree-tops tossed,  
Fierce straining to and fro,  
Like awful arms that mourn eternal loss  
And writhe in hopeless woe.

“ O Death, where is thy sting ? O Grave,  
Where now thy victory ? ”  
Fierce peeled the clarion, on a mighty wave  
Of deathless ecstasy.

The sound swept through my soul, then opened wide  
That place of blackest pain,  
And from it rose the host of those who died  
And are alive again.

I looked in eyes that saw Eternity,  
I heard them every one  
Speaking great words of heavenly mystery—  
Then was my poor dream done.

And Earth peered at me with the shrunken face  
As of an old man dying ;  
And to my hearing in a little space  
Came back the sound of sighing.

R. P.

## “T. P.” ON FATHER O’CARROLL, S.J.

“**T. P.**” is the well-known journalistic signature of Mr. Thomas Power O’Connor, the famous publicist, one of the Members of Parliament for Liverpool. In one of his many successful journals he had a department, “Mainly about People”; and he took the initials of this phrase as the name of his latest invention in journalism which has passed its second century of weeks—*M.A.P.* which purports to be “a popular penny weekly of pleasant gossip, personal portraits and social news.” Its issue for April 19, begins with an article signed “T. P.” and entitled “Rhodes the Dreamer.” The dream that he discusses chiefly was “the foundation of a secret society somewhat on the model of that great institution founded by Ignatius Loyola known as the Jesuits; and this body was to consist mainly of millionaires, and to use as its chief instrument vast accumulations of money.”

Mr. O’Connor goes on to argue that, much as money can do, there are things it cannot do. We are about to quote him at considerable length, reserving for the conclusion a few remarks of our own.

“The existence and power of the Society of Jesuits, which supplied Mr. Rhodes with his ideal, is the very proof of the instability of money as foundation for power. Have you ever known a Jesuit intimately? Do not start back in the ardour of your stout Protestantism when I ask that question, and do not start back even more in yet greater shock and affright when I go on to say that if you have never known a Jesuit, you have missed one of the most interesting studies in human character and society.

“I knew one once, and loved him, and still mourn him; for he died untimely when he was at the very zenith of his powers; and when he had done nothing of what he might have done. I remember the first day I ever saw him—it is more than a quarter of a century ago—and I knew him at once, though I had never seen him before. I was passing just opposite that well-known photographer’s shop, called Chancellor’s, in Sackville—or O’Connell Street, as it is now called, and suddenly my eye was caught

by the look of a priest who was passing. He was a small man ; he had a long, thin face, a long, drooping mouth, with lips so thin that it looked as though they had been cut out of marble ; but it was the eyes, above all things, which attracted my notice. They were deep set ; and they had in them a look of unfathomable depths, of profound musings, of mighty vigils, of study, thought, and work. And at once I said to myself, "That is Father O'C——" I was right : it was years before I was introduced to him, but my instinct had spoken to me aright ; those unfathomable eyes could have belonged to only one man within the shores of Ireland then ; the great scholar, the Titan worker, the profound philosopher who then, and long afterwards, was shaping the future destinies of hundreds of young Irish minds.

"This Jesuit father was then some thirty-four years of age. He already knew as many languages as he had years, and before he died he must have known some fifty languages. He had studied all the literatures as well as all the languages, and his taste was so wide and so catholic that he could discuss with equal animation and interest a dialogue of Plato, a play of Goethe, or a novel of Thackeray. He was always working. He did not go to bed till one or two o'clock in the morning. He was up again at five or half-past five, and he never ceased to work all day long. Every second of his time was marked out, measured, occupied ; so that he might make some way towards that dream of almost universal knowledge which hovered before him. And he had so attuned his nature that all her movements were under his absolute control ; and thus it was that even a stranger to him, as I was, looking at his face as he hurriedly passed in the streets, was able to know that this was a prophet, a seer who dwelt on heights unrealised by the ordinary man. His end, I may say, was death when he was just fifty—he died of overwork—and it was characteristic of his great, strong, intense nature that though he knew he had heart disease, with that forgetfulness of self, which is the doctrine of his Order, he never even hinted that he was ill ; and it was only after his death that it was known that for months he had sat in his chair in his bedroom because he knew that to lie down was to die. And he died in the hall of his college just after he had returned from a visit to the library of Trinity College to examine an ancient Celtic manuscript.

"Now, here was a man who had it in him to produce mighty

works, and to obtain a great name; but he practically never published anything; he was awaiting the order of his superior, without which no Jesuit is allowed to publish anything. It is possible that, if he lived, he might have become the General of his Order—one of the mightiest positions on earth; but he died an obscure Irishman known only to those who had been brought in contact with him, and with his overpowering greatness not even guessed at or but dimly felt. But what was the position of this member of an Order which Mr. Rhodes wished to imitate? He didn't own a farthing in the world; he didn't own the shabby black suit on his back nor the frayed shorts. How often have I looked in wondering love at the ragged cuffs of this great scholar! He had subordinated his will and his whole life to discipline; so that one year he was in Dublin, the next in an obscure Austrian town, the next in Rome, and then back again in Galway, the small Irish town where first I knew him. Does anybody suppose that Mr. Rhodes could find a body of millionaires who would thus sacrifice everything in the world to an idea—love and wealth and will—and take up the crosses of celibacy, poverty, and devotion?

"Mr. Rhodes himself might have done it; indeed this huge eater and drinker—this mighty mass of a man—was in some respects, and in the core of his being, an ascetic. He rarely carried money about him; he lived in a quiet hotel; his clothes were so bad that his friends were scandalised and amused at his hasty efforts to clothe himself aright when he was suddenly called upon to visit Royalty. But the essential difference between him and the Jesuit Order was that he believed in wealth and they believe in poverty; that he wished to appeal to the material, and they to the spiritual in man; and that on the whole, the history of the world has shown that it belongs more to the spiritualists than the materialists; to those who believe in the final mastery of ideas."

The foregoing paragraphs refer of course to Father John O'Carroll, S. J., who was born September 1st, 1837, and died March 5th, 1889. This is a very remarkable tribute to a man of very remarkable gifts. Those who can refer to back volumes of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*—as, for instance, in the National Library, Dublin—will find at page 209 of the seventeenth volume (1889), an account of Father O'Carroll's wonderful acquirements, including the written testimonials of Max Müller and other professors,

each bearing witness that his own language was spoken perfectly by the Irish priest. These witnesses speak chiefly for German, French, Italian and Spanish; but there is evidence that Father O'Carroll was master of fourteen languages, could converse in eight others and had some acquaintance with nine more. In addition to the four just mentioned he had mastered Portuguese, Irish, Russian, Polish, Icelandic, Danish, Norwegian, Servian, Illyrian, and Hungarian. He was quite at home in Greek, ancient and modern. In this enumeration English and Latin are taken for granted. These acquirements are surely marvellous enough, though they fall far short of the statement in *M.A.P.* But the emphasis of exaggeration is easily condoned in an up-to-date journalist; and we are grateful to "T. P." for reviving the memory of a holy and strangely gifted Irishman.

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### A DEAD SINGING-BOY

A BRIGHT little bird in God's house on earth,  
Gaily he sang to Him songs of praise;  
And who that heard it but loved to hear  
The voice of our singing-bird, sweet and clear?  
Now where the angels for ever make mirth  
In God's heavenly home he gladdens the ways.

A fair white flower of our earthly mould,  
Filled with the life of a few short Mays;  
But who would grudge him to Mary's joy  
Where the winds of the world no more annoy,  
Where darkness comes not nor wintry cold,  
And Summer is sunny through endless days?

J. W. A.

## AN AMERICAN POET-BISHOP

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING OF PEORIA<sup>1</sup>

TO the votary of the ideal, our dawning century is assuredly an uninviting fane. The craze for the romance of "Cologneal Hystery" may be, it is true, but a passing phase of our taste in vacuous literature, but, when we look upon a wider arena—that of poetry in recent lusters—we find that our epoch has no more distinguishing landmarks than the erotic barbarism of Swinburne, the aqueous inanities of Watson or the tigerish vulgarity of Kipling. Alas for Tennyson and Browning! Verily, Horace's maxim was never more justified:

" Maxima pars vatum  
Decipimur specie recti."

The semblance of right, nay, the very fiction of right—that tendency to transpose principles and substitute wrong for right, falsehood for truth—is the very tessera of our self-seeking, gold-worshipping age. To such an age, as to that of Augustus, the real poet speaks unheeded of the *profanum vulgus*. The Philistine preconceptions are too strong. To such the argonaut's shadowy penumbra of rectitude, concentrated on auriferous phantasy, speaks with a brazen tongue; the soaring muse, revealer of beauty, not at all! Is it not of such that Goethe tells us they are barbarians? What have they in common with true poetry, which is, according to the discriminating Emerson, the expression of a sound mind seeking for the ideal and not the apparent? Emerson's friend, Carlyle, pictures it as an inspiration of spirituality. Now we know that our highest ideals attain their realization only in the Divinity. We know, moreover, that all spiritual inspiration must come from Him alone. Hence, would we seek for poetry in its appropriate sense, even as defined by these prophets of broad thought, we must choose for our quest those minds whose palmary motto is "God reigns."

Hence, since the fields of the atheist are sterile, we find in every poetic masterpiece the praise of God; and this, which, in the pagan epics, is but a concomitant, becomes the very essence of the mystic symbolism of Christian poetry. In such wise, Ozanam, speaking of Dante, says truly: "Poetry, in its highest scope, is an

intuition of the Infinite," which is to say, that it is the vision of God as manifesting His glory in His works, and as ruling the destinies of man. From this it follows that the true poet must be a philosopher. Thoreau, an admiring disciple of Emerson, goes so far as to subordinate philosophy to poetry, the latter being of the wider scope. For, in truth, if poetry is the inspired expression of high ideals, it must have philosophy as its handmaid; and that this was the view of the greatest among the singers, Dante himself testifies. In his dedication of "Paradise" to Della Scala, he explains the philosophical basis of his poem and elsewhere he tells us: "Philosophy is a loving use of wisdom which exists principally in God, as in Him are supreme wisdom and love." Ozanam, discussing the development of his philosophical wisdom into poetic genius, finds that this development required the combined action of the intellect to perceive, the imagination to idealize, and the will to realize. Philosophy, in the mind of the poet, puts on a new vesture. The solid principles of the doctors are garnished with the ore of nature's beauty, inlaid with the chasing of generous and exalted sentiments. "In poetry, we look," says Wordsworth, in similar strain, "for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination."

The arrangement of Bishop Spalding's new poem, "God and the Soul," follows generally that of Rossetti's "House of Life"; Wordsworth's "Memorials," "Sketches" and "Duddon"; or less closely the "Vita Nuova" of Dante. This is to say, it consists of a number of detached poems, united by certain general and co-ordinate ideas which group them into books. Each book comprises about fifty sonnets, prefaced by three or more preludes. The books may be thus classified: 1st. Faith. 2nd. Peace only in God. 3rd. Anticipation of joy eternal. 4th. Fruition.

The metre of the preludes is widely varied. At one time we meet with the stately march of the Miltonian pentameter—heroic blank verse—now with the divided ballad metre so beloved of Tennyson; anon with the fanciful diversified stanza of Burns or Shelley. Thus, the introductory prelude of the first book, "Faith and a Heart," presents the quatrain in the iambic tetrameter of "In Memoriam," closed by a dimeter couplet as in the earlier style of the last of the laureates. The second, "The Dower of Wings," is in the divided ballad metre, while the third, in blank pentameters, is a noble picture of the Deity as seen in Christian

vision and is truly worthy of its stately measure, and of its title,  
 "Sursum corda."

" At farthest reach of thought, He cries : Yet higher !  
 When all is won, whispers : Thy all is nought !  
 In black despair, He is the gleam of hope.

•            •            •

All beautiful, Omnipotent, sole God."

The book commences with an appeal to the Holy Spirit for light and knowledge. In "Science and Faith," the futility of seeking mental quietude in human learning is illustrated. Pure science only limits the purview of the soul :

" The heavens vanish when cold reason stares,"

hence

" I, my God, my early faith will keep."

The result of this starvation by science is shown in the succeeding sonnet, and our age, which so-called science has landed in doubt, is stricken :

" How sick this age must be, since men can doubt  
 That God is in the world, and life is sweet."

and the sphere of science is determined :

" O boastful Science, with thy scornful brow

\*            \*            \*            \*

With all thy facts thou seemest strong and free,  
 But if thy sovereignty I must allow,  
 Teach me the secret of infinity."

But what science cannot teach is taught by faith. Thus "God's Thrall" tells :

" It is enough for me to know that I  
 Am part of all that God has made or thought,  
 A thread in nature's boundless woof inwrought,  
 A tone in universal harmony."

And thus the soul, yearning for truth, turns to Christ :

" But then, O Christ, I lift my soul to Thee

\*            \*            \*            \*

That in Thy love alone I may be blest."

This evolution of love from faith is shown in the two sonnets which close the first book. As it opened with a petition for faith, the close shows the acquirement of that faith and its result in love :

“ God must be love, for only love has power  
From nothing to create a world so fair.

\* \* \* \*

Let men but love, and let that love remain  
And all they dream of heaven they may know  
In this terrestrial life which is not vain  
As loveless souls have thought, but all aglow  
With God's own presence, which transfigures pain  
And makes the highest bliss of deepest woe.”

The second book, whose dominant note is “Peace only in God,” is opened by three preludes of quatrains in varied measure :

“ Then only should I hopeless sorrow know,  
If, having reached the farthest height  
To which a mind athirst for God may grow,  
There blew the breath of endless night.”

Such is the keynote which is still further illustrated by the second and third preludes, of which the one teaches :

“ There is no hope except in God,”

and the other shows in much detail the truth of Solomon's lesson, “Vanity of Vanities” :

“ In vain thou hopest peace on earth to find  
Nor youth nor power nor wealth nor friend  
Can make thee to thy earthly misery blind,  
For God, who made thee, is thy end.”

So self-evident is the proposition that peace is found only in God, that unconscious nature, animate and inanimate, rejoice with humanity in demonstrating it :

“ O look ! the world is full of God's dear grace,  
Fair is the spring, her fragrant flowers are fair.  
The bird, the bee, the child, sing everywhere,  
And stars, like hope, gleam through infinite space.”

\* \* \* \*

O, dull of sense ! God's heaven is most near.

\* \* \* \*

The world is heaven if we see but clear  
And every common thing a holy shrine.”

A spirit of reminiscence, like the tinkling of a far-off melody, brings the author back to early days, for whose childish joys he thanks God :

“ But most I thank Him for my earliest days,

\*            \*            \*            \*

And glad as brook that through a meadow strays.”

To such a spirit of all-abounding joy death has no terrors, an idea pleasingly expressed in “ Beautiful Death ” :

“ O, paint me this, that I may ever see  
The vision fair where life in its decay  
Speaks not of death but immortality.”

Earthly joys pall on the possessor :

“ We pluck the flower and all its freshness dies ;  
We grasp the form we love and phantom find.  
No fame, nor joy, nor hope, nor love but flies  
The touch of man ; be wise and be resigned.”

As the heart's real joys are incommunicable, our holiest thoughts are known “ not e'en to those who day by day are near,” so to God we must bear our joys and woes for true sympathy. Similarly it is not in great possessions we shall find earthly peace, but in work and persistent effort :

“ In effort lies the purest soul of joy.”

We have heard from Ozanam that poetry is an intuition of the Infinite, and we know of his Olympian hero that :

“ He heard the utter harmony  
Of the nine trembling spheres.”

So the author's third book opens with a prelude on “ Infinity :”

“ O Thou, Thou only God,  
Show Thou Thyself to me ;  
And through this earthly clod  
Let gleam infinity.”

There are two other preludes, of which “ Seen and Unseen,” a comparison of the visible and invisible world, marches its octosyllabic quatrains with the simple charm of “ In Memoriam.” These preludes indicate the motif of the book, which is anticipation of eternal joy. “ The Feast of Tongues ” speaks of confidence in

that Holy Spirit who shall give us the repose we yearn for. "The mark of noble souls is to aspire," hence our trust is firm in God, who fills our soul with a joy that sweetens our labor. To this trust, the love of wealth is antagonistic and binds men to what is really good. This is especially illustrated in the everyday career of:

" . . . rich men's children who inherit all  
 Their fathers leave, as gold and lands and hall,  
 Lack strength to bear the blessings on them laid,  
 And by an inward weakness are down-weighed,  
 Or, straying into slippery paths, they fall,  
 And to dishonored graves forgotten crawl,  
 Smitten with blight of pleasures that degrade."

A passing allusion to the author's work of colonization :

" O fair young souls ! I hear your joyful cry  
 On Minnesotan or Nebraskan plain.

\* \* \* \*

And I have share in all your pleasant gain,"

does not break the continuity of the book, which closes with a filial appeal, pathetic as his of Oriel :

" As to a father walking in the night  
 A little child clings close, nor sees the way,  
 But trusts to him, knowing he will not stray,  
 So I hold on to God by faith, not sight.

\* \* \* \*

O Father, lead me on ; Thou who hast set  
 My feet in thorny road ; Thou seest my need."

The fourth book, "Fruition," is introduced by four preludes, of which "Silence" is noteworthy. It is, like the others, in iambic tetrameters, and, dealing with the mute tribute of nature to its maker is a beautiful threshold to the book, which sings of the fruition of eternal joy. Even the thought of friends severed from us does not interfere with our rational joy :

"I seemed to meet them all  
 In the pure sky to which my thoughts would flee."

The well-known sonnet of Michael Angelo, in which he bids farewell to art, forms the text of one of the sweetest poems in the collection, showing with him, that—

" All art is vain, unless from death it save  
 The soul, and lift it to immortal height."

A triplet of sonnets on the Passion follows, of which one thus addresses the Redeemer :

“ And now Thy work is done ; Thy thorn-crowned head  
Sinks low in death, in infinite repose.

\* \* \* \*

The many have been all redeemed by One,  
And God on new created life has smiled.”

The process of self-analysis is beautifully illustrated towards the close of Book IV. Here it is shown that there is, as distinguished from vulgar and sinful egotism, a high and holy self-love, but this includes everything that can nourish in us pure and noble vitality :

“ I love more than myself in self-defence,  
My God, my country, and all noble things

\* \* \* \*

life were in vain !  
If I, standing upon its topmost peak,  
Could not believe in the diviner reign.”

From this diviner reign this exalted love of self is inseparable. Conversely, the love of God cannot exist in our present condition without a real love of humanity. In loving humanity, we love its Creator. Thus the process of the will in arriving at the natural love of God follows the process of the intellect in arriving at the knowledge of Him from knowledge of His works. “ Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu ” was the schoolmen’s axiom expressing the same truth. The last sonnets of this book form a quartet of exceptional sweetness. Of these, three speak of the ceaseless quest “ through strong heroic strife and agony,” of eternity ; and there is a strain of humble prayer that God may be glorified however man’s own memory may pass away.

“ Nearer to Thee, from out the soil and mire  
Of selfish loves in which no man is blest,  
Lead on their wandering steps to where is rest,  
In sight of Thee to whom all hearts aspire.”

I have spoken of the form of the poems. I have said that, with the exception of the preludes, the volume consists exclusively of sonnets. It needs no eulogist to plead the beauty of the sonnet. Rossetti tells us :

“ A sonnet is a coin ; its face reveals the soul.”

Wordsworth sings its praises, enumerating the glorious singers who have used it :

“ The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow.”

Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth himself, all have used the sonnet and added to the glory of its use. In the author's sonnets, while the octave follows the traditional Petrarchan model, the arrangement of the sestet is also invariable, the form being that of two alternate rhymes. This is unusual, poets, as a rule, varying the rhyme of the sestet in a sequence of sonnets.

Disraeli once said that a preface is the attar of an author's roses. To me, in the present case, it seems that the description applies rather to the final sonnet which supplies an epilogue of exceeding dignity and pathos to the volume. The author speaks with much truth of the fact, regrettable, but historical, that contemporary appreciation has not invariably greeted even the great masters in poetry. It has been the fate of many of whose afflatus there can now be no doubt—from Homer to John Keats—to pass away unrecognized or scorned. Of this fact the author speaks from a personal standpoint with simple frankness :

“ It may be none will read the rhymes I write,  
Much better verse has had no better fate,  
And truest poetry has oft to wait  
The poet's death ere it may claim its right.”

But the author need not fear. The present age is not one to value at its worth any poetic effort. Poetry does not, as Ruskin so bitterly laments, appeal to an age whose only aim is lucre or the power which lucre sways. Neither does it appeal to the frivolous mind which semi-education has robbed of the savage's love of natural beauty, while not imbuing it with the faculty of intellectual appreciation. This volume will not, for such, rebuild the virile strength of the mind debauched and emasculated by a literature, if we can call it so, whose chief injury is the neutralizing of all mental activity and the inducing a chronic passivity. No ; to such it will be a sealed book. But, wherever is found a soul aspiring to noble effort, an intellect yearning for exalted truth, or a heart surcharged with purest love, to such, and to all such, “ God and the Soul ” will be a prize, a solace, and an inspiration.

P. DILLON.

## THE MIGHTY MAGNET

**T**HE last night! Twilight fell before the fact came home to him.

The day had been a busy one—usual with the duties he had discharged for years, saving that of school; but unusual with a variety of errands and a round of lingering good-byes. A spring day upon which the sun poured itself out in a cheering and a lavish flood; a day whose noon-tide had seemed more like that of midsummer than late April.

He had found it easy and natural to say “good-bye,” for he was not yet fifteen years old. Some of the people to whom he had said “Farewell” seemed to him more serious in their leave-taking than the circumstances warranted. He was going a long way off, it was true. More than a fortnight ago his friend the stationmaster had given him a written list of train-times, and what with a change here and a waiting there, eight hours would pass from the time he left home to that of his arrival in London.

But to say, as more than one old couple did, that “mayhap they would never see him again in this world,” struck the boy as being gratuitously depressing. He had refused to be depressed because—well, the sun was shining, and in his little room at home new clothes were waiting to be tried on, and to-morrow—surely it really was to-morrow?—he was going to see the world.

On such a day as this there was much to think of, much to do. It should not be said of him after he was gone that he went without saying a word of farewell to the many who had known him from babyhood. Such things had been laid to the charge of lads who had left the Dale to go into far counties—or countries, as the old wives have it. He would like it remembered of him that, though he was leaving a tiny farm for a merchant’s office, “he was not a proud chap,” or even a thoughtless one.

He had been up a little earlier than usual that April day to do his last morning-milking. Five o’clock had seen him soaking his clogs in the dew of the meadows. Soon after six, just for old sake’s sake, he had given the one horse as glossy a coat as the animal was capable of wearing. Bits of harness, too, the lad had taken down to polish. He wanted to hear his mother say that

“he had done a good day's work before breakfast.” And she said it.

All during breakfast they had talked clothes. Such things had never filled his mind before, and he was half ashamed of this newly-discovered and wholly girlish anxiety in regard to fit and cut. He half persuaded himself that he did it to please mother and—Uncle Mark, who had suggested this and that, backing the suggestion with a ten pound note. It had become, therefore, a kind of duty to get all things seemly and congruous with the boy's new position. But to spend the whole of ten pounds on raiment and linen was what Mrs. Wilkins could not bring herself to do, and for the twentieth time Jimmy listened to her injunction that the unspent coins be given back to his uncle “the very first thing.” She was not sure that she had not already spent more than was strictly necessary; yet the one new suit—his old Sunday clothes were to be taken for everyday wear—and the one pair of new boots, together with odds and ends of linen and underclothing, had seemed indispensable.

What a change had come into the life of the boy! And with what suddenness! Uncle Mark had never been an entire stranger to them. He had regularly written to his sister, had visited her at long intervals, had sent welcome little presents at Easter and Christmas, had always remembered the four children in his letters, had never, in fact, stood aloof from them; at the same time he had never really seemed to be one of them. He was the great gentleman in the city; they were very small and not very-well-to-do farmers in the country.

And now he had become a greater gentleman still. For years he had been managing clerk to the firm whose office he had entered as a young boy; to-day he was junior partner. Jimmy dare not think of his own opportunity, of the possibilities that kindly neighbours hinted at. The present fact was sufficient for him. His uncle had paid a hasty visit to the Dale, had tested his nephew's knowledge of figures, had pronounced his handwriting good, had made searching enquiries as to his health and character and—appointed him junior clerk to the firm of Hipwold and Peterson.

Yes, Uncle Mark had made great use of the few hours spent in the little farm-house. A detective could not have shown greater activity. His manner was kind if his speech was quick; eyes and

ears were constantly and fully employed. He looked over the place from kitchen to garret, from dog-kennel to cowshed: it did not take him long. But he lingered for a moment in his nephew's little sleeping-chamber and deliberately read the titles of a goodly row of books that stood therein on a home-made shelf. It was at that moment he made up his mind in regard to Jimmy. Yet Uncle Mark found time to call upon Jimmy's schoolmaster.

For a full hour after her brother's departure Mrs. Wilkins sat quite still in her kitchen, thinking and weeping. In all her married life she had never indulged herself to this extent; but then she had never before been face to face with the certainty of losing Jimmy. In her mind it had been, like so many other painful possibilities, a far-off event: to-day her brother's last sentence rang like a passing-bell in her ears—"I shall expect him then on the 14th of April."

Life had been consistently hard both for her and for her husband; yet it had been full of compensations and consolations. Long ago they would have given up the few poor acres of land and the eight or nine cows, but for the good man's health. He had always been delicate, never able to do the day's work of an average man. A silent and a suffering man he seemed to be, and was; but as his own master he moved about from morning till night—doggedly if slowly, perseveringly if heavily. He possessed a strong will and a good heart in a weakly body.

"Yes, I could often sit down and cry," his wife sometimes said to a sympathising neighbour; "but what'd be the good? That wouldn't help me one ha'porth. I have to thank God every day of my life for giving me a good husband and good children. Nothing ails me or Jimmy, blessed be God, and we must make the best o' things."

But on the day of her brother's visit she broke down.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Jimmy's last night came, his mother determined to be brave. For her, as well as for him, it had been a busy day. It had hurt her a little to see him running in and out, now showing some anxiety as to whether this or that necessary thing had come, now suddenly remembering that he had not said "Good-bye" to some friend or acquaintance. And yet she was glad that he should not be too close to her side on that last day. "Better for him—better for me," she told herself. Yet the clitter-clatter of his

returning clogs on the stones outside made her hand shake with excitement, made her breathe in little gasps.

But the last night! She did not know whether to be glad or sorry that her husband went to bed two hours before his usual time. He was very tired, he said. She knew that, like herself, he was very heart-sore. All the day he had spoken little; but then he was by nature a silent man. Jimmy was in the farm-yard when his father went to bed. It was the last night, and the boy was bidding a silent good-bye to cowshed and stable, barn and stackyard, kennel and poultry house.

Every brick and stone, and board and hinge, and lock and staple he knew by heart; every animate and inanimate thing about the place seemed to know that he was saying farewell.

It was not his wont to go about slowly; to-night he did so. Twilight was falling. This hour had often soothed and comforted him; to-night it seemed to sadden. Yet, while he longed to go and sit by his mother, he shrank from entering the already lamp-lit kitchen.

The old sheep-dog, Rib, wanted a word and he must have it. What friends they had been! Up in London—would he ever be able to come across an animal—a friendly animal that would be a part of his life as Rib had been and the old horse Dan?

Suddenly, and with a pang of shame, he made a rush for the kitchen door. He was not surprised to find that his father had already gone to bed; it was a thing that often happened. His young brother, Tommy, was just preparing to go upstairs. His two little sisters were already tucked up for the night. Jimmy and his mother were alone.

Without a word he brought the low wooden chair that had always been called Jimmy's, and placed it beside his mother's rocking-chair. She was sewing, as usual; but in a few minutes she put down the last handkerchief left for hemming, and looked at her eldest born. Instinctively he put his strong right hand between her work-worn palms.

Truly God had given her a well-looking and a sturdy lad! How would it fare with him in that London she had never seen, but of which she had heard so much? She had read somewhere that the big city was a cruel mother who stifled the children of her adoption. What would London do for the loved and loving laddie at her side? He was a strong-souled boy—that she knew;

but he was not an experienced one. She herself often laughed at the strange mixture of shrewdness and childishness he displayed, Always he had seemed older, and, at the same time, younger than his years. He read and enjoyed books that she only half understood; yet he would often put to her questions that a lad of fourteen is generally able to answer for himself. She thanked God heartily that her brother was a practising Catholic, and that he had promised to find lodgings for Jimmy with respectable people of his own faith.

Not that she was greatly fearful of the boy in regard either to his faith or morals. He had never given her the smallest reason for uneasiness on this head. Never aggressively pious, he had shown that power of sturdy regularity in all important religious duties, which is better than many pretty sayings, or the carrying of a whole cargo of badges and medals. And whatever was in the smallest degree tainted he had consistently shrunk from. The mother was fully justified in thinking that her boy carried a fair white soul in his comely, clean-limbed body. But then—he was only fourteen and a half!

It was a red and roughened right hand that she took and softly stroked; yet it could hold a pen to good purpose, as well as hatchet and spade. "Jimmy writes an excellent letter," Uncle Mark had said. "I should never have thought of him in connection with the office but for the well-composed, neatly-written, and correctly spelled sheets he writes for you. He is a credit to his schoolmaster." The schoolmaster said afterwards to Uncle Mark that Jimmy was a credit to his mother and father.

She knew that his affection for her was deep, though usually it was anything but demonstrative. He was doing at this moment what he had not done since he was quite a little lad, and she appreciated it accordingly. His hand remained resting between her own hands; his eyes were fixed upon the dying fire. For many long minutes neither of them spoke.

At last Jimmy broke the silence, and with a triviality. With his disengaged hand he unfastened the clasps of his clogs, saying with a little laugh as he did so: "It's a pity Uncle didn't come before I got these new clogs, mother—isn't it? But they'll do for Tommy some day."

The mother tried to answer, but she could not. So the boy went on:—

"Tommy's getting very handy, mother. I've shown him how to do most things. Of course, he's only a bit over twelve, and he's not very strong; but there are lots of things he can do all right. And he's *getting* stronger, don't you think, mother? He'll have grown ever so much by the time I get my holiday in——"

The lad paused and looked at his mother. Quite suddenly her hands had closed upon his with a strong 'grip; and Jimmy understood.

Yet an hour flew away in the exchange of quite every-day remarks, and it was only when the clock pointed to bed-time that the mother tried and failed to say the half of what was in her mind.

Kneeling at her bedside, she said the whole of it to the Divine Mother and her Son.

\* \* \* \* \*

How strange the little room looked! Jimmy put his candle on the chest of drawers and looked round. His eyes fell upon a wooden box; he knew that the trunk accounted for everything. The two or three pictures and sacred prints that had hung upon the walls, his crucifix, his shelf of treasured books, the pile of shirts and underclothing he had seen lying on the bed earlier in the day—all were carefully packed away in the old trunk. The lid yawned a little; in the morning the box would need to be corded. It contained everything material that he possessed—saving the new suit.

There was nothing for the boy to do, and yet he did not go to bed. The room had always been dear to him; to-night, just for a moment, he felt that he could never leave it. But only for an instant. During the day he had built no castles—in Spain or in the air; here by the light of a tallow candle they seemed to be building themselves. Uncle Mark himself had said—"You will *graduate*, James. You will, of course, receive but a comparatively small salary at first; but in our firm you are bound to rise—if you give satisfaction."

How delightful, the lad thought, to post—better still, to bring—crisp Bank of England notes to the mother and father who needed them so much! There was an awful thing called a mortgage that, he knew, was a source of trouble to those he loved. What a joy it would be to make an end of that! There was an unpleasant-looking man who paid periodical visits to father and mother—

invariably leaving them sad and depressed. Jimmy only guessed what this man's mission was; but the guess was a correct one. For years his poor sickly father had been in the toils of a money-lender.

The candle was burning to the socket, and still Jimmy dreamed. If he could only rid himself of these castles he would kneel down and say his prayers. There was a strong feeling in his mind that on this night he had need of extra prayers.

He had thrown himself undressed upon the bed. Once he dozed a little, and the sudden waking up decided him. Pray he must.

And Jimmy prayed.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sudden moan as of one in pain made him start from his knees. It was only Tommy talking in his sleep in the next little room, Jimmy told himself. But the moan recurred, and soon deepened into a groan. Jimmy opened his door.

"Jimmy, Jimmy!"—it was his mother's voice—"is that you? Oh, Jimmy, your father is so bad! Run for Father Horbury and the doctor, my dear. . . . As hard as you can!"

There was much prayer in the house that night, prayer and the administration of holy rites. And the dawn broke on the peaceful face of the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uncle Mark came to the funeral, but he did not remain for the night. His sister was so overwhelmed with sorrow that he did not like to force business matters upon her. But he told Jimmy that the post he had offered him should remain open for a month. At the end of that time the boy would write and let him know whether he could take it or not. For the present, Uncle Mark did not want to speak of it; but he put twenty pounds into his sister's hands before leaving.

Jimmy became very silent during the weeks that followed his father's death. He had much to think about; he had a decision to make, and he felt the importance of it. London, that mighty magnet, drew him. There were days when whole cities of castles built themselves in his brain, and made him long to take pen and ink and write a letter of grateful acceptance of his uncle's offer, Yet a single glance at his poor mother's face, and the castles were

succeeded by a blankness like that which succeeds the midnight flash of lightning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twilight in the little farm-house kitchen. Mother and son are sitting side by side as on the last night—not of her son's home-life but of her husband's life on earth.

It is a warm May evening, and a light west wind carries the scent of lilacs and gillyflowers through the open door. Mother and son are silent, but it is the silence that comes after much speech, and it lasts for some time. The mother breaks it first.

"You must think of yourself, my dear," she says, "and you must think of what will be best—not just now, but in the end."

"Mother," answers the boy rather quickly, "I must think of you and the others. I didn't tell you before, but I've figured it all out with Mr. Stanton and—well, it won't do. Look here, mother," he went on, taking from his pocket a paper that he and his old schoolmaster had drawn up the day before. "Uncle said I should begin with fifty pounds a year. That sounds very well until you remember that it is not quite a pound a week. Mr. Stanton has lived in London and knows exactly what things cost. I've got everything down here—likely cost of board and lodgings, and clothes and bus-fares and everything. Well, then, I'm to get a rise of ten pounds after the first year. I shall be nearly sixteen then and—but when we light the lamp you can read it for yourself. It comes to this, mother, that it will be years before I can *really* help you. Yet this is just the time when you want help most. If I go you will be obliged to get a man, and—well, you say yourself I can do the work of a man. And I am willing to do it. Tommy's a good lad I know, but he's not only two years' younger than me but he's weakly, and I doubt if he'll ever be very strong. You've said it yourself, mother, many a time."

"But, my dear," the mother pleaded, "it's such a chance for you. Look how your uncle has got on! And I'm sure Mr. Stanton would be the first to say that you are too good a scholar to go pottering about a bit of land like this."

"And how many years has it taken uncle to rise? He told us when he was here. It was thirty years before he got to be managing clerk. Thirty years, mother! Where will you——"

The sentence stuck in his throat; he could not utter it. The poor over-worked mother by his side looked older than she was;

but was it likely, he asked himself, that she would live to make old bones? He dare not glance at the haggard face. He was not of the crying sort; but the emotions of the strong are the more painful for failing to find an easy vent.

"Mother," he asked in a voice whose sternness was more than a little forced, "did I ever say *shan't* or *won't* to you—ever, at any time?"

"No, my dear. Never! Never once in your life," she answered brokenly.

"Then," said he rising suddenly and putting his lips to hers, "I've got to say it once. And it must be now. I *shan't* leave you, mother. *And I won't!*"

Then he sat down and wrote his letter to Uncle Mark.

Two days later he received the following reply:—

"DEAR JAMES,—I confess that the first time I read your letter I was disappointed in you. It came to me of course with a pile of business letters, and it may be that I read it hastily. A second and a third perusal of it convinces me that you are acting rightly. And I am not at all displeased at your suggestion concerning your younger brother. It is not unlikely that in two years' time there may be another vacancy for a junior clerk. I will not forget him.

"But now in regard to your mother and yourself. She is down in my will for a thousand pounds. In the event of her death you would inherit the whole of this. I know something of your mother's affairs, and I am aware that she needs several hundred pounds very badly. Do you see what I want to propose? If you are the boy I take you for, you will talk the matter over with your mother and come to some understanding. You can have five hundred pounds this day week. In a month's time I will, if you like, put another five hundred pounds in the bank in your mother's name."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

## A SPIRIT CALL \*

### I

I AM sad, sad and lonely to-night,  
And I would that my spirit could be  
With your spirit for one moment bright,  
In the far distant land o'er the sea.

Could my soul, freed awhile, pass through space  
To the one held so dear by my heart,  
It would oft speed to yours, and no place  
In this wide world could keep us apart.

It would soar like a bird through the air ;  
Nay, it ever is flying to you,  
In that beautiful region of Prayer,  
Where no distance can sever us two.

### II

This was written but three days ago,  
And since then your pure spirit has flown  
To where angels await you, I know,  
At the foot of the Heavenly Throne.

Was my heart's weary sadness that night  
Forewarning of what was to be  
When your soul passed from darkness to light  
And from earth was for ever set free ?

I know not ; though fondly I pray  
That your spirit in radiance may shine  
To illumine the rest of the way  
That leads to the Kingdom Divine.

M. F. Q.

\* Dedicated to one who died three days after the first three verses were written. May he rest in peace !

## EASY LESSONS IN VERSE-MAKING

## I.—RHYME

THE most judicious remark which occurs to me to begin with is to express my hearty sympathy with those readers who on seeing the title of this paper will hold up their hands in dismay and exclaim: "Goodness gracious! Is it not easy enough already, and have we not enough of it in all conscience without making it easier?" Decidedly. There is a great deal too much of verse-making going on at present; but the tendency of these papers is meant to be in the opposite direction—towards the diminution of rhyming, the extirpation of bad rhymes, the repression of intemperance in verse. The production of slipshod verse requires less pains and takes up less time than verses put together with some conscientious attempt at rhyme, rhythm, and reason. The last of these three does not come under discussion at present. We are not concerned with the sense or nonsense of our young poet's lines, but only with the rhymes and the rhythm.

The merest boor that turns a clod  
 Can turn a verse if duly taught;  
 'Tis only he inspired by God  
 Can place within the verse a thought.

It is many years since I jotted down sundry notes and pinned together sundry scraps about this subject. The idea of putting them now into print comes strangely enough from Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, Foundress of the English Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Those who are acquainted with the early circumstances and the character of that admirable but most matter-of-fact woman will be surprised to see her mixed up with such a subject. Yet, at page 212 of her *Life*, written by her great successor, Mother Raphael Drane, author of *Christian Schools and Scholars*, or (in this context we ought rather to say) author of *Songs in the Night*—we read there that, two years before her death, Mother Hallahan sent for the Mistress of one of her schools and desired that the children might be taught to write verses. "Your Mother is only an ignoramus," she said, "but she would like St. Dominic's schools to be the best, and Mr. So-and-so tells me that writing

verses is good for the children's English." With some little trouble the new branch of study was introduced, and the first verses composed by the young poets were carried to Mother Hallahan's room. "Now you have given me a real pleasure," she said. "I don't know if the verses are good or bad, but I should like our children to know *everything*."

Let us back up the old Nun by the authority of a brilliant statesman, Charles James Fox, as I find him reported at page 89 of *Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers* :—

"If I had a son," observed Fox, "I should insist on his frequently writing English verses, whether he had a taste for English poetry or not, because that sort of composition forces one to consider very carefully the exact meanings of words."

"Write poetry," is also the last of Sir Walter Besant's rules for learning the Art of Storytelling.

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavour to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

A poet almost invariably writes good prose—witness Byron, Moore, Longfellow, Matthew Arnold, Aubrey de Vere. Palgrave of *The Golden Treasury* says that "it is comparatively rare to find a prose-writer of the first rank who has not made a serious practice of poetry." It is like a swimmer accustomed to bathe in a river, who feels greater ease when he plunges into the sea: the glorious brine bears him up more buoyantly. There is more effort, more struggle, in choosing the words and thoughts that form good poetry; and he who has gone through those throes finds the making of good prose a relaxation.

The ninth of Sir Walter Besant's rules is the first bit of advice given by Mrs. Hinkson to her constituency in the Girl's Room of the *Monthly Packet*, March, 1895. I give the whole passage though it travels far beyond the object of our present paper.

"To verse-writers, but still more to prose-writers, my first and most important advice is to write of the life they know. Most young writers begin by writing of things far beyond and outside of their experience. Now, we are so endlessly interesting to each other, and the connection between truth and art is so close, that if you take the quietest corner of life and paint it faithfully, so that others will see with your eyes, you will have created a masterpiece. I was years finding my way through many influences towards my own little plot of prose, which is just the Irish country and the Irish lives I know. In time you will come to find stories all around you, where before there was not the scantest material. Use your faculty of observation for either verse or prose. Watch the various aspects and moods of nature and men. And when you have observed, look for the choicest word in which to express your observation. Don't take a word that has been used over and over, and has become common by use. Choose simple, terse Anglo-Saxon words of a syllable or two, in preference to cumbrous hybrid words. Note the class of words used by the great masters of style, and aim at their distinction and austerity. In writing verse especially, don't think anything a trouble in the way of technique. If you use a four-line verse, don't be satisfied with only two of the lines rhyming. In making a sonnet, take an example from Christina or Dante Rossetti, or Wordsworth, or some acknowledged master of the form, and follow the rhyming. The sonnet is a useful form to work with, because its laws are so arbitrary; but mind, I don't advise your publishing your task-work, for a sonnet of all things ought to be as important as it is little."

Our present purpose, however, as we have reminded ourselves more than once, is limited to the study of the mere mechanism of verse; and even here not any subtleties of harmony or recondite mysteries of metre, but the plainest elements without which verse would not be verse at all. The mere A B C of rhyme and rhythm cannot be neglected by the most divinely inspired poet, Sara Coleridge, the post-daughter of a true poet, writes to Miss Morris in 1844:—

“Have you been poetizing of late? Mind I do not tie you down to these longs and shorts; but, depend upon it, there is much use in them. The more our ear can direct us the better, but rules help and educate the ear. Poetry is more of an *art* than people in general think. They know that Music and Painting are arts; but they imagine that Poetry must flow forth spontaneously, like the breath which we breathe, without volition or consciousness. All our finest metrists knew these rules: how far they went by them I cannot say; but I know that my father whose versification has been greatly admired by critics, was fond of talking about anapaests and iambuses; and if people admired ‘Christabel,’ as it were, by nature, he was never easy till he had put them in the way of admiring it more scientifically.”

Professor Skeat and others want us to spell “rime,” not “rhyme,” because the word does not come from the Greek *rhuthmos* (a flowing) as “rhythm” does. Rhyme regards only the endings of the lines; while the rhythm of a line depends on the proper arrangement of the long and short syllables of which the whole line is made up. By “long” and “short” we mean “accented” and “unaccented.” Latin and Greek poetry is scanned (queer word!) according to quantity, English according to accent. Both rhyme and rhythm depend upon accent—namely, that stress of the voice which we lay on a certain syllable of a word, making it better heard than the rest, as the second syllable of *confess* and the first syllable of *pardon*. In order to have a good rhyme, first, the rhyming syllable must be accented: thus *ring* rhymes with *sing*, not with *thinking*, which would require a word like *sinking* for its mate. Secondly, the vowel sound must be the same to the ear, the eye is not consulted for at all; and hence *throws* and *rose* are good rhymes, not *rose* and *lose* (which would require *choose* or some such word). Thirdly, the final consonant must be the same: *pain* and *wane* are good rhymes, not *pain* and *blame*. Lastly, the preceding consonant (if any) must be different: thus, *art*, *part*, *start*, are good rhymes, but not *depart* and *impart*, for here the rhyming syllables do not merely correspond but are identical.

While I am putting these notes in order, a poem of nearly six hundred lines on the most sacred of themes comes into my hands. The author has evidently taken pains to make his lines run smoothly and rhyme correctly; but the following pairs do not

conform to the above rules, and are not lawfully wedded. The very second couplet ends with *serene* and *gleam*, and afterwards we have *meant* and *undreamt*, *console* and *soul*, *restrained* and *strained*, *unseen* and *scene*, *come* and *done*. It is not right to say: "Oh, the reader will never notice these little irregularities." The poet's conscience ought to notice them. Rhyme ought to be rhyme. There is a mysterious blessing attached to scrupulous obedience to law. The power of rhyme itself is a mystery. It is another illustration of the blessedness of restraint, of the burdensomeness of too much liberty. Cowper sneered at it in his gentle fashion; but who would have heard of "John Gilpin," were it not for his own

Beating alternately in measured time  
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme?

Some one has attributed the attractiveness of rhyme to the fact that it adds a sense of adjustment and of nicety and awakens in the reader an interest in the fortune and success of each single line. It affords the pleasant sensation of difficulty overcome, of expectation fulfilled. It gives the reader the delight of hope satisfied and yet surprised—satisfied by the recurrence of the looked-for similarity of sound, surprised by the easy skill with which, in spite of every difficulty, a rhyming word has been found to complete the sense while corresponding with the sound. But the difficulty thus ingeniously surmounted must not be of a comical kind, like the bet about getting a rhyme for *porringer* :—

"The Prince of Wales a daughter had,  
He gave the Prince of Orange her,  
So pay the money now, my lad,  
For there's a rhyme to porringer."

Or like those two other monstrosities :—

"The valiant King Sennacherib  
Of any man could crack a rib.  
He could not of Jehosopha,  
I'll tell you why—he was so fat."

I do not know to what poet we are indebted for these lines: but the Rev. David Barham performs many similar acrobatic feats of rhyme in *The Ingoldsby Legends* :—

"The *Times* made it clear he was perfectly lost in his  
Classic attempt in translating Demosthenes."

And again :—

“There’s Setebos storming because Mephistopheles  
Dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee lees.”

These burlesque rhymes are not much more jocosely than]Robert Browning’s “fit ally” as a rhyme for “Italy,” or his “fabric” and “dab brick,” which occur in serious poems and seem intended to be taken seriously.

There are a great many questions about certain niceties of rhyme, the discussion of which would require more space than can here be allotted to the first of our easy lessons in verse-making.\* I cannot fully sympathise with those who object to certain pairs of rhymes on the ground that they have been used too often already. For instance, the *Guardian*, a few weeks ago, criticising Mr. W. E. Henley’s *Hawthorn and Lavender*, was “sometimes surprised by the use of rhymes hackneyed beyond all possibility of pleasure-giving, such as *gladness, madness, pleasure, treasure, measure, etc.*” How can new rhymes be invented? The freshness and novelty must be in the thoughts and feelings expressed by the lines which terminate in words like these.

One of Katherine Tynan’s counsels to young writers, which I quoted a while ago, was this: “If you use a four-line verse, don’t be satisfied with only two of the lines rhyming.” This is urged also by the *Guardian* in reviewing Dora Sigerson’s latest volume, *Ballads and Poems*. The reviewer quotes her “Spring Song to Ireland,” four stanzas, of which this is the last :—

“Weep no more, life of my heart, no more !  
The birds are carolling sweet and clear,  
The warmth of Summer is in the breeze,  
And the Spring—the Spring is here.”

“This is poetry,” the reviewer goes on to add, “but the metre has a serious defect. The first and third lines should be rhymed as well as the second and fourth. This is imperative except where the four-lined stanza is practically a couplet, written in four for convenience sake. But these lines are too long, making the rhymes too far apart.”

\* About some of these delicate questions some readers may be able to make use of the following references: “An Enquiry as to Rhyme,” by Brander Matthews, *Longman’s Magazine*, September, 1898; “Rhyme,” by Frank Ritchie, *Longman’s Magazine*, December, 1900; “Rhymes and Reasons,” by William Archer, *Morning Leader*, December 15th, 1900; “The Ode Structure of Coventry Patmore,” by Maurice Francis Egan, *Catholic University Bulletin*, January, 1899.

The critic makes here a very proper exception which Mrs. Hinkson ignores, and which Mr. Andrew Lang expressly excludes, for in his pleasant squib, "How to fail in Literature," his example of too great economy of rhyme is a mock poem in which the four-line stanza might well be written as a long couplet, thus :

"What is the silent whisper that echoes in the room,  
When the days are full of darkness and the night is hushed in  
gloom?"

If even this degree of niggardliness in rhyme be reprehensible, how much more when four long and full lines have only two rhymes between them! The trained ear is surely disappointed in every stanza when at the end of the third line it is defrauded of the expected rhyme for the first.

One more caution about the use of rhyme, and then our first lesson must come to an end, leaving rhythm for another occasion. Indulge very sparingly, if at all, in what are called imperfect rhymes, such as *heaven* and *given*, *river* and *ever*, *sea* and *obey*, etc. Such rhymes as these and worse than these occur frequently in Pope and in many before and after him. Mr. Frank Ritchie in an interesting paper in *Longman's Magazine* (December, 1900) says that in a thousand lines taken at random Shakespeare had 55 bad rhymes, Dryden 47, Pope 38, Cowper, Scott and Wordsworth 36, Tennyson 32, Byron, Campbell and Moore 28, Keats 20, and Goldsmith only 11. The worst offender of all was no doubt Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom the *Saturday Review* calls "the incorrigible misrhymer who jingles *burden* and *pardon*," but whom Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton calls "the most truly passionate nature and perhaps the greatest soul that in our time has expressed itself in English verse."

These words occur in the article "Poetry" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which the concluding paragraph says: "Defective rhymes once allowable, and makeshift work in general, are no longer tolerated." Perhaps worse faults are tolerated in the substance of the poem. When Aubrey de Vere, reviewing Judge O'Hagan's "Song of Roland" in the *Edinburgh Review*, remarked that poetic "diction has in recent times been refined into a singular exquisiteness and expressiveness," he very wisely adds that "its very charm is sometimes a seduction, and draws the reader's attention, and perhaps the poet's no less, unduly from the subject matter to the language." However, the poet must not, even as a

protest against excessive artificiality, indulge in any careless rhyming. The trouble of finding a perfect substitute for the imperfect rhyme is sure to be rewarded in many ways which the conscientious poet may not himself be aware of. For, if rhyme is to be used at all, rhyme ought to be rhyme. Three hundred years ago, Sir Thomas Overbury, in his brief "character" of "A Rhymers," says: "He doth boggle very often, and, because himself winks at it, thinks 'tis not perceived." But all such carelessness and irregularities spoil a poem even for those who could not point out the flaws. To verse-making may be applied the general principle, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well;" and this is worth doing, if it were only to enable the young student to understand and relish better the work of true poets, besides forcing him at the same time to study more closely the meaning and the music of words singly and in combination.

M. R.

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## DURING THE PROCESSION IN NOTTINGHAM CATHEDRAL

TINKLING bell, and moving feet.  
Gleaming lights, The Lord to greet.  
While I prone before Him lie,  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by! \*

Loud my inmost spirit cries,  
While the blissful moment flies.  
"Miserere!" Blind I sigh—  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!

Gone the weight from tired eyes!  
Up I glance in glad surprise:  
"Respite" was His reply,  
Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by.

F. J. REYNOLDS.

\* Luke xviii. 37.

## ANOTHER LAST WORD FOR ST. BRIGID'S ORPHANS

WE have tried to secure for ourselves a special share in the text *Orphano tu eris adjutor*, "thou wilt be a helper to the orphan" (Ps. x. 14) by inserting three appeals\* in favour of orphans in this Magazine, which is hardly suited for such subjects. The first of these was prepared at the request of Margaret Aylward, Foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Faith and of St. Brigid's Orphanage. Four years later she came again to ask the same priest to make another appeal for the same object in the same pulpit. The preacher made sure of employing at least one solid argument in support of his thesis by repeating in full from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel the wonderful account that our Lord has given of what will take place between Him and the soul at the Last Judgment. "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you; because I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat"—and all the rest, on to the final assurance "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me."

\* \* \* \* \*

A long text for the short discourse that is to follow; but it is a text which might well be followed by a discourse still shorter. For I believe firmly that my duty towards the Institution which appeals to your charity to-day has almost been discharged in full already, by merely placing this portion of the Gospel before you—by merely asking you to assist in spirit, as you have done, at the rehearsal of that "magnificent dialogue" † which shall sum up and bring to a close the history of this earth of ours. Yes, if you have but listened attentively to this portion of what is in a double sense the word of God, you can hardly fail to be strongly moved to the desire of making these wonderful words contain for yourselves,—for you personally and individually—not a malediction of terror and despair, but a blessing from God and a promise.

Think of it seriously and practically. The words we have just heard are the words which our divine Redeemer Jesus Christ

\* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iv., page 452; vol. xxix., pp. 169 and 490.

† Mgr. Landriot.

will address to all mankind, to the lost and to the saved, on the day of general judgment, the Last Day. It is He Himself who has mercifully warned us of them so long beforehand, disclosing them in one of His last discourses to His disciples and inspiring His evangelist and apostle St. Matthew to record them so minutely. These, too, are the last words that some—God grant that it may not be so for even one out of this large gathering of souls!—the last words that some are ever to hear from the lips of Him who shed His blood for them: those, namely, for whom, through their own fault, that blood shall have been shed in vain, who are not to be with Jesus for all eternity, who are to depart from Him accursed, to go into everlasting fire.

Realise to yourselves again what lesson it is that our blessed Lord will thus deem worthy of being inculcated in the solemn hush of such a crisis, when He shall come in all the majesty of His divinity, in all the beauty of His glorified humanity, to judge all His human creatures together, or rather to ratify and confirm for ever the sentence already passed upon each of us in particular and to proclaim that sentence aloud in the hearing of heaven and earth and hell. What is it but the exercise of those works of mercy, of which the work that now cries out to you for help is one of the noblest and most urgent, fullest of pathetic beauty and dearest to the Heart of Jesus? If any fervid ascetic writer, if any enthusiastic advocate of some enterprise of Christian zeal, had dared to imagine such a picture of the Last Judgment, they might have been accused of exaggerating the importance of exercising charity towards our fellow-creatures. But it is Jesus Christ Himself who is to be our Judge, and it is Jesus Christ Himself who has given us this account of the Judgment. *Credo quicquid dixit Dei Filius*: "Whatever the Son of God hath spoken, I believe." We have heard Him speak.

It is true, indeed, that the same divine lips which uttered and shall utter this panegyric upon works of mercy said also that "he that believeth not shall be condemned;" and said through the apostle St. Paul that "without faith it is impossible to please God;" and said at another time "let him who will not hear the Church be to thee as a heathen;" and said through St. Paul again, "neither idolaters nor fornicators nor robbers nor extortioners nor drunkards" [mark by the way in what horrible company the wretched drunkard is placed] "neither murderers nor adulterers nor drunkards shall

enter the kingdom of God." The works, then, of mercy are not all. The blessed are blest for other good things beside the doing of these, and the damned are condemned for other evil things beside the neglect of these. But among the reasons which help to account for our Lord's emphatic choice of the works of mercy for that prominence which He assigns to them here amongst all the conditions of salvation, one reason surely is that those works of mercy are especially dear to His tender and merciful Heart and that "from the fulness of His heart His mouth speaks." And so, because He earnestly desires that very many should strive to gain for themselves a share in the beatitude He pronounced so often on the bountiful and the merciful—"give and it shall be given to you, it is a more blessed thing to give than to receive, blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy"—therefore will He, before ascending finally into Heaven with all the happy hosts of the redeemed and the unfallen, when earth, with its sins and griefs and miseries and virtues and merits and good works, is passing away for ever—therefore will He from the throne of His majesty, on the very threshold of heaven, preach (if we may dare to call it so) the last of all Charity Sermons, His last appeal to the hearts of His human creatures to put it in His power to reward them throughout all eternity for having helped their fellow-creatures during these passing hours of time.

But will it not be then too late? Yes, it will be then too late. Those words of our Lord are a practical appeal to us now, but they will not be such then, when uttered in reality. Ah! if they were, then, indeed, an appeal that could be heeded and acted upon—if those to whom on that Last Day (we shall all be there! Whatever else is uncertain, that is certain—we shall be there!)—if those to whom the Judge will say *Come!* and those to whom He will say *Depart!*—if they could but return for a short time to this mortal life; if, with those words of Jesus ringing in their ears, they could join once more in a scene like this: how eagerly they would grasp at such an opportunity of enabling their Judge to say to them, or to say with better reason: "I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was homeless, and you sheltered Me; I was sick and poor, and you visited, you helped Me"—"How, O Lord?" "By doing all these things, in the best and safest and most enduring way, for these My little children, these poor orphans of St. Brigid.

*Whatever you have done for the least of these, you have done it for Me."*

Well, dear brethren, where is our faith? Where is our faith? Is it not for us precisely the same as if we *had* stood trembling before the Judgment-seat of Jesus Christ, as if we *had* heard the Judge announce these as the best means of securing from Him a favourable judgment, and were then sent back for a further term of trial upon earth, with the power (which we *now* have) of thus securing that favourable judgment? Oh! let us do now what we then shall certainly be glad to have done. Let us give now what our Blessed Lord, who does not expect too much, wishes and expects from us. Let us give, and give generously, and give from pure and holy motives; and for all eternity we shall be the better for it.

But you who have often in spirit taken part in this solemn scene of the General Judgment, and drawn from it the lesson which you are striving again to realise and carry out—you who, please God, have practically laid to heart the counsel given by old Tobias to his son, when he thought his prayer was heard that he should die: "Give alms out of thy substance and turn not away thy face from any poor person, for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee; if thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little; according to thy ability be merciful"—you, dear brethren, who have always, I trust, acted on this wise advice, and even gone beyond it, entitling yourselves, perhaps, to the testimony (which St. Paul bore to the Macedonians) that *secundum virtutem et supra virtutem voluntarii estis*, "according to your power and beyond your power you are willing"—willing to lend to our Lord by giving to His poor: for *you* no exhortation is needed on the general duty of almsgiving—almsgiving which St. Chrysostom has aptly styled *ars omnium quaestuosissima*, the most gainful species of commerce, the most lucrative of professions, the most flourishing of trades, the most profitable investment.

No, your generous piety, "the good disposition of your charity" (to borrow another phrase from St. Paul), requires no such incitement, but will rather seek to be justified and excused to itself for the more than ordinary sympathy you feel for the objects of the present appeal. And, as your full and complete excuse and justification, you may shelter yourselves securely behind the

example of our Blessed Lord Himself. St. Catherine of Genoa complained to Him one day : "Lord, you bid me love my neighbour, and I can only love *You*." And He said to her : "Catherine, he who loves *Me* loves those whom I love." And whom does our Lord love ? He loves all His creatures : for He loves all on whose behalf He has applied to His own Heart what He has Himself fixed as the supreme test of love : "Greater love than this no one hath that a man should lay down his life for his friend." With this greatest love He loves us all, since He died for us all. But He is a respecter of persons ; not, of course, in the sense in which St. Peter denies it, yet so far forth as this, that the predilection of His mercy seeks out His poor creatures in proportion as their wants and miseries increase ; and, therefore, the special objects of His affection, the dearest favourites of His Sacred Heart, are little children and the poor.

Those for whom, as a token of His love for them, God is to-day filling your hearts with compassion, concentrate in themselves these and other powerful claims upon the exceptional love and mercy of the Heart of Jesus. For He loves and pities them as being poor, and especially as being the helpless children of the poor, of the poor of poor Catholic Ireland—and still more as being fatherless or motherless poor children, and, most of all, as being poor destitute orphans, who in their forlorn and defenceless state would, but for you and such as you, be moreover in fearful peril of losing the priceless treasure of the Faith.

I must not venture to enter now into the details of the practical working of this modest but noble enterprise of charity and zeal which will soon celebrate its silver jubilee. One point, however, has impressed me forcibly, as it must have struck any of you who have heard or read the last annual Report\* (the 22nd) issued by the managers of St. Brigid's Orphanage. You are aware that St. Brigid confides her orphans for the most part to the charge of good religious peasants in various country parishes, and that these nurses and guardians, carefully selected, are also inspected very carefully, in order that out of so many none may be allowed to fail in their duty towards their poor little wards. Well, it is pleasant to learn that out of some fifteen hundred orphans who

\* The statistics of twenty-three years should now be added, for these words were spoken in November, 1879. The Golden Jubilee of the Work is not far distant.

have in their bereavement taken refuge under the mantle of the Mary of Erin four hundred have already been adopted for ever by their humble foster-parents as members of their own families and are thus finally disposed of in the way which, considering their condition, is the safest and most permanent—placing them in those circumstances of race, country, and rank of life, which, in spite of hardships and drawbacks, are certainly not the worst for the happiness of this world and are (in my heart I believe it) almost the very best for the happiness of the world to come.

However, we are not to be led away to the discussion of motives drawn from philanthropy and mere natural benevolence. We are rather to hold ourselves aloof from all these subsidiary motives for helping our poor orphans. We rest their cause on the one supernatural motive which resolves itself into two—the love of Jesus our Saviour, the fear of Jesus our Judge. That Almighty Lord who will come as our Judge in great power and majesty, came as our Saviour in great weakness and humiliation, the Infant of Bethlehem. And as we may say that the Redeemer chose to be born in the depth of the winter-time in order that His birthday coming round each year might soften the hearts of His creatures to the poor at the season when the miseries of the poor are keenest: may we not also say that He was born a helpless Infant for this end amongst others, that so we might have less difficulty in recognising Him (as He is now entreating us to recognise Him) in these destitute orphan children whose destinies are in our hands? If we refuse to know Him under this disguise, will He not be forced to say to us in turn, “I know you not”? Ah! that terrific *Nescio vos* from the lips of Jesus will blot out and efface utterly the name and fame, the grandeur and glory, which may have gathered around certain miserable creatures in their brief passage through life. Leaders of fashion, leaders of opinion, shapers of the destinies of nations, all the splendid sinners of history—no matter what noise they may have made in the world, no matter how large a page they may fill in the world’s story, no matter how their fellow-creatures may envy or admire them in their day or after their day—if they have not been right before God, if they have failed to secure the happy eternity for which God made them, if Jesus knows them not—they are failures utterly, fools, cheats, impostors, miserable abortions.

And we, to whom these phrases of earthly distinction are not applicable, even on the smallest scale—are *we* to waste our time, to squander the God-given energies of our souls, the treasure of our lives, as foolishly if in a less brilliant and less laborious way? Are we to lounge and simper through life, as if life were nothing more serious than a summer fortnight at the seaside to be got through as pleasantly as possible in spite of rainy days? Ah! life is a serious thing, for it ends in death, and after death the Judgment. Here is one of our opportunities for affecting favourably our judgment. Whatever we do or refuse to do for these poor little Irish Catholic children, *that* we do or refuse to do for Jesus who died for us and who will judge us.

May the work of charity we are performing to-day and the spirit in which we perform it be a happy omen that, when those words of the divine welcome to which I have so often referred and now for the last time, are indeed uttered for the last time, not in prophecy but in reality, by our Redeemer Himself who will then be our Judge—may this good work that you are doing be a pledge that, hearing those words then for the last time of all, we may hear them, not with rage and envy and despair as addressed to others shining high above us and afar off, but with joy and gratitude and rapturous wonder as addressed to ourselves amidst the bright and glorious ranks of the Blessed: “Come, ye blessed of My Father, for through love of Me you were merciful to these My little ones who on earth had no father but our Father who is in Heaven.”

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## EDWARD WILLES

CHIEF BARON OF THE IRISH EXCHEQUER

**A**N English lawyer, even if he filled a high judicial office in Ireland a hundred and fifty years ago, can hardly claim a place in those “Sketches in Irish Biography,” which, under that and several other titles, have run through most of the volumes of this Magazine. Some of the representatives of his family at the present time, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted,

placed in my hands a few of the manuscript papers left behind by Chief Baron Willes. From these extracts were given, along with some biographical particulars, at page 34 of our nineteenth volume (1891).

A recent publication has called my attention again to this remote predecessor of Chief Baron Palles, who is to have no official successor. Part I. of Mr. Elrington Ball's *History of County Dublin* (Dublin: Alexander Thom & Co.) utilises the discussions of the various antiquarian journals and the historical records which are gradually making their way into print. In the chapter devoted to Seapoint and Templehill Mr. Ball tells us that this district was formerly called Newtown-on-the-Strand or Newtown-juxta-Mare. In speaking of the noted persons who lived there at different times, he refers as follows to the subject of this paper :—

“ In the year 1757 a distinguished resident, the Right Honourable Edward Willes, who had been appointed in that year Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer, came to Newtown. Like many of the Irish judges of his day, he was sent direct from the English Bar to the Irish Bench. He belonged to an ancient Warwickshire family, seated at Newbold Comyn, on the lands of which Leamington is built, and held the offices of Recorder of Coventry, Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the rank of King's Sergeant-at-Law, when promoted to the Irish judiciary. His success in life has been attributed to his being a cousin of the eminent John Willes, Chief Justice of England ; but from letters and papers relating to Ireland, which he has left, it is evident that he was a person of striking individuality, possessed of no ordinary discernment and intellectual ability, and of a character in which honesty of intention was conspicuous. His house at Newtown was called Rockfield, and stood near the site of the old castle in what was known as the Castle Field. He describes its situation in a letter to his intimate friend, the Earl of Warwick. After writing of the bay of Dublin, he tells him that he has taken a thatched cabin upon it for a summer retreat, overhanging a cliff, as high over the sea as Warwick Castle over the Avon ; and goes on to say that out of one of his parlour windows nothing intercepted his view of Warwick but the mountains of Wales, and that out of the other window he had a romantic prospect of mountains, valleys, woods, and country houses, with the little town of Newtown underneath, and in the distance the obelisk at Stillorgan, then

standing in Lord Allen's deer-park, and said to be the truest monument of the kind in proportion and beauty of any on this side of the Alps.

"Willes suffered much from gout and ague, which were aggravated by the dampness of Ireland and the discomfords judges then suffered on circuit, and nine years after his appointment his health completely broke down, and he retired from the Bench. He sought relief in his native air, but only survived two years, dying at Newbold Comyn in 1768 when in the sixty-sixth year of his age. A monument to his memory was erected in Leamington Church, the inscription on which records his many virtues."

Mr. Elrington Ball gives as his authorities for these particulars the following very edifying list of references:—

Colville's *Worthies of Warwickshire*, p. 812; "Letters from Chief Baron Willes to the Earl of Warwick," British Museum Add. MS., 29,252; Historical Manuscripts Commission, Report II., App., p. 103; Report III., App., p. 435; Leases in Registry of Deeds Office; Field's *Account of Warwick and Leamington*, p. 330; Field's *Memoirs of Rev. Samuel Parr*, vol. i., p. 204; *Dublin Journal*, Nos. 3,111, 3,125, 3,182, 3,819.

One of Chief Baron Willes's papers which I quoted in our nineteenth volume as already specified was a meditation on death, in which he speaks of that dread Messenger of Terror knocking at the door of his "small cabin." In a note I suggested that the "small cabin" was probably a stately mansion in the then aristocratic Henrietta Street; but in Mr. Ball's *History*, as quoted above, we see that his seaside home was literally "a thatched cabin."

The descendants of Chief Baron Willes dwell still in their ancestral home, Newbold Comyn, near Leamington. The late Mr. William Willes became a convert to the Catholic Faith, as his wife had previously done, having been received into the Church by Cardinal Newman while she was still Miss Alice Cope. Her brother, Sir Anthony Cope, the thirteenth baronet, is also a Catholic. These circumstances have increased my interest in the memory of an able and excellent man whom I have sought for in vain in the Dictionary of National Biography.

M. R.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. Though our Lady's Month of May is half over when this noble volume comes into our hands, we must insist on giving the first place to the Second Series of *Carmina Mariana*, the beautiful anthology of English poetry in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on which Mr. Orby Shipley has expended many years of labour and care. The copy before us indeed purports to be privately printed for the Editor at the Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W. ; but it is accompanied by an announcement that "the privately printed edition being insufficient to supply with copies subscribers, contributors, and the Press, a second and cheaper edition has been published, at the price of 7s. 6d., through Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard-street, London, W." This, though, of course, an advance on the subscription price, is a very moderate price for a finely printed and well bound volume of some 630 royal octavo pages. No ordinary measure of taste, judgment, piety, industry, and courageous perseverance has been required to bring to so satisfactory a conclusion the work of editing this second series of *Carmina Mariana*. Though it might seem to contain only the gleanings after a rich harvest, it may almost claim to surpass its predecessor in worth and attractiveness. After an extremely interesting preface the reader turns over with the keenest interest the fourteen pages of contents, which are, for the most part, arranged according to the alphabetical order of the writers' names. An alphabetical list of some three hundred authors follows. At the end of the volume an index of first lines is followed by a very interesting selection of criticisms passed upon the first series of this vast anthology. This appendix does not consist of scraps such as are usually labelled "Opinions of the Press," but is made up of complete reviews of considerable length. Besides the anxious search that Mr. Orby Shipley has kept up these many years for tributes of every sort paid to the Blessed Virgin by those who write in English, he has enriched his new volume from foreign literature, with the aid of such skilful translators as Miss E. M. Clerke, Miss Elinor Sweetman, and Miss Charlotte O'Conor Eccles ; while Dr. Douglas Hyde has furnished some beautiful versions from the Irish, and Father Atkinson, S.J., from the

Greek. These translations read like vigorous and graceful originals. We may not now linger over these holy and fascinating pages, but must conclude for the present by calling attention to the announcement that a Third Series of this magnificent anthology is almost ready for press. One reader at least has already accepted the invitation to forward his name and address to Mr. Griffin, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W., as a subscriber to the final series of *Carmina Mariana*. When this third tome appears, Mr. Orby Shipley will have attained the beatitude of the just man—*complevit labores illius*. His great labour of love will have been happily accomplished.

2. *Instructions on Preaching, Catechising, and Clerical Life*. By Saints and Fathers of the Church. Translated by the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Bros. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

Father Boyle, the Irish Vincentian, who gave us lately an excellent History of the Irish College in Paris, in which his work lies, has found time to translate from Latin and French several admirable little treatises on preaching—St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis of Sales, and St. Augustine, together with the first successor of St. Vincent de Paul and the present Pope. St. Jerome too is here, but his subject is not preaching merely but the virtues of the clerical state. In front of all this are placed the decrees of the Council of Trent about preaching and some enactments of Irish Synods even during the Penal Times. All these authoritative instructions are conveyed clearly and attractively in the present translation. The publishers have brought out the book in a form which makes it pleasant to read. We hope it will soon make its way into the libraries of our young priests.

3. *More Home Truths for Mary's Children*. By Madame Cecilia. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

The Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, who has already given us some pious and pleasant books, follows them up with a rather large collection of little conferences treating of the social life and the inner life of young Catholic women. Many of the subjects indeed are of interest for all ages and both sexes; but girls are chiefly catered for. The essays are very practical and very readable. Some grave readers no doubt may desire in some places a more quiet, more conventional tone; but Madame

Cecilia has evidently a great dread of being dull or commonplace.

4. *How to Reason, or the A B C of Logic reduced to practice.* By the Rev. Richard C. Bodkin, C.M. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Ltd.

The title page of this very neatly printed and neatly bound book gives us the further information that logic is here "reduced to practice in analyzing essays, speeches and books," and that there is "added an appendix on definition and on the making of abstracts." This appendix, which is very useful and interesting, ought perhaps to have been called Part III., for it fills the largest part of the book. Father Bodkin uses very skilfully weighty sayings of Newman, Whately, Morley, Mill; and he illustrates the principles that he propounds by a great variety of examples. His long experience of boys makes him a good judge of the best way of impressing his points upon his youthful readers. The price of this logic primer is 1s. 6d., bound in cloth.

5. *Hymns, Plain Chant and Modern.* Arranged and Composed by the Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price, 1s. net.]

This excellent shilling's worth contains forty-two items, of twenty-four of which the melody is composed by the Editor, while the rest are plain chant hymns from the Mechlin Vesperal. There is, indeed, one exception, the music adapted by Bishop Hedley to the beautiful hymn of St. Alphonsus, "Look down, O Mother Mary." Father Burge says the translator is unknown. Was it not Father Coffin, afterwards Bishop of Southwark? The old translation of St. Bernard's "Jesu Dulcis Memoria," is assigned here to Dr. Lingard. We should have thought it was before his time. It is a blessed thing to have any share in the repetition of all these holy and heavenly words of St. Ambrose, St. Thomas, St. Bernard, St. Alphonsus, Father Faber, and other saintly souls.

6. *Practical Explanation and Application of Bible History.* Edited by the Rev. John J. Nash, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This thick octavo discusses by way of question and answer the facts of the Old and New Testament, eighty-eight chapters being devoted to the former and one hundred and two to the latter. We do not understand how it is meant to be used. No one could expect five hundred of these pages to be learnt off by heart like a

catechism. The plan of repeating the question in the answer, which has its disadvantages even in a penny catechism, seems a great waste of time and space when applied on so large a scale. Dr. Nash, indeed, says in the preface that the work is intended for the use of catechism-teachers, and, properly used, it will help them and their pupils to a practical knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures.

7. We think that the only recent publication of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland that we have still to notice is the excellent account of Father Hand, the Founder of All Hallows College. The man and his work are set vividly before us, and there are several good illustrations. The *Sancta Maria*, which is the confraternity magazine published by the Belfast Catholic Truth Society, begins its fifth volume by reducing its price to one penny, while increasing, rather than diminishing, its space. The subscribers certainly get excellent value for their money, the strictly editorial pages being specially good. Dr. Kolbe's *South African Magazine* is as good as ever, especially his own part of it. He will, of course, make a book of "The Art of Life." The *Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine*, published by the Sisters of Mercy at Worcester, U.S.A., is the finest periodical of its particular class. The *Ignatian Record*, a monthly magazine concerning the Church, College and Schools of St. Ignatius, Stamford Hill, London, issued its first number in May, 1902. It is very good all through, but the artistic cover, which Mr. Paul Woodroffe has designed, is not very legible. We strongly recommend a plainer type for the descriptive title.

8. Dr. Magennis, of 37 Harcourt street, Dublin, has just published a very clear and useful sixpenny pamphlet on the Eyesight of School Children (Bristol: John Wright & Co.; London: Simpkin and Marshall). He remarks in his preface that "we have not in this country, as they have in England, a regular medical inspection of schools," and he adds that on this account the necessity is all the greater for intelligent vigilance on the part of both parents and teachers, especially in regard to the children's eyesight. We hope that this little work will be read very widely by those in charge of our schools, for they cannot fail to get from it many most useful hints.

## AUREA DICTA

1. Our thoughts are more a true measure of ourselves than our actions are. They are not under the control of human respect. It is not easy for them to be ashamed of themselves : they have no witnesses but God. They are not bound to keep within certain limits nor observe certain proprieties. Religious motives alone can claim jurisdiction over them.—*Faber*.

2. However harsh God may at times appear, He never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain comes from the evil which has to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy : He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is from our self-love that we suffer most : God's hand spares us as much as possible.—*Fénelon*.

3. The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire, poured out in prayer to God, ever will be lost ; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessing on you and those for whom you pray.—*Prof. W. S. Tyler*.

4. If you want a thing done to your dissatisfaction, get another to do it.—*M. R.*

5. All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action ; and while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.—*James Russell Lowell*.

6. The best criticism is enlightened enthusiasm.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

7. A good employer is a true philanthropist. Well earned wages is the best alms.—*M. R.*

8. Our work is what we are. To do one thing and to be another is impossible. If we would teach men to serve God, we must do His will ; if we would bring souls to contrition we must live in penance.—*St. Charles*.

9. Make a point to do something every day that you do not want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring a habit of doing your duty without pain.—*Mark Twain*.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

JULY, 1902

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

### A Story

#### CHAPTER I

##### THE FLITTING AT BARONSCOURT

UNDER the Georges Stockton-on-Maze had been a watering-place. Beaus and belles had crowded its pump-rooms; Brummel himself had deigned to sip its spring. Its barracks had swarmed with the "lads in red," who had brightened its streets like poppies in a garden-bed. Its racecourse—by the river—had rivalled that of Doncaster. It had had its "Quarter"—the square of great houses to which the country magnates, on pleasure bent, had "annually repaired"—the houses which to-day shelter the scum of the population of the now manufacturing town, where dirt and disorder reign, and stench that stifles fills the air, and where, night and day, men, women, children, swarm out and in. For never is Baronscourt silent or deserted.

The inhabitants of Baronscourt have customs of their own, and one, not the least trying to their acquaintances and friends, is that of their continual flitting; once in the year at least every household, as a matter of duty, "moves," if only across the passage.

The experience of a quarter of a century had not reconciled Father Matthew Consett, the priest at Stockton, to this law of perpetual motion, but it had taught him to keep clear of the Court on each succeeding quarter-day.

Peter Cardew, one of the flock, a character and a crossing-sweeper, kept a sharp look-out for his Reverence's return on these

occasions ; the information he might be able to give was worth a sixpence in his pocket as he very well knew.

"If it's the Delaneys your Reverence is after," he might begin, "they're at Number Four, third floor back; and Mrs. White, the widow-woman, she's up in the world ; your Reverence 'll find *her* in the front attic. The Pictons, is it? They've carried their bits of things across to old Patrick's; and Patrick, *he's* taken the chair and the fiddle round to the daughter that's married up High Street." All which changes and many another Father Matthew would note in his book, and reward Peter according to expectation.

"You would wonder what satisfaction they get," the priest had grumbled one day, when patience and memory had been tried alike, and Peter's answer had come with no hesitation. "Sure it's but little diversion they get."

Diversion! No one knew better than Father Matthew how little "diversion" entered into the lives of those of his flock who had drifted down to Baronscourt. He could almost have groaned as, walking away, he repeated the word.

To Dr. Jem Tracy, young, vigorous, enthusiastic in his profession, Baronscourt had its attractions.

Dr. Jem could give as well as take in a battle of words, when the gin or the whiskey was in question. His wit was ready, his resources were unfailling. Who but Dr. Jem could or would have settled old Sarah Lucas up in bed, comfortable as in the arm-chair her landlady had confiscated, and that by folding her rag of a sheet shawlways, and tying the ends to her bed-posts? Who, but Dr. Jem would have, not only *made* the poultice, but applied it in his own white pocket-handkerchief? And who in the world but Dr. Jem would have proved the delights of Cod-liver-oil, by pouring a table-spoonful down his own throat, demanding of his patient if after that she dared complain that the dose was a nauseous one.

"A fine man altogether," was the sum total of Dr. Jem Tracy's perfections in Baronscourt.

It was early one summer's morning that Dr. Jem, who had just tumbled into bed after having been up all night, was tumbled out again before it was warm, by a summons to the Court. Peter Cardew had brought the message, the dispensary boy said, and was waiting in the surgery for a word.

"Molly Delaney's baby again for a shilling," Jem told himself with a groan as he struggled into his clothes. "Molly for a shilling; she'll be the death of that child of her's yet."

"What's up now?" he asked, when he found himself face to face with the Sweeper.

Peter looked carefully round the room, and then at the door before he answered in a whisper, "Delaney's off."

"Off," the Doctor asked.

"He's off to America."

"A good riddance too," Dr. Jem returned, "but it wasn't to tell me that that you knocked me out of bed? I can't bring him back if I wanted to." He made a grimace as he thought of the comfortable bed just left.

The Sweeper drew nearer and sank his voice even lower. "They was short of the rent, the pair of them," he whispered mysteriously. "They was short of the rent, that's how it was, and Molly, she was *at him*, and at him, and he that sick of it that he out and got the drop into him, and, when he came back, there was the row. Molly, she had it—he ought to be ashamed of himself, and what sort of a man did he call himself, she asked? And he said, he'd let her know soon enough what sort he was, and he didn't know, on God's earth, how he'd put up with her tongue so long, and, with that, he down with his father's old watch that was hanging 'gainst the wall, and that Molly was thinking to draw the rent on, and 'Good-bye to you all,' he says (there was some of us had run in hearing tell of the row). 'You'll know what sort I was when I'm over the sea,' says he, and that was the last of him. And, O Joe,' Molly cried and did her best to get 'twixt him and the door, but he sent her a shove, she won't forget in a hurry, and the last word was to some of them that were for stopping him in the Court, that if he'd to tramp it he'd be off to America."

"She's well rid of him," Dr. Jem repeated.

"That's as may be," Peter returned with caution, "women's *queer*; there're not the same make as men at all;" he shook his head, "and Molly breaking her heart over him, it's 'Oh! Joe, oh! Joe,' till you'd think she was a poll-parrot."

"But what does she expect me to do?" The Doctor interrupted impatiently.

Again, Peter lowered his voice as he peered at Dr. Jem out of his bleared old eyes. "Some of them were thinking that may be, and

[cautiously] may be *not*, you could afford a word to her ladyship? She's for the creature out of the bit, she was at her before the swallows were at their chirp, and she'll be having the bed from under her if you or his Reverence doesn't put in a word; and his Reverence's pocket is none too full."

Jem burst into a jolly laugh. "And mine is? And so I'm called out of bed at seven in the morning to pay Molly Delaney's rent?" He laughed again.

Peter was in no way discomposed. "Some one must back up to the old one, and if it's not you or his Reverence"—he paused.

"Well," Dr. Jem said, his eyes still twinkling, "I am only thankful it's not the child, and since I'm up I suppose I may as well go with you." He caught up his hat and made for the door; the Sweeper, with a face of relief, following him.

As they went along High-street, Peter a step or two behind, Dr. Tracy burst into a laugh again as he thought of his errand. The old man looked at him suspiciously. "It's no laughing matter with Molly," he muttered, wagging his head, from side to side.

"Oh, Molly 'll be all right," the Doctor was beginning, when Peter caught his arm.

"There she is, there's herself," he cried, pointing with outstretched forefinger; and Jem, looking in the direction at which he pointed, saw that a fat, red-faced woman, the owner of the Barons-court houses, was standing in the archway that separated the square from the street, as if on the lookout for someone.

"Some of them 'll have been telling her," he whispered, as the woman, after a keen glance at them, turned and went back into the Court.

"Telling her that I am to pay Molly's rent!" Dr. Jem laughed again.

"She knows as well as you or me that it's not you nor his Reverence either would be letting Molly be sold up for sixpence and her man off to America," the Sweeper returned doggedly. By this time he and his companion were standing in the archway and opposite a high old house, surmounted by a coronet, into which the woman had disappeared.

Dr. Tracy felt in his pocket for a coin with which to reward the messenger, but the old man pushed the proffered money away.

"It's Molly has the need of it," he said, and shuffled away to his sweeping in the High Street.

As the Doctor climbed the broad old stair that still in parts boasted its carved balustrades he found himself at a turn brought face to face with a young woman coming down, a girl whose slim, tidy figure was so unlike what he, as a rule, encountered in the Court, that he, instinctively, turned to look back after her.

"You're right, she's not for the like of here," a woman, standing a few steps above him, echoed his thought as she pointed after the receding figure.

"She doesn't live here?"

"She and her sister both," the woman nodded, "but they don't make friends with such as us, though they're thick enough with Molly Delaney." She shrugged her shoulders.

"With Molly Delaney?"

"They make fools of themselves over that scratle of a baby of hers. If I was Molly, I'd make them the present of it"—with contempt.

"Only the two of them?"

"Only the two. Twins, Molly has it."

"What's this about Molly, herself? You'll know better than some. Her man isn't off?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders again. "That's more than I can say. If Molly could leave the bottle, she'd be better without him any day."

"Well, good-morning to you." Jem nodded an adieu. He had still a couple of flights of stairs to climb before he reached the floor he was seeking.

For a wonder, Mrs. Delaney's door was shut, but the one by its side was standing open, and Dr. Jem had a full view of the interior of the room. A girl, the replica, it seemed to him, of the one he had met on the stairs, was standing by a small centre table. There was the same delicate outline, clear complexion, and slim figure. "Why, the girl is a lady," Jem told himself, as the board creaked under his foot, and, startled at the sound, she looked up.

The next moment he recognised his mistake. A something in the voice, the "*Sir*," that came so easily, as she came forward to ask what she could do for him, betrayed her. No, she was not of

his own class. A shop assistant? A dressmaker? What? Jem wondered.

"I am in search of Mrs. Delaney," the Doctor said. His eye, trained to observation, went swiftly round the room. It was clean; the furniture, if scant, was good. A desk, that looked like the remains of better times, stood on the mahogany chest of drawers.

The girl looked towards the bed, and Dr. Jem's eye followed the glance.

"You have the baby," he said.

"Mrs. Delaney was not—very well." The girl's face reddened.

"Ah!" Jem understood.

"I must have met your sister just now, I think," Jem said, as he turned his observation again on the girl herself.

"Yes, sir."

"Twins, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And new to the Court?"

"Yes, sir." A flush came to the face.

"Couldn't find a better place?"

The girl coloured again, but did not answer.

"No one belonging to you?"

"No, sir." The girl turned her head away.

"I don't mean to be inquisitive," the Doctor said. "I am the Doctor, and know a good deal about here. Take my advice, keep yourselves to yourselves. You'll find the people friendly enough, but——," Dr. Jem paused with significance.

"Thank you, sir," the girl returned. Her chin went up a little, and the Doctor suspected a touch of pride in the voice.

"Well, don't be angry with me," he said, and smiled, but no smile came in return. "Well, good morning." He held out his hand. "Excuse me saying it; you ought not to be in such a draught." He looked from the propped-up window to the wide-open door. "You don't look strong."

"It's hot, sir; it airs the passage." She was pressing her hand to her side.

"I understand," the Doctor said. "There are sweeter places than Baronscourt."

"Yes, indeed, sir." This time there was the ghost of a smile on the white face.

"Well, good-bye, again." Dr. Jem nodded his second adieu.

"Good-morning, sir." The girl held open the door for him to pass through, and as he passed on to Molly's he heard it shut behind him.

"Proud as Lucifer," Dr. Jem said to himself, as he gave a thundering knock at Mrs. Delaney's panels. There was no answer, and at last he pushed it ajar.

Molly had found "comfort"—the comfort given by a "drop" and broken sleep. The Doctor glanced at her, took up the gin bottle standing on the table, and emptied its contents into a pail of dirty water. He wouldn't try to awaken the woman, but would leave a message with Peter that he would be up again by-and-bye; and then he would go home, have his bath, and prepare for the work of the day. No use in tumbling into bed again at eight, when the dispensary patients would be crowding in at nine. On the ground floor a pair of sharp eyes peeped at him through a chink in the door. Peter's "old lady"—the "ladyship" of Baronscourt.

Dr. Jem laughed to himself. "She'll have to wait an hour or two for the rent," he said. "That's one consolation. Good morning, Mrs. Braddall," he sang out, and laughed again as the door was shut with a crash in his face.

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## CHAPTER II

### YANKAEUS REDUX

Father John Harrington, Father Matthew Cousett's curate, had finished breakfast. Father Matthew himself, just back from the Convent, was beginning his, and the savoury odour of fried bacon, dominating even the steaming coffee, filled the room.

Father Matthew was tall, and on some day—not far distant—would bestout; his features were straight, his complexion ruddy; his hair, thick and cropped close to his head, was already white; his expression was shrewd, kindly, and slightly quizzical; his mouth, when he was tickled, gave a characteristic twitch.

"Any news, Father John?" the Father asked. His mouth, I am afraid, was full.

"If no news is good news, there's plenty going," the curate, who had stuck his newspaper up against his now empty tea-pot, returned, with discontent.

His superior looked at him. "I'd leave politics alone if I were you, my son." He gave his head a sagacious nod.

"There's no saying but I would, if I were an Englishman," the young man returned, with a laugh.

The Parish Priest laughed, too. "Not you, Father John," he rejoined, and then went on, with a sudden change of tone. "See here, I'm for you to take Baronscourt to-day, and there's one or two up there you needn't let get round you, if you please. It's not the poor that make the poor mouth, mind you that; and if you can get Mrs. Bower to send those children of hers to school, you'll have done a good day's work. And—I was near forgetting"—the Priest's mouth twitched—"don't be taking any liberties with her ladyship. Don't sit down till you're asked, and mind all the etceteras. Stop, you'd better, maybe, say, 'I'm sorry it's only the curate to-day.'"

The young man laughed. "I'll take care, sir."

"She was, maybe, sent into this world for my sins," the elder priest went on. "Anyway, if one's Bishop sends one a curate, where's the good of him if he's not to sacrifice himself for his superior?"

Again the young man laughed. "I confess Mrs. Braddall seems to me a trial," he began, but Father Matthew interrupted him.

"A trial! Is that the word you have for her? Wait till you have been here another six months, my son! Mind, I'm saying nothing against the foretaste of Purgatory that's good for the soul." Father Matthew's mouth, as he finished the sentence, gave again its twitch.

"Well, if you're off," he went on, "take the Baronscourt list, and note any change. They're too fond of their fittings up in that quarter, as you'll find."

The curate put his chair back against the wall, tidied his breakfast-tray, folded the newspaper back into the folds in which he had received it that morning, laid it upon his superior's writing table, and, with a bow, left the room to set about his day's work.

"A good lad," Father Matthew muttered to himself, drank off his coffee, and went over to the table where the newspaper and a pile of letters lay. "Tut-tut," he said, when he had counted the

latter, took them up, laid them down again, and finally turned to the newspaper, with a little grunt of dissatisfaction.

"No news," he said, when he had glanced through its pages. "Father John was right," and he was laying it down again when a familiar word caught his eye.

"Any information regarding the family of John Lycett, formerly tenant of Wood Ash Farm, Shotover Hill, Stockton-on-Maze, will be gratefully received by the undersigned.—JAMES LEE LYCETT, 3 Elm Grove, Kensington, London."

"*Lycett*," Father Matthew repeated the name more than once. "Well, if there are people of that name in or near Stockton, they don't belong to the Fold." He laid down the paper and took up his letters again. As he turned them over, one in particular attracted his eye; the writing was unknown to him, the paper was thick and good, the seal large enough to be important. He broke the cover and turned to the signature "*James Lee Lycett*," he gave a little whistle as he raised his eyebrows. Well, he wouldn't be able to help the gentleman, but he would see what he had to say for himself.

"Dear and Reverend Sir," the letter began, "As Priest of the Mission of Stockton-on-Upper-Maze, you may be able to inform me whether any members of the family of John Lycett, formerly tenant of Wood Ash Farm, on the Shotover Estate, have returned to the district, or if any persons of that name at present reside in the neighbourhood.

"Pending advertisement in local papers I may add that I am ready to offer any reasonable reward for information regarding the said family. Thanking you in anticipation for any favour received,

"I am,

"Reverend Sir,

"Yours truly,

"JAMES LEE LYCETT."

"Catholics, then!" Father Matthew said to himself and took up the newspaper again and re-read the advertisement; then after a moment or two's cogitation he walked across the room and rang the bell. "If anyone knows, Mrs. Green will," he said, this time aloud.

"Know any one of the name of Lycett in these parts, Mrs. Green?" The Priest asked when the housekeeper appeared in answer to his summons.

"Lycett, sir?" Mrs. Green shook her head. "I remember no members of the congregation of that name in my time, sir."

"Know the name at all?" the Priest asked.

Again the woman shook her head. "No, sir, I don't remember the name in these parts."

The Priest walked over to the window and stood a moment in consideration; then he turned to the woman.

"Can that girl of yours take a message?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir." The housekeeper paused in her work of piling up the breakfast dishes on her tray.

"Well, see she gets it right. Tell her to go to Dr. Tracy. *Dr. Tracy*, mind, with my compliments, and say, that if he happens to be going in Shotover Hill direction to-day, Father Matthew will be glad of a lift. Shotover *Hill*, remember; see she does not muddle the message."

"Yes, sir." The housekeeper bustled away.

Father Matthew turned again to the window. "It'll be killing two birds with one stone," he said to himself. "Old Mrs. Makepeace may remember, and—it'll give Tracy a sight of Miss Teresa," the Father's mouth twitched, "and for once in my life I'll have a holiday, and, upon my soul, I don't think it's undeserved."

And, indeed, putting aside his visits to his Bishop and the annual Clergy Retreats, it was a matter of three years since Father Matthew had left his parishioners for a day.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### TERESA

From Stockton-on-Maze to Shotover Hill is not a long drive. The road follows the course of the Maze for a mile or two, and then plunges deep into Shotover wood to come out again upon meadow land. Then a rush of water comes to the ear, and the Maze is re-crossed by a three-arched bridge, and the steep ascent of the hill begins, and the traveller follows a zig-zag way till he comes to the village perched on its height.

Father Consett, seated by Dr. Jem Tracy's side in his high dog-cart, had taken off his hat, the better to enjoy the air by the time the river was crossed.

"What a world it is!" he cried as he turned in his seat to look back at the sweep of country they had left behind.

The young Doctor nodded, he and his mare were having a fight. "Kitty likes her own way," he said at last.

"Like the rest of her sex," the Priest responded with a laugh.

"Like some of them at all events," the young man returned. "But anything is better than a slug."

"Ah, there I'm one with you," the Priest replied; then after a moment's silence he went on, "you have never seen Teresa Harnett, I think?"

The young man shook his head.

"You won't find much of a 'slug' about Teresa." The Priest laughed again.

"There is not much about the mother certainly," the young man returned with what was almost a grimace.

"Ah, Teresa is a good child," the Priest began—then pulled himself up; it would not do to show his hand too soon, but a priest was bound to be a bit of a match-maker now and again. If it were not for these accursed mixed marriages (the first adjective was not too strong) the half of England would be Catholic.

The Tracys held up their heads, he had been told, and Miss Teresa was a farmer's daughter, but, she was convent-bred, a good child, and would have a pretty fortune of her own from mother and grandmother, and, if the young people took a fancy to each other, all the better for both.

"They've made her into a lady, I hear," the young man said with some sarcasm.

"If her mother has done her best for her education, and to my mind rightly"—the Priest returned with sturdiness—"it does not mean she has not come home to bake and to brew. Mrs. Harnett is no fool, and Teresa's no 'slug.'"

"Well, here we are," the Doctor said, as he pulled the mare up in front of the country inn that was dignified by the title of "The Shotover Arms." "You are sure you would not like me to drive you up to the Farm, sir?"

The Priest shook his head. "I'll take the short cut," he said, "and let them know you'll be up by-and-by when you've finished poisoning your patients."

"I wish I had a few more to poison," the young man returned with a laugh. "Good-bye, sir, in the meantime."

The Priest contented himself with nodding his adieux, and,

after turning for a moment to take a farewell view of the world that now lay at his feet, made his way towards a wicket gate opening on the footpath that led from the village to the farm—a short cut used by the labourers when going or coming from their work.

The day was sultry, and Father Matthew breathed himself once or twice as he crossed the open field, and gave a sigh of relief when, after climbing a highish stile, he found himself under the shade of the orchard trees, and on the track that led through it to the farm-yard, where a dog, scenting the stranger, had already begun to bark.

“Down, Hector, down! Quiet this instant, sir,” a fresh young voice rang through the air, and, hearing it, the Father smiled.

“Ha, ha! Miss Teresa, you, at any rate, are at home,” the Father said to himself, with a smile.

In the centre of the yard a girl was standing, her check apron held up with one hand, while the other tossed handful after handful of grain to a chucking crowd of poultry at her feet. The pink frock, the “feathered friends,” made a picture; but the next moment, as the dog, with a growl this time, sprang to the end of his chain, she turned and saw the visitor.

“Oh, Father Matthew,” she cried—(“down, Hector, down)—how pleased mother will be!” Tossing what was left in the apron to the ground, she ran across the yard to meet the Priest. “Come in, Father, please, come in. No, not that way—by the front door, please. Mother is in the porch, shelling peas.” She led the way, shyly and prettily, holding open the wicket to let the Priest pass through.

As she was letting it swing back, the Priest turned and faced her, holding out his hand. “And so Miss Teresa is home for good and all?” he asked.

“Yes, Father. I *ought* to have had another quarter, but now grandmother needs so much looking after, mother had too much to do without me.”

“Your grandmother, Mrs. Makepeace, is pretty well?”

“Pretty well, thank you, Father, but restless, and mother is afraid to leave her much alone.”

“And the memory?”

The girl shook her head. “Not very good, Father, except on what we call her ‘good days.’ But last night she was wonderful,

telling us all about her young days, and the Lycetts, who lived at Wood Ash. Mother said it was long since she had been so clear."

"Now, that's odd," the Priest said, "for it is about these very Lycetts I have come to-day. None of them hereabouts now, I think?"

The girl shook her head again. "I don't think so, sir. Even mother can't remember them. Mother, here's Father Matthew." She raised her voice, as a tall, stoutish woman, at the sound of voices, came hurrying to the door.

"Father Matthew!" Mrs. Harnett held up her hands to express her astonishment. "Father Matthew! This is a sight for sore eyes. It's not once in a twelvemonth we are honoured like this."

"I'm an idle man nowadays," the Priest laughed back, "with a curate no less. See the honours his Lordship is heaping on me. I wouldn't say but I'll be Vicar-General yet."

"It was time you had some one," Mrs. Harnett returned with vigour.

"Well, hard work has not made me thin." The Priest looked almost regretfully down at his portly figure. "But Father John'll be a comfort to me, no mistake about that. And now, can you give young Tracy and me a bit of dinner? He'll be up by-and-bye when he's finished with his patients; and, when I've had a glass of water," the Priest mopped his brow, "I'll tell you what business I'm after to-day."

"Teresa! Teresa!" the mother cried, "a glass of milk for Father Matthew. The heat's uncommon. You ought to have let the Doctor drive you up the hill," she remonstrated as she turned to her guest again. "You'll come into the parlour, sir?"

"If you'll let me, I'll have a chair outside," the Priest returned. "I'll take the chance of getting all the air I can."

"Teresa! Teresa!" the mother's voice rang shrill again. "A chair for his Reverence, and the little wicker table."

"I am sorry to give so much trouble," Father Matthew smiled at the girl as she came out laden from the house.

"Trouble! Teresa's proud to wait on her priest any day," the mother put in, before the girl had time to reply. "Teresa," she went on, "you take the peas and finish them while I have a talk with his Reverence."

The Priest nodded his approval of this arrangement.

"Get a seat yourself then, Mrs. Harnett, and we'll have our chat;" he leant back in his chair with a little grunt of contentment, as he lifted his glass of milk to his lips.

"What's this Teresa has been telling me about the Lycetts?" he asked, when his hostess, knitting in hand, had seated herself at a respectful distance from his side.

"The Lycetts of Wood Ash? Was Teresa telling you my mother was talking about them? It's an old story now; they were gone before I was born." Mrs. Harnett discreetly paused.

"Forty years ago, say," the Father suggested.

"Say fifty and it'll be nearer the mark. But we Makepeaces keep young," Mrs. Harnett bridled as she drew up her head; "you wouldn't give Grannie her eighty years."

If Mrs. Harnett expected a compliment, she was disappointed. "The Lycetts left the neighbourhood for good?" The Priest went on.

"For good, sir. It's an old story, and there are few left to mind it but my mother. They had no lease, and his Lordship made the place hot for them."

"They fell out with their landlord; that was it, was it?" the Father asked.

Mrs. Harnett cleared her throat. "As Grannie has it (I can't but call her *Grannie* from hearing the young ones do it), one of the young gentlemen went sweet on one of the daughters——" again Mrs. Harnett paused.

"One of the Shotovers fell in love with one of the Lycetts. Is that what you mean?" The Priest was getting interested.

"Just so, sir. Mr. Geoffrey Shotover——"

"General Shotover?" the Priest interrupted to ask.

"Just so, sir," Mrs. Harnett repeated. "The old General as he is now, Mr. Geoffrey that was, fell in love with Elizabeth Lycett, and his Lordship found it out and——" Mrs. Harnett paused.

"I see," the Priest nodded. "How did it happen they had no lease?"

"Why, bless you, sir, that the very stones in the churchyard could tell. There had been Lycetts at Wood Ash as long as there had been Shotovers at Shotover, if you're to believe what people say, and that was how there was no lease, and that the young gentlemen were, so to say, intimate about the farm, always going and coming according to my mother."

"I see," the Priest repeated; "and nothing was heard of them after they went away?"

Mrs. Harnett gave a jolly laugh. "Something was heard of one of them. The eldest son came back after my mother."

"Sweet-hearting all round!" the Father said.

"He was mad about her, from what I've heard."

"Your mother didn't fancy him?"

Mrs. Harnett shook her head. "She had her *choice*, as the saying goes, but it didn't fall on James Lycett."

"I see," the Father said again.

"There was no harm, you know, sir," Mrs. Harnett went on. "Just a lot of young people amusing themselves. My mother says that after they left she does not believe Mr. Geoffrey thought of Elizabeth twice. He was always rattling or shooting about the place, and saw she had a pretty face of her own, and, maybe, told her of it, and no harm done; but his Lordship he took it into his head Mr. Geoffrey was a-courting of her, and 'the fat was in the fire,' as the saying is."

"I see," the Priest repeated for the fourth time. "And where did the family settle after leaving Wood Ash?"

Mrs. Harnett shook her head. "That's more than I can say. They went west, according to my mother."

"But, surely, one or other of the family must have written to someone. This James, now; he wasn't likely to come back to see your mother without telling her where he had left his people."

Again Mrs. Harnett shook her head. "That's as may be; but I suspect he was one of these people only taken up with his own troubles, and he was on his way to America."

"To America!"

"To America, and he was for my mother going off with him to Liverpool, and all on the sly, according to her. If she's in the mood, she'll tell you plenty of him. She's proud to this day of the sweethearts she had. Beaux were not so scarce in her days." Mrs. Harnett gave her jolly laugh.

"Well, I must see what I can get out of her," the Priest said. Then, turning so as to face his companion, he went on with abruptness. "You'll be losing Teresa one of these days."

The mother shook her head. "I'm none so sure of that, sir. Those of her Faith are scarce enough."

"True," the Father said, and paused before he went on. "See

here, Mrs. Harnett, you are a sensible woman, and, to tell you the truth, I got young Tracy to drive me up to-day that the pair of them might have a look at each other. He's a good lad, and has made a good start with old Bucknill, and Teresa might do worse, and she won't go to him without a penny in her pocket."

"She'll have her father's fifteen hundred," the mother returned cautiously.

"And what her mother chooses to give!" The Priest laughed.

"I'm one for holding that young folk should begin where their parents began before them." Mrs. Harnett's voice was dry. "What I've got I *made*, and Teresa'll have it—*when the time comes*. She's not one to wish her mother in the grave."

"Well," the Priest said, "fifteen hundred is a tidy little fortune these bad times, and we mustn't count our chickens before they are hatched. Who knows whether they'll look at each other?"

"Who knows, indeed, sir?" the mother responded. "But I don't say I wouldn't be glad to see Teresa settled. It isn't as if she had anyone belonging to her, once her grandmother and I are gone; but if you're going to honour us by taking a bite with us I must be gone." She looked at the fat watch she had taken from her side.

"A mouthful of anything, Mrs. Harnett," the Priest returned, cheerily. "Don't kill the fatted calf for me." He watched his hostess bustle into the house, and took out his Breviary; he would say his Office, and then stroll down the entry to meet Dr. Tracy.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

## MEETING OF SPRING AND SUMMER

HER face is like the first wind-flower ;  
 An arm, a knee, are bare.  
 Gold, enough for a queen's dower,  
 Is strewn upon her hair.  
 It is the Spring-tide's perfect hour—  
 Say, if she is not fair !

Her hyacinthine draperies  
 Are hastily caught up  
 Across a youthful breast that is  
 Round as an acorn-cup,  
 Under the giant forest-trees,  
 Where the young fairies sup.

From the high hills she hath come down,  
 Baptized by thawing snows,  
 To where the turbid streams are brown,  
 The ice-tarn overflows ;  
 Their drops upon her primrose crown  
 Bedew her as she goes.

Upon the pastures green and wide  
 The little lambs, new-born,  
 Run from their anxious mother's side  
 To her in the dim morn.  
 Beneath her feet she hath descried  
 The early-springing corn.

Knee-deep in flowers advanceth she,  
 Gathering the daffodil,  
 And pansy, and anemone ;  
 With these her lap doth fill.  
 The wild hedge-rose on its high tree  
 Grows redder at her will.

Deep in the meadow her foot stays.  
 Each sweet familiar thing  
 Doth puzzle her in these green ways.  
 Sure, somewhere used to sing  
 With that same note, some other days,  
 Yon lark upon the wing!

When was she here before, and why  
 Was wrought her banishment?  
 The streamlet's song, the lambkin's cry  
 Were hushed when she was sent  
 Forth from this glory, suddenly,  
 And into darkness went.

Whose was the voice that bade her go  
 No further through these woods?  
 This day she will not falter, though  
 The seas, with all their floods,  
 To stay her feet should turn and flow  
 Across the flowery roods.

Her memories, bright with bud and song,  
 Give back no enemy,  
 Nor sound of wrath, nor sight of wrong  
 Within her mind hath she;  
 No fateful presence, harsh and strong,  
 That was, and yet may be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo, bright amid full-foliaged trees  
 Beside a glassy pool,  
 Sudden Earth's rosy queen she sees,  
 The Summer beautiful,  
 Dipping her snow-white feet at ease  
 Into the water cool.

A crimson passion-flower entwines  
 The Summer's dusky hair,  
 Above her saffron garment shines  
 A shoulder, rosy fair.  
 The purple shadow of dark pines  
 Surrounds her everywhere.

The nightingales their song of love  
Rain down upon her head.  
Into her ear the shy wood-dove  
Plains, to be comforted.  
Beyond her roof of boughs enwove  
The golden sun turns red.

Spring's startled face irradiate grows,  
Her dainty hands let down  
The white bloom that the ice-wind knows  
Out of her fluttering gown,  
And stretch to pluck the flower that grows  
In Summer's rubied crown.

Now lifts the queen her dreamy gaze,  
And laughs aloud to see  
Her handmaiden in pale amaze  
Bewildered, even as she,  
The moon that into morning strays  
And meets the sun, may be.

A step, and the last bird-note dies  
Upon the air, as Spring  
Towards the laughing Summer flies,  
And all herself doth fling  
Into her arms with gladsome cries  
Afar re-echoing.

Asleep upon the rosy breast  
Of Summer, Spring is there  
Kissed into her long swoon of rest  
And couched in hiding where  
Winter will find her in her nest,  
One day, and waken her.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

## EASY LESSONS IN VERSE-MAKING

## II.—RHYTHM

“ALL’S well that ends well” does not hold true of a line of verse. Besides ending well with a proper rhyme, the line must conform to a certain pattern as regards the number and accentuation of the syllables that compose it. Poets are supposed to fly, to cleave the air with their wings, but they must also walk on their feet. Indeed some poets sprawl on their hands and feet, and some stand on their head. At any rate the Muse has not only wings but feet.

“Can you tell me why  
A hypocrite’s eye  
Can better descry  
Than you, sir, or I  
On how many toes  
A pussy cat goes?”

To which question the answer runs thus:—

“An eye of deceit  
Can best count her feet (counterfeit),  
And so, I suppose,  
Can best count her toes.”

However, we are at present concerned with the counting of feet only, and in prosody (which is that part of grammar which deals with the nature and laws of metre), the name of foot is given to two or three syllables taken together as a unit of metre. English poetry, as I said in the first of these lessons, is regulated by accent, that is, the special stress of the voice laid on one syllable of a word, or on two if the word have more than three syllables. A genuine Kerryman is said to be distinguished by his being able to pronounce *Magillicuddy* as a word of one syllable, but ordinary people have to accent specially *gil* and *cud*. In counting the feet of a verse it is more convenient to talk of *long* and *short*, though we really mean accented and unaccented syllables.

Technical terms are a little difficult to remember at first, but in the end they are a saving of time and trouble. Let us make ourselves familiar with spondees and dactyls and some other words used in scanning poetry. An Iambus in English verse consists of a short followed by a long syllable, that is, an unaccented syllable

followed by an accented one; while a Trochee consists of an accented syllable followed by one unaccented. "Gentle," "river," are trochees; "compel," "career," are iambuses: for that plural is used more frequently than iambs or iambics. Some Anglicise it by calling it an "iamb," but it is much better to call it an iambus. A long syllable followed by two short is a Dactyl, like "happily," "merrily," and the reverse of that, two short followed by a long syllable, is an Anapaest, like "serenade." Short-long-short, that is, an accented syllable with an unaccented syllable on each side of it, is called an Amphibrach, like "tremendous."

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour," etc.

A Spondee consists of two long syllables like "red leaf," for in English a single word can hardly constitute a spondee—the stress cannot lie equally on both syllables.

But, perhaps, that is for the present enough of definitions; and we may now imitate one of those chapters of Rodriguez's *Christian Perfection* "wherein the preceding doctrine is confirmed by examples."

I have elsewhere (*Sonnets on the Sonnet*, page 100) made these feet describe themselves, anapaest, amphibrach, iambus and trochee, each a couplet in this order:—

"When the Muse tells her story with galloping haste,  
She will choose for her measure the brisk anapaest.\*

But when elegiac and sad she doth wax,  
She chooses iambics, not these amphibrachs.

For grave iambics keep one steady pace,  
With stress of voice on every second place.

But the trochee, light and supple,  
Strikes the first of ev'ry couple."

The most useful, or the most used, of these feet is the Iambus, the stress of the voice falling on every second syllable, as in the brisk narrative poem:—

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old"—

or in the sober didactic poem:—

"Know then this truth, enough for men to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below"—

\* It is easier to remember Coleridge's

"With a leap and a bound the swift anapaests throng."

or in stately blank verse :—

“ Knowledge is proud in that she knows so much,  
Learning is humble that she knows no more ”—

or in the multitudinous race of sonnets :—

“ When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past ”—

or even in song and ballad :—

“ How dear to me the hour when daylight dies ! ”

Some of these examples show that a trochee may sometimes come into an iambic line, even in quite regular metre. Of course this and other varieties will occur in poems constructed on the plan of Coleridge's “ Christabel,” in which the poet expressly regulated his lines by having four accents in each, though the syllables might vary in number from seven to twelve. A recent writer in the *Saturday Review* considers the following to be, perhaps, the most marvellous of all the marvellous metrical miracles performed in this poem by Coleridge, whom he calls “ the magician of metre.”

“ There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

“ Here,” says the writer, who sees more in the lines than they contain, “ the sound not only echoes the sense—it is the sense. In the first line the slow iambs are as calm as the windless night. In the second line their immobility is heightened by the spondee which follows the opening iamb. This spondee halts the verse dead in order to emphasize the wild dance into which the succeeding syllables plunge. With ‘ the last of its clan ’ the pace quickens ; in the next line it grows still more rapid ; in the next the opening dactyl makes it breathless ; and in the last line it becomes a mad gallop of anapaests.”

Some twenty years ago I gave some hints like these to one who afterwards did excellent work in prose and verse. When she had applied them to certain verses with which I had found fault, she—Attie O'Brien, as she was called to the end, though her name was Frances—wrote to me, with the second edition of her poem, a

letter, from which I will give a longer extract than is exactly needed for our present object.

“I return the verses, I hope improved. If they are not in correct trochaic measure, I'll despair. I hadn't the most elementary idea of iambs, spondees, etc. I was guided by my ear, and counted the syllables. I took up a National School Grammar on Saturday, and tried to improve my condition. I am wiser, anyway, as to the names of the different kinds of verse. I think, after your corrections, I now understand what is inadmissible in rhyme. Ought there be the same number of syllables in lines corresponding to each other? If so, how explain this by Whittier?

“ ‘ Maud Muller on a summer's day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
Under her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.’

The first line begins with an iambic, does it not? The second line with a trochee. The same difference in the next verse, with the order reversed. That is confusing to the uninitiated.

“I think the reason that ‘Probatia’ was well written was because it was entirely spontaneous. I scarcely changed a word of it from the first. It was the last thing I wrote, and the first in blank verse.

“I read a good deal of modern poetry some months ago. I greatly admire George Eliot's. One poem among her shorter pieces, ‘Agatha,’ was very lovely, and a Catholic might have written it. We are usually in a state of literary starvation in the country. People eat up their neighbour's clover in a short time. A library in Ennis, fourteen miles from here, gives you very meagre fare unless you relish Miss Braddon and Ouida. Yet, after all, we read more than city folk. Time is even harder to get than books.”

I suppose I answered Miss O'Brien's question about those irregularities in the well-known ballad of the American Quaker by saying that in such a metre as that a trochee is occasionally allowed to take the place of an iambus, especially at the beginning of a line; and even the single syllable *raked* stands here for a full foot. After Scott has taught the ear what to expect by opening his story with

“The way was long, the wind was cold,” etc.,

he soon allows a trochee to break the iambic monotony :—

“ Seemed to have known a better day.”

A correspondent was quite right in replying thus to some strictures of mine—in principle, at least, however he may have applied it in practice.

“ You and I appear to differ slightly in one particular where poetry is concerned. In a poem of any length, the worst of all faults is, in my opinion, monotonous regularity. In such a poem the writer must endeavour to vary the effect of the metre, making it rough, heavy, quick, or smooth, as seems best to suit the immediate subject. In a poem tossed off in a hurry there might often be errors of inadvertence; but I am quite sure there are none in ‘ Camowen,’ for it was written a long time ago, and has been most carefully revised. You may, therefore, be sure that any apparent irregularity is really designed as such, and has been introduced for some reason that, at least, seemed to me adequate. I am rather anxious to know what are the lines that seem to you deficient as regards rhythm. In a short poem like ‘ A Prayer ’ perfect regularity is necessary; but ‘ Camowen ’ is too long to be left perfectly regular. It was necessary to introduce here and there subtle variations, so as to give the ear a change. The enclosed essay is one of a series on the Art of Poetry; it, to some extent, bears on the question.”

Curiously enough my friend’s enclosure was a paper in the *Victorian* “ On the Structure of English Verse,” in which all irregularities in metre are denounced, even when sheltered by the example of Milton. The paper concludes by saying of the true poet: “ His verse will appear to gush forth as spontaneously as the song of the skylark; but we may be sure that he applies to it himself, before he submits it to others, a relentless and searching criticism, of which those who pose as judges have not the smallest idea. No line of his will ever violate, in the smallest particular, the long-known, firmly-established, and most necessary laws of metre.”

Instead of the National School Grammar that Attie O’Brien consulted, the young student may read what Meiklejohn’s *New Grammar of the English Tongue* has to say about versification. The more scientific *Chapters on English Metre*, by Joseph B. Mayor, are a little too elaborate for readers who have not found our own hints too simple.

It is extraordinary how widely people differ in their notions of what they consider the proper manner of reading poetry aloud. Poets often read their own verses very badly, as a musical composer might sing his own song very badly. Attention to the metrical construction of the lines is a help, but it may lead the reader astray. Monotonous sing-song is of course deplorable; but on the other hand poetry is not (as some pretend) to be read as if it were prose. The poet ought to have himself arranged the words of every line and the lines of every stanza in such a manner that they will need no humouring to bring out the rhyme, but, when read naturally and unaffectedly according to the sense, they will fall necessarily into their proper places, and form the proper combinations of sense and sound. To avoid monotony and sing-song, and at the same time to make the rhyme and rhythm tell, these two points test the skilful reader of verse. But it is the poet who is sometimes in fault. For instance, that perhaps overpraised solitary sonnet \* written in English by the Spanish apostate, Blanco White, divides "knew thee" between two lines in such a way that, if the lines be read properly according to the sense—joining *knew* closely to *thee* without any pause, as it ought to be joined—the music is broken, and the rhyme is altogether lost.

These "easy lessons in verse-making" might readily take up many other points and be illustrated by many examples; but "le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire," and enough has been said to call the attention of the youthful reader to some of the mysteries of rhyme and rhythm.

M. R.

\* "Mysterious Night! When our First Parent knew  
Thee from Divine report," etc.

## TO OUR MOTHER OF GRACE

O MARY MOTHER, pray for one  
 With whom our souls had union !  
 Mother of pity and grace thou art,  
 So let the pity of thy heart  
 Go out for one who suffered much,  
 And show thyself the Mother. Such  
 As he are surely born to know  
 The ultimate of joy and woe :  
 Open to breathe at every pore,  
 No influence could he ignore  
 Of wind and mountain, sea and sky,  
 And man's delight and agony.  
 God's Voice through all his being rang,  
 And the Foe's call, and the World's clang,  
 And self and love found battlefield,  
 Nor quite to win, nor quite to yield.

O Mary, Mother dear ! he fed  
 His life sometimes at the Spring-head  
 Of life, and yet sometimes he chewed  
 The swine's poor husks for God's own food.  
 O Mother ! he God meant to win  
 His fairest heights, in depth of sin  
 Sank low ; and he, God meant to soar  
 On eagle wing, dropt low and lower  
 The stately pinions of desire  
 That bore him high oft times, yea, higher  
 Than souls in painful toil that climb  
 God's mount of purity sublime.

Mother, dear Mother, if he sinned,  
 He never cloaked his fault or thinned  
 His blame, and surely did not wait  
 The passage through the deathly gate  
 To suffer. All that exquisite  
 Power of delight contained in it  
 Power of great anguish to chastise  
 The dear delight. . How otherwise ?

And well thou knowest how he took  
Upon his soul the sore rebuke,  
The bitter wrong, the anguish grim,  
O Mary, Mary, pray for him—  
We dare to say it, Mother ! he  
Lifted the Cross of Calvary  
In the World's agony and shame,  
And sin and ill that bears no name.  
He saw God's little children sweet  
Trampled beneath the devils' feet.  
He heard the inarticulate cry  
Of women bound in slavery :  
He saw through bitter blinding tears  
The sorrow of the mortal years :  
He mourned for loss, and pain, and need :  
O Mother sweet, he loved indeed.

Dear Mother, whom the Holy Ghost  
Made Mother, well we know thou know'st !  
Say this to Jesus. We do say  
It all to Him, and we do pray  
His mercy and His peace and light,  
And sweet refreshment infinite ;  
But prayers of ours are soiled and dim,  
So Mary, Mary, pray for him !

Thou who art love and purity,  
The Lord being evermore with thee,  
Thou above men and women blest,  
O purest one, O tenderest,  
Pray for this soul ! Thou knowest all  
We fain would say, as here we fall  
And kiss thy sacred feet which trod  
The way to Calvary with God.  
His name is on thy heart. We wait,  
Kneeling before the mercy gate.

EMILY HICKEY.

## TWO SOULS

## I

"**H** EART of Jaysus, have mercy on me poor boy," sobbed Mrs. Hinchin.

A pious reader may shrink at such a rendering of the greatest and sweetest of all names, but the truth must be told if the sky fall, and that is how Mrs. Hinchin said it as she sat in the guard room of Her Majesty's Military Barracks at Cork, of which town the worthy woman was (save in her calling) an unobtrusive citizen.

"Oh! wisha, Joe, Joe, what——"

"Yerra, cheer up, Mother, you'll be bethur before your twice marrid," replied Joseph with a forced cheerfulness.

"If you only kem home last night, boy——" a fact to which Joe inwardly assented, and he could hardly stifle a groan when he saw how the rosy pictures of ease and enjoyment which the recruiting sergeant had drawn for his tipsy brain had, up till then, only materialized into a loss of his liberty and a splitting headache.

"An' sure if I only could make up the price o' ye itself, but me little handful o' *valla* wouldn't make it in tin year."

The "value" was Mrs. H.'s professional term for the basket of vegetables, her stock in trade, which lay outside near the barrack gate.

"Anyhow, Joe darlin', won't you promise me to mind yourself? Say 'Sweet Heart of Jaysus' every night before you goes to bed, won't you, Joe, alanna?"

"I will, Mother," assented Joe, who was struggling between his inclination to cry and his shame of the grim smile on the face of the bronzed sergeant who was watching the scene a little distance away.

"There, there now, Mother——"

"And won't you mind the dhrink, Joe boy?" said the mother, beginning again with renewed courage like Abraham.

Joe hung his weary head.

"And look! take that badge of the Sacred Heart, and carry it always, won't you now? Promise me! An' if you c——"

"Och, my God, mother! lave us alone!" and with a violence that was half tenderness Joe jumped up and fairly shoved his poor mother out of the room and pulled the door to.

The handful of "valla" was just then occupying the humorous attention of one of the red-coated loungers about the barrack gate who was exciting great amusement by inserting pebbles and stones into the wares of Mrs. H. and speculating, not too respectfully, on the possible owner. When the said owner arrived drying her eyes in her apron, the wag proceeded to console her most tenderly, and the poor woman's grief prevented her from noticing the convulsive amusement of the other soldiers, till the solemn assurance that they would "make him say his prayers every morning," aroused the dark suspicion in the worthy matron's mind that the fellow was only "humbugging" her. With the gallant assistance of her consoler she proceeded to hoist the heavy basket on her back, but a tremendous heave of the rascal behind landed the load nearly upon her shoulders and tumbled much of the pile over the owner's head. With a doubtful compliment on his dexterity, Mrs. Hinchin was turning around when the shout of laughter raised by the event suddenly collapsed, and to a short sharp cry of "t'shun" every man sprang up and stood like a statue. A sparely built elderly man with white hair and in the uniform of a general was standing behind. Mrs. H., noticing the plumes in his tri-cocked hat, bobbed as well as her load would allow her, and with a faint hope for Joe rising in her mother's heart she said, "'Twas the way me poor son 'liste——"

"What corps does that man belong to, sergeant?" said the General (who commanded the district), not heeding the bowed figure of Mrs. H., but fixing a look on her assistant which made that young man grow very serious.

"The X's., sir; here on escort duty," said the sergeant.

"Confine him till he leaves," was the prompt answer, and to her wonder the great man stooped, and, taking up the fallen vegetables, put them on the old woman's basket, while Private Finch was marched into the guard-room to reflect with much profane verbal accompaniment on the uncertainty of human life.

The sorrowing mother moved off, waddling sturdily under her heavy load, and emitting from time to time, apparently for the public benefit, a sing-song cry which only the experienced ear of the housewife could recognize as "fine cauliflowers!"

Ah, poor woman, thy chant was in a minor key ; and, though the load on thy poor aching back grew lighter, the load on thy more aching heart was not relieved. She was a sincerely pious soul, and that same evening, as she wended her way to the Confraternity meeting, she wound up her description of the day's experience to her "gossip," Mrs. Regan, by the sorrowful remark, "Thim sojers is the divil"—a lamentable arguing from particular to general, which would have grieved the soul of Rudyard Kipling. She felt better, however, when she had subsided heavily in her seat—"St. Attractive's Section," she was wont to tell one complacently.

"The loving heart of Jesus seek  
In trouble and distress . . . ."

sang the congregation when the Rosary was finished, and one poor heart, at least, welled its sorrow over into soothing tears. And ah! poor Mother Hinchin, though your addition to the devout chorus was not of the sweetest, nor (without being too blunt) following quite on the lines of the composer ; though your hymn-book was held upside down, and your pronunciation of the sacred name had the broad sound of the Munster Irish, yet your effort was not by any means the least pleasing to the Great Listener, who knew the voice and read the heart of everyone of the hundreds there. Perhaps, indeed, more of those tears that the Infinite Love in our tabernacles is thirsting for are wiped away by check aprons than by cambric handkerchiefs.

Her Joe, her only boy, was gone for a "sojer," and only God knew what would become of him.

Joseph's reflections on the situation were interrupted by the sudden entrance of linesman Finch, who, connecting the dejected Corkonian with his own unexpected confinement, proceeded to give him and all his relations a distinguished place in the mud-geyser of adjectives with which he was overwhelming all representatives of law and order. Another time this would have led to the destruction of the guard-room furniture ; but the scion of the house of Hinchin, after his first astonishment, confined himself to a few terse objurgations to his assailant.

Little did either of the two men think to what results this inauspicious meeting was to lead.

So blindly do we move through our part in the world ; we never know how the piece will end or when. Will it be comedy or

tragedy? The clown we laugh at in the first act, while we strut as the hero, may show he bears a noble heart beneath the motley, and we may find our armour only paper tinsel ere the curtain has rung down. Only One knoweth the end.

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## II

Six months' drill and a regimental tailor made a considerable improvement in the appearance of the new chum of the X.'s, and he was by no means below the average when he joined E company of that distinguished body of warriors at Templemore. But ah me! there are things to be learned in the army besides the intricacies of the latest form of drill, and that too by a young fellow who had passed no inconsiderable portion of his twenty-four years at the street corners of his beloved city. In truth the statement in his mother's petition for his release which represented him as the "sole support of his mother," was a slight straining of the facts of the case, though its prompt (and of course regretful) rejection (in a long blue envelope) caused tearful indignation in the Hinchin household. Joe had unwittingly enlisted in an English regiment, which contained but a small number of Catholics, and these—English-born all of them—he found, from the extent of their religious knowledge, might be classed just as truly as Mohammedans. His hopes had risen when he heard of an O'Connor and a Leahy, but he fairly stood aghast when he found sometime afterwards that both of them, who were "bred, born and reared" in the Seven Dials, didn't know in the least what Mass was about, and had never even heard of the Blessed Virgin. However, as he surlily answered the faint remonstrances of his conscience, "when you're with pigs, you must grunt"—a new version of an old adage about Rome. He learned that, though the moral atmosphere of his native haunts was not always pellucid, it was a restraint to live amidst a Catholic population; he learned what a check on the broad down-grade had been the example and prayers of his poor pious mother; and that, as no one apparently expected any good from a soldier, he might as well let his character go as easily as his few shillings weekly pay.

"'Ello, Corkey," was the first salutation he got in the barrack quarters, and the speaker sat up on the bed where he had been stretched.

"Know 'im?" he added to inquiries, "me and 'im's old chums; ain't we, Corkey?"

Joseph was christened on the spot.

"Hinchin was me father's name," said Joe slowly as he stared at the speaker who had risen and came over, offering his hand, "and they christened me Joe, so if you don't mind ——"

The two men were a contrast as they stood facing each other in the strong light from the window. The smile had left the Irishman's blue eyes for once, and the deep line down between the eyebrows made the usually good-humoured tanned face look a little formidable. When an Irishman of that kind grows quiet under provocation, you had better handle him gingerly. The other soldier looked older, and fine dark eyes lit a face of sallow paleness—a keen dare-devil face, the strong bull-dog mouth that showed a broad line of white teeth in a hard smile, amply atoning for any softness in the eyes.

"Don't you remember me, then?" And it was only when a mimicry of Joe's mother at the gate of Cork barracks had been given, so droll that the son had to smile, that he recognized his assailant of the first morning of his military life.

"Oh, is that you?"

"Yaas, Private Albert Finch of Her Majesty's X's."

Mr. Finch seemed to be in a very different mood that day. He was very affable, so cleverly affable, that the new chum did not suspect anything, as they subsequently, with two others, proceeded on Joe's invitation to that Mecca of the thirsty Atkins—the canteen. To be "dacent" is bred in the bone of every Hibernian—a mean one is sure to be a hybrid. Joe soon came to see the position Bertie Finch had in the battalion. With intelligence to make him a "non-com." in a year, he remained a full private because he was too often full in an entirely different sense. He was known as the Warbler, because he really was so in more than his name. He was one of the singers of the regiment. But few ventured on that familiarity unless the addressee were in a very sunny mood. There were times when a kind of savage moodiness came on the man, and woe betide whoever put the spark to his volcanic temper. His tongue was a biting scourge. Had his victims any peculiarity, bodily or mental, a savage caricature was painted of him, and if the subject were too stupid to be affected by withering ridicule, the focused mind of the man like a quickfiring gun poured a hail of

epithets that the fiend could hardly improve on. Finch could afford this, for, though not the most powerful man in the battalion, his skill when he put up his hands, and the devil behind his hitting, had forced a toleration of his eccentric ways on the hottest tempers in the regiment. Give him the minstrel corps to coach for a sing-song, and he had officers and men feeble at his whimsical absurdities. Next day probably he would walk alone, with the gloom of the damned shadowed in his dark eyes. Such fits had invariably one ending—drink. And then, until the guard-room held him, there was nothing he was not liable to do. Joe was generally exempt from attack, but one evening there was an exception, and the result was the appearance of both men next morning before the Colonel; Finch with a plastered gash where the heel of a heavy regimental boot had struck him. The cause of war had been the Cork man's sensitiveness about his country, and the result was his removal to the district military prison for a period of ninety days. It was an event in his life which it was not in human nature to appreciate, but it was in truth a check on the downward road and gave him in the loneliness of his cheerless cell time to look ahead and see the clear ending of the way. A few words from the Prison Chaplain, and he recovered the mood he used to know before his faith had been dimmed and his heart hardened by the godless surroundings of his military life. Some months later when *The Assistance* landed her living cargo at Calcutta, amongst the draft going up to Jubblepore to join the second battalion of the X's., was Joe Hinchin. Finch was also there.

Far away an old mother's head was bowed, and toil-wrinkled hands clasped "Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me poor Joe!"

Who answered her never a word.

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### III

"One of that new draft wants to see you, sir," said a hospital attendant at Jubblepore, and the Jesuit Father K. came to a cot where two wildly staring eyes looked up at him and he heard from the parched lips of a soldier muttering over and over again deliriously, "Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me!"

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### IV

"Now, Joe, do you not honestly feel better and more a manly  
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man?" said the same good Jesuit two months later as he met Joe, with the fever pallor bronzed away, stepping across the barrack square.

"I do that, Father, there's a ton load off me heart, and with the help of God I won't miss one till I have 'em finished," said Joe, and he looked away lest the steady eyes bent upon him should see the moisture that had rushed to his own.

"God bless you, Joe lad, and now, let me see a stripe on that arm soon," and with a hearty slap on the shoulder the priest walked away. And it came to pass. The steadiness of No. 17054 was the more marked by contrast with his previous conduct, and one day as he stepped along by the quarters of his company, the appearance of a number of grinning faces in response to an excited cry of, "God's sake, lads, look at Corkey," made him blush scarlet. Later in the day Bert Finch made his voice heard in an address of congratulation to a circle of shouting Atkinses, but "'Is Roy'l 'Ighness, Dook of Blackpool, Commander-in-Chief of the 'ole bloomin' British Army," said nothing, and in a day or two the soldier boys grew accustomed to the new power of Lance-Corporal Hinchin. The canteen knew him no more, but the struggle he often had to make to keep from it came less from the animal desire for drink, than it did for the craving for something to "rise the cockles of his heart" when the daily fight with his temper made him despondent. The mock gravity his chief tormentor assumed whenever the new stripe showed itself amongst the leisure trivialities of the men always brought the thunder flush upon poor Joe's face and the strained jaw muscles and quivering hands showed what was passing within. Still it would pass, and the pallor that followed wrought such an effect on the men, that all save a few of the older and more hardened spirits treated Corkey with no small deference when the second stripe came soon; and the Lieutenant mentally marked Corporal Hinchin as the best soldier in his company. He was still a good fellow with the privates; and, as the Warbler marked the decreasing popularity that his gibing enjoyed, his bitterness only increased and the gap between the two former spree-mates became wider.

"What sort of a fellow is that new corporal, Vereker?" said Captain B. to Joe's Lieutenant, crossing to their quarters together from mess one evening.

"Why?" queried the other, [though he could have given a straight answer.

"Why, I came on him yesterday back there by the east gate, striding up and down, and swearing to himself like ——" and the Captain laughed heartily at the picture.

"Swearing, was he?" said Lieutenant Vereker.

"Yes, in a mad excited kind of way; sounded like swearing anyway, and groaning to himself. I don't think the fellow is all right and should advise you to see what is wrong with him."

"I think Father K. knows," was the answer. "Good night, Bronson."

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## V

Jubblepore barrack was in a bustle. Stormy cheering was in the air. The laziest loafer in the battalion took a new interest in life, for news had come suddenly that there was big trouble on the frontier and the X.'s were ordered north.

"You don't seem very elated, Joe," said Father K. at the railway station, noticing the contrast between the subdued demeanour of the young Irish corporal and the rollicking high spirits of the men about him. "What's the matter with you, lad?"

"Well, you know, Father," said the young soldier, and the troubled blue eyes looked far away westward, "I had eight of the nine done, and I had my heart set on finishing 'em. I see the good they done me, Father, and God knows I done me best to keep 'em up in spite of the divil—the temptations—and now I dunno what to do."

"Oh, I see—I remember," said the priest, and a softened look came into the eyes fastened on the reddening face of the young man. "Well, Joe, my lad, God is good, and even yet there may be a chance."

"I hope so, Father."

They parted, to meet again under curious circumstances. A wild rumour ran from corps to corps that an Irish regiment at the front was being ordered back in disgrace for mutinous cowardice, and the wrath and bitter scorn that found vent in broad Scotch and jerky Cockney made martyrdom for every Hibernian who had to hear it. But a corporal in the X.'s had something as a counter-vail to cheer him. Father K. had come to the camp that morning, and now, after his confession, God seemed to have lifted the cloud,

and the Nine Fridays would be completed. Joe Hinchin had a lightened heart. He felt sure that the infamous report about the Irish regiment was not true, and that the talk, however hard to bear, would pass in a few days.

"Yaas," he heard a voice saying that same evening, as he passed a group of men off duty, "I'd shoot the 'ole damned sons of cabbage-women." The earth and sky swam around the Irishman. He was conscious only of a wild, mad leap that hurled the nearest men out of his way, of a savage fury that screamed through clenched teeth; a roaring like thunder was in his ears, and fire in his brain. Blows fell on his face, but he felt them only as a rock feels the pattering of rain. To grip the throat of the man heaving beneath him and dash his head against the ground, to choke and strangle with a bull-dog hold till the foul tongue would blacken in the lying mouth, was the one desire. Shouting and panting, they tore the two wild animals asunder, and clung to them, while the provost-sergeant and his men came running up.

"What is all this?" shouted Lieutenant Vereker, hurrying down from the officers' quarters.

"Private Finch and Corporal Hinchin, sir, have had a fight."

"I am very sorry for this, Hinchin," said the officer later, as Joe sat handcuffed in a tent. "Very sorry! What made you forget yourself? What? Answer me." No answer came, but a long, rending sob and bitter crying. He went away.

"Oh, my good God, have mercy on me," said the sobs within the tent. "Oh, Christ, my Christ! after all me strivin', and God so good to me, and poor ould mother——"

Next day, haggard and white, with livid bruises and swollen lips, Corporal Hinchin heard his degradation from the Colonel in silence. His hard-won stripes were gone. He was a private again, and a black mark to his name. Day followed day in a leaden routine of duty, when once again he was at work. The rude sympathy extended to him he avoided, because he dreaded any more unmanly exhibition of weakness, and his full heart was only mastered by a rigid silence. Comfort came in a visit from the same good Jesuit who had cheered him before—strong, earnest words of cheer, that made the gloomy eyes brighten a little; but "You're late, Father, for the wan thing. I'm on 'sinty go' to-night at twelve, an' we'll advance at daybreak. However, I'm aisy in me mind now."

"Stay"—the priest was thinking evidently, and Joe wondered a little what was coming. Then the Jesuit whispered something to him that made the soldier stare full-eyed in astonishment.

"Is it in airnest you are, Father?"

"Yes, Joe. The love of God takes Him to strange places, and you don't know what may happen."

The soldier's breath came quickly, and he could only whisper hoarsely, "All right, sir," but the clasp of his rough hand told what he felt.

"I shall be able to come up from the Field Hospital in an hour, after I'm done there, and, remember, don't shoot me, Joe," he added, lightly, over his shoulder, as he strode off.

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## VI

To and fro in the faint star-light paced the sentinel—now leaning on his rifle and peering about him at the black, shadowy masses of the hills; now letting his eyes go up from their gloomy sky-line to the jewelled deeps of the heavens, all carpeted with stars. Back his mind travelled over the great wild spaces where the waves were marching in their rough, heaving lines. Familiar faces rose up before him; he saw the excited crowd following the bowling match, and heard the old, familiar sound of the solemn Shandon bells. And then he remembered what he was expecting, and he began to pray. With a long-drawn sigh, he turned again upon his beat, when a slight noise, apparently a short distance away, made him spring around with his rifle at the ready.

"Who goes there?" he said, in a strong undertone, and he listened with beating heart. The answer would surely have puzzled any other sentinel in the whole British army.

"Sacred Heart," he heard, out of the darkness, and he stood at ease while a dark figure advanced towards him.

"Now, Joe, kneel down quickly," whispered the visitor, "and tell the good God, our Lord and Master, that, for His sake, you forgive all men, as you hope to be forgiven." Silent and trembling, the sentry knelt, still holding the rifle erect, with its steel blade showing in the faint light. A few hurried, solemn words, and the great Gift was given. The soldier was erect again, but tears were raining down his face.

"God bless and guard you now, boy! Challenge me aloud,

Joe, for I must get on to rest." Challenge and answer broke the silence loudly, and Father K. passed, leaving the lonely sentry pacing to and fro with bowed head and with beating heart that strove to keep its tumult of feelings quiet. Joe's Nine Fridays were finished. The ear of Infinite Love was listening again to a soldier's words, "Lord, I am not worthy," and the simple litany of his untutored heart, "Heart of Jesus! have mercy on me."

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## VII

Quickly the first glimmer of light had spread across the sky. Quickly the stars had faded out, and out on the front Lieutenant Vereker with some twenty men of Company E were marching cautiously. Behind them the mountain pass through which they had come showed a deep dip of blue sky between the frowning hills and a long widening valley opened in front. On a rough hillock strewn with great boulders from the heights above and covered with a growth of scattered scrub, they halted to survey the ground beyond.

"We shall take to the hillside, men, where it slopes more easily there, half a mile ahead," said the officer, with his glasses fixed on the hills, "and move carefully. I don't half like the quietness of that pass behind." Onward they moved again in wide open order, watching the sky line with hand-shaded eyes.

"It's like the kingdom of 'Eaven," chuckled one of the men to his nearest mate. "There ain't a damned soul in the pl——"

The gibe was unfinished. A sheet of flame burst from a small water course running slant-wise down the slope above them, and a babel of wild yells rent the air as a horde of Afghans seemed to rise out of the rough hillside. Hissing through the long grass came the leaden shower.

"Back, men! back as you can! and rally on the rise behind," shouted the Lieutenant, but the men were already flying. Stumbling, falling, and crouching, as they ran in their *sauve qui-peut*, the hillside alive with the wild leaping tribesmen, and the air rent with yells and the sharp crack of rifles. Panting, they flung themselves under the shelter of the great stones upon the little ridge and began a steady fire which quickly checked the ardour of the hillsmen. Their outcry ceased suddenly as it had arisen, and when the white trailing clouds of smoke had blown away, there

was little in the valley to indicate that man was thirsting for the blood of his brother there. One by one the men lying under the shelter of the rocks answered to their names, but no answer came to the name of Finch.

"Did any one see Finch fall?" whispered the Lieutenant whose own brown kaki uniform showed ugly dark stains.

There were several men rather badly wounded, and one of them declared that he had been near the unlucky Warbler at the time of the surprise and had seen him go down, but had thought that he was only seeking cover, " 'e kind of sunk on 'is knees, sir."

"Too bad," muttered the officer. "The poor fellow is lying out there somewhere, crippled most likely." He swept the hill with his glasses again. "Would any of you men volunteer to have a look for him?" he asked hesitatingly, and flushing red. "I'd go willingly myself, but you know, men, my post is here."

"I'll do it, sir," said a hoarse strained voice from the outermost boulder.

"Who is that?" sharply asked Mr. Vereker.

"Me, sir—Private Hinchin," and he crawled down to where the officer knelt. Joe's face was as white as the snow that rose on the distant blue horizon, and his jaws were firmly set.

"You!" The officer looked a frowning enquiry into the glittering eyes of the Irish boy. "You!" he said with a meaning emphasis on the word, while the scattered group forgot to scan the hillside and stared their wonder at the ex-corporal.

"Yes, sir, me—in God's name."

The look on the face of the officer changed, and silently he reached out his slender hand to the warted fingers of the private.

"Take this, Hinchin, and leave your rifle; 'twill be handier," giving Joe his revolver. But the men held their breath and looked their doubts into each other's eyes, as Joe crawled down the slope and disappeared into the scrub bush. Closing in together, the little band by cautiously rolling some of the smaller stones in between three or four of the larger boulders formed a rough but effective breast-work; and, lying flat under the shelter with rifle barrels between the crannies, they waited with strained ears for some sound of the coming main column.

From bush to bush crawled Joe, creeping in the long sun-dried

grass. Here and there fresh red drops caught his eye, and, as he stopped again to peer at the rough mountain side to his left, he could feel the heavy workings of his heart against the ground. Every nerve was tense, every sense strained to quivering as he marked the ravine from which the ambushed fusillade had come, close ahead, and he knew he must be somewhere close to the object of his search.

"Finch," he whispered, as loudly as he dared. But no answer came. Flat on his face he crawled on a little more, and ventured to whistle softly one of the regimental calls. An interval of desponding silence, and then he started, as a little ahead he heard a low moan as of someone in pain. A few yards of hurried wriggling brought him in sight of the prostrate Warbler—not dead, but evidently badly wounded. Half-supported by a large stone beneath his shoulders, the upturned palms and the rifle fallen uselessly by his side, told of the man's helplessness.

"Finch, old man!" as he lifted the fallen head on his arm, "listen——"

The lids dragged slowly up, and the dark eyes looked feeble enquiry for a breath. Then intelligence flashed them open distended, and, while the face quivered with pain, the hard mouth clenched, and the hand at the off side groped for the fallen rifle.

"No, no, Bert, pull yourself together, and let me get you back to the lads." The fierce defiant face relaxed, and the weary head sank on Joe's arm.

"Did—you c—c—come b—b—back to save me?" gasped the wounded man.

"Yes, yes; now where are you hurt? Can you stand?" The Warbler shook his head.

"Legs—dead—Joe—bleedin'—somewhere."

Joe could see no bullet mark, but the oozing blood showed that he was wounded in the back, and the legs lay limp and nerveless.

"No use—a'm gone. Listen! I want to die a Catholic, Joe—should 'a been Catholic always."

"Cheer up, Bert, cheer up, you're not half kilt. Wait till we gets back."

"Now, Joe, listen. I—want——"

Perplexity ridged the forehead of the Irishman; what was he to do in such a case? How could he help the poor fellow to "turn," out there in the wilds? A brilliant idea struck him.

"Do ye rayally want to 'turn,' Bert," he asked vaguely. The heavy head moved assent. "Say, '*Heart of Jaysus, have mercy on me.*' Say it!" said Joe, breathing fast with excitement. The other repeated the aspiration in his English accent. What else was he to do? Joe racked his brain in desperation, and, turning his grimy face up skyward, he repeated the ejaculation himself fervently.

"Listen, Bert," and he laid the wounded man's head back against the rock, and, kneeling beside him, took the hand that had had battered his face a little while back. "Listen, listen! Say, 'I believes in God, and the Blessed Virgin, an'—an'—'"—Joe groaned with trouble and anxiety. Scarcely above his breath the other followed, but his quicker intelligence supplied what Joe wanted.

"I believe all you believe, Joe."

"Yes, yes, that's it," eagerly broke in Joe.

"I believe all that Catholics believe," and the eyelids drooped down, and from the white lips for a while the hard breathing of pain was the only sound. Then the poor fellow tried to say after Joe: "My God, I am sorry for all my sins. Jesus, have mercy on me.

The dropping fire on the ridge behind had ceased. With a blood-stained hand Finch reached out for something.

"Joe," he whispered again, "gimme what you wear round your neck."

"Is it me scafflers?" He pulled open his tunic hastily. It was a great idea—why didn't he think of that himself? Around the neck of the strange convert went the Scapulars, and taking out the Sacred Heart badge from where it was pinned to his shirt, he kissed it reverently, and put it inside the breast of his comrade's coat.

The hand jerked hastily away, however, and for a moment all was quiet.

"Joe, Joe," moaned the prostrate man, "get off—my—l—legs, you're—'urtin' me. Joe!"

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## VIII

Lying behind the rocks, the men started as the report of a rifle came up the valley; but almost simultaneously on the still air

broke the piercing note of the longed-for bugle-call back towards the pass, thrilling every man's racked nerves.

"Now, men," shouted the Lieutenant, "one volley, and yell for all you're worth." Battle went the rifles, and the hills pealed with the united shoutings of the excited soldiers.

"Here they come," as a crashing discharge and peal after peal of bugle-calls told that the column was advancing at the double. The single rifle-shot down the valley had left a little trailing puff of smoke upon the hill, and a fierce, wild face looked down with wolf eyes at the ground below; but the crash of the volleys up-valley and the shrilling bugles were too near, and it vanished again.

Swiftly the situation was reported by the Lieutenant, and, after a rapid survey of the ground, the column advanced. All the leading files were questing like setters for the missing men till a shout told that they were found, and the column halted, while a group formed around Finch and Joe Hinchin. No man spoke, and the white helmets came off. Livid and still lay Albert Finch, and lying across him the body of Joseph Hinchin, Private. A small bluish hole in the latter's temple told where the dark pool of blood had come from. Hastily Lieutenant Vereker took the revolver from the dead man's waist-belt, and looked at the chambers. They were all loaded. Then he glanced up at the hillside, and understood the meaning of that single shot. A surgeon was bending over Finch, and in a second announced that he was only faint, and not dead. The Colonel, anxious to get on, was about to ask the young Lieutenant a question, but he was astonished to see his hand over his eyes. The surgeon had opened the dress of the wounded man, and coolly and rapidly was searching for the wound, tossing aside the little badge as he did so. On moved the column. What if a life were lost? There would be hundreds sacrificed before this border war was over. Lieutenant Vereker, however, obtained permission to stay and see to the rude burial of his dead private.

It was a lonely little mound, that down there in the circle of the hills, and the weeds soon hid it.

A short time later Father K. was sitting by another bedside, listening to the faint, gasping whispers of a dying man. Soon they ceased, and before the hospital attendants prepared the body for burial the priest took an old faded pair of scapulars from off

the neck and a little red badge off the breast of the dead man. Bert Finch had gone to answer the great roll-call, and no man wondered that he had died a Catholic.

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 IX

Over the sea, in an old Cathedral, the organ had rolled out its last Amen, and the few remaining worshippers could hear the wind blustering outside wailing through the tower windows. "Evermore! evermore!" boomed the organ. "Evermore!" said the wind to the stormy sky. "Evermore!" and it swept over the city out to the fields. "Evermore," and it leaped off the dark cliffs to the frothing gloom of the sea. It sped across the ocean; it dashed the fresh foam over the dipping bows of a steamer homeward bound, deep in whose hold lay a black-edged envelope containing a few words, a faded brown scapular, and a Sacred Heart badge. On the wind sped to a lonely circle of the mountains, and down in a valley it stirred and rustled the withered grass above a lonely, nameless grave.

RICHARD BERCHMANS.

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 A PRAYER

TAKE pity, Lord! on him who pitied Thee:  
 Remember now the bitter tears he cried,  
 When from his mother, in the Passion-tide,  
 He learnt the story of Thine Agony.  
 "If they could only find Him not," said he,  
 Of those fierce hounds of hell who, ruddy-eyed,  
 Were on Thy track, when Thou wert gone aside  
 To pray beneath the moon-lit olive-tree.

Now, in these Resurrection-days, renew  
 This budding life untimely frosts attain,  
 And spare his mother still this golden head:  
 Oh! by the virtue of his pitying dew  
 On Thee that fell, let not my prayer be vain,  
 But raise this boy that dieth from the dead.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

## A VISIT TO THE ROOMS OF ST. IGNATIUS IN ROME

ALONG the winding streets of Rome  
With beating hearts we early come,  
Reach narrow door and mount the stair  
To kneel—to breathe a heartfelt prayer.

What is this chamber still and gray?  
Why come men hither but to pray?  
What wonder then can here be found?  
Hush! for ye tread on holy ground.

Ignatius in his armour bright,  
With youth and hope and courage light,—  
Ignatius conqueror of souls,  
Yielding to God the charge he holds.

Within these walls he once abode,  
Here laboured, suffered for his God,  
Here wrote the words, oft pondered o'er,  
His Children's Rule for evermore.

Here said the Mass, that, hid from all,  
God's wondrous grace might freely fall,  
In floods of tears, in rays of light  
Around his head in halo bright.

And here one July day at morn  
(For him had come the eternal dawn),  
His weeping children round his bed,  
"Jesus," he sighed—his great soul fled.

Oh, let the centuries backward fly  
And see his glory in the sky.  
The fight is o'er, the battle done;  
What guerdon hath the warrior won?

God bids him choose the gift to leave  
 For those dear sons his loss who grieve :  
 Will he ask wisdom, mighty skill,  
 That praise of men their ears may fill ?

Hark ! for the angels bring the sound,  
 It falleth down upon the ground ;  
 Ignatius' prayer—" Dear Lord, not so,  
 But persecution's dart bestow.

" They are thine own—a chosen band,  
 The ' Knights of Jesus,' lance in hand—  
 And that bright lance shall be a cross,  
 And they shall count the world but dross."

Now let the centuries tell the tale ;  
 The prayer was granted,—ne'er did fail,  
 His sons for aye his blessing prize,  
 Men hate and scorn them, oft despise.

Gain for us courage, dearest Saint,  
 Never in battle-hour to faint,  
 To beg this grace to thee we come  
 Unto thy shrine in ancient Rome.

Make us like thee the cross to love,  
 The narrow road that leads above,  
 And while in life's sad maze we stray,  
 Ever to labour, hope, and pray.\*

\* These lines were written by the late Mother Magdalen Taylor, author of *Tyborne*, during her first visit to Rome in 1878. The concluding words, "Labour, hope, and pray," were given to her as a motto by the General of the Jesuits, Father Beckx. Her spiritual daughters, the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, have three Irish homes—in Dublin, at Carrigtwohill, and at Loughlinstown.

## PHASES

**M**OST of us keep somewhere a chart upon which are marked down in various tints and colours signs which indicate the many phases of thought and feeling which at different times of life our minds and hearts experienced, and which influenced, if not our conduct in the eyes of the world, at least our understanding and the growth of our moral nature. With some this chart is a mass of blots and irregularities, in which nothing is distinguishable, but there are many in whose hands it is a clear map where intelligible lines and tints indicate accurately the spots where such phases occurred in our past, the points at which they faded away, or where the ending of one became fused with the beginning of another. For instance, yonder black figure represents the darkest phase of our life's experience, that dreadful time which was a very maelstrom of misery, when we were sucked in unaware and whirled in helpless despair round and round the black eddying pool, struggling to keep possession of our scared senses, to send up a prayer from our bursting heart, and when some saving hand was stretched out and caught us from destruction. We were housed in some friendly ark, and have lived to look back, though never without a shudder, on the giddy horror of those wild moments. The black mark is there, but the very excess of our dereliction at that time, the blindness and numbness that it brought with it, leave little for memory to reproduce. A nightmare recollection of the throes of the living heart that throbbed in conscious suffering while thought and sense were dulled is all that we distinguish in looking backward. These phases of utter darkness are short or we had never lived to remember how they came and went. As it is, we had rather forget they had ever been, and our eyes shun the place where the black spot is marked in our map.

Then there is the grey mark, the flat silent phase, like a twilight chamber where the soul lies sick, though not unto death, where the pale walls are keeping out something from which we have hardly escaped, a threatening shame or danger, or something which looks to us like one or both of these, which has been driven to bay, and may still be kept so if our anguish can be smothered

here in secret, if the inward bleeding of the heart can be stopped, if our unstrung nerves can be calmed and steeled, and peace and serenity can be regained in the cool pitiful air of our patient solitude. Up to this high, holy chamber where the prostrate spirit lies waiting for the cure that is to grow out of the constancy of its own endurance, sounds arise from the lower outer world—shouting of children, singing of birds, rolling of wheels, hurrying of feet, all common sounds of life, and the suffering ear takes them in with unusual sharpness, and the stricken spirit receives their meaning with keen appreciation because of the careless contrast they make to her own dumb concentration upon her lonely trouble. The shuttle of life is moving, the web of sorrow is being woven, and the odds and ends of gay bright things that come in the way are caught in and thrown up in grotesque startling patterns over the harsh, sad-hued fabric. When we rise and go out from this twilight chamber, we are wrapped in this sober garment that has been so woven and so garnished, as one risen from the dead comes forth swathed in the grave-clothes.

Another phase is that of quiet content, a deceitful phase which promises to last long, but which melts away from us at the glancing of a sunbeam, or the sounding of a note of music, when we pass on ungratefully, leaving it behind to enter willingly on some more feverish state of existence. This phase generally succeeds some period of exhausting pain or unsatisfactory pleasure. We think that we have at last found a level on which we can walk securely and in peace, too low for tantalizing joys, too high for lowering griefs. We can liken it to a walk across a sunless moor, when the air is very clear and bracing, and the heather and thyme under our feet give a good breath to the day without loading it with the perfume that palls; when the sky is not bewildered with either storms or sunlight, but is full of fair fleecy mysteries which our eyes dare to penetrate without fear of being dazzled or hurt. This spot is marked on our chart in cool green, and, looking back from it, all the phases behind take flaunting colours, making us wonder how any but the restful green could have ever satisfied our eyes. While we still linger in this phase, while we walk our quiet moor, we feel assured with a staid satisfaction that our feet shall keep in this safe path for the remainder of our days, that we shall go on and on smelling the thyme, and breathing the bracing air, and that by-and-by when

we reach the peaceful horizon from which nothing appears to divide us but a little easily-travelled earth, we shall creep in among the curtains of snowy cloud, and sink away into sweet slumber and white dreams, and be troubled with tears and dazed by glamour no more. But this is not to be. The serene heavens break up, the sun gets into our uplifted eyes, crimson flags of passion hang out of the sky and hide the fleecy pillows on which our heads that had ached were fain to rest. The track is missed, our feet are hurried into some flowery glade, or over some sunny brow, and the phase of quiet content is lost and forgotten.

There is a rosy streak on the map which marks the phase of new, unexpected joy, not yet become too intense for simple happiness. This may be likened to an early morning when spring is verging on summer, when one has risen earlier than one's wont, and is repaid by a delicious draught of enjoyment tasted at one's open window. The sun cleaves the clouds with a radiance in which there is nothing sultry or oppressive. The fancy sees Jacob's ladder in every slanting beam. The eye follows the lark into its glory without pain, though the lark ascends so high that its ecstatic notes only reach the plains as echoes. The hills glitter with dewy light, our heart overflows with love for all creation, we sing to God, and exclaim that our good hour has come. Rise up, happy spirit, leave the musing window, and dance through the valleys alongside of the rushing rivers. The freshness will go out of your morning, the heated noon will arrive, and too often succeeds the phase which is marked on the chart in burning amber or blood red. This is when, with the morning joy leaping in our veins, we run vigorously abroad into the valleys, too far from the shelter of the hills with their cool pines, and hollows where the little mists still melt in secret dews. The streams with their ecstatic music and free, flashing dance, like Miriam's troop with their clinking cymbals, fascinate us, and draw our bewitched feet to follow their triumphant gambols. On, on we go, in a delirious rapture at the glory of our freedom, farm and homestead, open window and barn-door pigeon left far behind, till the sun gets into the high heavens, and paints the birds with gorgeous colours, and hangs the hedges with tropical flowers, till the air dies and there is no coolness for our heated veins, our waving arms droop, the song breaks in our throat, our shadow that had been our airy fantastic companion, mad with drollery, grows

heavily black, and lags by our side. The rivers faint, crawl, dry up; not so much of their abundant waters is left as will wet a burning foot, or cool a parched tongue. Their beds are causeways of fiery stones, the rushes and the damp sedges are scorched to the roots. The grass has vanished, the gracious slopes are levelled, and the green valley has become a plain of burning sand. An arid haze shuts out even the outline of the hills; not even the filmiest rag of a cloud will shield the defenceless brain from the heating rays from above. Then the dry heart cries aloud in its fiery solitude; and the sunstroke comes down.

These are some of the phases of joy and sorrow, but how many more lie marked in broader or narrower lines, in paler or more glowing colours, only the heart of each who keeps such a chart of his experiences can know. Each will draw with his own pencil and paint with his own hues. There is the phase of pride, when all the world lies under our feet, when we find ourselves temporarily placed above our fellows by the glory of some passing honour or distinction, when we fancy we taste the experience of a newly-crowned King of many kingdoms, and know what it is to hold a court of subjects, and sit upon a throne above the crowd. "These things are common," we think, when we hear of a monarch's pageant, and how he was feasted and worshipped, crushed roses under his chariot wheels, and had anthems sung in his honour. "These things are quite common; we have felt the like." And there is the phase of humility, often enough coming closely, as a consequence, upon the heels of the phase of pride. This is at its worst, and hardest to pass through, when it is brought on by some wrongdoing or mistake, either real or imaginary, and there must be some mingling of shame with it to bring it to its most insufferable pitch. Often that for which we suffer is not our deliberate fault, sometimes not our fault at all, and we had better afflict ourselves for something in which we have really sinned. But our self-esteem has been brought low, our pride in the straightness of our walking, the whiteness of our intentions, has suffered a fall, the fresh perfume that sprang from the purity of our actions has been blown from the nostrils of our friends, and we writhe because we appear not what we are, and would die rather than cease to be. In this phase we truly mingle our drink with weeping, and eat ashes like bread; sack-cloth is our wearing, even though the pride that apes humility may have some stealthy hand in so arraying us. We moan in

our mental suffering for some physical pain to come and open our lips with a wholesome cry, to grind the confusion out of our bones, and drain the shame from our blood. If we are in reality the thing we wish to appear, and not a detected counterfeit, there is no phase of pain to which time will more surely bring relief than this, if we only have the courage to wrap our patience about us, and wait. But there is also no phase of suffering to which patience is a more galling trial, and he who by dint of constancy comes triumphantly forth from its shadow, building new honour upon a groundwork of confusion, will not have suffered in vain, will have fattened in the days of his starvation, amassed treasures in the barrenness of his poverty, and will bring with him from his penitential cell into the light of day, new stores of wisdom and fortitude for future times, and clearer, truer eyes with which to look down into the world, and discern the world's pitiful blunders.

Besides all these there are odd little phases which people wander into when they make unexpected excursions out of the beaten tracks of their lives, as though they took part in acting a charade, or were introduced into the grouping of a picture. For instance, the town-bred lady leaves her fashionable home to visit the farm-house of her humble cousin. The phase begins when she leaves her own carriage for the train which is to convey her into the woods and wolds. It progresses when she wakes in the morning, smelling rosemary and lavender, sees a rose-bush nodding at a latticed window, and is waited on by curly-headed cousin Polly in her striped pinafore, instead of Mademoiselle, my lady's maid. It deepens when she tucks up her satin gown, and tosses pan-cakes in the farm kitchen over a fire of roaring logs, and cracks nuts and jokes with more little cousin curly-pates on the benches in the ruddy brown ingle-nook. It comes to perfection when in coarse shoes and linen jacket she puts a rake on her shoulder and goes off to the meadow to make hay. It fades away when the last merry laugh has been laughed, the last sigh of regret checked, the last London keepsake given, and the last dainty glove buttoned on the little hand that must be purified from vulgar sunburn elsewhere, and finally expires with the footman's solemn knock upon the town-hall door, and becomes for evermore only a whimsical phase to hang on my lady's memory like a pet picture on the sunniest wall of her boudoir.

All these phases come and go; but the most comforting of all is that which visits the latter days of old age, when the chart, being well-filled, and often conned, is rolled up and put aside, the last phase having been entered upon, the phase of pitying charity to all the world, when from the eminence of a life's heaped-up wisdom the aged can look back, and genially reflect the simple happiness of their childhood. They have experienced all these troubling phases of happiness and misery which torment us still, take down the old chart and point them all out, tint for tint, sorrow for sorrow, joy for joy. They smile over them, and shake the head, as at a child's folly. They fretted, too, like us, and they wailed also when they were babies. It is not worth while to weep in these few years. The journey is so nearly over that they can enjoy to sit down and point to the goal which their feet will reach so soon. Have they not entered upon the last phase, and is it not one of peace? True, there is another to follow, the phase of death's arrival, a place is left for it on the map, but it will be so short, like a step across a pool, that it is not worth counting.\*

R. M.

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## THE MAGNIFICENT MICROBE

THE present day stands in great awe of him. Our Grandparents were content to say "Cleanliness is next to Godliness": we worship the latter though possibly taking little thought about the former. Moderns have set themselves an impossible task. In spite of the newest fad of white-washed rooms in splendid mansions—(I don't dislike whitewash myself as a background for pictures, if just a *souçon* of brick red be added to the pail)—in spite of sterilized milk, carpetless floors, and rooms innocent of corners, the mighty microbe exists in all his magnificence, and defies those who seek to exterminate him.

All praise to the Masters of Medicine whose unwearied cult of

\* By some accident this essay has never before been printed, though it dates back to the beginning of the writer's literary career.—ED. I. M.

science brings new aid into the healing art! But for ordinary people (I suppose I may not say the "common" or the "vulgar" yet they are kindly old words)—suppose I say, for you and me, good reader, is it not well to have a care lest we try to pry too closely into hidden matters? Soot is very purifying, I know, and it is just possible that, as the Wheel of Time turns round, other natural things may be found healthful which we now fight as enemies.

The same habit of mind which seeks to be "cleaner than the clean" finds its way into Religious Thought.

People in their love of Analysis forget that you cannot analyse the Protoplasm into its original and mechanical elements, without dissolving away the very wonder you are seeking to examine. Just so it is when we try to analyse the ultimate elements of Belief.

No one element will account for Religion or explain it. Nay, all of them considered separately or together—utterly fail to elucidate the life of the humblest saint. Nor—outside the Catholic Church—have they got any further than the thinkers in the days of Job. The whole discussion between the various speakers in that wonderful book is carried on much as it would be among speakers of to-day. The effect of ordinary but exalted emotion and imagination upon the religious feeling of men is manifest in the purest form. The whole Universe is vitalised by one glorious and awful Presence. We have here also in a highly advanced form the social experience by which individual character is modified. Job murmurs over his spiritual trials; the struggle between the carnal and the spiritual nature in the Microcosm of Man is clearly shown.

But the Catholic child of to-day knows more than the greatest of those learned thinkers. The Awful Presence to him beats with the Love of the Sacred Heart. The struggle within himself of good and evil has its cure in the sacramental system, a system which only the One who made the human frame and human heart could have devised. Then for ourselves, can we not, without prying into the secret mind of God, without striving to set our puny intellect to work to discover a microbe of harmfulness in every particular and local work of the Kingdom of God—can we not lift up our faces brightly, as do the flowers in their constant *Sursum Corda*, to receive the Heavenly dew, even the full measure of His grace?

E. J. R.

## THE POET ORDERS HIS MONUMENT

WHEN I am dead, no chilly marble raise,  
 To mark my resting-place,  
 For I shall be secure from blame or praise,  
 The sod above my face.

But let a tree high o'er my ashes wave,  
 In which a thrush will sing.  
 Remember, love, it is a poet's grave—  
 A poet of the spring.

But do not choose a tree of sombre leaf,  
 Whose deep unvarying gloom  
 Exhales the clammy atmosphere of grief  
 That hangs around the tomb.

But some fair tree that changes with the year—  
 That dons the garb of May,  
 Doffs it for autumn's russet and grows sere  
 When winter skies are grey.

The poet, like the year, has many moods ;  
 He roams from clime to clime.  
 His is a joyous spirit that eludes  
 The measured tramp of Time.

So plant above the spot where I am laid  
 A tall deciduous tree,  
 Whose leaves in summer make a shimmering shade,  
 Then vanish silently.

T. H. WRIGHT.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *North, South, and Over the Sea*. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). With Illustrations by H. M. Brock. London : George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C. [Price, 6s.]

It is a pity that popular authors do not always give their real names at once, so that all the fame and praises and thanks might cluster round the one familiar name. It is confusing to pass from the pen-name to the name known to the family grocer. We shall call "M. E. Francis" Mrs. Francis Blundell. It is a striking tribute to the attraction that her name has for the reading world that she is so often chosen to inaugurate new literary enterprises. When the grave London *Times* first condescended to admit fiction into its weekly edition, Mrs. Blundell's *Daughter of the Soil* was the opening serial ; and at present her *Manor Farm* is running its course there. Now again George Newnes, Limited, wishing to give a good start to their newest project, "The Country Life Library of Fiction," begin with a volume of Mrs. Blundell's. Her full-sized volumes now number beyond the dozen. They are always bright and wholesome and most winningly written ; and all those qualities are richly displayed in *North, South, and Over the Sea*. Many of Mrs. Blundell's writings are worthy of being compared with Mrs. Gaskell's, of whose fine tale, *North and South*, this title-page reminds us. The words have the same meaning here also—namely, stories relating to the north and south of England, Lancashire and Dorset, while *Over the Sea* means only across St. George's Channel, the third division consisting of Irish stories. The arrangement is very symmetrical—five stories in each of the three divisions—and every one of the fifteen tales is pleasant and profitable reading. Wit and humour, pathos and tenderness, shrewd observation of character, vivid snatches of description—samples of all these are strewn thickly through these pages, and often there is considerable ingenuity of plot within the limits of the short story. The form of the book is ampler and statelier than we have seen in six-shilling volumes ; and the artist, Mr. Brock, has entered into the spirit of

the storyteller. His clever pictures are a very great addition to the attractiveness of this very attractive book. "The Country Life Library of Fiction" has made a capital start.

2. *The Handsome Quaker and Other Stories*. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). London: A. H. Bullen, 18 Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. [Price, 6s.]

Another delightful collection of short stories by another gifted Irishwoman. Katharine Tynan's latest book of verse, which bears no other title than *Poems*, is the best of all her poetical volumes, for it contains the choicest of all that she had previously published; and we think that the best samples of her prose may also be found in this her latest prose volume, though it contains nothing that we had before in book form. There is a great variety of incident and character in these eighteen stories; and at least one of the plots might be worked out into a three-volume novel. Even as stories, they are very interesting, short as they are, and they frequently show great powers of observation and deep tenderness. Many of them, even more truthfully than Mrs. Hinkson's first *Cluster of Nuts*, might be described as "little masterpieces of pathos and beautiful feeling." Her exquisite style can make a thing of beauty out of very scanty materials; but, as we said, most of these pieces have an interesting little plot of their own. The book is another proof that only a true poet is capable of producing that perfect prose which, while very far from being poetical, has that subtle music and that felicity of phrase which show the consummate artist in words—and in thoughts.

3. *The Heroine of the Strait*. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. [Price, 6s.]

Again a third Irishwoman, but in this case (as the Rev. Henry Marshall used to say of himself) born out of her native country. There seems to be an urgent demand in the United States for historical novels and especially for novels based on the history of the various States during the last century or two. For instance, very favourable criticisms are quoted at the end of this book on four or five American novels, which are all of this character. For our part we like to have our fiction wholly fictitious, and we are not predisposed in favour of historical novels. The American public manifestly does not share our tastes in this matter, especially where Miss Crowley is concerned; for it has called already to seven editions of her first story of old Detroit, *A Daughter of New*

*France.* Her new book deals with the same scenes at a later date, its second title being "A Romance of Detroit in the Time of Pontiac." It is a well constructed story, full of incident, and very well written. But one requires some knowledge of American patriotism to appreciate its merits fully. Miss Crowley has caught the fancy of her own people; and *The Heroine of the Strait* will probably overtake *A Daughter of New France* in the number of its editions.

4. *Principia Theologiae Moralis.* Auctore Thoma Slater, S.J. Londinii: Burns et Oates. [Price, 7s. 6d.]

An abrupt transition from a batch of novels to a Latin treatise on Moral Theology. Indeed such a work as this ought scarcely to be cited before our tribunal. But, as Father Slater's work has been sent to us, we call the attention of our reverend readers to it as written by a professor of theology at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, who has this advantage for practical purposes over continental theologians that he understands the social circumstances and legal enactments of these countries, which must necessarily affect the decision to be given on many points in Moral Theology. Father Slater gives a list of the writers he has consulted, many of them being English lawyers. He also acknowledges his obligations to the great work of the Rev. George Crolley of Maynooth. The fine type and paper will make it more easy and more pleasant to consult.

5. *Presbyterian Union and Catholic Unity.* By the Rev. Matthew Power, S.J. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. [Price, 2d.]

This sermon is a very effective "appeal to history and Scripture," against the exceedingly peculiar condition of religious matters in Scotland, where the Presbyterians are split up into three distinct bodies. We have always thought that one of the greatest absurdities of British Protestantism is that the Royal Head of the Anglican Church, when he crosses the Scottish border, becomes head, not of the Episcopalian Church of Scotland, but of one of those three bodies of Presbyterians who have no bishop among them. What becomes of the question of Anglican Orders there?

6. The Catholic Truth Society of England shows no abatement in its output of good books. Of its recent publications the most important as a piece of literature is "*Havelok the Dane*, an Old English Romance, rendered into later English by Emily Hickey."

In spite of what she says in her preface, we wish that Miss Hickey had given a sentence or two about the probable date and authorship of this old Lay. Her "later English" is very beautiful and might be studied with profit by young writers—old writers are past praying for. As a story, *Havelok the Dane* is most interesting, reminding one sometimes of *The Song of Roland*. The price is only one shilling. The additions to the penny Lives of Saints are St. Lioba (700-779), St. Philip Benizi (1233-1285), and St. Colette (1381-1447). To these we may add Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847). The only new story is *The Priest Hunters*, a Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth, by Lady Amabel Kerr. Other excellent penny-worths are *The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy* (the speech of Scott, Bishop of Chester, against the Protestant schism in Queen Elizabeth's first Parliament); *The Working Man's Apostolate* by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.; *The Last Sacraments* by the Rev. W. H. Cologan; and *The Book of Wisdom* with notes by the Very Rev. Canon McIntyre, D.D. Their price (threepence) makes us name together *Some Prerogatives of St. Peter* by the Rev. W. R. Carson, and *Entertainment of our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament*, written in Latin by Father Henry More, S.J. (1586-1661). The present edition modernises the spelling of the translation published at Ghent in 1656.

7. Father John Fitzpatrick has made it his speciality to edit neat little shilling selections from Father Faber's works. R. and T. Washbourne, 4, Paternoster-row, London, have just issued a new and enlarged edition of *Our Lady and the Eucharist*, which Father Fitzpatrick has arranged from *The Blessed Sacrament, 11 for Jesus*, and *The Foot of the Cross*. It has reached us with curious appropriateness on the feast of Corpus Christi; but we wish it had come in time to recommend it to others for Corpus Christi use. For the devout communicant, however, any day may be a feast of Corpus Christi.

We may mention here a little book, very economically printed, which treats of *The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century*, as exemplified in many who died in the last century, and who have already been declared "Venerable" by the Church. A very summary account of the most prominent has been translated from the German by the Young Ladies' Sodality of Trinity Church, Boston, U.S.A. We wonder that the publishers, Benziger Brothers, did not insist on giving it a less humble dress.

8. *Discourses: Doctrinal and Moral.* By the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. [Price, 7s. 6d.]

We welcomed lately a large volume, chiefly of essays on the ecclesiastical history of Ireland by the Bishop of Derry. To-day another stately tome reaches us from a venerable member of the Irish Hierarchy. The successor of Dr. MacHale maintains the traditions of the See of Tuam; but he does not unbend in essay and poem like Dr. O'Doherty, nor hide his thoughts (as alas! they would be hidden from most of us) by using, like "John of Tuam," the old language of the country, though he, too, is skilled in it. His *Discourses, Moral and Doctrinal*, have been preached with great fruit through a long course of years. They are twenty-five in number, and the most important points of religious instruction are treated in the most solid and practical manner. An example of the minute details into which the Archbishop enters may be seen on page 352. We are sorry that the twenty-fourth of these courses is not given, like the others, as the Archbishop spoke them, but rather as it was reported, very fully and ably reported, at the time. It was an oversight not even to supply the full date in the opening sentence. The very last sentence of this splendid volume must contain a misprint; it ought to end with "final perseverance and a favourable judgment." We trust that the Archbishop of the West will find time to write in full his weighty discourse on Infallibility for a second edition which we hope will be speedily required.

9. Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P., has published, through R. and T. Washbourne, *St. Dominic and the Rosary*, a defence of the commonly received tradition of its origin, which bears the *Imprimatur* of the English Dominican Provincial and of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued for twopence a picture postcard of Pope Leo XIII., which is said to be an admirable likeness. It leaves hardly any space for writing.

10. *From Hearth to Cloister in the Reign of Charles II.* By Frances Jackson. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 5s.]

The sub-title of this neat volume, which is made more bulky than it ought to be by large and double-ledged type, is "a narrative of Sir John and Lady Warner's so-much-wondered-at-resolutions to leave the Anglican Church and to enter the religious

life." Miss Jackson has abridged the contemporary account written by Father Scarisbrick, S.J., of Sir John Warner and his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Hanmer, who became Catholics a few years after their marriage, and then by mutual consent separated and became priest and nun—in the Society of Jesus and in the Order of Poor Clares. Lady Warner, "Clare of Jesus," died in a few years. Her husband survived her more than twenty years, and became Rector and Provincial, dying in 1705. Their two daughters became Benedictine Nuns at Dunkirk. What wonderful examples of holiness were given in those troubled times!

11. The Gaelic League, 24, Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin, has just published for one shilling net the poems of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., to whom we are already indebted for editions of Eogan Ruadh O'Sullivan and of John Clarach MacDonnell. Each of these is furnished by the editor with a useful introduction and vocabulary and a few notes.

The Gaelic League has also issued through Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, the Oireachtas Prize Collection of Folklore Tales—three Munster stories collected by Mr. Conor Desmond, to which Dr. Douglas Hyde has prefixed a preface.

The same publishers have issued at the very moderate price of a shilling, what competent authorities describe as an excellent Irish translation of some short stories by Mr. George Moore. The long list of Gaelic League publications on the covers of these books is another proof of the earnestness with which many devoted men and women are labouring for the revival of the old language of the Gael.

12. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has published two additions to its Tales of the Festivals, namely, *Mimie's Grave or Rogation Day*, and *The Feast of Pentecost*. Two other penny-worths are *Mary, Tower of Ivory and Glory of Israel*, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., and a re-issue of Cardinal Wiseman's beautiful little story, *The Lamp of the Sanctuary*. By the way, in the opening sentence, the phrase, "our tale is of the last century," has now a different meaning for us who have lived on into the Twentieth Century. *Soyons de notre siècle*.

But the most important of the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is *Thirty Meditations on the Sacred Heart*, of which we believe nearly ten thousand copies have been sold before it has been well announced. It is an admirable little book

full of freshness and unction, and is destined to foster in many simple hearts this devotion of devotions.

13. Last comes what we believe to be the most useful publication of the month, though it costs only a penny. *The Drunkard in Ireland* is published by Fallon and Co., 29 Lower Sackville-street, Dublin. It is an address delivered by Father Thomas Finlay, S.J., on the occasion of the founding of a branch of the new Anti-Treating League at Leighlin Bridge. We have never seen the drink evil more logically or more powerfully denounced, the excuses for Irish intemperance pushed aside more effectually, the stern, nay, the appalling facts marshalled more skilfully. This penny book must be scattered about by the hundred thousand.

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### COME AND GONE

You'RE welcome, little Mary, but mind, you've come to stay.  
Your little brother just peeped in, and stole at once away ;  
But *you* must tarry with us and make our fireside gay,  
First with your infant prattle, next with your childish play.

As girl and then as woman, you many a prayer will pray,  
Do many a duteous deed of grace, and many a kind word say.  
And so God's blessing, Mary, be round you night and day !  
You've come, and you are welcome, but mind ! you've come to stay.

*June 11th, 1892.*

She stayed, but only for a while ; God would not lend her long.  
Her childhood glided gently by, like to a holy song.  
Before the world with icy breath her soul's bright sheen could dim,  
God beckoned to His little child, and quick she flew to Him.

He took her in her innocence ere ten short years had fled,  
As pure as when the cleansing wave flowed o'er her infant head.  
In mystic form Christ came for her, and then she would not stay,  
But in her First Communion glow she sweetly passed away.

M. R.

*January 28th, 1902.*

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1902

## DANTE'S "VITA NUOVA"

**M**OST people who read Dante at all read first the *Divina Commedia*. There they make the acquaintance of the greatest of Christian poets in all the plenitude of his power. They learn to love even the stern severity of the man, his uncompromising devotion to truth and justice, the keen edge of his verbal sword when he smites against wrong, and the unimpassioned clearness of vision with which he sees his way through all grades of existence up to the throne of God. We love him because throughout the great journey he continually reveals, beneath that calm and stern exterior, one of the tenderest hearts that ever beat in the breast of man. He can be, and often is, terrible as a judge. Sure of the uprightness of himself and his cause, he identifies his enemies with the enemies of God, and is pitiless in his wrath. But when he finds anything to love, or anything to reverence, his whole being becomes animated with spiritual light. The atmosphere of his heaven is made up of radiance, courtesy, reverence, music, love, and smiles. Every one of his angels is a distinct creation of light; and the exquisitely proportioned gradation by which he rises from the murkiness of the Inferno, up to the three-fold rainbow of intellectual light, playing from the inaccessible depths from which the Godhead reveals Itself to mortal eyes, is perhaps the highest effort of sheer art that this world knows. As he goes upward, the courtesy of his great creation becomes more and more entrancing in proportion to its nearness to the footsteps of the Royal Throne, and the worst thing he can say of hell is that roughness is its appropriate courtesy.

"E cortesia fu lui esser villano."

No other man in the world has seen so much, and felt so much, and expressed so much of the beauty of a smile. When his Beatrice had guided him up to her own sphere in heaven, and he turned to her to bask in the expected glory of her smile, he was surprised to find her face sweet, but serious and inexpressive. It was from tenderness she refrained from smiling. The happiness of it would have been too much for his mortal state to bear. Only when she had left him to take her place upon the petal throne of the great Rose of Paradise, did she dare to smile upon him from afar off, and all heaven was irradiated with fresh glory from the courteous condescension.

Where did Dante find the materials for his Paradise? The secret is partly revealed to us in the exquisite prose poem of *La Vita Nuova*. This is the great riddle of Dante's life. How much of it was real? How far did he mean to be allegorical? What about the visions he saw? What basis was there for that sentiment, too ethereal for earth, which the prosaic, practical mind impatiently condemns as either madness or folly, and in which even enthusiastic idealism finds it hard to breathe with freedom? The mere scholar, intent on historical accuracy, pores over its pages to find the facts of Dante's early life; he may find and dissect the body of the thing, but the soul of it escapes him. Dante did not write for the scholar in his study, nor to provide facts for a vulgar biography. The musical poems in it, and the still more musical prose, must be read under the blue sky, high up on the slopes of Mount Parnassus. He is recording for all times the first steps of his pilgrimage up the sides of the sacred mount. If we are not poets ourselves, we must get astride of some Pegasus to be able to stand where he does. It is the unique revelation of the conscious growth of an artist-soul.

It seems a shame to attempt to carry the analysis further than the poet does himself. Who wants to be told the anatomy of the Apollo Belvedere? But we live in a prosaic age, and nothing is sacred to the scalpel of criticism. Of course it is no use writing for people who are entirely unsympathetic—who cannot understand why a man should go maundering on about a woman who hardly ever spoke to him,—who have a supreme contempt for a creature who could almost faint because a woman smiled on him,—who think a man must be an idiot to fall in love with a girl, and then take special pains that she should not even

know it. But there are people who want to be sympathetic, who have learnt elsewhere to love and admire, and yet find to their regret that the *Vita Nuova* seems dreamy and unsubstantial, and cannot rid themselves of the haunting feeling that here the poet sinks below the level of perfect manliness. It is for these that I should like to try to institute a reassuring analysis.

First of all, we must bear in mind that it was an age in which spiritual ideals and enthusiasm were commonly realised, even to the bodily senses, in an extraordinary degree. It was the age in which Francis of Assisi espoused his Lady Poverty, and received the stigmata of the Passion. The mother of Blessed Henry Suso once prayed with such ardour that she fell ill, and was kept to her bed for weeks, and all her illness was that she was "pining for God." Leo XIII. has well pointed out to us that the aim of all the arts at that time was to portray the Wisdom of God. This they personified as it is personified in the Sapiential Books, and to this Wisdom they thought it not incongruous to pay all the chivalry, love and courtesy which they accorded to their ideal woman on earth.

To treat of this Wisdom without any embodiment, in the pure abstract of intellectual light, was the sacred work of the theologian. Dante saw it done by his friend, St. Thomas Aquinas, and he took no small pains to learn how to be able to do it for himself. Only a consummate theologian could write, and it requires a theologian fully to understand, the *Divina Commedia*.

To treat of this Wisdom from the point of view of earth and not of heaven, by idealising perfections possible to humanity, projecting them to a higher plain, magnifying and glorifying them in the process, was the work of a philosopher. This Plato and Aristotle have done for the delight of all times, and to this task also Dante bent himself to prepare for his great life-work. When his Beatrice died, and the numbness of grief began to pass away, he fell in love again, but this time it was with his lady *Philosophia*. Of this, his second love, he tells us a great deal in the *Convito*. She was more exalted, but not so sweet, as his first. Theologian as he was, and philosopher as he was, his highest as well as his first vocation was to be a Poet.

The theologian deals with Wisdom by way of contemplation, the philosopher by way of intellect, but the poet approaches her by the way of imagination. Instead of projecting his perfections

up into heaven's serene, he boldly bodies them forth upon earth. If he can give even "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," what can he not do with spiritual realities? Every lover does it in a measure and becomes a poet for the nonce. And in fact, at least where the grace of God is, does not the eye of the lover see more truly in the long run than the indifferent eye which marks nothing but imperfection? At any rate, the poet who would wish to pourtray Divine Wisdom to human eyes, must find some form in which that Wisdom may seem to dwell without incongruity. We all of us do it to some degree when we idealise, and the greater a poet is the more loftily and gloriously will he do it.

Milton said a noble word when he wrote of himself, as preparing to write a great epic poem, that his life itself must be a poem. It was Dante who taught him this. And this life which was a poem as distinguished from the life he had by nature, dawned upon Dante suddenly in one sublime moment, and this is what he called *La Vita Nuova*, or the New Life. It was nothing that he did not yet understand the full significance of what had come to him. It was simply genius. The little child Mozart knew he was a musician as soon as he heard a spinet, and Dante became a poet as soon as he saw Beatrice. Dante's little maid was hardly more conscious than Mozart's spinet of the great fire she had enkindled, but what undying music was produced from both of these unconscious instruments!

In all that Dante says of "the love that dominated his soul through the virtues of his *gentilissima donna*" Beatrice, he preserved the constant parallel with all that theologians and philosophers say of Divine Wisdom. Towards this love and of it, he uses language frequently interwoven with Holy Scripture and savouring even of adoration. There is no irreverence in this. It is only the meaning peeping through the words of the parable. And the parable may be very well justified. It is frequently used by God Himself in the revelation of His dealing with mankind, and it is expressed with even luxurious familiarity in the *Canticle of Canticles*. A way which God chooses in order to descend to us, may very well be chosen by ourselves as a way to ascend to Him. St. Bernard's ecstasies on the thoughts of the Spouse in the *Canticles* and Dante's raptures on the revelation of God he saw in Beatrice are the obverse and reverse of the same medal which

is of the purest gold of devotion. In order that his side of the medal might be free from all earthly taint, Dante at first instinctively, and afterwards deliberately, purified his affection of all passion and selfishness. There is nothing on earth more angelic than the chivalrous and whole-hearted attachment of a boy before the passion of life has been aroused in him. A boy's love is like a boy's voice,—the only treble in earth's music fit for the sanctuary. What Dante did was to make his boyish purity eternal while he infused into it all the vigour and grace of manhood. His genius saw that while the vision of a third heaven might animate a St. Paul, and while the contemplation of absolute beauty might throw a Plato into raptures, the poet must find something more concrete to give expression to the same thought for the multitude. St. Paul wisely said that in his vision he heard words which it is not given to man to utter: Plato's message is confined to the chosen few in the groves of Academe: Dante's inspiration thrills the heart of every man who is susceptible to music and song. To use a lower metaphor, Beatrice was Dante's medium for the marvels of the spiritualism of his poetry. He saw with the insight of genius, that human love abstracted from all passion, elevated above the sphere of desire or jealousy, was still sufficiently concrete for the imagination, sufficiently familiar for our understanding, sufficiently human for undying interest, and sufficiently noble to be the vehicle of all divine thought. All art works from a basis of reality, adding glory and meaning by idealising the form, by varying the light and shade, by intensifying contrasts, by selecting and excluding, by convention and symbol. Given the genius, a suitable basis always calls forth the inspiration. And this is what Beatrice was to Dante. She was beautiful, she had a sweet smile and a gentle voice, she had all the graciousness of virtue, and she had that indefinable personality which appealed to all that was noble within him. That was enough. She became his living Muse. He kissed the hem of her garment, and the fire of his distant adoration lighted the torch of the most beautiful expression of Divine truth which Art has ever given to the world.

What the life of poetry became to him we see in all its fulness in the Cantos of the *Paradiso*. Let us now follow the early stages of it in the pages of *La Vita Nuova*. This is the beautiful way in which he begins:—

“ In that part of the book of my memory, before which there

is little to read, there stands a rubric which says *Incipit Vita Nova*,—here beginneth the new life. Under this rubric I find written the words which I now intend to gather together in this little book, if not all of them, at least their general burden."

Then there follows a series of sonnets and songs, all gathered around the love of Beatrice, written from his eighteenth year onwards, and long afterwards united by a self-revealing commentary of prose. But though the word-poetry began at the age of eighteen, the life-poetry began at the age of nine. And this is the stately way in which he records its beginning, linking himself from the first with all the universe, and Beatrice with the light of all the stars:—

"Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the same point in its own wonderful revolution, when to my eyes there appeared for the first time the glorious mistress of my soul, who by many was called Beatrice, because they could not know her by a higher name. She was then in that stage of life in which, during her time, the heaven of the stars had moved towards the East one-twelfth part of a degree; so that it was at about the beginning of the ninth year of her life that she appeared to me, and I saw her at about the end of the ninth of mine. She beamed upon my sight, clothed in a most noble shade of crimson, typical of humility and honour, girdled and adorned as became her sweet and tender age."

The words that follow have in them a considerable depth of philosophy which a mere literal translation might obscure for those who are not familiar with mediæval phraseology.

"At that moment," he says, "the spirit within me, that is, the intellectual and affective part of my soul, thrilled with mingled fear and delight and tremblingly uttered these words: *Ecce Deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*,—Behold a God more powerful than myself who is come to exercise dominion over me. At that moment the sensitive part of my soul entered into a state of wonder, and said to my senses, especially that of sight: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra*,—The perfection of all your happiness has shone upon you. At that moment the lower part of the soul which administers the functions of the body began to weep, and weeping said: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps*,—Alas for me! How often hereafter shall I be constrained?"

The three-fold repetition of the phrase "at that moment," and the three-fold Latin quotation at the end, not only shows Dante's

love of form, but indicates with some solemnity the character and the spirituality of this dawning affection.

The next stage onwards was when he met her one day at the age of eighteen, walking between two gentle ladies older than herself; "and passing along the road, she turned her eyes to where I was standing in a tremor of humility and by that ineffable courtesy of hers, which now has its reward *nel grande secolo*, in the world of glory, she saluted me with such sweet virtue that I seemed to myself at that moment to touch the utmost boundaries of bliss."

It was the ninth hour of the day, he remarks, crooning with joy over the thought that the number nine, with its trinal simplicity of perfection, was always sacred to her. The very sound of her voice (it was the first time he had heard it, so ethereal was his devotion) sent him into such an ecstasy that he went to his room at once to meditate upon *questa cortesissima*. His meditation merged into a sleep, and his sleep into a dream, and the dream gave rise to a sonnet which he sent round to be interpreted by the lovers of poetry within reach. This sonnet gained for him his closest and dearest friendship. It was one more wreath to lay at the feet of the mistress of his soul.

The highest thoughts of men have always been much indebted to mystery. Every religion has cherished in its thoughts as well as in its temples something that must not be profaned by the gaze or touch of those who have not been specially prepared and consecrated. A happy chance brought this element into Dante's love, and immediately he made full poetic use of it. "One day," he says, "it happened that that most gentle lady was seated in a place where the praises of the Queen of Glory were being uttered, and I was in a corner from which I could see my beatitude. Midway on the right line between her and me, there was sitting a gentle lady of most pleasing aspect, who looked at me several times in surprise, fancying that my glances terminated on her." Several people noticed the apparent interchange of glances, and, with the world's usual flippancy, rallied the poet on their supposed discovery of the object of his affections. At once the idea struck him to make use of this lady as a mask for the mystery of his love. To him she was no more than "she who had been in the right line which moved from the most gentle Beatrice and terminated in my eyes." Beatrice was the sun of the Universe; this lady was only

a crystal through whom one of Beatrice's rays had passed. To this crystal he poured out treasure after treasure of his poetry, making her as it were a symbol of Beatrice, just as Beatrice was a symbol of Divine Wisdom.

When this lady went away from Florence, he chose another earthly symbol to veil his mystery. There was of course no vulgar love-making, as the world understands it. It was a distant and chivalrous devotion expressed only in the language of sonnet and song. Nevertheless, unfortunately for Dante, a misrepresenting rumour of his fickleness reached the ear of Beatrice; "and for this reason," he tells us, "that most gentle lady, who was the destroyer of all vices and queen of all virtues, passing me once on the way, refused to me that sweet salutation in which all my happiness lay."

Hereupon he makes a digression to try to explain to us all that this salutation meant to him. "I say that when she appeared anywhere, I felt at once, in the mere hope of her wonderful greeting, as if I had no enemy left on earth. Nay, even such a flame of charity sprung up in my heart as to make me pardon at once whosoever had offended me. And, if any one had put me a question at that time, my only reply would have been *Amore*, and this with a look clothed in humility. And when she was just on the point of saluting, a breath of love, silencing all lower faculties, quickened all my powers of vision and said to them, 'go forth and honour your lady,' and any one who wanted to know what love is could have found out by looking into the tremor of my eyes. And when that most gentle lady actually saluted, love became a burden to my soul almost unendurable in the intensity of its happiness, and, under the supereffluence of its sweetness, my body moved mechanically as if its own soul had departed, and the soul of love had taken its place."

No wonder, then, that when this salutation was refused, the poet betook himself to his own chamber where no one could hear the violence of his lamentation. There, calling for mercy on the Lady of Courtesy, he slept at length like a little child who has been punished and sobs himself to sleep. The Italian words here have an infinite wealth of pathos and tenderness in their very sound—*m'addormentai come un pargoletto battuto lagrimando*. Moved by this grief, he addressed poetical words of supplication directly to Beatrice herself, and thus the cry of his abandonment

became the revelation of his mystery. His love had never before come so near to selfishness, and as soon as the poignancy of his grief had passed, he purged himself of it and never sank so low again as to make any kind of personal appeal. Nothing shows more than this the absolute spirituality and deliberate disinterestedness of his affection. It was a new species of love created by him for poetic purposes and consciously wrought out as a reality in his own life.

Not long after this, Dante was brought to the company of some ladies, where quite unexpectedly he came face to face with Beatrice herself. The surprise so utterly disconcerted him that he could neither speak nor move. The ladies, who saw his transfiguration, as he called it, and Beatrice herself, naturally unconscious of anything in their own being to cause such an ecstasy, lightly laughed at him, and one of his friends took him by the hand and led him away.

Now more than ever his secret was revealed, and one day, as Dante passed a bevy of these ladies, one of them called him and said (through the centuries we can still see those black eyes, bright with daring Italian grace):

"For what end do you love that lady if you are not even able to sustain her presence? Tell us, for certainly the end and aim of such a love must be something new in the world."

The saucy *signorina* spoke truer than she knew: it *was* something new, and something which was going to remain fresh for all time. Dante, with courteous gravity, replied:

"Ladies, the end of my love has hitherto been the saluting smile of this lady of whom you speak. Therein dwelt my happiness, and that was the term of all my desires. But since it has pleased her to deny it to me, Love, my Lord, thanks be to him, has placed all my happiness in that which henceforth can never fail."

In discussing this noble answer, these ladies had the grace to change their smiles into sighs, and the same spokeswoman pressed the question further, wherein precisely this beatitude lay. He replied:

"In the words which praise my lady."

The meaning of his answer may be found in the *Paradiso*. But she, saucy to the last, retorted:

"If you have spoken truly, what meaning had you in those

sonnets of yours which openly bewailed to her your own sad condition?'

It was this that completed his conversion from the last trace of selfishness in his affection.

There is a beautiful picture of Beatrice's sorrow and his own sympathy when her father died, Dante adding the beautiful parenthesis, *Siccome piacque al glorioso Sire, lo quale non negò la morte a se*,—So was it pleasing to our glorious Lord who did not refuse death even for Himself. Everything that touched Beatrice had to take upon itself a universal significance.

Once, not long after, Dante was ill, and in his half-delirium the thought of death settled upon Beatrice herself.

"I imagined I was looking towards the heavens, and seemed to see a multitude of angels who were tending upwards and had before them a cloulet of purest whiteness, *una nubiletta bianchissima* (the soul of Beatrice), and it seemed to me that these angels were singing triumphantly *Hosanna in Excelsis*. Then my heart, the abode of so much love, said to me:—'It is true that our lady is now lying dead.' So it seemed to me that I went to see the body in which that blessed and most noble soul had lived, and so strong was my wandering fancy, that I clearly saw the lady laid out in death, and women covered her head with a white veil, and it seemed to me that her face had such a look of humility as if it would say, 'I have arrived at seeing the beginning of the vision of peace.'"

Hereupon he broke out into sobs and cries, calling upon death to come to him too, "so that a young and gentle lady who was watching by my bed, thinking that my cries and words proceeded from the pain of my own illness, began in great fear to weep herself." This young and gentle lady, he afterwards tells us casually, was his sister, and we are glad to see her face in this picture of love. Others came and led her away to comfort her, and returned to soothe the invalid. When he realised that his sorrow had all been for a dream, he still thought that he would put it into poetry, because it seemed to him that it was a loving thing to hear—*perocche mi pareva che fosse amorosa cosa udire*.

When at length the sad reality arrived, and Beatrice really died, it happened that Dante was composing a *canzone* in her honour for the mere luxury of praising her. There it stands unfinished to this day. The next chapter begins with the sorrowing text from Scripture—*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! facta est quasi*

*vidua domina gentium!* "Behold how the city full of people is seated in desolation, and the mistress of nations has become as it were a widow!" He says he was still composing the last poem mentioned "when the Lord of Justice called that most gentle lady to triumph under the sceptre of that most Blessed Queen, Mary, whose name had always been in the greatest reverence in the words of the now sainted Beatrice." There is no poem in that chapter. While his grief was fresh, he felt it to be utterly beyond expression. But on the anniversary he was trying to express his feelings by drawing the picture of an angel.

"Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture;  
So to be the man and leave the artist,  
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

Some people saw it, and began to talk to him about it, and this broke the ice for the beautiful sonnet which begins:—

"Era venuta nella mente mia  
La gentil donna, che per suo valore  
Fu posta dall' altissimo Signore  
Nel ciel dell' umiltade, ov' e Maria."

"There came into my mind a thought of the gentle lady, who, for her merit, has been by the Sovereign Lord Most High placed in that heaven of humility where Mary is."

Once he nearly went for consolation to a young and beautiful lady whom he saw regarding him with sweet pity from a window. He says he saw in her "noble possibilities of love." Reason even bade him lay aside his grief, and his thoughts were at war with one another. At this time he had a vision of Beatrice as she was when he first saw her, in all the sweetness of childhood, and with the same dear little crimson robe. Then his heart repented of what he called unworthy desires, and Beatrice was finally for ever enthroned in a sphere beyond compare. Perhaps it was this lady at the window whom Dante afterwards married. If so, she knew that she came only second, but that Beatrice's primacy was not a thing to be jealous of.

One time a pilgrimage passed through Florence on its way to see the relics of the Passion in Rome, or, as Dante puts it, "to see that blessed image which Jesus Christ left for us as a copy of His most beautiful face on which my lady is now gloriously

gazing." The thought struck him to the heart that these pilgrims were passing the very house of Beatrice, and perhaps had not even heard of her existence. It seemed to him such a blank in their lives, and he felt a strong desire to gather these pilgrims together and reveal Beatrice to them, that they might not thus pass through a dolorous city without sharing in its sorrow. This was the origin of the beautiful sonnet, *Deh Peregrini*—perhaps the most striking illustration that can be given of Shelley's verse:—

"Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

The book finally closes with a paragraph that has been frequently quoted, and will continue to bear quotation as long as human hearts have chords responsive to nobility of feeling.

"After that sonnet there appeared to me a marvellous vision, in which I saw things which made me determine not to say any more of that blessed lady until I should be able to treat more worthily of her, and to arrive at that I continually put forth all my energies, as she above most truly knows. Thus, if it shall please Him by whom all things live, that my life shall endure another few years, I hope to speak of her such things as have never been spoken of any other woman. And after that, may it please Him who is the Lord of all courtesy, that my soul may go forth to see the glory of its lady, that is, of this blessed Beatrice, who now gloriously sees the face of Him *qui est per omnia saecula benedictus*."

The question has sometimes been put whether *La Vita Nuova* is really historical, whether Dante truly experienced all these intensities of feeling and actually saw all those visions. A similar question is often put about the glow of colour in some of Turner's pictures. Probably every artist will acknowledge that the utmost efforts of art fall short of the reality, and that there are sometimes truer ways of representing the reality than by a detailed appeal of transcriptions of fact to prosaic intelligences. There we will leave the question. There is neither untruth nor affectation in the *Vita Nuova*, but there is a great deal of conscious art. The poems in it were written at intervals and in varying moods, and each had

already idealised in its own way. Later on Dante grasped more fully the unity of them all, and his prose commentary carries the idealising process one stage higher. The meaning of the book is that it is the record of one-fifth of his life-preparation for the Epic of Christendom. The other four were theology, philosophy, literature, and political experience.

It is the reluctance to approve of this purely spiritual affection of Dante for Beatrice that strikes me as strange in the attitude of the world. Since we are both spiritual and material, it is possible to love for spiritual ends alone, or for material ends alone, or for life in its completeness. The last, of course, is what is wanted for an ideal marriage; but since the world is perpetually talking about merely material love, often dignifying it with the name of romance, why should not here and there a poet, so accustomed to spiritualising everything around him that he has almost entirely spiritualised himself, be allowed to indulge himself and beautify the world with a form of chivalry and devotion from which all earthly grossness has been sublimed away? Such affections may be rare; so are poets. But it is a poor world that cannot understand its poets, and will not give their fancy its due freedom.

To me, therefore, there seems no puzzle in the *Vita Nuova*. I stand amazed at the genius that consciously responds to its first vocation, follows it with ardour as uncalculating as if it were blind, and yet fully knows its limitation all the time, deliberately chooses a second vocation, and a third, knowing them to be only tentative, and then, suddenly conscious of fulness of power, says in all its perfection the one thing it was "through a glass in a dark manner" desiring to say from the beginning.

F. C. KOLBE.

## WINGS

Oh ! who will give me wings,  
    Wings like a dove,  
    And I will fly away  
From all the world's distressing din,  
From carking care, from grief and sin ?  
    To fly away  
    And peace to win,  
Oh ! who will give me wings ?

Oh ! who will give me wings,  
    Wings like a dove,  
    To fly beyond earth's bounds  
To that Elysium, where shall cease  
Mourning and woe, and where increase  
    Of joy abounds,  
    And endless peace ?  
Oh ! who will give me wings ?

Oh ! who will give me wings,  
    Wings like a dove,  
    That I may swiftly fly  
From night and death to life and day,  
To bliss that passeth not away ?  
    To swiftly fly  
    And rest for aye,  
Oh ! who will give me wings ?

M. WATSON, S.J.

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

## A Story

## CHAPTER IV

## MRS. MAKEPEACE TALKS OF BEAUX

**D**R. JEM TRACY, his patients seen, trotted Kitty gently up the steep road that still continued its zig-zag from the lower-lying village to the Harnett's farm and a cottage or two beyond.

At the gate that opened on the pretence of an avenue that led to the house, and was bordered with fruit-trees, he found the Priest waiting for him, and, jumping down from the dog-cart, he prepared to walk the few steps that separated them from the house by his side.

"You, maybe, ought to have gone straight to the stables," Father Matthew said. "If none of the men are about, you could put up the beast for yourself."

"Kitty is not accustomed to be dubbed a beast," the young man said with a smile, as the mare gave a plunge.

"It's a very good word," the Father said with composure. "What's the matter with it?"

The young man laughed again. "I beg your pardon, Father," he said. "Mrs. Harnett does not mind me springing myself upon her in this fashion, I hope?"

"Oh, there speaks the town-bred man," the Father said. "The country man's instincts are hospitable, and small wonder, too," he went on, as he looked up at the fruit-laden trees bowing under their burden above his head. "When you live your life among the Creator's gifts, you can't well be a niggard."

"Forgive me," the young man said, with another laugh. "I don't want to differ, but in my experience there's no man keener after his pounds, shillings, and pence than your country yokel."

"And that's a worse name than 'beast,'" the Priest returned with vigour. "But come now; speak the truth. Did you ever come across one that grudged his fellow-Christian a mouthful of what the Lord has given him?"

"Oh, a *mouthful*," the young man began, but stopped at the sight of Mrs. Harnett coming towards them down the drive.

"Glad to see you, Doctor," was that lady's greeting, "or any friend of Father Matthew's; and for once in a way I can promise you a good dinner. It is my daughter's birthday."

"Teresa's birthday, is it?" the Priest exclaimed. "Well, we're in luck. Seventeen or eighteen? I forget."

"Seventeen," the mother returned with a nod, as she led the way round the corner of the house towards the stable-yard. "Seventeen, neither more nor less; but for her nonsense, as I tell her, she might be twelve. Not a creature about the place but has been stuffed this day! She's her father's daughter all over—mad about all that's alive."

"Ah, that's why the poultry were having such a feast. Well done, Teresa." The Father was amused. "Well, be glad she's still a child, Mrs. Harnett; she'll be a woman soon enough."

"Oh, her birthday is her own day," the mother responded, "and has been since her father's death. I don't grudge her her one day in the year, and she makes up for it. Teresa's a tidy worker, though I say it as shouldn't say it. She'll put up your mare for you, sir," she turned to the Doctor, "as well as any man about the place."

"Teresa!" The mother's shrill voice rang through the air.

"No, no, Mrs. Harnett," Dr. Jem protested, as the girl came running through a side door. "If Miss Harnett will be good enough to show me the stables, I shall manage all the rest."

Teresa Harnett was no "slug." Jem Tracy found himself recalling the Priest's words as he watched the girl at work.

"The men are careless," she apologised as she slipped the heavy key of the corn-bin into her apron pocket after measuring out Kitty's feed. The step was brisk, too, that led him back to the house, where Jim found himself again watching her with half amused interest, as she arranged the dinner table, going and coming with her trays as if it were the one occupation of her life, and he was scarcely prepared, when all was ready, for the tender way in which she brought her grandmother into the room, leading her up to the Priest's chair.

Father Matthew Consett's greeting to this, the oldest of his flock, was hearty. "Here you are, Mrs. Makepeace, and younger than ever, I declare." He held up his hands in pretended astonishment.

"Seventy-eight last birthday," was the answer given with

dignity. "We're proud to see you, sir." She dropped her old-fashioned curtsey.

"I am afraid I neglect my duties," the Priest replied, "now his Lordship has opened the Shotover Chapel, but we must have you down at Easter, Mrs. Makepeace. Miss Teresa is a first-rate whip, as I know."

"Teresa's her father's daughter." The answer was severe.

"Why, grannie," her daughter remonstrated. "You were a great whip yourself in your young days. What was that you were telling us last night about yourself and James Lycett and my father's mare?"

"Oh, James was one of my beaux," a complacent smile played on the old woman's face, but she stopped in the middle of her story as her eye fell on the young doctor. "So *she's* got a beau at last." She pointed to her grand-daughter, now arranging the vegetable dishes on the table.

"Come, come, grannie," Mrs. Harnett cried. "You mustn't let your mind be always running on sweethearts. Teresa's but a child yet. This is Dr. Tracy, Dr. Bucknill's new partner. You know you've heard of him? He drove up Father Matthew, and he's going to share our bite with us."

"There were two of them after me before I was Teresa's age," was the old lady's response, "and if I didn't marry as soon as some, *it wasn't because I hadn't my choice.*" She looked with significance at her daughter, who laughed good-humouredly.

"Well, you'll tell Father Matthew about James Lycett. He'd like to know about him."

"James *asked* me three times." The old lady smiled.

"Yes, mother, we all know that, but tell Father Matthew what became of him."

"James went to America. That was all Elizabeth's doing. If Elizabeth had left Mr. Geoffrey alone——"

"Why, mother," Mrs. Harnett interrupted, "you told us last night that Elizabeth didn't care a straw for Mr. Geoffrey."

"It was Elizabeth's doing," the old woman repeated doggedly. "James went to America—that's what Elizabeth did for *him*. He came all the way from Liverpool to ask me again, and brought me a picture of the ship he was going to sail in. 'The Shamrock,' that's what she was called. I have the picture still. But I wouldn't have him." She shook her head, "Not I."

"How old would Mr. Lycett be?" the Father asked.

"Two years older than me. His birthday was in March, and Elizabeth's was in April."

(Then his unknown correspondent must be the son, or the grandson of the James Lycett who had gone to America, the Father concluded to himself.)

"He never wrote to you?"

The old lady shook her head.

"And your friend, Elizabeth, what became of *her*?"

"I never wanted to hear more of Elizabeth. I don't like people who bring misfortunes on others," in the same dogged tones.

"Now, grannie," the daughter again remonstrated.

"She was a beauty, Elizabeth was, and a great one for her prayers. Folk used to go to chapel just to see her pretty face."

"They might have done better," the Priest said with dryness.

"If folk looked at her, she looked at nobody. She was a great one for her prayers. No one can say that of you, Anne," she turned to her daughter.

"Well, well," the Priest said, seeing his hostess's discomfiture.

"What became of the father and mother?"

"Of old Mr. and Mrs. Lycett?" The old lady shook her head. "I can't know everything," she returned with sharpness.

"Anne, why have we cherry pie and it not Sunday?"

"It's Teresa's birthday. Don't you remember, mother?"

"No one told me," the old lady returned irately, "that's why her beau's here, I suppose?" She pointed to the Doctor. "Your good health, sir," she lifted her glass of home-made wine to her lips.

This time the young people's eyes met, the Doctor's dancing with fun, and if Teresa's face flushed scarlet she could not but join in his laugh, and Father Matthew, looking from one to other of the pair, smiled benignly on them both.

"You'll get no more out of her to-day," Mrs. Harnett whispered to the Priest, as her mother, her dinner finished, lent back and began to doze in her chair.

"Know anybody about here likely to know anything of the family?" the Priest asked.

Mrs. Harnett shook her head. "Except ourselves there's scarcely an old tenant left; but what's put the Lycetts into your

head, Father Matthew, this time of day? You haven't told us that?"

"A letter from Mr. James Lee Lycett," the Father watched with amusement to see the effect of this speech.

Mrs. Harnett's hands went up—"a letter from one of the Lycetts after all these years, and James *Lee*, too. Old Mrs. Lycett was a Lee, and old Father Lee was her cousin. It couldn't be James himself? James 'd be as old as grannie. His son maybe, or his grandson? James *Lee* Lycett! If grannie were herself, wouldn't she be in a way! James *Lee* Lycett," Mrs. Harnett again repeated the name.

"You know all I do, Mrs. Harnett," the Priest said with a laugh, "but I scarcely think it can be your mother's sweetheart in the flesh. Come, I am here to have a holiday, can we not eat our pears under the trees?"

"James *Lee* Lycett." As Mrs. Harnett bustled off to help her daughter to clear away in the kitchen, the Priest again caught the words.

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## CHAPTER V

### A TALK IN THE WOOD

Kitty was fresh as paint after her feed when Dr. Jem Tracy, at the close of the summer day, drove Father Conssett back towards the town.

"I was up at the Court this morning," he said, as they got into the stillness of Shotover Wood. "Mary Delany's husband has left her."

"Whew!" The Priest drew a long breath between his teeth; then came, "No great loss to her either."

"She sent for me." Jem accentuated the words.

"The baby in another fit?"

"The rent!"

"Whew!" Father Matthew whistled again. "Her Ladyship in a wax, I suppose?"

Dr. Tracy nodded. "How does a woman like that come to own these houses?" he asked.

"Married old Braddell, the scoundrel, who had got them into his hands, was his housekeeper—or worse."

"She looks a queer fish," the Doctor went on, "and she owns a queer lot of tenants too, the riff-raff of Stockton I'd say!"

"Just about it," the Priest said, "but there are decent ones among them too. Molly, herself, now, if it wasn't for the gin now and again."

Dr. Tracy nodded. "But these girls who have the room next hers. They don't look as if they ought to be there."

"What girls?" The Priest asked, "I thought the Beers were there, but to be sure her Ladyship may have made them walk. I declare what with their own flittings and her Ladyship's marching orders, it's sometimes like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay!"

"And always the rent, I suppose?"

"The rent or anything else as far as her Ladyship goes. I've known her turn a lodger's pockets inside out before she'd let him upstairs. I've known her put a family out, neck and crop, at midnight for no reason at all, and I've known her walk off with the baby and keep it till the mother paid up. One of the flock, too!" The Father finished with a sigh, though his eyes were twinkling.

"The place ought to be burned to the ground," Jem Tracey said with conviction.

"And will be pulled down, you may depend on that," the Priest returned, "when the ground rents fall in, and his Lordship gets it into his hands; but, in the meantime, her 'Ladyship' reigns, and—she's a good life of her own!"

"She certainly does not look as if a puff of wind would blow her away,"—the Doctor smiled,—“but there's the whiskey!"

"Father John's up there for his sins to-day," the Priest went on. "I'd give two-pence—(I'm a poor man)—to see him and her Ladyship together." His mouth twitched.

"You don't often see her," the Doctor said, "that's one good thing."

"Oh, like Brer Rabbit, she can 'lie low,'" the Priest said with a nod of the head. "Father John flatters himself he's got the length of her foot. *We'll see!* But it's a grand thing to have a curate and a new one."

"He's a fine preacher," the Doctor said.

"He's as good a lad as ever was born, and that's better," the Priest returned with warmth.

"Why do they call her her 'Ladyship'?" the Doctor asked after a moment's pause.

"Why do they call Mrs. Braddell her 'Ladyship'? If you used your eyes, you'd soon guess that. Have you never seen the coronet over the door; and not only over the door, but over the archway too, and my Lord Shotover's coronet no less!"

"That's it, is it?"

"That's it. A couple of hundred years ago and the Shotovers had their town-house at Baronscourt, and came into Stockton for the season very much as they go to London now. And not the Shotovers only; half the county did the same thing. You'll see other coats of arms besides his Lordship's over these court doors, but—her 'Ladyship' has the coronet!"

"I see." Jem Tracy tickled Kitty gently on the shoulder with his whip.

"But what was that you were saying about girls, a moment or two ago?" the Priest asked, turning so as to see his companion better.

"There's a very decent-looking pair of them next door to Molly Delaney," Jem Tracy answered shortly. Then went on, "Beauties, I suppose you would call them."

"Beauties!"

"Well, they are not like the usual Baronscourt crew; and—well—they are a good-looking pair."

"They don't belong to me," the Priest said, with a shake of the head. "The shepherd knows his flock, or, at least, he ought to; and, if he doesn't, Peter Carthew knows them for him."

"The crossing-sweeper?"

"The sweeper, no less; and when you are told all gossips are scandal-mongers, don't you believe it, or—as the exception that proves the rule—introduce Peter."

Dr. Jem laughed. "It's a queer world," he said, after a moment's meditation.

"There's nought so queer as folks," the Priest quoted.

"All the same, these girls ought to have a hint that the Court's not the place for them." There was a touch of persistency in Dr. Jem's voice.

"You seem mightily taken up with these said girls," the Priest said drily, as he darted another keen glance at his companion's face. "Take my word for it, if they are as decent as they seem,

they'll make out their own bearings, and their parsons are not idle. See?" Again Father Matthew's sharp eye sought Jem Tracy's face.

"It was for their own good, of course," the young man muttered.

"That's understood," the Priest said in the same dry tones. "Steady, my friend"—as Kitty, again tickled by her master's whip, gave a plunge—"I don't want to lay my bones in Shotover Wood; my flock can't do without me—yet."

"It's my fault; don't blame Kitty. Wo-o, wo-o, gently, my lady; that's it, my pretty," as the mare, with a toss or two of her head, quieted down.

"You may let me out here," the Priest said, when they got to the outskirts of the town, "and I'll manage a visit or two on my way home; and, if I were you," he continued, as he slowly descended from the dog-cart, "I'd leave these Baronscourt beauties alone. Their parsons 'll look after them—if they deserve it."

"I don't believe they belong to the parson," Jem returned, doggedly.

"What makes you think that?" The Priest looked up sharply.

"Their door was open the other day," Jem's face reddened, "and I said a word or two to one of the pair. (She'd a cough enough to knock her down," he interposed apologetically, "and was in the devil—I beg your pardon, sir—of a draught), and she'd a holy-water stoup by her bed."

"An ornament, perhaps," the Priest said coolly. "But, perhaps you're right. I'll have Father John told about them. I'd have heard if there had been strangers at Mass. Well, good-bye to you, we have had a pleasant day; but you haven't told me yet what you think of Miss Teresa?"

Dr. Jem hesitated. "That she's no slug, sir. Will that satisfy you?" he said at last, a little emphasis on the "slug."

The Priest laughed as he shook a protesting hand at the young man. "That's all you have to say, is it? Well, good-day, and thank you again for driving me up."

It had been an enjoyable day, Father Matthew not only assured himself but his curate, as he sipped his evening cup of cocoa and recounted his adventures. "Got on all right up at the Court?" he asked at last, seeing Father John's face was long. "Her Ladyship all right?"

Father John did not at once respond. "She's a terrible woman," he said at last.

"Ah!" Father Matthew said, putting his cup on the mantel-piece.

"She's a terrible woman," Father John repeated solemnly.

"So." Father Matthew nodded his head.

"I mentioned, of course, one or two things."

"Such as——?" Father Matthew asked blandly.

"Mrs. Delaney's window, sir, and the floor. The place is not fit for a decent pig-stye. I give you my word for it, sir, my foot went through the boards the day I was sent for to baptize the child. Then taking Widow Johnstone's bed from under her—that I consider disgraceful." The curate was growing warm.

"Anything more?" Father Matthew asked.

"The Cassidy man, his rent was three-and-sixpence a week, and she's been making him pay four because he had the carpenter in to mend a broken pane, and Mrs. Cassidy's ready to swear——"

"I don't doubt that," Father Matthew put in with dryness.

"Ready to swear, that there was not a whole pane when they came in, and then old Patrick, she's raised the rent on him——"

"Because his fiddling disturbed the folk, I suppose? Well, that's the third time to my certain knowledge," Father Matthew interrupted. "You're a brave man, Father John, a brave man, but a fine mess you have made of it! And how long did Mrs. Braddell listen to you, may I ask?"

The curate hesitated. "To the end," he said at last.

"And at the end?" Father Matthew's eyes danced.

"I would rather not speak of it, sir," the curate's face flushed.

"She's a terrible woman, a terrible woman, take her as you like."

"She's all that," Father Matthew said, "you needn't mind speaking out to me. I know her."

The Father gave a sigh. Then he looked at the young man curiously. "Father John, I am thinking Mrs. Braddell will be having the benefit of your prayers to-night."

"I—certainly—yes—I was thinking I would make a memento for her to-morrow." Again the young man flushed.

Father Matthew did not speak for a moment; the twinkle had gone from his eyes. "I don't know what *you* are, Father John, but I am sleepy. What do you say to bed?" For a second his hand rested kindly on the curate's shoulder.

## CHAPTER VI

## THE TWINS

It was a scorching evening, as it had been a scorching day, windless, with sultry clouds on the horizon. In Baronscourt a group of idlers seeking coolness had gathered in the archway. Conspicuous among them in petticoat and bedgown her Ladyship. For a wonder the woman was sober, and as she leant her back against the wall her sharp black eyes were going from face to face of the toadies who surrounded her, and her husky laugh came readily after every joke.

The sound of a step on the cobble stones made her turn in the direction of the street. "It's you, is it, Mary Priddock?" she called out to the newcomer—the girl Jem Tracy had met on the stairs the day before—putting herself in such a position that the girl could not pass without pushing against her.

"Yes, it's me, Mrs. Braddell. Would you kindly let me pass? It's all right," she went on in lower tones, "I'll be down with it by and by." She touched her pocket.

Her Ladyship nodded. Suddenly eyeing the girl, a look of malicious pleasure came to her face. "Give us the time, Mary Priddock, if it's not asking too much. There isn't many of us here go about with gold watches at our waists." She winked at the group gathered round her as she finished her sentence.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Braddell," the girl began with hesitation, "but I'm not wearing my watch to-night."

Her Ladyship burst into a laugh, pushing the girl back as she tried to pass. "Don't be in such a hurry," she cried. "How much did you get on it now? Come now, you needn't be shy—we're all friends." Again she winked at the listeners. "Let us hear now; we'll not tell."

"Was it gold now, on your honour?" an impudent looking lad asked with pretended interest.

"Which of the sweethearts was it gave it you?" another put in, following his companion's lead.

"Please let me pass," the girl cried desperately. Her lips were quivering. "The watch was my own."

"Sure, we never said you'd stole it," the lad who had first spoken said with a grin.

"You're a bad lot, John Luking," the old sweeper cried, as he elbowed his way through the crowd. "Can't you leave a decent girl alone? It's wild beasts one would think you all were, and not Christians at all." He faced the assembled group.

"Faith, Peter, we didn't know it was you was the sweetheart," a man put in, and the joke was followed by a roar.

"When's the wedding to be?" the lad who had first spoken sang out.

Peter, with broom and arm, was steadily elbowing his way—Mary before him—towards the Court. He muttered something as he passed her Ladyship that that lady's ears caught at once, and she shouted after him a coarse phrase which Peter received philosophically.

"Never you heed her," he remarked to his companion, "or do as Mary Cassidy did with her young ones, when she came over from Ireland—put wax in your ears."

"Oh, Peter, how am I to thank you?" the girl cried. By this time they had reached the centre house, but she was still clutching at her companion's arm.

"Don't you be scared," the sweeper returned. "If you want me, you'll find me. Molly, or any of them 'll fetch me. It won't be the first time the old one and me have had our row. I'm good at the talking *when I please*."

"Peter, you wouldn't come as far as the first floor?"

"I'll see you into your very bit," the old man returned gallantly. "I wouldn't spill any of them over it." He pointed to the handkerchief with which Mary was drying her eyes. "She's not worth a drop."

At the door of the room on the third floor, which she shared with her sister, Mary stopped to wipe her eyes again, and repeat her "thank you," as she held out her hand to the sweeper.

"She's feeling the heat?" the old man pointed to the door.

"It's killing her, Peter." The girl began to cry again.

"Get into Molly's, and wash your face," the old man said sternly, "or you'll put her about with something more than the heat." He hobbled away, leaving the girl drying her eyes on the landing.

"Did you think I was lost?" she asked, as keeping her face carefully turned from the window, she emptied the contents of the bag she was carrying on the table. "I stopped trying to come

across a bit of work, but it's slack time in all the shops now, and then I bought what we wanted, and a little more, too! Fruit's cheap, put your teeth into that, dear." She held out with a look of triumph a tempting-looking pear.

"Mary, you shouldn't." The sick girl raised herself in her bed.

"And why shouldn't I then? It costs no more than a slice of bread and—you'll eat the pear! See, isn't a beauty, a pear with a rosy cheek. Put your teeth into it, there's a dear."

The sick girl lifted the fruit to her lips. "Oh, isn't it cool?" she cried, "the first cool thing I've touched to-day; and see, Mary, I can pay for it." She put her hand under her pillow and brought out a couple of pence.

"Why, Annie!" the sister cried, "how did you get that?" She had taken off her hat, and was now leaning her head against the bed, close by the sick girl's side.

"You never would guess! Mrs. Delaney had the chance of a couple of hours' work, and she brought me the baby and the bottle."

"You didn't lift the baby?" Mary Priddock asked anxiously.

The younger twin shook her head. "She laid it on the bed beside me, and it was as good as could be. I put its bottle under the pillow to keep it warm." She laughed at her sister's face of astonishment.

"It passed the time for you?" the sister asked.

"It made me content to lie still at any rate, but to-morrow you must let me get up."

Mary shook her head. "Annie, I want you to have the doctor. See," she opened her purse and poured out its contents on the bed-cover, "you could have him easy."

"Oh, Mary, it wasn't the watch?"

"Yes, it was, and we'll soon get it back when work comes regular."

"And no work going!"

Mary Priddock shook her head.

"They oughtn't to let people put such advertisements in the paper," the sick girl said, querulously.

"Well, it's a shame, and it's brought ruin to more than us. At the draper's, where I went to see if they wouldn't take me on to-day, the man told me there had been more than a dozen brought to want."

"And it seemed a grand thing, too," the sick girl said, with a sigh.

"Mr. Sass—that's the draper—said it was the grand name that took—'Art Emporium'—and nothing but an attic, where the man took his letters in."

"And people in, too," the sick girl said in the same querulous tone. "Mary, the evening does not make it a bit cooler." She tossed the sheet aside. "I can stand anything but heat."

"We're going to have a storm," the sister returned, "and that will cool the air."

"If it comes," the other said, moving her head from side to side, in search of a cool place on the pillow.

"That's true. It has promised a storm for days, and nothing came of it. Eat your pear, there's a dear. See how juicy it is, and I'll ask Mrs. Delaney to let us boil the kettle on her fire again, and we'll have our tea."

"Annie," the girl said when she came back, smoking tea-pot in hand, "Mrs. Delaney says the Doctor is coming to vaccinate the baby to-morrow. Do let him come in."

"He'll only tell me not to stand in the draught."

"You haven't forgiven him," the sister laughed. "Molly Delaney says he's an angel. Come, Annie, there's a dear, say you'll see him."

"He'll charge a lot."

"A shilling; that is all he takes."

"It's not for myself, mind."

"No, no; I know it's for my sake." For a moment the sisters clung together. Then Mary, springing up, cried: "Now, I must take Mrs. Braddell the rent, or she'll be coming after it."

"You mustn't let her do that," the sick girl returned, with a shiver. "Run, Mary; it would kill me to see her."

"You'll promise me to see the Doctor, then?"

"I'll not promise," the sick girl said, impatiently. "It's air I want, and he can't give me that. It'll only be wasting a shilling."

"Mrs. Delaney says he's wonderful for setting people up."

"You wouldn't have him yourself."

"Because I don't need him. But I must run, Annie. Think about the Doctor, dear."

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

## CONSOLATION FOR MOURNING MOTHERS

THERE are times when one feels overwhelmed by the pathos and dignity of life. This passing world, of which our individual share is at most a few score years, with so many each moment born into it and beginning their life, so many each moment dying and leaving the world behind them—this passing world with its various interests, joys, sorrows : how can people take it in such a vulgar commonplace spirit as they for the most part do ?

This train of thought has been suggested by a letter of consolation written by a man who is dead many years and written a great many years before his death. His sister's first-born child had died after a few months of life. How utterly bygone seems to us now the grief of that young mother ! As *she* felt sixty or seventy years ago, some young mother feels this minute. Some such mourner may at some time or other read this page, and therefore I will transfer to it that obsolete letter of consolation. The letter is dated only "Maynooth College, Good Friday ;" but the very crude postmarks of Maynooth and Dundalk on the address of the folded quarto sheet (which dispensed with an envelope) show that it was posted on the 14th April, 1838, when the writer (Dr. Russell, afterwards President of Maynooth) was twenty-six years old. The "little Charles Russell," who is alluded to, and who was then six years old, was to be that Lord Russell of Killowen whose biography, in some respects inadequate, has recently been read with eagerness on both sides of the Atlantic. What a difference between career and career !—the baby-boy dying unexpectedly after a few months, the sturdy little six-year-old living a strenuous life for sixty-eight years and dying Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY DEAREST MARGARET,

When I last wrote to you, I little anticipated that "He who had given" would so soon have "taken away"—that the language of congratulation should soon be changed for that of Christian sympathy and condolence. So it hath been, however, by the inscrutable will of Him in whose hands are all our destinies from

the cradle to the grave ; and I little thought, that is, there was a time when I little thought, the death of any child, innocent and unstained by the breath of evil, and therefore transferred at once to that home towards which he had scarce begun his pilgrimage, could have caused me a pang beyond the mere passing emotion which must accompany the loss of any object to which we have been accustomed. But alas ! the ties by which the artless innocence of infancy and the endearing playfulness of lisping boyhood bind themselves to our hearts, are as strong as they are delicate ; and, if I had but natural motives on which to found the consolation which I would seek to offer, I should find it slight indeed, because I should be recommending an insensibility which I do not myself command. But how different, dear Margaret, are the views of the Christian from the views of those on whom the light of faith shineth not ! How happy the condition of the bereft Christian mother, believing and hoping with a strength of hope proportionate to her belief, compared with that of the despairing parent " who hath not hope ! " With what holy though mourning resignation can the pious Catholic mother, as she looks upon the pale face of the child whose every glance was meant to bring joy to her heart, reflect with the holy and heroic mother of the martyrs in the second book of Macchabees. " I know not how thou appearedst in my womb, for neither did I give thee spirit and soul and life, and thy members I myself framed not. But, indeed, the Creator of the world that hath formed the nativity of man, hath invented the original of all, and He will restore again with mercy unto thee spirit and life." Oh ! if we had not this hope, bitter, indeed, would be the separation of death. But the mercy of our God, to which religion moves us to raise our eyes, dim with the tears of natural affection, removes its bitterness because it assures us that it is but temporary.

And after all when we reflect what a world it is from which the poor child has been called to his Creator, how countless the dangers to virtue and to happiness from which he has been (happily for himself, afflicting as it may be to us) withdrawn—however much nature may repine, whatever may be the struggle of the parent's heart—the sober judgment, enlightened by faith, cannot long repine that " he was taken away lest malice should change his understanding and lest any guile should deceive his soul." May that Mother whom this day saw heart-broken and desolate beside the

cross of her expiring Son inspire you with consolation by procuring that grace which her Son bled to obtain for us all !

I cannot tell you what a shock the sad news was to me. But how much more so must it have been for you all who were present at all the poor child's sufferings. The very circumstance that Peter mentioned the glee with which he enjoyed himself playing with little Charles Russell the evening before, I cannot tell you how I felt it. But at the same time how consoling that reflection, that the very innocence which we loved is the best foundation of our confidence, and how different your own feelings, dear Margaret, from those of a mother who loses her son in the bloom of youth, but it may be also in the blossom of his sins. May your own sense of piety be your best consolation, and may this trial teach you to wean your affections from what is at least but uncertain. Offer up the sacrifice at the foot of the Cross of Jesus—'tis little in comparison with what He endured for us.

Give my most affectionate love to my dear John—to my Mother, and all the rest. May God comfort you all.

I wish I could, as Peter hoped, go down to see you all ; but I have a most particular reason for not leaving College this week. God bless you, dear Margaret and John.

Your affectionately attached brother,

C. W. RUSSELL.

The joyful security of the little one that makes haste to leave this world before it has well entered into it has been put very strikingly by Father Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor at Edgbaston, in a recent sermon (November 29th, 1901) :—

“ This keen appetite for life is finely expressed in the baptismal ritual of the Catholic Church. Of the child that is brought for baptism the priest demands through its god-parents, ‘ What dost thou ask of the Church of God ? ’ ‘ Life everlasting. ’ What splendid audacity ! It has hardly made good its hold upon this present life, and it demands life eternal. One is tempted to exclaim, remembering the Saxon parable, ‘ Thou little bird, so lately fluttering into our bright chamber out of the surrounding darkness, methinks there should be enough of light and life here to satisfy thee, for a time at least. Thou art in His presence who is so well disposed towards thee, that thou mayst ask Him what thou wouldst. Ask for sunshine and soft air and kind companionship,

and a large sufficiency of the good things of life.' But no, it has a nobler ambition than any earth may satisfy. Its five senses are almost untried as yet, and lo! it demands a sixth, a spiritual sense, the gift of faith, and it lifts its voice to prophesy of the need of man to possess a life beyond this life, a life that has no end. So lately delivered from the straightened darkness of the womb, it puts aside this fair and spacious world as something hardly worth its notice, and stretches forward like the flower that courts the sun, to the sun of justice—not unhappy surely if, as sometimes happens, it be taken at its word."

Yes, taken at its word. The baptized child is sometimes ushered into everlasting life after drawing only a few breaths of this mortal life to which some of us cling so tenaciously. This is one of the most pathetic of the relations that bind together a household of souls—brother and sister, parent and child—the relation, namely, between the mother who is left and the child that is gone to God. Sometimes it is the other way: sometimes God takes the mother and leaves the little babe of a few hours or days to fight the battle of life. But the pathos of this situation is for the onlookers, not for the one immediately concerned. It will be many a long year before the survivor can understand, if he ever come to understand, the misfortune with which his life has begun. He cannot remember what he never knew. But it is very different with the mother whose infant left this world an infant. The mother's heart never forgets. After many years that infant is her infant still. I do not know who Irene Fowler Browne is that interprets this feeling of the maternal heart in an American magazine:—

"I heard their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes,  
 And tucked them in all warm from feet to head,  
 To wake again with morning's glad sunrise,—  
 Then came where he lay dead.  
 On cold still mouth I laid my lips. Asleep  
 He lay, to wake the other side God's door,  
 My other children mine to love and keep,  
 But this one mine no more.

"Those other children long to men have grown,—  
 Strange hurried men who give me passing thought,  
 Then go their ways. No longer now my own,  
 Without me they have wrought.

So when night comes, and seeking mother's knee,  
 Tired childish feet turn home at eventide,  
 I fold him close—the child that's left to me,  
 My little lad who died."

These lines are called "The Child Eternal"—almost the same as the "immortal child" of Leigh Hunt's beautiful essay "on the deaths of little children," where he discusses this very point as follows:—

"Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence."

The Mother of Sorrows is the Consoler of the Afflicted; and among all the afflicted surely poor human mothers have a special claim to be comforted by Her who stood beside the Cross of her Son. This point is urged in a very original fashion by Lady Gilbert in a poem, "Two Mothers," which I have just discovered in the *Catholic Magazine*, published for a short time some years ago by the Catholic Truth Society of England.

"In her cabin lay a dying Mary,  
 Very old, and desolate and poor;  
 Of her miseries friends had grown weary,  
 And the world went lightly past her door.

"Said she to herself, forlornly weeping,  
 'Oh, there was a Mary long ago,  
 On her breast she held a baby sleeping—  
 Whether hers or mine I do not know!

"'But she was of babies all the Mother  
 For her God-Child's sake, and stretched her hand  
 Always to my boy, His little brother,  
 As we passed by where she used to stand.

"'Now it is all black and bent and broken,  
 That poor image stored upon the shelf,  
 And my babe that slept has ne'er awoken:  
 Four we were, and only now myself!'

“ Moaning thus, she turned her in her dying  
 To the wall, when lo ! through gold and warm  
 Sunlight, came that other Mary hieing,  
 With a smiling babe on either arm.

“ Four we are again. O Mother—Sister !  
 Take your waking babe from me and come !  
 Radiant Mary raised her up and kissed her.  
 Four of them went through the sunshine, home.”

It is strange how those who have the firmest faith in God and heaven, the most vivid sense of the shortness of time and the length of eternity, can allow themselves to grieve as they do for the death of those whom they love. If those who have left this vale of tears could send a message back to it, it would be our Lord's own saying on the same subject, “ If you loved Me, you would indeed rejoice.” The unreasonableness of such grief is specially patent in the case of little children who die before reaching the maturity that gives them the awful power of losing their baptismal innocence. They at least are safe. “ Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your *living* children.”

M. R.

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## BEFORE THE TABERNACLE

LORD, the house that men have built for Thee,  
 Where Thy wondrous love doth choose to be,  
 Dark and cold and silent is to-day ;  
 Here it hardly seemeth to be May.

Rather would we meet Thee aureoled  
 With the morning glamour, crimson-stoled,  
 Sandal-shod among the fields as when  
 Thou did'st walk abroad and speak with men.

Lord, Thy birds are singing, and Thy trees  
Leaf themselves in splendour, and Thy breeze  
Harpeth with Thy waters, and Thy flies  
Dance in sunshine to their harmonies.

Wide the lovely meadows laugh in light,  
All along Thy seas the wave is bright ;  
Little children weave a flowery chain,  
Hoary elders dream of youth again.

Lord, across the grass so tender green  
Silver-flashing lies the daisy sheen ;  
Cowslip gold is there, and meadow-sweet  
Strews a pathway for Thy lingering feet.

Thou, the Maker—Lord of life and death—  
Boy who picked the flowers of Nazareth,  
Led Thy Mother's lambs to drink—O God,  
Come and walk again earth's vernal sod !

Deign to look upon our mortal spring ;  
Deign to hear our thrush and blackbird sing ;  
Move beneath our bowing trees that praise  
Thee in murmurs through our leafy ways.

Bask in Thine own sunshine ! Let us see  
What the fishers saw in Galilee.  
Nay, Thou hid'st behind the altar-stone,  
In the darkness, silent and alone.

Lord, when death shall come and take the hand  
Shrinking from his touch, then wilt Thou stand  
Visible to those who watch with Thee  
Through thine hour of darkness, sleeplessly !

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

## TENNYSON AND CATHOLIC FAITH.

THE great Laureate, of whom Alfred Austin has the misfortune to be the successor, has been the subject of several interesting papers in our Magazine. In our twentieth volume—and therefore ten years ago, as our present volume is the thirtieth—Father P. A. Sheshan, not so famous then as he is now, gave his “Impressions of Tennyson,” which we find to be exceedingly suggestive and interesting. They are signed only by the initials “P. A. S.” They would find more readers now if we reprinted them with the author’s name in full, for meanwhile the world has made the acquaintance of *My New Curate*.

Our next volume contained “Tennysonianana” by K. T.—namely, Mrs. Hinkson, whose maiden name ought to have been given in full; for we cannot help fearing that this brilliant paper was not sufficiently appreciated at the time—a fear that very often comes over us when we have occasion to refer to back volumes of our Magazine. And then the next volume again, the twenty-second, is enriched by Dr. Kolbe’s subtle analysis of *In Memoriam*.

But the Tennyson paper which has in reality brought this subject up occurs much earlier in our series of annual volumes—the fifth volume contains a remarkable study of “The Catholic Aspects of Tennyson’s Poetry” by the Rev. John Healy, now the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert. In the course of the article he says in reference to the cycle of Arthurian poems, “We suppose the Poet has no Catholic sympathies, but he is too faithful to the instincts of his art not to perceive the grandeur and beauty of those old Catholic times, and too honest not to reproduce them faithfully.” This was written in 1878, and we wish to illustrate it by a reference to an article which appeared in 1895—“A Reminiscence of Tennyson” by the Rev. P. Haythornthwaite, at page 386 of the first volume of the *Catholic Magazine* published for two years by the Catholic Truth Society of England. Father Haythornthwaite, the Catholic priest of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, was very intimate with his illustrious neighbour of Farringdon and “a frequent companion of the poet’s daily walk.” So he tells us himself, and he goes on:—

“After a privileged intimacy of many years’ duration it could

not be a hard matter to know his mind on so grave a subject, as he delighted, above all things, to converse on religious topics. That mind, essentially and deeply religious, approached these matters ever in a tone of reverence, and the professed teachers of all religions would for this reason be sure to meet with his immediate courtesy and kindly regard. This profound respect for sincere religion in every shape made him over-sensitive to the criticism, and gratified beyond measure at the praise of its authorised teachers; thus, there was something almost child-like in his joy when Cardinal Manning took his hand and thanked him for the Catholicism of one of the 'Idylls.'"

Father Haythornthwaite mentions some details of Catholic faith which the poet specially admired. "Our ideal of the Blessed Virgin appealed to his own ideal of womanhood and to the feminine tenderness of his own singularly masculine nature. He would repeat, chant-like, in his rich voice and with subdued enthusiasm, the Latin hymns of the Roman Breviary to her, his delicate ear particularly revelling in the sonorous roll of the *Ave Regina Coelorum*. On many of those hymns he set a high literary store. I was on one occasion lunching at Farringford, having Professor Jowett for my next neighbour at table. Conversation turned on hymns, and Jowett was speaking rather disparagingly of our Latin hymns. Whilst I was endeavouring to uphold their general character by instancing the high repute of the better-known *Dies Irae*, *Stabat Mater*, etc., Lord Tennyson, grown somewhat deaf, just caught the word 'hymns' and chimed in from the opposite side of the table:—'If you are talking of hymns, I think the hymns of the Roman Breviary are among quite the best ever written.' The uncollapsible Master of Balliol at once collapsed. 'Well, of course, if *you* think so, there's an end of the matter.'

"Again, Tennyson's highly philosophical mind clearly perceived the moral uses of the confessional. 'Not that I should like to go to confession myself,' he added with a twinkle in his eye. He was alive, too, to the advantages of the monastic system, and often said he could easily imagine himself a monk.

"St. Columba and the monks of Iona were special favourites of his, and he was brooding over a poem on them when death laid his finger on the poet's lips. Another great Catholic saint for whom he had a marked predilection was St. Francis of Assisi."

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!  
 He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers  
 Sisters, brothers—and the beasts . . . whose pains are hardly less than ours."

Father Haythornthwaite says that "Tennyson used to insist that Catholic children were better behaved than those of Protestant schools, as having more reverence for authority instilled into them. And when he moaned over our lack of art as a nation, he would confess it had not been always so, especially in 'the good old Catholic days.' . . . When urged to write the death of Lancelot, he declared he couldn't, unless he became a Catholic."

With all these Catholic notions, "these natural leanings to the æsthetic side of Catholicism," Father Haythornthwaite believes that Tennyson's views of some points of the dogma and discipline of the Catholic Church "barred his mind against ever deliberately looking into her claims on his spiritual allegiance."

## THE WHITE BRIDGE

STRETCHING o'er the hollow void of slumber  
 Stands the great white bridge of human dreaming,  
 Towering strange and ghostly through the darkness  
 Silent to heaven.

Oh, the wild elf-forms that there affront us  
 With an antic mockery of reason!  
 All the holy lordship of the thinker  
 Fails with the darkness.

Know you fiercer phantoms that assail us,  
 Gaping hideous from the pit of evil?  
 Oh! the horned horror of the darkness,  
 Shadowy, dreadful!



## THE BAR AS A PROFESSION \*

BY THE LATE LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN

**S**WIFT, the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, has said that, in his day, every gentleman's son who was not good looking enough for the Army and not clever enough for the Bar was sent to the Church. It remained true long after the Dean's time to say that a gentleman's son who gave indications of talent was (in the absence of other controlling circumstances) generally sent to the Bar. In the days of which I speak, the absurd idea was prevalent that trade was hardly a fit pursuit for a gentleman of education, and there did not then exist those avenues to fame and fortune which are now open to educated youth in the world of applied science. The prejudice against trade has almost wholly disappeared, although it is said still to linger in some of the older and less populous cathedral cities, where a member of one of the so-called "learned" professions is rather inclined to look down upon his unlearned business neighbour. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for men who have passed, and with distinction, through a University career to devote themselves to mercantile affairs, and from the successful members of this class the House of Commons, and the House of Lords also, are largely recruited.

The Bar still has, and must always continue to have, great attractions. "The law," said Edmund Burke, in his great speech on the taxation of America, "is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; one which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together. But," he adds, "it is not apt, except in those who are happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

The Bar does not indeed hold out promise of great wealth, but it has distinctions and adequate means in store for those who bring to its pursuit the necessary qualities of mind and of character. What are those qualities? It is still to a large extent true to say that if a youth exhibits talent, and especially if that talent shows itself in smartness and facility of speech, such a youth is destined

\* This has been printed elsewhere; but we trust that no one will object to its being preserved in these pages.—ED. I. M.

for the Bar. Herein grievous mistakes are often made. All talent is not necessarily talent adapted for success at the Bar, nor is glibness of speech any guarantee of success at it. No more common mistake is made than to confound facility of speech with capacity to speak. The world is full of men who have nothing to say and say it with ease and even with grace, and even with what, sometimes, passes for eloquence; but I have never known any man who had something to say which was worth saying who, whatever his difficulties of utterance or natural poverty of language may have been, has not been able to say that something forcibly and well. After all, the desirable thing is to have something to say, and as to the manner of saying it, Daniel Webster spoke truly in his celebrated oration in honour of John Adams when he said, "Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction."

The result of the errors to which I have adverted is that there is at the Bar, as I know it, a greater amount of talent unfitted for that profession than in any other calling of life. I have known—I know now—at the Bar men who would probably, under different circumstances, have made their mark in journalism, in music, in science, in business, who have been lamentable failures at the Bar. On [the other hand, I have never known a man with suitable natural gifts accompanied by industrious patience who has not had his opportunity at the Bar and his success. He may, indeed, have to wait, but he will not wait in vain.

What, then, are the considerations which ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession? I answer, the love of it, in the first place. If a man has not the love of the profession for its own sake, he will find it hard to bear up during the years—the necessary years—of watching and waiting—years dreary and drudging. Success is rarely, and still more rarely safely, reached at a bound, and it requires no mean effort of will to continue (year after year, it may be) striving to store up knowledge and acquire experience for the use of which no immediate or proximate opportunity seems to present itself. I name, then, the love of the profession as the first consideration. I name physical health and energy as the second. No man of weak health ought to be advised to go to the Bar. Its pursuit involves long hours of close confinement, often under unhealthy conditions; and the instances of long-continued success at the Bar, and of lengthened usefulness on

the Bench in the case of men of weak physique, are few and far between.

The only two men of weak physique within my own experience (extending considerably beyond a quarter of a century) who achieved marked success, were the late Sir George Mellish and the late Lord Cairns. Both were exceptionally able men, but each laboured under the disadvantage of a weak constitution; and premature death in the case of both of them deprived the world of the prolonged advantage of two minds of the highest judicial character. In Follet's case, amongst many, early disease cut short, when he was a young man, a career which promised to be one of the most brilliant the Bar of England had ever known.

Love of the profession and health to follow it are, then, the first two considerations. What are the mental qualities to be considered? I answer in a word: clear-headed common sense. I place this far above grace of imagination, humour, subtlety, even commanding power of expression, although these have their due value. This is essentially a business, a practical, age; eloquence in its proper place always commands a high premium, but the occasions for its use do not occur every day; and the taste of this age (like the taste for dry rather than for sweet champagne) is not for florid declamation, but for clear, terse, pointed and practical speech.

Common sense and clear-headedness must be the foundation, and upon these may safely be reared a superstructure where imagination and eloquence may fitly play their part. In fine, business qualities, added to competent legal knowledge, form the best foundation of an enduring legal fame. The circumstances of the age—the circumstances, social and political—the “environment,” as it is called, largely affect men in all callings, and in none more than in that of law. When great political and constitutional questions are being agitated and are unsolved, these find their way at times into the legal forum, and the world then becomes the richer by the impassioned speech of an Erskine or a Brougham, a Curran or an O'Connell, a Berryer or a Gambetta.

But in these Islands few of these great questions are unsettled, and as, according to the British Constitution, the will of Parliament is supreme, there is but little opportunity in these days for discussing the constitutional problems which necessarily recur, for example, in the United States, governed as they are by a written

Constitution where the judicial power is called upon to interpret, and if necessary to control, the acts of legislatures. It is largely to this fact that we owe the masterly judgments of, amongst others, the great Chief Justice of the United States (Chief Justice Marshall) and the granite-like arguments of Daniel Webster, perhaps the greatest forensic figure the world has ever seen.

There remains only one of the main considerations to be taken into account in the choice of the Bar as a profession, namely, ability to wait. Unless a man has the means to maintain himself, living frugally for some years, or the means of earning enough to maintain himself in this fashion, say, by his pen or otherwise, he ought to hesitate before resolving to go to the Bar. I have already said success, even moderate success, rarely comes at once, and, indeed, the youthful wearer of the forensic toga may consider himself fairly lucky if after three or four years at the Bar he is making enough to keep body and soul decently together. Sometimes it happens that men meet with immediate and brilliant success, as in the case of Erskine, who, having abandoned his early career in the Navy, speedily became eminent at the Bar, and ultimately sat on the Woolsack; such cases are, indeed, rare. On the other hand, I have known more than one instance of melancholy failure in the case of men of fair mental gifts who, feeling the pinch of poverty, have got involved in debt and difficulty early in their career, from which, in some instances, they have never emerged.

But I do not desire to take too gloomy a view. If a man really has the love of his work in his heart, and has the spirit of a worthy ambition within him, he will find it possible to live on little during his years of waiting and watching, and will find it possible to acquire that little by the exercise, in some direction, of his energy and ability—be it by tuition, by reporting, by leader-writing, or in some cognate fashion. It is well known that Lord Eldon, after a romantic runaway marriage, was many years at the Bar before his opportunity came; but come it did, in a celebrated and highly technical case, involving the doctrine of "equitable conversion," and, as the world knows, he, in the end, achieved a great reputation, and was for many years Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

I myself recollect, when I was a struggling junior of four years' standing on the Northern Circuit, dining in frugal fashion as the

guest of two able young men of my own age, members of my Circuit, in one of our assize towns. They were almost in the depths of despair, and one of them was seriously considering the question of migration to the Straits Settlements; the other was thinking of going to the Indian Bar. Where are they now? One of them, as I write, fills, and for the second time, the highest judicial office in the land; the other is the leader of his Circuit, and may any day don the ermine of the judicial Bench.\*

To sum up, therefore, love of the profession for its own sake, physical health to endure its trials, clear-headed common sense, and ability to wait, are the main considerations to be taken into account in determining the choice of the Bar as a profession. If the youthful aspirant possesses these, success is, humanly speaking, certain.

Having then considered what ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession, something now may be usefully said as to the necessary preparation for the Bar. In considering the character of such preparation, regard ought, I think, to be had to the legitimate outcome of success, viz., a career in Parliament and on the Bench. All who can ought to have University training and a University degree, and those who are not able to obtain these advantages will find the want of them in a greater or less degree throughout their public lives.

But here a word of warning. A University career is not an end, but a means to an end. It is but the beginning of the struggle of life. It is not the battle of life, but only the equipment for it. The young man who will, as the phrase runs, "go far," must have a wide perspective, and while he must not neglect, but on the contrary must make good use of, his University opportunities, he ought never to be allowed to regard success at the University as the *summum bonum* —as the end of all things.

I have known many men of brilliant careers at their University who came to the Bar pumped out, and who, having been too lavish of their energy in earlier years, have not had enough left to insure success in the life-struggle of their profession. It is true they were, for the most part, men not endowed with robust constitutions. But while throughout the whole period of education and preparation special regard ought to be had to the intended career

\* Of these, one is Lord Herschell, now an ex-Lord Chancellor, and the other the Speaker, Mr. William C. Gully.

of the student, it is to be observed that the profession of the law has one peculiarity in which it differs from all others. It is this: That there is no such thing as knowledge which is useless in this profession. A man may not be a better engineer because he is a good classic, or a more successful merchant because he is a good mathematician; but, at the Bar, the wider the field of knowledge the better. There is there no such thing as knowledge going to waste. Indeed, I undertake to say that it rarely or never happens that a barrister does not find useful to his hand information which he has stored up even upon subjects wholly remote from a knowledge of the law itself.

What is called the special training for the Bar usually begins when the University career has ended, and although we have not in these Islands any school of jurisprudence (a thing much to be desired), yet both by the Universities and by the Inns of Court, means of strictly legal education, by lectures and by examinations, are placed within the reach of those who desire to avail themselves of them. But the real work of education in law, as, indeed, in other fields of knowledge, is the work of self-education, pursued conscientiously and laboriously by the man who endeavours to get at the principles of law and who does not content himself merely with skimming the surface. *Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*

Reading in the chambers of a barrister is most desirable, even in these days, in which simplicity of statement has happily supplanted the bygone perplexities and absurdities of the system which formerly prevailed, known as "special pleading." In the United States, the distinction between solicitor and barrister is, of course, unknown, and I do not propose to discuss here whether that distinction and division do or do not work for utility; but it is a notable feature of recent years in the career of students for the Bar in England, that a year spent in a solicitor's office, during which they may acquire an intimate knowledge of the practical work of legal procedure, is now considered almost indispensable, and it is certainly most useful.

One special subject in reading for the Bar I would name, because, in my experience, I have found it invaluable, and that is a study of the "Corpus Juris," or the body of the Civil Law. I had the signal advantage of being a student in the days when the late Sir Henry Maine was Professor of Civil Law to the Inns of

Court, and under him, as in University class-rooms, we read no inconsiderable part of the Civil Law. After all, a great body of our law finds its source in the Roman law; and in the "Corpus Juris" law is systematized in a way for which our English law has no parallel. Its reading gives to the attentive student a knowledge and a grasp of principle, hardly otherwise attainable, which he will always find useful throughout his life.

Here, then, I may leave the youthful barrister. We have considered together the conditions which ought to determine his choice, and he has chosen. We have talked with him over his career at the University, and he has left the University with honour and advantage, if not with the highest distinction. He has worked hard to acquire an adequate knowledge of his profession, at lectures, in chambers, and, above all, in the silence of his own rooms, and now he puts on the gown of the barrister, and stands upon the threshold of what may be a great and useful career.

Beyond this I do not propose to follow him. He has joined a profession which has given many noble men to the world—men who have done noble work for the world. He has to maintain the great traditions of that profession. He has to bear himself worthily, that no dishonour shall come upon him or upon his profession by him. He has to recollect that he belongs to a profession which, beyond any other, has given to the world not merely great advocates and great judges, but great statesmen, great writers, and distinguished legislators. He has to remember that, while he is fighting for the interests of his client, there are greater interests even than these: the interests of truth and of honour; and he must never forget, as Sir Alexander Cockburn well expressed it, that in the battle his weapon must always be the sword of the soldier and never the dagger of the assassin. Lastly, he must remember that he is engaged in a profession which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and of mind—that he is engaged in the practical administration of that law whose voice is the "Harmony of the World."

## TWO NEW TRANSLATIONS OF TWO GREAT HYMNS

**B**ETWEEN our second volume and our twenty-sixth this Magazine has printed four translations of the *Adoro Te Devote* and three of the *Dies Irae*. We now equalise the numbers by printing a fourth translation of the latter. Its previous translators are John O'Hagan, at page 136 of our second volume, and Richard Dalton Williams and Philip Stanhope Worseley at page 292 of our fifth volume. The version we now add is by Father Ignatius Ryder, Superior of the Oratory at Birmingham.

Day of wrath, ah, dreadful day,  
When the world shall melt away,  
As the Psalm and Sibyl say.

What a tremor then shall run  
Through the earth, when enters One  
All to sift that man hath done.

When the trump with shattering tone  
From the death-struck regions lone  
Driveth all before the throne.

Death and nature stand aghast  
At the creature hurrying past,  
Answering to the Judge at last.

Lo, the written Book is brought,  
Where is not omitted aught,  
Whence is case for judgment wrought.

When the Judge His seat hath ta'en,  
Known is all that hid hath lain,  
Nought unpunished can remain.

What shall I a sinner say ?  
Whom shall I for succour pray,  
When the just can scarce find stay ?

King of awful majesty,  
Who in saving still art free,  
Fount of pity, save thou me.

Oh ! remember, Jesus, pray,  
Cause was I of Thy long way,  
Lose me not on that dread day.

Thou sat'st weary seeking me,  
Didst redeem me on the Tree ;  
Shall such labour fruitless be ?

Judge, of wrong th' avenger due,  
Freely grant remission true,  
Ere the dread accompt I rue.

Lo, I mourn my guilty case,  
Shame is flagrant in my face,  
Grant, O God, a suppliant grace.

Thou who Mary hast forgiven,  
And a robber raised to heaven,  
E'en to me some hope hast given.

Though my prayer can little earn,  
Turn to me, in mercy turn,  
Lest in endless fire I burn.

'Mid Thy sheep, ah ! let me stand,  
Safe for aye on Thy right hand,  
Severed from the goats' curst band.

When the guilty ones, reproved,  
Into biting flames are moved,  
Bid me " come " with Thy beloved.

Prostrate at Thy feet I lie,  
Bruised heart as cinders dry,  
See to me or e'er I die.

Ah ! that day, that day of weeping,  
When, from out his ashes creeping,  
Guilty man must meet his God.

This one spare beneath Thy rod.  
Grant them, Jesus, gentle Lord,  
Peace eternal for reward. Amen.

And now we proceed to make the numbers again unequal by adding a fifth version of the *Adoro Te Devote*, namely, the one given by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, among the Verses and Translations in the little volume to which he gives the name of *On the Way*

*Side.* The authors of our previous versions of the "Rhyme of St. Thomas" are John O'Hagan, at page 295 of our fifth volume; Father William Eyre, S.J., at page 78 of our fifteenth volume; Father Coleridge, S.J., at page 14 of volume twenty-three and Father George Tyrrell, S.J., at page 229 of our twenty-sixth volume.

God that here art hidden, I adore and hail,  
That art wont to hide Thee 'neath these symbols' veil;  
Towards Thee bowed and humble goes out all my heart,  
Thought and reason may not see Thee as Thou art.

Seeing, tasting, touching are in Thee deceived,  
And alone the hearing safely is believed:  
All the Son of God said I accept and hold,  
Truest truth that must be which the Truth has told.

Once 'twas Godhead only hidden on the Tree,  
Now the Manhood also is not here to see;  
Both I now believe, and vowing my belief,  
Seek I what of old sought the repentant thief.

On Thy wounds, like Thomas, though I do not gaze,  
Yet, my Lord, I know Thee, and confess always;  
Give me in Thee ever faith all faiths above,  
Give me hope increasing, give me greater love.

O Thou high memorial of my Lord who died,  
Living Bread, for mortals Thou dost life provide;  
Grant through Thee my soul's life never more may waste,  
Give in it Thy savour sweetly to my taste.

O Thou loving Pelican, Jesus, Lord and God!  
Cleanse me the uncleanly, through Thy sacred Blood;  
One drop, and one only, might avail to win  
Pardon, full, abounding, for the whole world's sin.

Jesus, whom thus dimly under veils I see,  
Grant the boon I thirst for, grant my prayer to me,  
That, veils rent asunder, I may see by Grace,  
Glad for aye, the glory of Thy very Face.

We claim a high degree of merit for all the nine translations of Thomas of Celano and Thomas of Aquino mentioned in this paper. An anthology of such translations would have charm and value.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII. With English Translations and Notes.* By H. T. Henry, Overbrook Seminary. The "Dolphin" Press and "American Ecclesiastical Review": New York and Philadelphia. 1902. [Price, 6s.]

Overbrook is one of the literary centres of the United States. From that flourishing ecclesiastical seminary issues the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, just as our truly "great," our "*grand séminaire*," Maynooth, is mainly responsible for the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. Less ecclesiastical and more literary is the layman's theological magazine, the *Dolphin*, which the same enterprising Editor, the Rev. Herman Heuser, has recently launched upon the world of letters. Many other forms of literary activity have been tried by the Overbrook staff; but we know of no more fitting relaxation of learned professor, no finer combination of literature and theology, than the admirable work done by Father Hugh Henry in the translation of sacred Latin lyrics of many kinds. These, however, are scattered over various periodicals; and our attention must now be confined to the splendid volume, just published very handsomely—a royal octavo on heavy antique paper with elegant binding—containing all the poems of Pope Leo XIII. in the original languages (chiefly Latin), translations of the same, and notes and illustrations, sometimes of considerable length. Great labour and devotion have been expended on this work which has, we hope, been laid at the feet of our Holy Father, who is now worthily represented in our literature. Father Henry has very wisely arranged the poems in chronological order, which adds much to the interest, especially as many of the poems are autobiographical. He, perhaps, ought not to have supposed us all to know the date of the Pope's birth. The date of the first poem (1822) is very striking when we remember that His Holiness was born in 1810. This is the only relic of the Pope's boyhood. The second of these poems was written in his twentieth year. We have not yet been able to compare more than samples of Father Henry's versions with the originals which are given on the opposite pages; but our examination has already been minute enough to show that the American priest has

executed his extremely difficult task with admirable fidelity and yet with a freshness of inspiration that makes these poems excellent as English poems, apart from their merit as translations. Very wisely in the table of contents figures are appended to various items which refer the reader to the notes. These are planned on a generous scale, and add greatly to the value of the work. The changes made by His Holiness in successive editions are carefully noted. This point must be attended to if one wishes to compare the translation of the Pope's epistle to Fabricius Rufus on Frugality and Long Life with the exquisite version which Andrew Lang cabled at the time to a New York newspaper. An unpublished Scottish version, which is well worth preserving, is given in a note. Another poem which gained considerable notice was the ode for the New Century. Specimens of the various versions are given in the note. Father Henry has here a brilliant rival in Francis Thompson. Altogether this delightful volume is a fine achievement and a very noteworthy addition to our poetical literature.

*The Life of Blessed Emily Bicchieri, O.S.D.* By Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

This exquisite piece of religious biography is a relic of the Dominican daughter of the poet Denis Florence MacCarthy. She left it unfinished at her death a few years ago, and the conclusion has been written recently by a young Carmelite Nun. As the documentary evidence is not very abundant, Sister Mary Stanislaus supplemented it by what she in the same vocation knew must have been done and felt by Blessed Emily in the various vicissitudes of her religious life. It is all written in that very winning style which delighted Cardinal Newman himself in Mary MacCarthy's first book, *A Saint among Saints*; and the concluding pages form no contrast in this respect with what precedes them. This holy record of a holy life is moreover a beautiful piece of literature.

3. *A Book of Oratorios.* Compiled by the Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory. London: Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

This is a very interesting volume. It is the record of a series of sacred entertainments given in the Church of the Birmingham Oratory—oratorios on the Creation and Incarnation, on the Life and Death of our Redeemer, on the Blessed Sacrament and our Blessed Lady, and six other spiritual subjects. The libretto of

each—words of Scripture and hymns of the Church, etc. The music adapted to each portion from composers old and new is specified also. The hymns are naturally given in the translations of the Oratorian, Father Caswall, except a very beautiful and original version of the *Dies Irae* by Father Ignatius Ryder, the almost worthy successor of Cardinal Newman of the Birmingham Oratory. By the way there is surely a grave misprint in the eighth triplet, the middle line being

“Who in saving still to save art free.”

We have no doubt that Father Ryder wrote :

“King of awful majesty,  
Who in saving still art free,  
Fount of pity, save thou me.”

Father Eaton has divided his compilation into two parts, twelve libretti and six sermons. There is a very beautiful sermon by the Rev. Basil Maturin ; and there are three by Father Ryder himself, on God, on the Passion, and on the Blessed Sacrament.

The same Society which publishes the work just noticed has sent us three new penny books—a sketch of the Life of Dr. Brownlow, late Bishop of Clifton, an examination of the Education Bill by an expert, Father Glancey of the Birmingham School Board, and *What the Catholic Church is and what she teaches*, by Father Ernest Hull, S.J., who also calls his very clear and clever little book *A Short Guide for Inquiring Protestants*. A great deal is condensed into 32 pages. The Irish namesake of this useful Society has added to its penny series *Thirty Simple Meditations on the Sacred Heart*—an admirable exposition of this Devotion of Devotions—and *Père Olivaint, S.J., a Martyred Hostage of the Paris Commune*, translated from the French by Mr. W. O'Reilly. We venture to recognize in the translator the son of Major Myles O'Reilly of Knock Abbey, Co. Louth, a prominent man in Catholic Ireland twenty years ago.

4. *St. Teresa's Own Words : or, Instructions on the Prayer of Recollection*. London : Burns and Oates. 1902. [Price, 1s. net.]

This very neat edition of a very holy little book is an example of a very reprehensible practice that some publishers indulge in. There is no indication that the book does not appear for the first time, whereas it was published many years ago. Dr. Chadwick, the second Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, is dead these

twenty years; and it was by him that these pious instructions were arranged for the Carmelite Nuns at Darlington from the 28th and 29th chapters of St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection*. When books are reprinted after the author's death, a few lines about the dates of his life are, as we have remarked elsewhere, the least tribute that ought to be paid to his memory.

5. *Natural Attractions*. By the Rev. George E. Quin, S.J., Messenger Library: 27 and 29, West 16th Street, New York City. [Price, 1s.]

This is Booklet the Second of the Boy Saver's Series. The first booklet, *Organizers and their First Steps*, was received with warm approval by a great many journals, Catholic and non-Catholic, and was recommended by Cardinal Vaughan to the Westminster clergy assembled in synod. The same zeal and experience in the matter of boys' clubs, sodalities, etc., and the same knowledge of boy-nature are displayed in Father Quin's new book. It discusses in a lively and very practical manner the influences that can be brought to bear on city boys, the devices that can be used to make religious societies attractive, etc. The financial aspects are also considered with a minuteness that could not be attempted by any one not completely at home with the subject. Father Quin, by a happy innovation, ends each of his books with a sort of preface for its successor. For instance the next book of this Boy Saver's Series will be *Indoor Fun*. May God bless the zealous efforts of this Apostle of wholesome Juvenile Amusement.

6. *The Altar-Boy's Own Book*. By the Rev. W. M. Smith, Canon Regular of Prémontré. London: Art and Book Company, 22 Paternoster Row. [Price, 3s. net.]

This is another effort of zeal for the spiritual good of boys; but the English Premonstratensian and the American Jesuit look at the subject from very different standpoints. Father Smith's book is directly spiritual all through, and perhaps expects too much in the way of piety from Mass-servers. But these young people will make sufficient allowance for themselves; and many of them, please God, will take to heart the Father's pious instructions. So large and well-printed a book, illustrated by so many really good pictures, is very cheap at three shillings, even when guarded from deduction by the warning word, *net*.

7. That same warning syllable, *net*, protects the half-crown

that is charged for another book published by the same Art and Book Company—"Dark Pages of English History, being a Short Account of the Penal Laws against Catholics, from Henry the Eighth to George the Fourth," by J. R. Willington, M.A. Mr. Willington begins with a list of the persecuting enactments against Catholics, reign by reign, from 1534 to 1829, and then describes and illustrates them in fifteen chapters, ending with a short index. There are seven pictures of some of the illustrious victims of these iniquitous laws, from Sir Thomas More to Margaret Clitheroe.

8. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has issued the twenty-fifth of his "Religious Booklets for the People," the Ordinary of the Mass explained under the title of *What is the Mass?* This excellent little penny book is already in its fifteenth thousand, and may be had from Burns and Oates, or from the Secretary, Archbishop's House.

9. The only academical periodicals that lie at present on our dissecting-table are the *Castleknock College Chronicle* and the *Clongownian*. The latter states explicitly that it appears once a year, at Midsummer, and it calls the present issue No. 1 of Volume III., and it offers the two previous volumes, each containing six numbers, for 6s. 6d., post free. The *Castleknock College Chronicle* is No. 17. Neither of them seems to have an index or table of contents, and this is a pity. Castleknock, very properly, gives a list of those who have died during the year. We cannot see that Clongowes does the same. Both of these College Annuals are most interesting, and they are illustrated with a wonderful wealth of pictures of boys and men and places. If an "intelligent outsider" is so impressed, what fascination must not these pages have for readers who know every hole and corner of their respective Colleges! We find, however, that the *Clongownian* has not been guilty of the omission we suspected two sentences back: it devotes several pages to its Dead. There are excellent notices and likenesses of the late Sir Richard Martin and of Dr. Anthony Butler, Bishop of Demerara.

10. A new edition of *Communion Day: Fervoros Before and After*, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. (London: Art and Book Company, 22 Paternoster Row) is now in the press, as the first edition of two thousand copies is almost exhausted.

A Discalced Carmelite of Milan, Father Gerard Beccaro, has

published a pretty little book called *The Holy Rosary in presence of the Blessed Sacrament*. The English translation does not mention the Publishers, Burns and Oates, till the last page is reached. It is produced very ornamentally with coloured pictures.

11. The *Ave Maria* Press of Notre Dame, Indiana, has brought out the first authorized American edition of *A New Catechism of Christian Doctrine and Practice*, by the Right Rev. James Bollard, D.D., Bishop of Gibraltar—though he is only called on the title page “Titular Bishop of Milevis.” It is sure to have a very wide circulation, and it is worthy of it.

12. Since the third of these notes was given to the printer, we have received three new publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland—*The Irish Brigade*, by J. A. Glynn, B.A.; *Sketches in an Irish Parish*, by a Country Curate; and *A Memory of the West*, by the Rev. M. Cronin, M.A., D.D. The first of these has been compiled with great care, and is, perhaps, too crowded with facts for its narrow limits; but it is a good summary of John Cornelius O’Callaghan’s great history of the Irish Brigade, and certainly it is an excellent pennyworth. So also are the two others, especially *A Memory of the West*, which, however, we should like to hear criticised by priests circumstanced like those who dined together in the cottage at Kimmeealy. Have we ever had such snow in Ireland? But the story is edifying and pathetic. We agree with *Catholic Book Notes* that the tailpieces, etc., disfigure rather than embellish.

13. Among the many spirited magazines supported by the Catholics of the United States one of the most thoughtful and solid at present is the *Messenger* (27, West Sixteenth-street, New York). The July issue is No. 1 of volume 38, but in reality it inaugurates a new series, consisting as it does of 140 royal octavo pages of closely but clearly printed literary matter of a high degree of excellence, with several fine illustrations. Yet the price is stated to be only two dollars a year, or twenty cents a copy. This high-class magazine of religious literature is quite distinct from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which is much smaller and cheaper, and exclusively religious, as the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer. We trust that the American Catholic public will duly appreciate the energy and enterprise shown by the conductors of such periodicals as the *Messenger* and the *Dolphin*.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

THE paper in our May Number, "Irish Exiles and West Indian Slaves," reminded one of our readers of a letter that he had copied from a Cork newspaper, in which the following passage occurred. It seems to have been written by a priest on the spot:—

"One thing which makes Barbados specially interesting to Catholics is the fact that a large number of the inhabitants—'redlegs,' or 'poor white people,' as they are called—are descended from Catholic ancestors deported from Ireland under the benign rule of Oliver Cromwell, or from Scotland after the 'Risings' of 1715 and 1745; but most of them bear not Scotch, but Irish names—Gills and Murphys being specially numerous.

"They are very poor and ignorant, and have entirely lost the faith; yet one would think it should not be very difficult to bring them back to it, if they could be made to understand how they came to lose it. Thousands—perhaps, hundreds of thousands—of Irish were shipped as slaves to the West Indies, and, among them, hundreds of priests. There is an old bridge spanning the small river that runs into the sea at Bridgetown which has always gone by the name of 'The Priests' Bridge'—the story being that these Irish priests were employed to build it, and, when it was finished, were thrown over the parapet into the water. Special orders were certainly given for the cruel treatment of the priests. At one time there are said to have been 12,000 Irish slaves in Barbados, and 25,000 in St. Vincent. Jamaica, St. Kitt's, and Montserrat were also well supplied; and everywhere their descendants have lost the faith for which they suffered so terribly. But in Barbados, at least, and, I think, elsewhere, they have kept the old clannish spirit, and do not intermarry with other races. I am sure that many Irish who read these lines will join in praying that something may be done for these poor victims of Puritan tyranny."

\* \* \* \*

Some of the unhappy gentlemen who have to stammer through a speech at a wedding breakfast would do well to commit to

memory these lines from Samuel Rogers' poem, "Human Life":—

"His home she enters, there to be a light,  
Shining within, when all around is night—  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling its pleasures and its cares dividing."

We wonder if Denis Florence MacCarthy was ever aware how near he came to this in his "Bell Founder":—

"Francesca and Paolo are plighted, and they wait but a few happy days.  
Ere they walk forth together in trustfulness out on Life's wonderful ways;  
Ere, clasping the hands of each other, they move through the stillness and noise,  
Dividing the cares of existence but doubling its hopes and its joys."

If our Irish poet were accused of plagiarism, he might answer that both he and Rogers had been long forestalled by the marvellous Francis Bacon, who, half way through his essay on Friendship, says that "it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves."

\* \* \* \*

The eleventh and last of the "defects contrary to meekness" enumerated by Father Nepveu, as quoted in the appendix to Father Palma's treatise on the Particular Examen, published in English by Burns and Oates in 1873, is "to fail to express our sorrow when we cannot reasonably accede to the demands of others, and to soften the rigour of refusal by kindness of manner." This forestalled by two or three centuries the author of *Idyls of Killowen*, who, in "A Birthday in Religion," attributes to his first rector

"A wise facility in smiling *Yes*,  
Able betimes so kind a *No* to smile  
As doth refusal of its pang beguile."

Sometimes we feel aggrieved, as if we were put in a false position, by a request which we think ought not to be addressed to us. We resent being placed in the necessity of returning what seems an ungracious answer, and this resentment betrays itself in the additional ungraciousness of our tone and manner. And sometimes we feel that we ought to grant the request—alms or favours, or whatever else it may be—and our guilty conscience

transfers the punishment we ourselves deserve on to another by the peevishness of our refusal. We must try to give what we give with such grace and good taste as will add greatly to the value and agreeableness of the gift; and we must mitigate the pain of refusal by a thoughtful tact and kindly spirit, look, and tone. The gentle and holy and refined Aubrey de Vere has set us a good example of a kind *No* :—

“ Speak to the end, poor orphan ! I  
 Am poor, thou canst not poorer be ;  
 Yet, having nought to give thee, why  
 That nothing give ungraciously ? ”

In Spain, we are told, the formulary for refusing an alms to a beggar is this: *Perdone usted per Dios, hermano*. “ Forgive me for the love of God, brother.” At any rate, let us not refuse gruffly and almost angrily, even if we cannot act on the admonition of one of the saints: “ Give unto all, lest he whom you refuse should be Jesus Christ.”

\* \* \* \*

A Mangalore correspondent gave us a year ago information which we laid aside for use, and then overlooked. In our “ Borrowed Plumes ” of February, 1901, we quoted some very musical and pathetic verses about “ Honest Jimmie Aikens, that lived near Bohermore.” The “ W. O’Ryan ” who contributed them to the *Colorado Catholic*, was a young Tipperary priest, who went out to Denver for the sake of his health, as he was threatened with consumption. We are glad to know the author of this really remarkable piece of rhyming. About the same time, it seems, we spoke of “ the rattlesnakes of Hyderabad,” whereas our correspondent tells us there is not a rattle in all India. “ The cobras and the Russell vipers are the gentlemen that do the killing here. We killed a fine specimen of your namesake viper a short time ago on the playground. According to the official returns twenty-four thousand people are killed annually in India by wild animals and venomous reptiles. This seems extraordinary until you become acquainted with the customs of the people. The serpents and snakes are objects of worship, like the cows and the monkeys; so there is little hope of their being exterminated. Cheatahs (a kind of small tiger) are becoming so numerous in the neighbourhood that people cannot rear calves or sheep, or keep a dog, on

account of them. The natives are not allowed to keep firearms, so they cannot kill them."

\* \* \* \*

The writer of "The White Bridge" in another page of this Number tells us that these verses "are supposed to be sapphics of the most strictly classical description. Tennyson wrote for Jebb's *Greek Literature* an English Sapphic which Jebb says reproduces the melody of the Greek which Horace's Latin adaptation fails to do.

'Faded every violet, all the roses,  
Gone the glorious promise, and the victim,  
Broken in this anger of Aphrodite,  
Yields to the victor.'

That was the model I took. I shall be interested to know what you think of the experiment." But, alas! our favourite English sapphics are "The Needy Knife-Grinder."

\* \* \* \*

In the first list of subscribers to THE IRISH MONTHLY the first two names were Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth, and the Countess of Portarlington. She was a devout Catholic, a convert like her sister, the Marchioness of Londonderry. Lord Portarlington never became a Catholic, but his wife's conversion did not interfere with his devoted affection and inclined him to favour Catholic interest. We remember the excellent, warm-hearted speech he made at Maynooth on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the College Church. Several years after his wife's death he wrote the following lines which have never been published before. He dated them "Emo, Jan. 15, 1874—Jan. 15, 1879." The first is the date of her death, the second the date of this *In Memoriam*. On this day each year the Earl made a point of receiving the nominal rent for the land on which his wife had erected a beautiful church for her Catholic people.

She rests within that hallowed spot  
Which in those early days she chose,  
When first these sacred walls were built  
And first those pious altars rose.

She wished that on each holy day  
The simple poor she loved so well  
Should round her press in eager throng  
In answer to the service bell.

The Benediction's solemn chaunt,  
 The Host uplifted high to bless,  
 Should waft rich blessings to the spot  
 And hallow, not disturb, her rest.

And none can pass that quiet grave  
 Without recalling to the mind  
 How bright was her unclouded day,  
 How great the blank she left behind.

As generations pass for all  
 And time on quicker pinion flies,  
 Mothers shall whisper to their babes,  
 "See where the holy Countess lies."

\* \* \* \*

There is an inscription over an almshouse in Hull, dating as far back as 1668 :—

"Da dum tempus habes ; propria sit manus haeres :  
 Auferet hoc nemo quod dabis ipse Deo.

"Give while you yet have time ; be your own heir ;  
 That will be always yours which you with God will share."

\* \* \* \*

Professor Walter Raleigh has a pleasant set of verses in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June, 1902, giving directions to a little boy how to behave at table. "Children of a larger growth" would profit by these rules, of which here is one :

"Eat slowly : only men in rags  
 And gluttons old in sin  
 Mistake themselves for carpet-bags  
 And tumble victuals in."

\* \* \* \*

A certain friend of ours is accused of having said of some ordinance of superiors : "With all due respect to the constituted authorities, it is simply absurd." We will not go quite so far, but we will say that, with all due respect for Mr. Orby Shipley and the late Father Bridgett—and very great respect is due both to the dead and to the living—we cannot approve of the consecration of the Elizabethan Love-Songs to the Blessed Virgin, and we should wish those pages of the Second Series of *Carmina Mariana* omitted. But does the feeling which we have expressed prevent us from applying to God what Tennyson said of one of God's

creatures?—from taking these stanzas of *In Memoriam* as a development of King David's "Heu mihi quia incolatus meus prolongatus est!" (Ps. cxix. 5.)

"O days and hours! Your work is this,  
 To hold me from my proper place—  
 A little while from his embrace . . .  
 For fuller gain of after bliss :  
 That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of neatness doubly sweet,  
 And unto meeting when we meet  
 Delight a hundredfold accrue."

\* \* \* \*

"God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility. Then, indeed, you will be a child of benediction." The Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, Mother Catherine Macaulay, wrote this to Mother Elizabeth Moore, of the Convent of Mercy, Limerick. This Mother Elizabeth said that, during twenty years that she herself was Superior, she had never given a public penance but once, and she regretted that once.

### AUREA DICTA.

God will forgive us all but our despair.—*Frederic Myers.*

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy, you must have somebody to divide it with.—*Mark Twain.*

When we treat men only as they are, we make them worse : when we treat them as if they were what they ought to be, we bring them to that point to which they are to be brought.—*Goethe.*

There are bad men who would be less dangerous if they had no good qualities.—*Anon.*

It is easier to overcome a thousand scruples than one temptation.—*Anon.*

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1902

## ANOTHER RELIC OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

“**A** **N**OTHER Relic”—for in the year 1886 we published “A Curious Relic of Thomas Francis Meagher.”\* He was certainly the most eloquent speaker of the clever band who are known as the Young Irelanders; but his gifts, though more showy, were, we think, less solid than those of five or six of the party who at the time made less impression on the public. We remember hearing Father Tracy Clarke, S.J., who was one of his masters at Stonyhurst, say that Meagher did not excel in any of his studies except history; and certainly the most brilliant passages in his speeches were full of historical allusions. He himself, in a letter quoted in the article that we have just referred to, speaks with some exultation of his having won the sixth place in his class at Stonyhurst; and he adds that at Clongowes he had been among the lowest. But he undoubtedly acquired a very effective style of public speaking which excited the enthusiasm especially of his more youthful hearers.

After the War between the Northern and Southern States of America, General Meagher, who had led the Irish Brigade, was appointed Governor of Montaña Territory. It is consoling to observe the religious spirit shown in the following letter to Father de Smet, S.J., the venerable Apostle of the Red Men, the “Black Gown” of the North American Indians. Poor Meagher was

\* IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xiv., page 11.

drowned by falling one dark night from the deck of a Mississippi steamer. May he rest in peace.

“EXECUTIVE OFFICE, VIRGINIA CITY,

“December 15th, 1866.

“MY DEAR FATHER DE SMET,

“Nothing, however trivial, that concerns the Indians of this region, or that serves to keep alive your affectionate and solicitous recollection of them, can fail, I believe, to be otherwise than gratifying to you. This being my belief, I take a sheet of paper and a goose-quill pen, the only description of pen I can write comfortably with, to give you, in a familiar way, an account of my recent visit to Fort Benton, and what I saw, learned, and experienced on the road.

“The Secretary of the Interior having instructed Major Upon, the agent for the Blackfeet, to negotiate a treaty with that nation, I considered it my duty, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory, to proceed to the fort, that being the place designated for the consideration of the treaty. Accordingly I set out one day, about the middle of last month, for Benton, from the new city of Helena (every collection of log huts is called a city in this ambitious country), which, fortunately for its future interests, is situated, approximately speaking, in the centre of the most promising and prosperous of the mining camps, and settlements of our territory. It is equally distant (thirty miles or so) from the rich gulches and placer diggings of the Big Black Foot, on the western slope of the main range of the Rocky Mountain, and thus close to, and in the neighbourhood of, Diamond city, in the Belt Mountains, across the Missouri.

“The diggings of the Big Prickly Pear, the washings of Silver creek, too, and several other very valuable deposits of one kind or another lie within an hour's ride, or a little more, of this precocious city of Helena. Besides which, the city itself is intersected by Last Chance creek, on which hundreds of miners are at work, and from which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been taken in less than a year, for it is not a full twelvemonth yet since the gold indications were detected here by a forlorn adventurer who, failing in his search after the metal at various other points, determined to make a last effort on this creek, and hence the name it bears.

"It was a very beautiful day the day I started from Helena, to meet Indians in solemn council for the first time. Late as it was in the year, the sky was not only cloudless, but dazzlingly bright. Not a speck or streak of snow was visible on the mountains, which, encircling and overtopping Helena, reared their great forms in the glistening air, and stood there, in the boldest and grandest outline, the sentinels of the scene. It was a mid-summer day on the threshold of the winter—a bride in her joy, her beauty, and her jewels, on the verge of the grave.

"A pleasant party of gentlemen set out with me. There was Judge Munsor, an Associate-Judge of the United States District Court of Montana; Mr. Wood, Sheriff of Edgerton County, of which Helena is the county-seat; Mr. Hedges, a young lawyer doing a good business in that place; and Mr. Malevlon Clark, formerly agent at Fort Benton for the American Fur Company, and one of the oldest residents of the territory. Mr. Wood had served as a lieutenant of artillery in Sherman's army, and distinguished himself in most of the operations on the Mississippi which terminated in the surrender of Vicksburg. Mr. Clark had been educated for the military service at the National Academy of West Point, but, resigning his commission many years ago, had taken to a pioneer life among the Rocky Mountains, long even before California had sprung into an American existence.

"This highly intelligent and adventurous gentleman owns a fine *ranch* on the Little Prickly Pear, some twenty-five miles from Helena, several acres of which is under excellent cultivation, but the greater portion of which is devoted to, as it is exclusively adapted for, cattle-raising. Mr. Clark owns some of the very best horses in Montana. What will please and interest you a good deal more, he is, and has always been, a sincere and active friend of the Jesuit Fathers, and holds them in the highest esteem and confidence. His wife is a Piegan. His eldest daughter—a singularly amiable and very prepossessing young lady in appearance—was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Cincinnati. He naturally, as well as by the force of his character and his long and intimate association with the Piegans, exercises great influence with them and the Blackfeet generally.

"It was at his *ranch* we dismounted the first evening of our journey. The horses being turned loose, our saddles and blankets brought in and disposed as couches, we ourselves, soon after, sat

down to partake of an abundant supper, including champagne, to which our host seemed truly glad to invite us, and over which the young lady, just mentioned, very gracefully presided.

“Rising early the next day, we ascended and then descended the great Medicine Rock Hill, then ascended and descended Lyons Hill, no less steep and arduous, and, having struck the foot of that, galloped along through the narrow and circuitous valley of the Little Prickly Pear to Paul Vermet’s, on the Dearborn river.

“This valley of the Little Prickly Pear is strikingly and peculiarly beautiful. Winding in a numerous succession of curves between the abrupt spurs of the mountains on the left, and the high rocky banks of the river on the right, it is crowded with willow-trees, and shadowed, whilst it is beautified, by the more matured and heavily-foliaged pines and cedars that rustle above it on both sides. Another road, coursing along the spurs referred to this moment, elevates you several feet from the level of the valley, and relieves you from the necessity of crossing the Little Prickly Pear oftener than twice. But it is an exceedingly rough and stony road, and is only used, generally speaking, when the river is so full as to flood the bottom, and render it vexatious to the waggon-trains. Taking the lower road, however, you have to cross the Little Prickly Pear not less than eighteen times. With this we found no fault, since it kept our horses cool, and refreshingly varied the dusty monotony of what otherwise was a parched road of red and gravelly clay, occasionally broken by small muddy pools and decaying trunks and limbs of trees.

“Ascending to the rolling prairie from Wolf creek, which unites with the Little Prickly Pear a mile and a half above the point at which the latter plunges, with a thousand sparkles and a deep breast of water, into the Missouri, we encountered the first serious intimations we received since our leaving Helena that it was not the midsummer we were journeying in, but a short spell of exceptional good-humour with which a harsher season had, through mistake or caprice, pleasantly favoured us. The sky grew dim, though faintly so, the outlines of the mountains to the left of our road gradually lost their sharpness and decision, the lazy boughs of the pines and cedars, which we were now leaving behind us, began to stir gently with a swaying motion, whilst far off, in the deep crevices of the mountains, and down from their darkening summits the wind might be heard gathering in audible but hoarse

*crescendo* for a deafening outburst. It was at its height and its broadest volume by the time we reached Paul Vermet's.

"Paul is a French Canadian: he was for a long time, though to-day a young man of a sprightly brain and handsome features, a trapper, trader, hunter, and everything else a Frenchman can be in a wild country, on the Red River of the north, and with no little pride considers himself, as he is acknowledged to be, the proprietor of the best station on the road between Fort Benton and Helena. A masterly cook, his kitchen is kept well supplied with game—antelope, elk, mountain sheep, and the like—thanks to the industry, activity, sharp wits, sure hand, and fatal eye of a Piegan Indian, who alternates for his food, sanctuary, and society, between Paul's *ranch*e and the mission of St. Ignatius—the distance between the two attractive points being five-and-twenty miles at least.

"The name of this Indian is Iron, and he is a tough and t renchant man, whose make and texture vindicate his name. The expression of his large and handsome features is that of a frank, faithful, and soldierly nature. Standing fully six feet high, his vigorous frame is admirably proportioned, and that he is as strong and elastic as he looks, the spoils he accumulates from the chase furnish the most acceptable evidence. A confirmed Catholic, Iron wears the scapular and beads, is devotional as well as upright, and warmly attached to the Fathers of the neighbouring mission. Touched with a strange antipathy to his own people, he seldom goes among them, infinitely preferring, as he declares, to live with the Whites, and especially with the Fathers.

"Paul Vermet's huge cotton-wood fire, crackling and blazing up a broad and deep-set chimney, as well as Paul's rich stew of mountain sheep and unctuous coffee, were in delightful contrast to the wind which fiercely beat without, the rent and raging sky, the swollen river, which swept by his door so cold and white, and the snow, which already began to fall rapidly in heavy flakes all over the landscape as far as our eyes could range or penetrate. After dinner I stretched myself upon my buffalo-robe, my saddle serving as a pillow; and, having lit my pipe, yielded myself in a luxurious rest to the visions and melodies of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' which glorious work of the world's greatest dramatist I turned to almost instinctively as the storm thickened round us, on receiving from Paul a befouled and ragged copy of Shakespeare's Plays. The balance of the party—as we say in America—took their seats

at a little round table, covered with a bright red cloth, and furthermore embellished with a fat dusky candle, which spluttered as often as it sparkled. I had not got half-way through the first scene of the first act of the 'Tempest,' before the grave and learned judge, the keen artilleryist, the studious and promising young lawyer, Paul Vermet, and Mr. Clark himself, enveloped in powerful tobacco-smoke, were absorbed and profoundly lost in the mystery of some game at cards, said to be irresistibly popular on the boats of the lower Mississippi.

"Whilst at breakfast the next morning, we were surprised by a party of six gentlemen on their way from Fort Benton to Helena, who had started that morning from the Government farm on Sun River, and had pushed bravely on to Dearborn, in defiance of the storm, and all the discomforts and dangers it threatened. They recommended us to stay where we were until the storm blew over, and not to venture to the mission, which we proposed to make our next halting place on our road to Benton. The mission I refer to here is the new mission of St. Peter's, so called since it was on the Feast of St. Peter's that Father Kuppens dedicated it to the missionary purposes of your generous and heroic Order. Distant something over five-and-twenty miles from the old mission of St. Ignatius, it is not more than ten or twelve miles at most distant from Paul Vermet's by a short cut over two or three hills, which I am prepared to show us.

"The new comers vainly besought us to remain and entertain them for the day; in vain did they appeal to our companionable dispositions, equally in vain did they appeal to our fears. What they had done, we at least could attempt, and their hardihood and bravery were too stimulating for us not to emulate them at all risks. By noon, our courageous resolution planted us in our saddles, carried us up to the spurs, through the freezing current of the Dearborn, and right into the blinding elements that hid the plains and hills beyond. I was the last of the gallant company who took to the water, and as I stood on the bank in the very partial shelter of a withered and whitened tree, watching my companions as they stemmed the tide in single file, and then, one by one, emerged from the river on to the shingly beach right opposite to me, I could not but heartily laugh and shout out my merriment at the grotesque and dismal appearance they one and all presented in strong relief against the dense and driving snow.

“Each of these sturdy horsemen had his legs, up to the knee-caps, encased in leathers tied with thongs, the ends of which dangled about his calves and ankles in what might be taken to be a bunch of slovenly sinews ; each, too, had a buffalo-robe or a blue or white blanket wrapped and strapped about him ; each, moreover, had his drab or black felt hat flattened down about his ears, and held securely there by his red or yellow handkerchief, or something in that line. The beards of all were crusted with the snow, their eyes were arched with snow, snow clung above their ears and to the back of their dejected heads, their horses’ manes were worked with ringlets of snow, the tails of their shivering animals seemed transformed into brooms of snow-twigs, each of the poor beasts wore a *goatee* of snow—the snow, in a word, had it all its own way, just as it had on the retreat from Moscow, of which that woeful looking cavalry there before me, emerging from that freezing flood, shudderingly reminded me.

“It was just in this sorry plight, if not in worse, that Iron, with an unerring instinct, guided us over the trackless prairie and the trackless hills, through the depths of that dangerous storm, to St. Peter’s mission. His unerring instinct, I say, for the falling as well as the fallen snow blotted out every landmark, and it was impossible for him to exercise his knowledge of those features of the country which would have been familiar to him in kindlier weather. Whatever the talisman by which he led us, I for one surrendered myself absolutely to his guidance, shutting my eyes obstinately against the snow, throwing the bridle over the horn of the saddle, and thrusting my hands deep into the pockets of my riding-jacket. Out of this somnambulism I did not wake until the barking of a robust old dog informed us that we were trespassers, and that it was his duty to protest against our intrusion. A word from Iron, however, brought him to a sluggish silence, and then Father Kuppens thrust his cheerful face out through the flap or apron which serves as the door of the Indian tent, or *tepee*. Recognizing Mr. Clark, he shook hands cordially with that gentleman, who, in return, introduced his fellow-travellers, and then came a warm invitation to the cavalry to dismount and march to quarters.

“St. Peter’s mission, at the moment I now speak of, consisted, architecturally, of an Indian tent or *tepee*, capable of accommodating sixteen persons in Indian fashion, a wall tent, as it is called in the army, which served as a storeroom, a grinding-stone, and a

commodious ambulance of rather an elegant air and finish, which formerly belonged to your good friend, General Harney, and which that splendid old soldier had, as you are aware, given to the Fathers. Behind these tents and this stylish ambulance rose the beautiful, bold, and singularly picturesque hills, which from the Dearborn to the Sun river, follow, in endless variety of crag and peak, the course of the Missouri. But all we could see were lofty white walls, with here and there, suspended, as it were, scores of feet above us, a pine or cedar of full foliage and graceful shape, shining like a tree of chastened silver, and, where the snow had fallen from its branches, gleaming and flashing with fancy-born emeralds.

“You, my dear Father de Smet, are familiar with the reasons which determined the Fathers of the old mission to look out for a change of residence. The old mission, desirable in every other respect, is badly wanting in facilities for irrigation, and hence the cattle, which in the winter and early spring thrive so heartily there, owing to the fertilizing effect upon the pasturage of the rains and melting snows, in the summer and autumn suffer a good deal, and fall off in flesh considerably. Owing to the same circumstance the Fathers find it impossible to raise anything like the quantity of grain and vegetables they require.

“The new mission possesses abundant means of irrigation. A copious stream of clear, bright, sweet water dashes down from the high rocky hills, of which I have this moment given you a confused glimpse through their heavy drapery of snow; and this stream, although it sinks and disappears a few hundred yards from the foot of these hills, never fails to keep the valley through which it pursues its subterranean course in the best condition for the reception and production of a plentiful supply of crops. These hills, too, are rich in every variety of wild fruit known in the territory. There are wild strawberries, wild plums, wild cherries, wild grapes, wild gooseberries, and all, Father Francis Kuppens assured me, of a most agreeable flavour. Where these abound, you will not be surprised to hear that bears are numerous in the neighbourhood. Antelope, too, mountain sheep, and elk are numerous, and as for jack-rabbits and ‘such small deer,’ there won’t be a lack of them for some time to come, even in the event of the mission being transformed into a shooting-lodge. As yet Father Kuppens, who is charged with the work, has not commenced

building. The weather has been too broken, since he pitched his tent here, to go into the hills for the necessary timber, and the sawed lumber, which he has ordered from Helena, has not arrived. Were it in his power to buy a saw-mill, he would have an ample head of water to give him, on the spot, all the lumber he would require for buildings of far larger proportions than he contemplates.

“Notwithstanding the features of the place being rendered so vague and unintelligible by the snow and the dull, leaden colour of the atmosphere, I think I succeeded in presenting satisfactorily, to my own mind at least, a correct picture of the mission of St. Peter’s, as it will appear, one of these days, in the full glory of a Montaña summer. A solid log-built structure, forming three sides of a square, rises from the green slope at the foot of the hills in the background. The square opens to all comers its hospitable and holy arms, for it turns its back upon the wild fruits and game, and faces towards the high road from Fort Benton to Helena. The arm on the right terminates in a cross, which informs us that the little church of St. Peter stands on that side of the square. The opposite side is occupied by the fathers and lay brothers. The long building in the rear connecting the two wings is divided off into hospital, store-room, kitchen, and refectory. The space within the square is tastefully laid out—prairie flowers bloom and shed their perfume there; young cedars and bright green shrubs from the mountain fill it with warmth. A rustic shrine, sheltering an image of the Blessed Virgin, stands in the centre of it. After a little a fountain will spring before the shrine, and brighten it with the perpetual homage of its glittering showers. Immediately behind rise those beautiful bold masses of rock, red and purple in their line for the most part, throwing out Gothic towers and buttresses, rearing themselves at other points into smooth, steep, lofty walls, that remind us of citadels and forts, whatever harshness or severity there may be in the outline of each or all of these forms being relieved, softened, beautified, and blended into the pervading sweetness of the picture by clusters of shrubs, and the shadows as well as the foliage of the graceful trees that intersperse and crown the whole. The foreground is bright with a golden tillage, and where it is darkened it is so with the broad leaves and fresh earth that indicate a more domestic kind of cultivation. All over the slope, to the right and left of the buildings, and down in the bottom-land

where the stream has disappeared, horses and horned cattle are leisurely and luxuriously grazing, their sleek coats burnished with the sunlight that, with richest radiance, bathes and glorifies the scene.

"You may, perhaps, smile at this picture of St. Peter's mission, my dear Father de Smet, but Father Kuppens won't, nor will Father Ravalli, nor will Father Imoda, nor will Father Giorda, nor will anyone else who has been to the site of the mission, and finding how much nature has done there, sees that there is very little left for exaggeration or fancy in such anticipations as I have given way to in the last few sentences. Satisfied of that, I must get back to Father Kuppens' tent.

"This tent, as I have already mentioned, is capable of accommodating sixteen people in Indian fashion. It is formed of a number of prepared buffalo-skins, stretched over a number of long slanting poles, which meet and cross one another at the top, leaving an aperture through which the smoke of the wood fire, in the centre of the tent, rolls itself out heavily in the snow. There are a multitude of fabulous animals painted in vermilion and indigo on the weather side of the skins. As I painfully stoop and force myself through the slit which serves as a door-way, I find that, in addition to gentlemen who accompanied me from Helena (including Iron, who accompanied us from the Dearborn), there is a lanky Pennsylvanian of unusual length, who is weather-bound with his team, a countryman of mine with a dislocated leg, and a Lay-brother, with very sore eyes and a catarrh, who hails from Belgium. The tent is chokingly full of smoke, and it is difficult to make out the exact whereabouts and the postures of the gentlemen who compose the department of the interior. Some of them, however, are seated, I perceive, like tailors at their work; others are reclining like ancient Romans after supper; the rest are kneeling like true Mahomedans at prayer, their spinal columns being propped and kept in position by their heels. As though the wood-fire failed to evolve sufficient smoke to blind and suffocate them, every one of this group was busy with his pipe, exhaling tributary currents into the main volume, which, after gaining the top of the tent, seemed to shun the weather outside, and roll back precipitately to its source.

"The snow, continuing to fall, detained us at St. Peter's for a day and a half longer than we intended, during which detention we so bountifully partook of Father Kuppens' hospitality that the stores gave way. Notwithstanding the continued inclemency of

the weather, soon after breakfast the third day of our visit there we had to bring in our horses, and set out for the old mission of St. Ignatius, a distance of five-and-twenty miles. Father Kuppens accompanied us, not merely to serve as our guide through the blinding storm, but to procure a fresh supply of coffee, meat, flour, and other necessaries for his little camp. The accuracy with which he guided us through that bewildering wilderness, where not a solitary track or landmark cheered us, was really wonderful. No Indian could have been more sagacious and expert. When about half way to the mission he told us of the narrow escape he had just there, a few months before, from two Piegans, who rode down upon him suddenly, seized his bridle, and insisted upon having his horse. Father Kuppens defended himself with his whip, struck the vermilioned rascals across the face a staggering blow—first one and then the other, and rapidly taking advantage of the effect of his impetuous assault, had the satisfaction of leaving his importunate acquaintances half a mile behind him in a very short time. Not, however, before he received from them a parting compliment in a shower of arrows, which pursued him with the swiftness of lightning, and one of which penetrating his thigh, inflicted a rather severe wound. Having safely distanced the unconscionable vagabonds, he dismounted, tore off one of his shirt sleeves, wound it round the bleeding limb, and checked the effusion, and then resumed his ride.

“‘But here we are,’ he cheerfully exclaimed, as a long low range of buildings emerged from the snow, and an aged dog, with toothless jaws and large red eyes, came out from behind them to make a reconnoissance. Entering through a wide gateway, such as one finds to a farm-yard in the old country, we succeeded in extricating our stiffness and half-frozen feet from the stirrups after due deliberation and effort, and a moment after, were warmly greeted by Fathers Ravalli and Imoda. A smiling, hardy-looking, zealous little Lay-brother—a namesake of mine from Tipperary—assisted by Iron, disencumbered our horses of their load of blankets, buffalo-ropes, pistol-holsters, and saddles, and turned them out to graze in the bottom, where pawing up the snow, they found for a week the sweet and most nutritious grass.

“Father Ravelli throwing open a door, we entered a room in which a pile of cotton-wood, blazing away in the merriest style, welcomed us in to thaw. It took just such a fire to enable us to do so, for our beards and moustaches were stiff as wire net-work,

noses were dead and colourless, ears reduced to leather, and integuments generally to petrification. Then came some delicious coffee, strengthened with *eau de vie*, and, half an hour after that, a dinner which banished every idea of winter and desolation. Prairie hens, antelopes, jack-rabbits, abounding about the mission, in severe weather, especially, keep its table, generally speaking, well supplied. The storm holding out, the hospitable quarters of St. Ignatius were our sanctuary for a week. My companions were delighted and charmed with the good Fathers, all the more so that, with the exception of Mr. Clark, who had long been familiar with their goodness and their history, the benighted travellers had never before shaken hands with a Jesuit, and, having preconceived anything but flattering ideas of the sons of Loyola, were rather astonished to find so much true nobility of heart and mind under a threadbare and patched soutane. As for me, I need not, I think, assure you that the few days we spent there were to me days of the brightest happiness. In the sunny presence and cordial society of these dear, gentle, noble Fathers, many—very many—of the golden recollections of the cloudless and unembittered days of my boyhood and College life came crowding back to me, and thus, even in the midst of that storm, and after years of no very friendly experience of the world, was the spring-time of my life—with all its flowers and melodies, hopefulness and sprightliness—renewed.

“Having extended this letter so far, I must not permit myself to be led into a description of the mission of St. Ignatius, but shall reserve this pleasant subject for a future communication, which, in grateful consideration of the firm foundations you have laid for the glorious Catholic Church in Montana, I shall deem it my duty to send you before long. As it is my intention to visit also the missions of your chivalrous and indomitable Order on the other side of the Rocky Mountains in the course of the next summer,\* I think I may venture to promise that my correspondence in relation to them will be more interesting to you than the present can be.

“With the most affectionate esteem, believe me to remain, my dear Father de Smet,

“Your faithful friend,

“THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

“Acting Governor, Territory of Montana.”

\* But, before that next summer on which he counted, poor Meagher had perished in the wonderful river that, we think, was his only grave.

## CLAMOR MEUS

O LORD, all we like sheep have gone astray :  
 Then, follow us, and point the perfect way.  
 Oh, cry to those who had forsworn Thee, too—  
 “ Forgive them, for they know not what they do ! ”

Thou Who didst make have mercy upon us,  
 Who know not why we needs must grieve Thee thus,  
 Who born in sin would not in evil die ;  
 Hold not our weakness as Thine enemy.

Come forth, O holy Spirit, to inform  
 Man's soul with saving whisper through the storm  
 Of passion in the heart, so all may hear  
 And answer, knowing Thou, the Master, near.

We would walk with Thee surely ; let the flame  
 Of Thy white torch relieve us from the shame  
 Of stumbling into holes of this earth-sod ;  
 Oh, show the thread-like path to Thee, our God !

A foot set here is life, set there is death ;  
 Our doom hangs on a half-suspended breath ;  
 Quench not Thy lantern until we see where  
 Thou watchest for each loitering wayfarer.

The wretch with one foot in the snaring hole  
 Uphold him still, imperilled immortal soul,  
 And drag him overground alive, that he,  
 Or maimed or lamed, may yet limp on with Thee.

The path so often lost, oh ! clear and thin ;  
 Amid the brakes and swamps and woods of sin  
 Show forth its silver windings, Lord of Light,  
 To feet that strive to reach Thee on its height !

Thou wouldst not, Lord, have made our dawn so fair  
 To end in everlasting Night's despair.  
 Sun of our souls, let sin's wild clouds be torn,  
 And rise for us in Love's eternal morn !

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

## A Story

## CHAPTER VII

## A NEW PATIENT

"IT'S the Curate, it's Father John that's raised her," the old sweeper explained to Jem Tracy as he came through the archway, followed by a few not choice epithets screamed after him by Mrs. Braddell. "It's Father John that's raised her, but I never looked for her to be using her tongue on the pair of you. When one's out, the other's in, that's mostly the way with her. And the heat, that'll be crossing her, too. There's no denying it's thirsty weather." The old man passed the back of his hand across his lips in pantomimic gesture.

"The Curate," he went on, seeing Jem Tracy for once in a way was inclined to listen. "The Curate, he's no sense at all *in the meantime*. What's the good of 'improvements' when he's only raising the rents on the creatures? It'll be a bit of board on the floor for Molly Delaney and up goes the rent on her, and all for a bit of deal that didn't cost the old one twopence, but the old one she's good at the counting if she's good for nothing else! And Mrs. Coombe's windy to open, if you please, and that's sixpence-riz on her, and she a widow. And old Ned Hoare just to be in with her, *he* says, 'What on earth's the priest after? I never had a better room t' myself; why can't people be content?' he says. But her 'ladyship' was up to *him*! 'Faith,' says she, and sticks them leg-of-mutton hands of hers into her ribs, 'since the room suits you so well, Ned, we'll make it the three shillings instead of the half-crown?' You should have seen Ned's face!" Peter chuckled.

"And them Priddock girls, she's making it hot for them, and all for what? 'Cause Mary (that's the well one), wouldn't turn a gown for her on her own terms. It'd take it out in thread, that's what Mary said when the old one proposed it to her. And then the old one up and gave her some of her talk that I won't demean myself by repeating, but Molly Delaney *she* heard it through the

wall. And Mary," the old man who had leant his broom against a bit of wall rubbed his hands in his enjoyment of this part of the story, "Mary, she showed her the door. As sure as I'm here, that's what the creature did; *showed the old one the door, put her out*—the Priest himself couldn't have done it neater. She's the fine spirit in her, that Mary one has." Peter's face beamed in approbation.

"She might leave a pair of decent girls like these alone," Dr. Jem said half to himself.

"Decent," the old man repeated, "that's just what it is. The ondecent can't bear the decent; it's that gives her the pick at them, and sending words after them that I wouldn't repeat." Peter spat on the cobble-stones with emphatic gesture.

"You wouldn't be seeing them to-day?" the old man asked, as Dr. Tracy stood in meditation.

"See them?" Jem pulled himself together. "No, their door was shut to-day."

The sweeper shook his head. "It's the Annie one. She's ill, real bad by Molly's saying, and the Mary one was for having you see her if you were so far up the stairs."

"Well, I was not at Mrs. Delaney's to-day," the Doctor returned, "and I can't go where I had not been asked."

"Molly's thinking death's not far off her, by the look of her."

Jem hesitated. "I could go, of course," and he was still standing, considering the point when he heard his name called.

"Dr. Tracy, if you please, would you be good enough to see my sister?" It was Mary Priddock, breathless with the speed with which she had run downstairs after the Doctor.

It was the first time Jem had seen the girl in full daylight, and he was struck anew by the refined beauty of the face. The faded green frock intensified her fairness, and gave a golden tint to the almost flaxen hair. Where had he seen a face like it before, Jem wondered; then he pulled himself together and prepared to follow her; and the next moment he had forgotten everything but professional interest in the state of his new patient.

"How's this? Why didn't you send for me before?" His fingers closed over the sick girl's wrist. "Have you any wine? Spirits? Ask Molly Delaney for a drop. Now a glass and tea-spoon." As he forced a spoonful through the girl's lips, he asked a few questions.

"Yes, sir, she's been like this once or twice before," was Mary Priddock's answer, "but not quite so bad."

Dr. Jem's eyes went round the room. Scant as were its furnishings, there was no appearance of pinching want; but one could not judge by appearances. Young as he was, Jem had learned the lesson; he had come across more than one patient who would have starved sooner than confess to poverty. Again Jem's eyes went round the room. Surely, the day he had spoken to the sick girl when Molly Delaney's door was shut, he had seen a chest of drawers—and the big brass-bound desk, where was it? Had they gone into the clutches of pawnbrokers, or into Mrs. Braddell's clutches, he wondered.

"You are strangers in Stockton?" he asked. He was still, from time to time, feeling his patient's pulse.

"Yes, sir."

"No relations about?"

"No, sir."

"None in the country?"

"No, sir."

"What brought you here?" He asked the question abruptly, and the blood rushed to Mary Priddock's face.

"We understand our own circumstances, sir." The chin went up in the gesture he remembered in the sister.

"I beg your pardon," Jem returned, and the apology came with such sincerity the girl was mollified.

"We thought we had bought a business, sir."

"That art emporium?"

"Yes, sir,"

"It took all your money?"

"Yes, sir," again Mary's face blushed.

"You wouldn't be able to go back where you came from? To your old employment?"

"No, sir. The milliner who employed us gave up her business."

"But you would have friends at anyrate?"

"Not many, sir. We lived in the country till the woman who brought us up died, and we moved into Exeter, and Annie and I are not very good at making friends."

"Suffice for each other," the Doctor said, and for the first time the girl smiled.

"About your sister," Jem went on, "I should like to bring a friend to see her. He is an older man than myself, and has had more experience in such cases, and it would be as a friend, of course."

The sisters exchanged a glance; the eldest was, he fancied, trying to swallow down her pride, but after a moment she spoke. "We should, of course, sir, be glad of any further opinion, but we can pay for it." She drew her purse out of her pocket as she spoke, and the Doctor saw her slip the shilling that was to be his own fee into her sister's hand.

"Well," Jem said, "you can speak to Dr. Bucknill when I bring him about that, it's not my affair. In the meantime, no exertion, no fatigue. As much nourishment as possible. Plenty of milk and eggs if she can take them, and if you could send old Peter round to the surgery in about an hour I'll make up a prescription." Jem held out his hand to the sick sister, who gave him her little fingers frankly, but if he expected the like favour from the elder he was mistaken. Mary Priddock walked across the room to hold open the door for him and held the handle as if to avoid his touch, returning his "good-morning" almost curtly.

Half way down the passage he was waylaid by Mrs. Delaney. "Death's on her," that good lady remarked cheerfully, pointing back at the Priddocks' room.

"Since when did you turn doctor?" Dr. Jem demanded. "Look after your child and see if you can't hold your tongue." And Molly, for once abashed, retired into her room.

On the ground floor Jem found himself stopped again, and this time by her "ladyship," a widow's cap added by way of toilet to her usual petticoat and bedgown.

"She's going to die?" she demanded, pointing like Molly in the direction of her tenant's room.

"That is impossible for me to say," Jim replied coolly.

"That means she is," the woman returned fiercely. "Well, they'll have to clear out. I'm not going to have paupers dying here. Stuck-up trash that can't pay their way." She planted her arms akimbo and stared the Doctor straight in the face.

"I can't discuss the circumstances of people I know nothing about," Jem said in the same cool tones. "They can pay their fee anyway." He turned Annie's shilling over in his palm while the woman looked at it greedily.

"Gold watches at the waist and fees for handsome doctors," she sneered. "Out they go this day week, and you may tell them so."

"If that's all you have to say, I'll bid you good-morning." Jem tried to pass.

"No, that's not all." The woman threw herself between him and the door. "Since you're so thick with them, you may tell them that the Court's no place for stuck-up ladies like them." She pointed through the open street to where, over the pointed archway, the gables of the poorhouse could be seen. "Change of air will do them good."

"Change of air certainly will," Dr. Jem returned, making a dart towards the door, and followed as he ran down the steps, for the second time that day, by a torrent of abuse.

Who and what were the girls? Jem Tracy's thoughts went persistently back to his new patients. With the appearance, and, to a certain extent, seemingly the refinement of those he was accustomed to class as gentlefolk they were not—Jem recognized it as he had done the first day he had spoken with Annie Priddock—ladies in the customary application of the word. Were they as badly off, he wondered, as their landlady insinuated? The disappearance of the different bits of furniture looked like it. He must try and interest someone in them and get them out of the Court, and, in the meanwhile, get old Bucknill to see the sick girl as soon as possible.

Jem had no professional vanity; as a young man, he might be more up-to-date than his middle-aged colleague, but Dr. Bucknill had double his years and experience, and though he was almost certain he could not be making a mistake, the girl was a young subject for the disease he feared. Yes, if only for his own sake, he would take old Bucknill along, and have the benefit of his advice and opinion.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### THE PARISH REGISTER

His people must learn to know Father John, his people must learn to depend on Father John; having made up his mind on these points, Father Matthew Consett was still in his own opinion enjoying a holiday, and interesting himself at the same time by

prosecuting enquiries as to the Lycett family, and keeping up a pretty vigorous correspondence with its American representative.

One evening it came into his head to look through some parish records left by his predecessor at the bottom of an old testament case in a more or less dilapidated condition, and, having fished them up from its depths, he carried them off to the parlour, where the Curate, who had just come off a hard day's work, was sitting in a despondent frame of mind.

Father Matthew eyed him a moment, and then handed him over a volume. "See here, Father John, don't let your mind dwell on what you can't help; that's sound advice if you'll only follow it. Here, see if you can't help me to find any entries under the name of Lycett—L-y-c-e-t-t." Father Matthew spelled the word.

It was, perhaps, a matter of ten minutes later that Father John looked up to say, "There is an entry here, sir, the baptism of an Elizabeth Lycett, with a later entry regarding her marriage, and—yes—habitat." Father John peered into the page.

"*Habitat?*" Father Matthew jumped up and looked over the curate's shoulder. "Whew!" he gave a whistle of surprise. "Here, let us change volumes," and he carried off Father John's to his own side of the table.

"Anything of importance, sir?" the Curate asked, seeing his superior's bent brows.

"Of importance? That I can't say." The Priest leant back in his chair, considering.

"I was called in to new people to-day," the Curate presently said, he had come to the end of his volume, and put it on the table before him. "Nothing more here, sir," he added apologetically.

"In the Court?" Father Matthew roused himself.

"In the Court, sir."

"And that reminds me. They are telling me you are ruining the people up there. You and her 'ladyship' between you."

The Curate blushed. "It is all that terrible woman, sir, but I do not mean to give in. So long as she houses her tenants like pigs, I shall make it my duty to tell her so—plainly."

"That I don't doubt at all," again the Father's mouth twitched, "but what about the raised rents?"

"It is iniquitous," the younger man began hotly, and paused as if words to express the situation failed him.

"And so it is," Father Matthew acquiesced, "but her 'ladyship' has the whip-hand of us all. 'Leave well alone' is in her case may be, 'leave ill alone, and improvements into the bargain.' See?" he smiled kindly at his companion. "But this case now?"

"Oh," the young man replied, relieved, "I had been to see Mrs. Delaney," he blushed again, "a little bit of business," he added hurriedly.

Father Matthew nodded. "I understand," he said, "it's well for Molly Delaney she's found some one to settle that rise of rent for her, and I wouldn't say but that it's—fair."

"You're a bit hard on me, sir," the curate protested.

"Not I." Father Matthew shook his head. "But this case now."

"Sisters, sir, next door to Mrs. Delaney's, and very, as it appeared to me, superior young women."

"Superior! Dr. Tracy spoke of them as—hem—'interesting.'" Father Matthew lifted his eyebrows. "Well, let me hear about the paragons."

"They appear to me to be a very respectable pair of young women," the Curate went on, "quite above their surroundings."

"It wouldn't be difficult to be that," Father Matthew interrupted. "But how did they get into them, that is the question?"

"It was that 'Art Emporium' business, sir."

"Tut, tut," the Priest made a gesture of impatience. "It's a pity women are such fools."

"As I understand, sir, they thought they had secured it."

"And came to find it did not exist. To my mind a few of these swindlers should be hanged; but, as I have said, in business matters the most of women seem to me to be fools. How many of the unfortunate creatures were there now?"

"The police reports said about a dozen, I think, sir."

"A dozen idiots brought to beggary and all for the want of a little common sense."

"I wouldn't exactly say that," the Curate remonstrated. "The advertisement was plausible?"

"Plausible? Tut, tut." Father Matthew was now walking up and down the room. "They put their all into it, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, paid in advance, and brought their furniture—"

"Tut, tut," the Priest again interrupted. "Have they no one

belonging to them? And how is it we have never seen them at Mass?"

"I believe one of them was at my confessional the other night, and the other is ill, in a bad way I should say." The Curate shook his head.

"Why didn't they ask for you sooner?"

The Curate shook his head. "I suspect they were ashamed of their surroundings and were always in hope that work might turn up and that the girl would get better. Dr. Bucknill had been up yesterday and given them a fright."

"I thought Tracy took the Court now?"

"Dr. Tracy brought Bucknill."

"A consultation! Well, that looks bad. What is wrong?"

"That I don't know, but Bucknill seems to have been frank."

"Catch Bucknill not speaking out; he's got his conscience."

"They are twins, poor things, and seem much attached to each other. I'd like to see them out of the Court."

"So would Jem Tracey. Beauties he called them."

"They are anxious to see you, sir. Old Peter has told them about you, he runs their errands and seems a friend."

"Well, I'll maybe look them up some day. I suppose we will see what we can do for them, but I don't understand yet how strangers got to the Court."

"They came across Molly Delaney at the first lodgings they were at in Bridge Road, and when the few shillings they had were running short she carried them off."

"That's it, is it?" Father Matthew turned to his books again, and was still studying the entry the Curate had found when the housekeeper knocked at the door, and in answer to Father Matthew's "Come in," threw it open announcing: "Mr. James Lee Lycett."

"Mr. James Lee Lycett," Father Matthew repeated the words in sheer astonishment as he jumped up to receive the newcomer.

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## CHAPTER IX

### JAMES LEE LYCETT

The frank-faced young fellow who followed the housekeeper into Father Consett's parlour was so boyish-looking that that gentleman made up his mind at once that he must be the grandson at least of his friend, Mrs. Makepeace's sweetheart.

After his apologies to the Priest for all the trouble he had given him, it did not take the American many minutes to tell his tale. He had come to Europe, he explained, on business connected with his father's farm, and, at his request, had undertaken to find out what he could about his English kinsfolk before re-crossing the Atlantic.

His grandfather, he went on to say, had gone to the States when young, and, in his old age, had never liked to remember that he had lost touch (and by his own carelessness) with those he had left behind. Still less had he liked to picture his family, perhaps in want, when he and his in America were enjoying all the good things of this earth.

"How did he happen to lose sight of his relatives?" the Priest asked.

"He had hard times on first landing," the American returned, "and put off writing—as so many do—till he could give better news, and then his letters came back inscribed 'unknown.'"

"Where had he left his people?" Father Matthew asked. He had taken up the tattered folio again.

"At Devonport, where my *great* grandfather," the young man smiled, "hoped to start some seed business."

"Devonport?" The Priest stroked his chin with his unemployed hand. "They went from Wood-ash to Devonport?"

"Exactly so," the young man returned. "My grandfather left his family there when he started for the States."

"You have been to Devonport?"

The young man nodded. "Soon after landing, but I did not find a trace! The very street they lived in seems to have disappeared. It was after that disappointment I thought of trying here, hoping that some survivor of the family might have harked back to the cradle of the race."

Father Matthew shook his head. "If they had kept the Faith, I should have heard of them. We have—barring Lord Shotover's private chapel only lately opened—but the one church here."

"So?"

"Your grandfather had brothers?" Father Matthew asked.

"One."

"And as to sisters?"

"My grandfather had two sisters; both unmarried."

"Hem." The Priest cleared his throat. "You know the

circumstances under which the family are supposed to have left Wood-ash?"

The American's face reddened. "It is an old story, of course." He gave an apologetic laugh. "But my grandfather used to tell us that Lord Shotover's sons were fond of coming to the farm, and that his Lordship took some nonsense into his head about my grand-aunt, Elizabeth, and one of the young men, Geoffrey, I think the name was. It was all imagination, according to my grandfather. His sister never would have looked at young Shotover, nor would my great-grandfather have allowed any clandestine goings-on about the house."

"Hem." Father Cossett cleared his throat. "Nevertheless, I believe that General Shotover, who is still alive and living in this neighbourhood, might be able to give you some information regarding your grand-aunt." He pushed the book lying before him towards the American, indicating the entry Father John had found.

As the young man read, his face flushed. "Why living at Tiverton, under her maiden name?" He asked, at last, looking up.

The Priest shook his head. "That," he said, "General Shotover ought to be able to explain. My predecessor evidently thought the matter of sufficient importance to make a note of it, as you see."

The American sat in silence for a moment or two. "And General Shotover?" he asked, at last.

"Is living in this neighborhood."

"He must be an old man."

The Priest went over to the book-case and brought back a volume in his hand. "Keep a thing long enough and it's sure to come to use. I gave sixpence for it." He held out a battered Peerage for his visitor's inspection. "Now, let us see." He turned over the leaves. "General Geoffrey Shotover is at this moment eighty-four."

"And," the young man hesitated, "his wife?"

"This," the Priest turned to the folio, "brought me my first knowledge of Mrs. Shotover."

The American held out his hand for the register again, and re-read the entry—"My aunt must have kept up communication with the Priest here."

"That is evident. From what I hear, the Priest at that date, Father Peter Lee, counted kin with the Lycetts. You bear the name yourself?"

The young man nodded. "My second name is Lee—yes. I am my grandfather's namesake. You know this General Shotover?" he went on abruptly, taking up the folio once more.

"Certainly. He is one of the flock."

"I mean to see him." The young man spoke with decision.

"My friend," Father Matthew laid his hand on his arm, "There is an old proverb and a wise one that I quote to Father John (he looked slyly at the Curate)—'Let sleeping dogs lie.'"

The American's face flushed.

"Suppose now," the Priest went on, "you take a run down to Tiverton. Let us make sure of what we want to know before we set to work to tackle the General."

The visitor considered. "I believe, sir, you are right?" he said at last, "but I think little of a man who is not man enough to let his wife live under his own name."

"Don't let us judge till we know the circumstances. It may have been your aunt's doing. But the Shotovers are proud," he went on tentatively.

"Proud! The Lycetts can match them."

"I am not so sure about pride being a cardinal virtue," the Priest said and smiled as he saw his visitor flush, "but, anyway, I agree with you, a man—except under very peculiar circumstances—cannot be worth much who puts his wife into such a hole as that."

"It was never known here that this General Shotover had married my aunt?"

"As I have said," Father Matthew again tapped the folio, "my first knowledge was found here. In the opinion of the world General Shotover is a typical old bachelor. If you have made up your mind to sift the matter," the Priest went on as the American stood silent, "go to Tiverton, but remember the proverb I quoted. By-the-bye I have come across one person who remembers your grand-aunt, and what is more gives her a high character."

"My grandfather spoke of his sister as a saint on earth," the young man said warmly.

"Well, without going so far as that, Mrs. Makepeace describes her as a pious woman."

"Mrs. Makepeace? I do not remember my grandfather mentioning the name."

"Ah, she would be married after he left. Dodson was her name."

"Teresa Dodson? I have heard of her."

"Teresa Dodson—the same—she lives with her widowed daughter on one of the Shotover farms, and, if you can get her in the vein, she will tell you plenty that may interest you of your grandfather's and grandaunts' young days, though her memory is not what it was."

"Teresa Dodson," the young man repeated. "She was, I think, a belle, and a great friend of my grand-aunt Elizabeth's. You see, sir," he smiled apologetically, "we have lived in patriarchal style, and we, young ones, liked nothing better than to hear my grandfather tell tales of the old country and of the days of his youth. I wonder if Lord Shotover would give me a day's nutting in his woods? or if I could find the pool where my grand-uncle caught the big trout? and if owls keep to building in the Wood-ash barn? Or if there is still a window in the gable-end of the house where one could slip in and draw out a pasty!"

Father Matthew laughed. "You know all about it," he said.

"My sisters would know more."

"Ah, women like all these details. Well, if you are still determined to hunt your family up, go to Tiverton. It is out of the world, and rustic memory is long. The whole family may have moved there, and Lycett is an uncommon name."

"My father prides himself on being the only Lycett in the States."

"You'll find plenty of stones that bear it if, on your way to Mrs. Makepeace, you stop at Shotover Hill. In the churchyard there Shotovers and Lycetts lie not far apart, the one outside, the other inside the church walls."

"You will let me call on you when I come back?" the young man asked, as he got up to make his adieu.

"Certainly, certainly," the Priest returned. "I shall be interested in whatever you have to tell. Or I might tackle the General for you, though I doubt that I am the man." Father Matthew shook his head.

From his window the Priest watched the young man walk down the street. "A fine lad," he said to himself, "a fine lad."

But, if he manages to hunt out these relations of his, he may hunt out disappointment. Well, we shall see." He turned to the parish books again, and carefully transcribed the entry into his pocket-book. "Married at Plymouth," he said to himself. "Yes, there would be sure to be a Priest there; but why the move to Tiverton? Secrecy, I suppose. If I were that young fellow, I'd leave the matter alone. Mrs. Shotover—there seems no doubt she was Mrs. Shotover—must be dead ages ago—and he won't find an affectionate relative in General Geoffrey."

FRANCES MAITLAND.

*(To be continued.)*

## SWEEP! CHIMNEY-SWEEP!

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO

SWEEP! Chimney-sweep! I cry,  
 Cold and hungry and small am I—  
 I went away from mammy's breast  
 Like a little bird that leaves the nest,  
 Away from the lake, away from the birthplace,  
 To make of coppers a little heap;  
 And all day long I cry through the city,  
 "Sweep! sweep! chimney-sweep!"

Grand is Milan, but fairer far  
 The place where home and mother are!  
 And ever and ever my heart doth take  
 Its way to its home on the shore o' the lake:  
 And, "Are you within," I say, "O mother,  
 There where I used to bide with you?  
 And are you sitting beside the fire,  
 Mending the nets as you used to do?"

Here there is none to wish me well,  
 Nor care that I am miserable :  
 My face is black, my eyes are red,  
 And the little children have me in dread :  
 Oh, so wretched am I and ugly,  
 Mothers a threat for children keep,  
 " See, if ever you should be naughty,  
 I'll call the little black chimney-sweep ! "

Thirsty, with water my thirst I slake ;  
 Hungry, a crust of bread I take ;  
 And when my hands with cold are numb,  
 I blow on them for sense to come.  
 Feet in shoes all torn and ragged,  
 Trudge through the snow till day be done,  
 And night-time comes, and copper buys me  
 A handful of straw to lie upon.

At morn when up the sun doth spring,  
 And you hear the sparrow twittering,  
 That prays to God, singing alway,  
 Then I too wake, and I too pray :  
 I pray that soon be the good time coming,  
 When home shall my steps at last be turned,  
 And I see the mammy, and dance around her,  
 And give her the riches I shall have earned !

But suppose when I came I were to see  
 Somebody who should say to me,  
 " There, little boy, your way doth lie,  
 It leads unto the cemetery,  
 Where, on the earth that is scarcely troubled,  
 Floweret nor blade of grass doth peep ;  
 Low in the new-made grave you'll see there,  
 Your mother is buried, chimney-sweep ! "

EMILY HICKEY.

## OUR VILLAGE LECTURE

WE were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement in our small village by the announcement that a lecture would be given in the schoolhouse, on Poultry. The announcement was by no means made in the usual manner, by placards or advertisement; it was simply passed from mouth to mouth in the course of two days. Now we are a very lethargic people, so I was not at all prepared for the eagerness with which all the village folk rushed to the scene of the lecture when the appointed night came. At first, indeed, it seemed as if our lecturer would have but a scanty audience, for on entering the dimly-lighted schoolroom very few more than a sprinkling of children could be discovered amid the gloom of oil lanterns suspended over the side windows. But having chosen a good place in front of the white sheet which promised such amusement to the young people, I was pleased to see that the doorway was becoming blocked—yet only a few could summon courage to enter. At length, however, the gentleman who had kindly undertaken to manage the lantern from the end of the room, making some experiment with a slide, there arose a cry of admiration from various little throats, and then a shout of laughter. This succeeded in relieving the congestion at the doorway and the room began to fill, for if we are a lethargic, we are also a curious people.

By and by there was a fresh commotion at the door, but instead of making a move inward it seemed quite in the opposite direction. At the same time all the tongues that had been wagging round about us with considerable volubility after the impetus given by the cock-a-doodle-doo upon the lantern sheet, were instantly silenced, and the genial, full-toned voice of our pleasant Prior, with its southern intonation, fell upon our ear, as, between two lines at once formed by our courteous and respectful peasantry—promoted by not a little pushing and elbow-nudging—he entered, in the picturesque garb of his Order, followed by two lay-brothers whose faces beamed with smiles from out their raised cowls. For be it known, we dwell under the shadow of a monastery. The “divinity that doth hedge a king” certainly pales before the divinity that

doth hedge the Irish priest among his own people. The silent awe of the crowd was not the result of terror, but of respect.

Smilingly our Prior advanced, peering around him with glances of recognition as he slowly discovered familiar faces in the dim light. Still the larger crowd around the door was shy to enter, until he turned to them saying: "Come in, boys and girls." Then, with bent heads, bashful side-long glances, and hurried steps that were meant to be noiseless but were much the reverse, there ensued a regular rush for all vacant places, until not a seat was to be had, and space was economised by standing on the benches round the room. More continued to come, and at length the entrance was completely blocked.

However, one had not arrived who had been eagerly expected, namely our "Soggarth Aroon," who had been so anxious beforehand as to the success of this initiatory venture, and it was only after having delayed the opening of the proceedings for a considerable time, and having learned that Father—— had gone to fulfil that most imperative among a priest's duties, a sick-call, that the father of a gifted poetess and prose-writer whom circumstances have alienated in body, but not in heart, from her native land, proposed our Prior as chairman. And this having been warmly seconded, he introduced the lady-lecturer in a few gracious, kindly words. Yet, worthily as his place was filled, all regretted the unavoidable absence of the Soggarth.

What need to dwell upon the lecture? It was delivered by one who thoroughly knew her subject, and delivered in a manner satisfactory to both quick and dull intellects. We learned many things we never knew before, and a keen interest was maintained with most commendable silence on the part of the juveniles, until the all-important moment came when the lamps were put out and the lantern-sheet alone remained white and ghostly before our view.

But when a fine, handsome, dashing cock, with the air of a recruiting sergeant at least, was thrown upon it, with the fattest and neatest of rotund matrons by his side, rustic enthusiasm could not be restrained, and I think the few old people who had feared to brave the night air, must have wished themselves young again as they heard the shouts of surprise and joy that greeted the many slides which followed each other in rapid succession before us. For a moment, when the lecturer's baton went up to the

figures, there was silence, then a regular hush of expectancy before the next appeared, and then!—but there must have been at least three upon my back, and yet, so delightful was the genuine evidence of pleasure and intelligent interest all round, that I should not have objected to at least one more. Be it said that I was seated among the children.

The excitement never waned, not for a moment, for when we had seen all English varieties of our familiar farmyard friends, as well as French dandies that only wanted an eyeglass to complete the resemblance, and a specimen of our old Irish spindle-legged matron that looked far more like an old maid, so trim was she in her—yes, her three-cornered shawl,—we saw also ducks and geese,—what a roar of laughter these provoked!—and most appropriately at this season, the Christmas turkey. We almost felt that we wanted our dinner, although even supper time had passed. Then the lovely little houses for all these, where the chickens were seen in clusters behind the tidiest of wire-netting. Alas, few of our dear peasantry can house themselves so comfortably, much less their fowl.

However, the enchanting moments flew by and lights were once more raised, when our Prior echoed the feelings of all by according the lecturer our hearty thanks, and we were rather sorry it was all over, when she kindly offered to answer any questions which might be put to her by the audience, should anyone wish for further information. Shyness of course seized all present, myself included, but then I have no fowl; so information, as far as practical result was concerned, would have been thrown away on me. But the Prior was equal to the occasion. “Now you hear what Miss — says. Is there anyone who would like to ask a question?” Apparently not, for the only reply was an audible titter, so he proceeded to ask question after question himself, and we were much obliged to him, for it gave us courage, and questions were burning on every lip; indeed I should have asked one myself, had any sensible one on the subject occurred to me. But nothing was left, for after the Prior had singled out some few by name, such as: “Paddy Mulvany there, do you want to know anything?”—and the consequent burst of laughter had subsided when Paddy had stoutly denied any such intention, several found voice by which to reap in all required knowledge. I came home as full of information as an egg is of meat, to use an appropriate simile.

But the one thing impressed on my mind is, that whatever else one may forget or neglect, one must neither forget nor neglect to have *Wyandotte* fowl. They are hardy, and they lay in winter, and with Advent coming on, if you have not *Wyandotte* fowl you are quite undone!

The gentleman who had worked the lantern here directed our attention from both the lecturer and the chairman, by asking permission to endorse Miss ——'s opinion and advice in relating an experience of his own. Having heard of the many excellent qualities of this bird, he sent away for some of them, which were duly packed and despatched to his address. But by some accident in transit the label was torn off the packing crate, and when it arrived at Westland-row it could not be delivered. Accordingly, after three days he went to make inquiries, and discovered the fowl all roosting most comfortably on any perch they could find about the railway-station. For three days they had subsisted on the scant food they had picked up here and there, and little or no water, and we all felt that if this were not a recommendation of their hardiness, no better could be found.

That filled us with wonder, but what sent us all away with laughter on our lips was the Prior's next question: "Now, Miss ——, what about the clucking hen? Brother Jerome ——," but here such a shout rent the air as if the vision of six-foot-four chasing a clucking hen, with his cowl flapping in the wind, presented itself—that all further serious enquiry was at an end.

M. C. K.

## AT THE NUPTIAL MASS

LOVE, when thou kneelest by me, bowed in prayer,  
 The sad, sweet faces o'er the altar smile,  
 The crownèd saints above the sounding aisle  
 Cast golden glories o'er thy raven hair.

For art not thou of their high company?  
 Nor would I lure thee, sweet, from Him above  
 Who made and gave thee to my lesser love—  
 Yet would I whisper, dearest, "Pray for me."

JOHN HANNON.

## THE SEVEN DOLOURS

For some it may facilitate the saying of the Beads of the Seven Dolours to have the Mysteries versified. This has been attempted in the following lines:—

O WOMAN truly valiant ! Thou  
Who crushed the serpent's head,  
Teach us, thy feeble children, how  
The path of pain to tread.

### FIRST DOLOUR.

When holy Simeon said a sword  
Of grief should pierce thy heart,  
Thou didst not quail, though every word  
Stung like a poisoned dart.

### SECOND DOLOUR.

When Joseph rose by night and said  
“ To Egypt we must fly ! ”  
Thou didst not show a sign of dread  
Nor ask the reason why.

### THIRD DOLOUR.

The youthful Saviour leaves thy side—  
How deep thy grief and pain !  
Him found again thou dost not chide,  
But lovingly complain.

### FOURTH DOLOUR.

When, on the road to Calvary,  
The Saviour's glance met thine,  
Then, Mother meek, thou thought'st of me  
And prayed for me and mine.

## FIFTH DOLOUR.

When high in air the Cross they raise,  
Beneath the vulgar eye,  
The scoffing crowd in mute amaze  
Beheld thee standing by !

## SIXTH DOLOUR.

When Jesus dies, His lifeless form  
Is taken from the Cross ;  
No words, but only tear-drops warm,  
Express thy cruel loss.

## SEVENTH DOLOUR.

When stony grave received thy Son  
Into its cold embrace,  
Thy victory over grief was won,  
O Woman, full of grace !

And we, thy children, what say we,  
When troubles cross our path ?  
Poor fretful worms, who cannot see,  
The place Our Father hath !  
Like thee we fain would hide our grief,  
But ah ! our hearts are weak,  
At every turn we crave relief,  
And speedy solace seek.  
Oh, supplicate the Father still,  
Plead for us with thy Son,  
And with the Spirit blest, until  
Life's weary task is done.

## TOM

## A CHARACTER SKETCH

I WAS standing at the street corner watching the crowds moving to and fro. Merry laughter there was and continued chatter. It was late, and yet no one seemed anxious to go home—just one of those nights when, owing to some function during the day, the people come together; and, when the cause of the enjoyment has passed, the electricity of excitement still acts, and for apparently no reason the men and women continue to move about without any fixed purpose. I stood and gazed on it all, and speculated busily with myself what the thoughts were which found room in the minds of the passers-by; and tried to discern whether it were possible to obtain a glimpse of character through the study of the facial expressions. But at intervals my attention was attracted by the loud-voiced exclamations of some man, and, singling him out, I became interested in his movements. Very erratic these movements were, and at length the police sergeant accosted him.

“You must not be talking so loudly,” he said. “You are disturbing the peace.”

“I’m not talking, sir, I’m soliloquizing,” came the quick reply; and the sergeant smiled and shook his head, but walked away. Again the attention of the people was drawn towards him, and the sergeant once more approached.

“I say, Tom,” he said, “you must be quiet. There’s a good fellow. Don’t get yourself into trouble. Go home.”

“Never mind the trouble, Sergeant. Where’s the home?” The words were uttered quietly, as if the poor man fully realised the tragedy they contained. Turning from the police officer, he walked quickly away, but did not go far until he threw up his hands with a cry—

“There’s a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which sometimes flows and sometimes ebbs again!”

I smiled at the new version, but its curious aptness made me feel a deep pity for that strange man.

It was thus I first saw Tom. Poor Tom! One of the wreckage

thrown up on the shores of life, buffeted about by the waves of chance, he presented an appearance at which I gazed with a feeling of compassion, and I determined to know his story. A garrulous old woman told it to me, and here it is as nearly as I can recollect it:—

“Ye want to know about poor Tom. Tom Donnelan is his name. Musha, faith, it's aisy to make ye take an int'rist in people whin that's the kind o' thing is throublin' ye. But, sure, where's me use in talkin' ? If I don't tell ye, some wan else will, an' ye've often been kind an' charitable to me. But about Tom—well, his father an' mother wor the dacintest people ye'd ask to know, an' he was reared dacint, an' had everything he wanted. Nothin' was too good for him, an' if he cried for the moon, sure th' oul' people 'd thry to get it for him. He was a darlin' little fella, anyhow, an' was all life, an' it 'd do yer heart good to see him thryin' to walk. Whin he was able to go about a bit, he was sent to school to Mrs. Walsh. 'Twas she knew how to taiche. There wasn't any o' yer grand airs about her like some o' thim' that's goin' nowadays. The world won't shtand thim shortly. Sure, 'twas given up to Mrs. Walsh to be the besht o' the whole o' thim in the county an' outside it for the matther o' that. She med a good fisht o' Tom, as we all knew she would, for she knew how to go about taichin' ; an' 'twasn't long until Tom was out o' books,\* an' the naybours wor called in to know what'd be besht to do for him. Now, it was dacint o' the Donnelans to do that, because they wor looked on as a shtuck up lot o' people an' always kep' their minds to thimsel's. Some wor for makin' a priesht o' him ; but, sure, ye can't be a priesht 'ithout ye bein' called specially, for God wants the pick o' the besht to do His work. More wor for sindin' him to college an' lettin' things turn up in their own time, an' others wor for sendin' him to Mr. Mac's to business, an' be the same token, there isn't a finer lot o' sthrappin', honest young min anywhere than ye'll get at Mr. Mac's. But, sure, Tom was fixin' matthers for himsel' an' a bad fixin' he made o' it, too. Whin the people o' the village was botherin' their heads wid findin' the besht way to make a man o' him, he was down at Johnny Carey's. Ye don't know Johnny's ? Arrah, what am I sayin' ?—o' coorse ye don't. Well, Johnny's is a

\* An expression commonly used to signify that a pupil at a National School has successfully passed the annual examination in the Second Stage of Sixth Book.

publichouse that was put where it wasn't wanted, in the middle o' a fine counthry, about half-a-mile from where Tom lived. It was a cryin' shame to put that publichouse there. It was the wrongest thing ye iver heard o'. Sure before it kem there ye niver saw a dhrunken man in the whole parish, and afterwards ye niver saw a sober wan.\* An' 'twas there me bould Tom spint his time. He learned to smoke an' dhrink, an' Johnny Carey (God forgive him, an' his name was a bad wan) niver tould the Donnelans a word o' it, an', sure, I need hardly tell ye the min that gev Tom the dhrink didn't say anythin' aither. He used to read the papers for thim an' they med a great man o' him. He got to be a wild character, an' wint to Amerikay, but, sure, if ye aren't good at home ye won't be good whin ye're away, an' Tom didn't make much o' his time in Boston. He kem home after a while an' took up the father's place whin the oul' man died. He wasn't up to much thin aither, but, bad as he was while his mother was livin', he wint to the divil intirely whin she died. He wint from bad to worse an' was sould out. That finished him. His head wint wrong, an' he's doin' nothin' but odd jobs now to keep body an' soul together. God forgive the people that med him dhrink. 'Twas thim brought him to this. He had dacint parents, but he broke their hearts, God help him. What's to become o' him I don't know." And a sad shake of the head concluded the narrative.

\*     \*     \*     \*

I have watched Tom since, and have seen him go down step by step. As I write, the bell is tolling solemnly; and, when I have finished, I shall follow his remains to the grave: for the struggle for him is over, and Tom is gone home at last.

JOHN HAMILTON.

\* These words are substantially the same as were used by a man to the writer when discussing the growing evil of granting licences in country districts. They are, very likely, an exaggeration, but still they show need for reform in this matter.

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**IN MEMORY OF THOMAS WILLIAM CROKE,  
ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.**

*[Born at Mallow, May 19, 1824. Died at Thurles, July 22, 1902.]*

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NOT DEAD!—not dead, our great High Priest; the true, the noble-  
hearted;

To Heaven's Eternal Home of Rest his spirit hath departed.

Poor Erin weeps, till her full heart is every fibre aching

At this sad, solemn, long farewell; this lonely last leave-taking!

Not dead!—not dead, our peerless Priest, though our sad tears  
are falling;

Yet hearts beat high amid those tears, his lustrous life recalling:

His hero-heart, his giving hand, his life-long firm endeavour

To right the wrong that crushed his land, shall be forgotten—  
never!

Not dead! Not dead, our patriot Priest, with star-like genius  
gifted,

In whose brave hand his country's flag was ever held uplifted!

Whose dauntless heart kept onward still, when craven souls were  
flying;

Whose voice had more than magic ring, his country's foes  
defying!

Not dead; not dead! His name shall live in Erin's tear-stained  
story,

And many a page shall brightly gleam with Royal Cashel's glory

The light we loved shall still shine out in all its stainless splendour,

Enshrined in Irish hearts with love the truest and most tender.

Not dead!—not dead, our sainted Priest, in the long fight  
victorious;

Now safe within the Better Land he reigns all crowned and  
glorious!

Where every pain shall be repaid with over-flowing measure.

The Lord of all hath him enriched with His eternal treasure!

Not dead!—not dead, our Shepherd true; his spirit watches  
o'er us,  
His memory, like a living lamp, shall light the path before us.  
His prayers at Mary's hallowed throne, the Martyr-Queen of  
Sorrow,  
Shall plead his Martyr-island's cause for a bright, better  
morrow.

Not dead!—not dead, our Prelate grand; how joyous his  
awaking,  
'Mid welcomes from the "Victor Band" in rapture round him  
breaking!  
Another Saint from Erin's land—that land that faltered never—  
And Erin's God hath welcomed him to His own Home for  
ever.

M. M.

### "OUT OF THE STRONG CAME FORTH SWEETNESS"

GREAT Table Mountain, which I daily scan  
With still increasing joy, this morn was framed  
In a low rainbow, Phoebus rightly aimed  
Just to include the outline in its span.  
And surely never since the world began  
Was Nature's ruggedness more sweetly tamed.  
Yet through my heart a sudden terror flamed;  
Heaven's smile more dread inspires than earthly ban.

Such is the alchemy of sun and rain:  
Touching earth's choicest dream of loveliness,  
It turned life's daily pleasure into awe.  
And pray what meant it? Nay, I cannot guess:  
But all that is within me—soul, heart, brain—  
Was dumbly glorified by what I saw.

F. C. K<sub>O</sub>LB<sup>E</sup>.

## ST. MONICA AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS\*

**F**EW things in the works of St. Augustine are more valuable than the transparent way in which he portrays himself. Through the whole range of history there is hardly one man whose inner life can be more intimately known, and there are very few indeed who are more worth knowing. All the history of his conversion is especially familiar to us: the despair of his powerful intellect in its search after truth; his giving rein to his strong passions; the glorious victory of truth, which the Church has ever celebrated with joy. But behind and through it all a sweet face looks upon us which we can never separate from this wonderful story—the face of St. Monica; the model of Christian mothers, who followed her wayward son through all his wanderings with sighs and prayers and tears, who “mourned more for his errors than mothers generally mourn for the death of their sons,” and who, “after having brought him forth in the flesh to the light of this world, brought him forth again in her heart to the light of the world to come.” We know her well, for her son has given us her portrait, faithfully drawn with loving and delicate hand. We know that in her youth she was beautiful, and was reverently loved and admired by her husband. Her mother-in-law, who had been estranged from her by the calumnies of servants, she overcame by kind offices, forbearance, and meekness. She had the priceless gift of knowing when to hold her tongue and when to speak, and thus, though her husband was a hot-tempered, impulsive man, she lived through her long wedded life without a single quarrel; for when he was angry she would resist him neither in word nor in deed at the time, but afterwards, going and talking matters over with him when he was quiet, always succeeded in bringing him to reason. Again, when she was once following St. Augustine from

\* Our Magazine cannot claim this as its very own, as it is proud to do for its writer's paper on the *Vita Nuova* of Dante in our August Number (which miscalled him “C. F. Kolbe,” instead of the Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D.D.). But though this essay has appeared elsewhere, the judicious reader, for whom it is as good as new, will parody the saucy old poet:—

If it be not old for me,  
What care I how old it be?

—ED. I. M.

Africa to Italy, a violent storm arose, and all, even the hardy seamen, lost heart, while St. Monica alone preserved her peace of mind and went about encouraging the sailors to do their best, assuring them that they should reach land safely, for she had seen a vision from God. Later on, at the time when St. Ambrose was being persecuted by the Arian Empress Justina, and special prayer was being made in the church of Milan, and the faithful were watching in the cathedral, ready to die with their bishop, St. Monica was there and held the first place in watching and anxiety. "She lived on prayers," is her son's energetic expression. "Whoever knew her, therefore, praised and honoured and loved God in her; for her holy conversation was an evident proof that God was ever present in her heart."

So accustomed are we to these memories of her that perhaps there are not many of us to whom the idea of "St. Monica among the philosophers" would not be new, if not strange. Yet the early writings of St. Augustine show that his mother had an exceedingly beautiful mind. Her maternal heart was her greatest talent and was the most splendidly used, but it is well not to forget that she was worthy to be the mother of Augustine the theologian as well as of Augustine the saint.

St. Augustine finally gave his heart to the Church in the summer of 386. He was at the time a professor of rhetoric in Milan, but in order to prepare himself more fittingly for the Sacrament of Baptism he gave up his school and retired into the country, to a villa which had been kindly placed at his disposal by his friend Verecundus. He was not alone. St. Monica was there, "full of strong faith, of motherly love, of Christian piety," says her son; her heart overflowing with gratitude for the great good that God was providing for her old age, and calmly awaiting the supreme moment, the end of thirty years of prayers and tears. Alypius, too, was there, Augustine's friend from earliest youth, "the brother of his heart," who after being his disciple in philosophy, joined him in the Manichæan heresy, joined him again in his conversion to the Catholic Church, and was now, *catechumenus cum catechumeno*, preparing with intense fervour for baptism. There were also Navigius, Augustine's brother; Lastidianus and Rusticus, his cousins, who had not gone through any course of study, but were remarkable for their strong common sense; also Trygetius and Licentius, fellow-citizens and pupils of Augustine;

and, last and least of all, little Adeodatus—"the son of my illicit love; but thou formedst him well, O Lord my God, Creator of all things and all-powerful to draw good out of the evil we commit." St. Augustine loved the dear little fellow very much and was never tired of praising his talents, "which, unless love deceives me, promise great things;" and especially glad was he to take the lad to the baptismal font with him, father and son being born again together of water and the Holy Ghost. It was just like St. Augustine to give him such a name—Adeodatus, God's gift—but he had ere long to learn to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," for Adeodatus died prematurely at the very beginning of the fair promise of his youth.

Such was the little company of whose *villeggiatura*, half retreat, half vacation, I am to give a slight account—mostly, indeed, in St. Augustine's own words, which I hope will not lose all their beauty even in my feeble translation.

It is not necessary to say that their devotions were constant and fervent—how fervent St. Augustine himself tells us in a little incident which may make us smile. He was suffering intensely from toothache, and at last the pain grew so bad that he could not speak. So, writing upon a wax tablet, he begged them all to pray for relief for him, and no sooner had they knelt down than the pain entirely vanished. But it is of their intellectual occupations that we have the fullest record; and it is of these that I wish to write, with special reference to St. Monica's share in them.

The book which gives us the most vivid idea of their mode of life is that entitled *De Ordine*—a book, or rather a long letter, written to an absent friend, Zenobius, who had had some discussions with Augustine on this subject of Order, and was now asking for more instruction. What this *Ordo* is it is hard to express in English; it embraces all ideas akin to order, law, harmony, &c., and is equally concerned with the physical laws of matter and with God as the Cause Exemplar of the universe. This is the homely and charming way the subject is introduced:

"I was lying awake one night, according to my wont, silently following out the various trains of thought that come into my mind. My love of seeking after truth had made this quite a habit with me, so that regularly every night I spent either the first or the last watches, at any rate always nearly half the night, in thoughts of

this kind ; nor would I permit my young pupils to draw me away from myself by sitting up at night to study, for they worked quite enough in the daytime, and if they added the night to it it would have been excessive. Besides, it was part of my system that they should spend some time in thought away from their books and should accustom themselves to reflection and introspection. So, as I was saying, I was lying awake, when the sound of a little stream of water that flows past our house from the Baths suddenly arrested my attention. It seemed strange to me that the sound came intermittently, now louder, now softer, as the stream ran over the stones, and I began to ask myself what could be the cause of this phenomenon. I confess I was unable to find one. Just at this moment Licentius, moving in bed, startled some marauding mice who scampered off, and thus betrayed the fact that he, too, was awake. 'Licentius,' I said, '(for I see that your Muses have lit their lamps for you to study by\*) , have you noticed how irregular is the murmur of that little stream?' 'Oh! yes,' he replied, 'that is nothing new to me; at times when I wake in the night, and am particularly anxious for fine weather next day, I listen for any chance indications of rain, and the stream often goes on just like that.' Here Trygetius broke in and said he had also noticed it. So it turned out that he, too, had been lying awake without our knowing it, for it was dark. (In Italy, you know, even those who are well off have to dispense with lights at night.) Finding that our whole school (all of it, that is, that was at home, for Alypius and Navigius were away in town) was wide awake, and hearing the little stream crying out to have something said about it, I began: 'Well, now, what do you think is the cause of this alternation of sound?'

This commenced a discussion which led directly into the subject of the book—viz., the Order which pervades the whole universe. Meanwhile morning came, and the two youths rose and dressed first.

"Then I, too, rose, and after our daily prayers we set out for the Baths, the best and most familiar place for discussion when the weather was not fine enough for the fields. On our way, just before our door, we found two cocks engaged in an exceedingly brisk encounter. It struck our fancy to stay and watch it. For where will not the eyes of the lover of truth and beauty find images of the object of his search? As, for instance, even in these very fighting cocks—heads eagerly stretched forward, feathers erect, attacks full of energy, defence full of caution, and in every movement of these irrational animals nothing that was not becoming, as

\* Licentius was then engaged in the study of poetry.

being the effect of a superior Intelligence ruling all things from above. Then the expression of the very idea of a conqueror—the proud song of triumph, all the limbs smoothed and shaped and directed to the one feeling of the pomp and consciousness of superiority. On the other hand, the sign of the conquered—the feathers all ruffled, all elegance vanished from voice and motion, and therefore in some sense all harmonious with the laws of nature, and even beautiful.

“Many were the questions we put. Why were all such birds like this? Why this intense desire for superiority? Why, again, did the mere looking at the fight give us a distinct pleasure apart from all higher considerations? What was there in us which kept seeking after things so far removed from sense? What, on the other hand, was there in us which was so easily taken captive by the senses themselves? Then we said amongst ourselves: Where is there not law and order? Where is not success the meed of the fittest? Where do we not find the shadow of permanence? Where is there not to be seen the likeness of true eternal beauty? Where is there not government and moderation? This last question reminded us that there must also be moderation in standing and looking at things; so we continued our walk to the Baths.”

Here they resumed the discussion on Order, Licentius and Trygetius maintaining the proposition that order pervades all things, St. Augustine pretending to upset it; and it was during this conversation that St. Monica was definitely entered as one of the philosophers. The scene loses all its sparkle in the translation, but I give it as nearly as I can:

“Meanwhile my mother entered and asked how we were getting on, for she knew of the subject of our debate. And when, according to our custom, I bade them write down her entrance and her question, she said: ‘What are you doing? Have I ever heard of women being introduced into this sort of discussion in those books which you read?’ ‘I don’t care much,’ I replied, ‘about the judgment of proud and incapable persons, who are guided in their reading of books by the same test as in their saluting of passers-by—that is, by external appearance and wealth and fashion. . . . But if my book falls into any one’s hands, and on reading my name on the title-page he does not say, Who is this? and throw the volume away, but, whether from curiosity or from eagerness for truth, he disregards the lowliness of the doorway and enters, then he will not take it amiss that I have associated you, my mother, with myself in philosophical pursuits. . . . Nor, indeed, will there be wanting those to whom the mere fact of finding you amongst us will be a pleasure. . . . For amongst the ancients

there used to be women philosophers; and after all, my dear mother, you know I like your philosophy very much indeed. The Greek word philosophy, as perhaps you may not know, means nothing else than love of wisdom; and the Divine Scriptures, which you love so much, do not, when they warn us against philosophy, mean philosophy in its true sense, but the philosophy of this world. There is another world, far removed from these our bodily eyes; and few and perfect are those whose intellect gazes upon it. . . . I should, therefore, pass you over in these my writings, if you did not love wisdom; but I should not pass you over if you loved it, were it only moderately; much less if you loved it as much as I do. But now that I know that you love it far more even than you love me (and I know how much you love me), and now that you have so far progressed in wisdom that no ill-fortune, and not death itself (so formidable even to the wisest), can move you with fear—a degree which all confess to be the very height of philosophy—think you that I shall pass you by? Nay, I will even sit at your feet as your disciple.’”

Here St. Monica smilingly and modestly assured St. Augustine that he had never told so many lies in all his life before. Nevertheless, in spite of all protests, she was duly enrolled as one of the interlocutors in this philosophical conversation, which owes no little of its beauty to her presence. The arguments, however, are too long to be reproduced and too abstruse to be condensed; and, besides, St. Monica was not so much at home in metaphysical truth as in moral. Let us turn, therefore, to the *De Beata Vita*, a dialogue in which she took a far larger and more important part. It is a dialogue worthy to be ranked among those of Plato—a very idyl of philosophy. I can but once more express the hope that the charm will not have entirely vanished under my treatment. The question was, What is true happiness of life? and it was introduced by the following preface:

“The 13th of November was my birthday. After a dinner, moderate enough not to check the play of the understanding, I invited all who were living with me [Alypius alone being absent] to adjourn to the Baths, the fittest and quietest place at that time of day for conversation. . . . When all were ready, I thus began: ‘I suppose it is evident to you that we are composed of body and soul?’ All agreed except Navigius, who said he did not know. Whereupon I said: ‘Do you mean that there is nothing at all that you do know, or that of the few things that you do not know this is one?’ ‘I should hardly think that my ignorance was quite universal,’ he replied. ‘Well, then,’ said I, ‘suppose you tell us

something that you really do know.' 'Certainly,' said he. And yet on trying he was unable to do so."

By a few well-put questions St. Augustine shows him that after all he is philosophically certain of the fact that we are composed of soul and body.

" 'This being so,' I pursued, 'I want to know why we take food.' 'For the body's sake,' at once answered Licentius: but the others hesitated, urging that food was meant to preserve life, and life was the special attribute of the *soul*. . . . After a while, however, all granted that material food was taken for the sake of the body.

" 'How, then?' said I; 'shall the soul have no nourishment for itself? What think you? Is knowledge its food?' 'Certainly,' said my mother: 'I do not think that there is any other fit food for the soul than the knowledge and understanding of things.' Here Trygetius demurred, but my mother pressed him hard: 'You yourself,' she said, 'are a practical proof of what the soul feeds on. For to-day at dinner you said you had not noticed what dish you had been eating of, because you had been cogitating something I know not what, and yet your hands and teeth were going busily enough all the time. Where, then, was your soul while your body was feasting? Was it not among your theories and speculations, trying if by any chance it could find some nourishment there?'

"When we were all agreed so far, I said that as to-day was my birthday, and I had already provided a little feast for the body, it was fitting that I should also provide them a feast for the soul; and that if they were hungry, as they certainly ought to be if their souls were in a good, healthy state, I should at once proceed to lay it before them. All at once exclaimed with voice and looks that they were hungry enough for anything I might have prepared.

"Whereupon beginning again, I said: 'I think I may take it for granted that we all wish to be *happy*?' All assented eagerly. 'Well, then, does it seem to you that a man can be happy as long as he has not what he wants?' Every one said no. 'Then every one who has what he wants is happy?' My mother replied: 'If he wants that which is good, and has it, he is happy; but if he wants that which he is bad he is unhappy, though he have it.' 'Well said indeed, mother,' I rejoined; 'you have gained the very heights of philosophy at a single bound.' . . .

After a short conversation on St. Monica's answer—

" 'Nothing, therefore, remains,' said Licentius, 'but for you to tell us what a man *ought* to want, what desires he ought to have,

in order to be happy.' 'Wait a little,' I replied; 'if you will be so kind as to invite me on your birthday, I shall be most glad to feast on anything you lay before me. But to-day it is I who have invited you, and I must beg you not to call for dishes that may possibly not have been prepared.'"

It was then agreed that they had at least arrived at this result: that no man is happy who has not what he wants, and yet that not every one who has what he wants is happy. They agreed further that there was no medium between *happy* and *unhappy*, and that, therefore, all men necessarily fall into one of these two classes. Then, in order after all to satisfy Licentius' appetite, St. Augustine instituted the question as to what a man ought to have in order to be happy. They agreed it could be nothing mortal, nothing that passes away, nothing subject to loss or vicissitude, or even to the fear of change; for whatever beatifying qualities the goods of this world might possess, the fact that it was *possible* to lose them was enough to prevent perfect happiness. Here, however, St. Monica put in a qualification:

"Even though a man had all the goods of this world, and were quite sure that he should never lose them, still they would not be enough to satisfy him; and, therefore, he must ever remain unhappy, for he will ever remain needy in spite of his wealth."

(This answer reminds one of the saying of St. Teresa, who could not bear to hear preachers urge the nothingness of this world *because* it passes away; its nothingness would be far more appalling, she thought, if it were to last for ever.) But St. Augustine pressed the question a little further and said: "What if a man, possessing all wealth in abundance and superfluity, controls his desires and lives contentedly, pleasantly, and becomingly, does he not seem to you to be happy?" "Happy, perhaps," she replied; "not, indeed, because of his wealth, but because of the moderation of soul with which he enjoys it." This drew from St. Augustine the joyful exclamation that no better answer was possible, and that nothing should henceforth be considered settled unless St. Monica had first given her opinion. They then passed on to the next step, which was that, God being the only being above vicissitude and change, it followed that he alone who possesses God can be happy. And this definition was received by all with gladness and devotion.

“ ‘ Nothing, therefore, remains, except to find out what it is to possess God. And on this point I am going to ask the opinion of each of you.’ Licentius answered: ‘ He has God who leads a good life.’ Trygetius: ‘ He has God who does what God would have him do.’ Lastidianus agreed with the last speaker. Little Adeodatus, however (*puer autem ille minimus omnium*), thought that ‘ he has God who has not an unclean spirit.’ My mother approved of all, but especially of this last. Navigius said nothing; but on being urged he also decided in favour of the last. Nor would I allow Rusticus to be passed over, for I saw it was not want of thought but shyness that kept him quiet; he finally agreed with Trygetius.

“ ‘ Now,’ said I, ‘ I have the opinions of all of you on a matter surely most important, beyond which nothing ought to be sought and nothing can be found. But since the soul as well as the body can indulge in excess of feasting, and such excess results in indigestion and other evils, as much for one as for the other, perhaps we had better adjourn till to-morrow, when, if you have appetite for more, we shall renew our feast.’ ”

The next day, meeting again at the Baths, they discussed the three answers given to the question, “ Who possesses God ? ” finally agreeing that all three amounted to the same thing. Here St. Augustine introduced a little liveliness into the discussion by the following argument :

“ ‘ Is it God’s will that man should seek God ? ’ All assented. ‘ Can he who is seeking God be said to be leading a bad life ? ’ ‘ Certainly not.’ ‘ Can he who has an unclean spirit seek God ? ’ ‘ No.’ ‘ He, therefore, who is seeking God is one who does God’s will, leads a good life, and has not an unclean spirit. But he who is seeking God does not yet possess God. Therefore we cannot forthwith say that a man possesses God, though he live well, though he do God’s will, though he have not an unclean spirit.’ Here they all laughed at being caught in the trap of their own concessions. But my mother, saying that she had always been stupid at these things, begged to have the argument repeated, that she might see if it were not a mere quibble. Which done, she said: ‘ But no one can possess God without seeking God.’ ‘ Most true,’ I replied, ‘ but the point is that while he is seeking he does not *yet* possess God; and still he is leading a good life.’ ‘ It seems to me,’ says she, ‘ that there is no one who does not have God; only those who live well have Him propitious to them, and those who live ill have Him unpropitious.’ ‘ Well, then, you made a mistake yesterday in granting that every man is happy who has God; otherwise, if every man has God, then every man must be happy.’ ‘ Then,’ said she, ‘ let us add as an amendment the word *propitious*.’ ”

They were now going to make a new start with the conclusion that every man is happy who has God propitious to him. But Navigius, who was the hardest of all the party to get a concession out of, saw that there was here another opening for logical flaws. For if the man is happy to whom God is propitious, and God is propitious to those who seek Him, and those who seek Him do not yet possess Him, and those who do not possess Him do not have what they want, it follows that a man can be happy without having what he wants, which conclusion had also been rejected the day before as absurd. St. Monica tried to evade this difficulty by a middle course. Being driven from this, and knowing that in reality she was right and only seemed to be wrong because of some technical flaw in the argument, she tried for a moment (like a true woman) to cut the knot, but finally said: "Of course, if logic is against me, I yield." "Therefore," said St. Augustine, "what we have come to is this: that he who has already found God both has God propitious to him and is happy; he who is still only seeking God has God propitious to him, but is not happy; he, however, who cuts himself off from God by sin neither is happy nor has God propitious to him." This satisfied everybody.

Still the question was not yet exhausted. The conclusion arrived at was not sufficiently clear without taking in the other side; the shades had to be considered as well as the lights; they had now, therefore, to look at the question from the negative point of view. What was *unhappiness*? Earlier in the discussion St. Monica had assumed that unhappiness and neediness were convertible terms. Was it so? He who has not what he wants (*i.e.*, he who is needy) is unhappy; it is also true that all who are unhappy are needy? If so, they had an infallible criterion wherewith to test happiness, as soon as they should know what neediness was.

When the next day came, the weather was so inviting that instead of going to the Baths they continued the discussion in the open air, reclining in a meadow. After a long argument St. Augustine supposed the case of a man who should possess all he wanted in this life—riches, pleasures, health of mind and body, perfect contentment, &c.; could we call such a man needy? Licentius replied that there must still remain the fear of losing all this good fortune. "Certainly," rejoined St. Augustine; "and the better the man's intellect the more clearly would he see the

possibility of such loss. But this hardly affects the case; for neediness consists in not having, not in not fearing to lose what we have. The fear makes him unhappy, but does not make him needy; therefore here we have an instance of a man who is unhappy and yet not needy." To this reasoning all assented except St. Monica, who said: "I am not sure about that, though; I do not yet quite understand how neediness can be separated from unhappiness, or unhappiness from neediness. For even granting the existence of this supposed man of yours, rich and fortunate as he was, and contented (so you say) with what he had, yet the very fact that he feared to lose his good fortune showed that he wanted *wisdom*. Shall we, then, give the name of needy to the man who lacks gold and silver, and refuse it to the man who lacks wisdom?"

"Here," says St. Augustine, "all cried out in admiration, and I, too, was glad and rejoiced above measure to find that she above all had anticipated me in this grand truth which I had drawn from the writings of philosophers, and which I had meant to produce as a crowning delicacy to our banquet. 'Do you not see,' said I, 'that it is one thing to know many and varied doctrines, another thing to have the soul intently fixed on God? Where else did my mother find this philosophy of hers which we are now admiring?' Whereupon Licentius joyously exclaimed: 'Assuredly nothing could have been more truly, more divinely said. For no neediness could be greater or more wretched than to lack wisdom; and he who does not lack wisdom cannot be said to be needy at all, whatever else he may be without.'"

St. Augustine then went on to develop, in his own beautiful and inimitable way, this thought that only the unwise are unhappy and only the wise happy. He defined wisdom as that moderation and balance of soul which prevents its running out into excess or being narrowed by defect. Then passing beyond philosophy, he asked, What is the wisdom which makes men happy, if not the wisdom of God; and what is the wisdom of God, if not the Son of God? And what is the rule which moderates and balances the soul, if not the rule of all sanctity--the Holy Spirit? And so the three days' discussion was seen to be harmonious throughout, for they had found that those were happy who possessed God, and, again, that those were happy who possessed wisdom, and that those were wise who possessed the rule of sanctity whereas now it was seen that God and wisdom and sanctity were one.

"This, therefore, is true fulness of soul, this is indeed happiness

of life, to know devoutly and perfectly by whom we are led to the truth, what truth is that which we enjoy, and how we may be united to the highest rule of sanctity. These three things, to those who have understanding, excluding all vanities of error and superstition, do show forth God, in nature one and in persons three.' Here my mother, greeting these words so familiar to her memory, and waking up, as it were, to a full expression of her faith, broke forth joyfully into that verse of our bishop's hymn, *Fove precantes, Trinitas!*\* and then added: 'Perfect life, beyond all doubt, is the only happy life; and to this, by means of firm faith, cheerful hope, and burning love, we shall assuredly be brought if we do but hasten towards it.'

Thus ended the discussion. St. Augustine thanked his guests and told them that in reality it was they who had been feasting him, and that they had positively loaded him with birthday gifts. All rose joyfully, and Trygetius said: "Oh! how I wish you would provide us a feast like this every day." "Moderation in all things, as we have just been seeing," replied St. Augustine; "if this has been a pleasure to you, it is to God alone all our thanks are due."

As we read this delightful dialogue in the original, a breath of fresh air seems to come to us across the centuries; we are sitting on the grass at St. Monica's feet in that meadow so bright with the Italian winter sun, so cheerful with the talking and laughing of the youthful philosophers, so holy with the love of warm hearts whose very recreations rise up to God, whom they know to be the source of all that happiness of life which they are discussing. It is a scene so sunny that not even the ponderous tome in which we read it, its pages brown with the stains of ages, can dim or spoil it. And we hardly check a feeling of sorrow, though it is now no use—sorrow for St. Augustine—when we remember that he must so soon lose the two of that little party whom he loves best. Adeodatus, I have said, died very early. St. Monica died soon after her son's baptism, when they were on their way back together to Africa. The little room at Ostia where she gave forth her pure soul to God is still preserved, and one feels nearer to her after having knelt in it; but her memory has a more precious shrine in the hearts of all Christian mothers and in the gratitude of all Christian sons. "Son," she said to St. Augustine five days before her last illness, as they were leaning on a balcony overlooking the garden at Ostia and talking about the joys of heaven—"Son, as for me there is no

\* From St. Ambrose's hymn, *Deus Creator omnium*.

further delight left for me in this life. What I am doing down here, and why I still remain, I know not, after the hopes of this world have all vanished away. I had only one reason for wishing to stay awhile in this life, and that was that I might see you a Christian and a Catholic before I died. God has given this to me more abundantly even than I had prayed for; what am I doing down here?" And so, with this *Nunc dimittis*, she left the little company of philosophers and saints on earth and entered into the fulness of the joy of the saints in heaven.

F. C. KOLBE.

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### TO IRELAND

How sweet and strange your voice, dear land,  
How sweet and wild your eyes,  
Deep as your purple mountain lakes,  
Changeful as April skies.

So glad with all the grace of youth!  
So bowed with pain of years!  
You weave for ever at your loom  
With wondrous hopes and fears.

You seem some woman, passion-tossed,  
With griefs too great for words;  
Yet quivering on her lips a laugh,  
Like morning mirth of birds.

Your charm is hid away from those  
Who, glancing, pass you by,  
Nor pause to hear you croon your songs  
Of tragic melody.

But we, who love you, half discern  
Your shadowed, splendid soul,  
And by our hearts interpret yours,  
And read its secret scroll.

ELEANOR SPENSLEY.

## KILLARNEY

THE most picturesque page of Macaulay's *History of England* is consecrated to nothing English, but to Killarney. Sweet songs, old and new, make music of its name. It is, no doubt, the fairest part of an island that, with the temperate and healthy climate of the hardy north, can vie for beauty with the islands of the enervating tropics. Well might Denis Florence MacCarthy proclaim that

"Earth holds no lovelier land  
Where life is worth the living."

We can claim the writer of the following description of Killarney as one of our contributors, though, alas! we can recall only one thoughtful poem five or six years ago, signed B. G.

\* \* \* \*

Killarney is a place, a famous place, and a beautiful. But it is not only—perhaps, not first of all, a place; unless to the occasional tripper, in tail coat and tweed cap, careering with his giggling young lady along the lake shores in a dusty "sharrybang." To the traveller of a more liberal mind it is an atmosphere, a mental world as well. The true spirit of Killarney, in the midst of the imperial feast it provides for the bodily eye, is perceptible to the eyes of the mind alone. In this delicate essence lies the real charm of a spot that is above all others "lovely," in the older and sweeter sense of the word. Other beautiful lakes and hills one admires, detached from them in spirit as in body. Killarney alone one personifies from the very first; knowing her, one loves her.

With the early morning, and the necessity for "doing the sights," the glamour fades out for a while. There is a bustle in the hotel—clean and comfortable as any English hostelry, and far more happy and homely—a gathering of parcels and cameras, and a collecting of passengers to "do" the Gap of Dunloe. It is true that the excursion can be managed quite satisfactorily without a guide, cycling, riding, or driving—but the traveller should certainly engage one, if only for the reason that it makes the guide so exceedingly happy; and the conferring of perfect bliss on a fellow-creature is surely worth the minor sufferings inflicted by the constant

companionship of a key-bugle. There never was such a happy fellow as this our joyous guide. He is young, he is stalwart and ruddy, and his fair moustache curls upwards with an endless smile; he wears a gorgeous uniform of gilt-banded and buttoned blue cloth, and, to his blissful apprehension, his life is one of pure gold. Imagine a boy with a perennially insatiable appetite for sweets, left in charge of a confectioner's shop, and you have the position of the joyous guide. Other men save up and scrape for scanty holidays; the guide's work is continual holidaying, and—miraculous to relate—it never wearies him. The 500th tour over the Gap is the same breathless delight to him as the first; and to hear him play "The heart bowed down with weight of woe" explosively and proudly, as the "outside" (called by untaught Saxons a jaunting-car) rattles through the town, is to know, amid the natural shrinkings of a mind not possessed of the processional instinct, that one item of the car-load at least is perfectly happy.

After ten miles of driving, the mountain ponies meet us to carry us up and down seven miles of a purple-black gorge, overhung by rocky ramparts rising from 1,100 to 2,000 feet. The narrow stony path, beaten down on by reflected rays of merciless sun, winds through a gloomy Inferno of tumbled boulders as large as country cottages, and streaked by fierce little cascades that drop down from sheer precipices of naked stone. All along the valley, linked by silent streams, lies a chain of dark suicidal lakes—the Cuckoo Lake, the Giant's Grave, the Serpent's Grave, of which the nomenclature fits the place most truly.

The joyous guide displays the different points of view with the pride of a fond parent who never wearies in showing off the cleverness of a pet child. "Very nice, that," he says, pointing at a prospect that seems to have stepped bodily out of Doré's illustrations to the *Inferno*. He tells us, when we stop to rest, that he spent his vacations sight-seeing elsewhere. "Did London lately I did," he beams. "Westminster Abbey—capital—very nice tombs!"

"Hell-to-shplit" is the word down the far side of the pass, after judiciously skipping certain illusory saints' resting-places and Kate Kearney cottages. The Black Valley, trending away to the right, uncoil itself as we "tatter" down the mountain side; Macgilllicuddy's Reeks pile themselves up, peak on peak, in front. To the left the Upper Lake lies, and here our boats wait. Fourteen

miles we glide down the lakes—Upper, Middle, and Lower. The sky has cleared to crystal blue, the water is onyx-brown near at hand, forget-me-not coloured in the mass. The mountains stand all round, with their leafy knees in the lakes and their feathery crests scaling up into the topmost sky. Fairy islands, fit for the home of mythical Queen Mab, dot every lake far and near. Their bases are naked grey stone, their summits a mass of arbutus, holly, and oak, with here and there rhododendron, acacia, and even great wax-belled magnolias and camellias in the sheltered spots. There are no words to describe the green of these lakes—the sappy, luscious, plummy green of rich close-growing tree and shrub, that descends like an endless emerald cascade from crest to foot of every of cliff and rocky islet.

The broken ivied bridges that band the lakes together—the out-rushing promontories, where the gorgeous green of the mainland seems to overflow like lava into the water—the endless islands, the time-worn ruins—all have their names, and their stories, mere or less fictitious. We do not ask for them. The spirit of the lakes is beginning to lay hold of us; we have eaten of the Killarney lotus. We see and enjoy—a mere set of sucking senses without a weariful mind attached. . . . The far-off busy life of towns—“for ever climbing up the climbing wave”—grows dim and unreal. What has life to offer better worth knowing than this “land where it is always afternoon”? In Killarney town there is a smile on every face, and if the Celtic eyes are sad it is a happy sadness. About Killarney lakes one sees the waiting boatmen sit or lie, silent, looking out across the water in perfect content. Among the violet-grey hills there peep out leaf-netted country homes like green birds’ nests, lived in by folks gentle and simple, whose eyes and faces tell the one tale—content—when one meets them on their rare journeys to the little town. Content—it is in the air, it hovers over the water, showering sweetness like the little brown larks whose notes scatter down from the sky above Innisfallen. What is there better than the best? And can a man be more than happy?

Ross Castle, almost too lovely to be real, lifts its green-and-grey tower on the shore where we land. One may go over it; one may pay a toll to climb to the summit and “see the view.” It is better, however; the best view about the castle is that of itself. Muckross Abbey, further away up the lakes, will be looked at earl-

in the morning, and alone, by the wanderer who is wise. Its sheets of bluebells, its graceful gauds of acacia and hart's-tongue, creeping jenny, ivy, amber wall-flowers waving in the wind ; its dim pillared cloisters, enclosing the famous mediæval yew tree that has seen the rise and fall of half a dozen kingly dynasties ; its quiet tombs under the long stone lances of empty ivied mullions, where the royal dead of Ireland sleep not the less soundly for the tramp of careless feet that will not outlast one of the thick-limbed ivy stems above—all these should be seen without the distraction of tourist companions and the atmosphere of the sandwich paper and "sharrybang."

Along the Glengarriff road, where the coach runs daily through thirty or forty miles of matchless scenery, there is a jutting cliff some few miles from Killarney, from whose summit quite the best aspect of the lakes may be seen. Lying on the stone edge that hangs a hundred feet above the glassy blue water, the whole sweep of the finest of the three lakes spreads below. A wild upheaval of pansy-purple, volcano-shaped peaks rises above the nearer glow of opulent green leafage. A great, crescent-shaped island close at hand, and all plumed with trees, takes in a tiny star of leafy islet in its sweep. In and out, on the crystal floor, among the winding waterways, glide the boats of busy trout and salmon fishers. The stillness is absolute, the peace and the beauty and the magic charm and loveliness of the scene are things to remember upon a man's dark deathbed, in far-away countries and other years. . . .

Torc Waterfall, Innisfallen Abbey, O'Sullivan's Cascade, the Devil's Punchbowl, and a dozen other "sights" remain to be seen. There is, indeed, no end to the beauties of Killarney except that which may be fixed by stern necessity and the call of civilisation, summoning back to the morning trains and the evening weariness, and the taking up of the "white man's burden" once again.

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

## TO THE MOON

## I.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What! may it be, that, even in heavenly place,  
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace  
 To me that feel the like thy state describes.  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## II.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky;  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 Where art thou? Thou whom I have seen on high  
 Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's race!  
 Unhappy nuns, whose common breath's a sigh  
 Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!  
 The northern wind to call thee to the chase  
 Must blow to-night his bugle-horn. Had I  
 The power of Merlin, goddess! this should be:  
 And the keen stars, fast as the clouds were riven,  
 Should sally forth an emulous company,  
 Sparkling and hurrying through the clear blue heaven;  
 But Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given,  
 Queen both for beauty and for majesty.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## III.

With how glad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies;  
 How pure thy splendour, and how fair thy face!  
 Even as a queen's, majestic is thy pace,  
 And such as well befits thee, Cynthia wise.  
 Thy silvery radiance, whence doth it arise?  
 'Tis from the Sun, thy love, who runs his race  
 Afar, and lo! thou on his glory and grace  
 Art feasting love-illuminated, joyous eyes.  
 Loudly, meseems, thou own'st that all thy light  
 Is his, and sing'st in praise a grateful hymn,  
 Proclaiming unto men that black-browed Night,  
 When he appears, shall flee and thou grow dim:  
 Type of the faithful, who can love alway,  
 And for their dear one's good give life away.

M. WATSON, S.J.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Anglo-Jewish Calendar for every day in the Gospels, being an Introduction to the Chief Dates in the Life of Christ.* By Rev. Matthew Power, S.J., B.A. London: Sands & Co., 12 Burleigh-street, Strand, W.C. 1902. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

This seems to us to be a very remarkable book, quite out of the common for originality and thoroughness of research. Father Power calls his book "an essay towards a final determination of the Gospel chronology." Even one who brings no preparation to such a study can perceive clearly that the author of this work has studied all available sources of information with unremitting industry and persistence. *Non obiter sed penitus*, which he calls the "noble motto" of Copernicus, has been his own motto also. He has investigated the intricacies of the Jewish calendar in the days of our Lord with more than German thoroughness, while availing himself of the labours of all ancient and modern scholars and commentators of any note, especially in Latin, English, and German. He proves the all-important date of the Crucifixion to be Friday, April 27, A.D. 31; and from this he calculates backward with the aid of the principles of lunar astronomy through the various dates in the Public Life of our Redeemer. This part is for the ordinary reader the most interesting part of the work. We shall watch with interest the reception given to it by Biblical scholars and critics.

2. *Timothy: or Letters to a Young Theologian.* By Franz Hettinger. Translated and adapted by the Rev. Victor Stepka. B. Herder: Freiburg im Breisgau (Germany), and St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. [Price, 6s.]

This is a portly octavo of 555 well-printed pages. No information whatever is given by the title-page about the author or translator, and there is not a word of preface. Dr. Hettinger is supposed to require no introduction; but a few biographical and bibliographical particulars might have been given with much advantage. The translation is good, though it has not the supreme skill to turn German into perfectly natural English. The publisher calls the book a "Vademecum for Priests and Seminarians;" and, indeed, the twenty-seven letters discuss in a learned and

interesting manner a great many subjects of deep interest, especially for ecclesiastical students and young priests—vocation, philosophy, theology, and the natural sciences, art studies, the seminary, the spiritual exercises, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, Biblical studies, Church history, the Fathers, care of souls, catechetics, homiletics, liturgy. Though the treatment of so many topics is necessarily very summary the chapters are full of solid and suggestive matter. Father Stepka, whose own name has a foreign sound, claims on the title-page to have adapted as well as translated; but the adaptation has not been thorough enough. The printer ought to have mentioned at the head of the right hand pages the subjects as they succeed one another.

The same distinguished publisher has sent us the tenth edition of the great work of Father Lehmkuhl, S.J., on Moral Theology in two stately royal octavos, revised anew by the illustrious author.

Mr. Herder is also the publisher of *Lucius Flavius*, an historical tale of the time immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, by the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J. It is strange that there is not a word on the title-page or elsewhere to indicate that Father Spillman writes in German and that this is a translation. We hope the story is not as heavy as the volume in which it is told, and which weighs much more than even an octavo of 620 pages ought to weigh. Father Spillman has a high reputation as an historical novelist, and he states that he has tried to portray the personages of his narrative with the utmost possible accuracy. Admirers of *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis* will relish this romance in which Nero and St. Peter and Caiphas figure.

There is yet another important work bearing the imprint of this enterprising publisher, who is honoured by the title of "Publisher to the Holy Apostolic See." It did not reach us quite lately, but we cannot find any notice in our pages of *The Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas and the First Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History*, by the Rev. L. A. Dutto. This biography would, we think, have been much more effective if it had been condensed a good deal and brightened up a little. It is well written, though one is startled to find "treaty" used several times for "treatise." The career of the ardent Dominican champion of the poor American natives is full of interest, and it is very fully described in Father Dutto's volume.

We thought we had mentioned all the recent publications of

the Freiburg and St. Louis publisher ; but it is to him also that we owe an excellent book, *The Little Imperfections*, translated from the French by the Rev. P. Garesché, S.J. It is much fuller and more practical than Father Roberti's *Little Virtues*. It treats very sensibly of a great variety of topics, such as antipathies, partialities, self-love, indolence, curiosity, talkativeness, levity, indiscretion, etc. The price is half-a-crown.

3. Messrs. James Duffy & Co., of Wellington-quay, Dublin, are the printers and publishers of *The Cloister : the Apostolic Character of the Monks and Nuns who live there*, by L. E. Henry, late Professor at the Staff College, Sandhurst. The typography is very creditable to Dublin. The book is animated by a very zealous and edifying spirit. Its defects of style are partly excused by the fact that L. in the Author's name stands for "Lucien." The very first line, even before the title-page, states that the book is "published by the approbation" of Cardinal Vaughan, Professor Henry is rather lavish of poetical quotations. There is a great deal of excellent thinking in these earnest pages, and Professor Henry is sure to win the favour of his readers, he shows such unmistakable sincerity and fervour in this apology for the contemplative life.

4. Messrs. Burns and Oates, of Orchard-street, London, have published *The Lukewarm Christian*, an old translation of two of Massillon's sermons, arranged and abridged by Percy Fitzgerald. They have also published Books 2 and 3 of the Granville History Readers, namely, the History of England from the Roman period to the Wars of the Roses, and then to the present reign. They are edited by Mr. T. J. Livesey, and are very clearly printed and written. Price, 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d.

5. Large as is the proportion of these notices that we have already devoted to the publications of Mr. B. Herder we have still to welcome *Socialism, its Economic Aspect*, by the Rev. William Poland, S.J.. St. Louis University. This is a very lucid explanation of the difficulties and dangers of the modern form of Socialism which is often called Collectivism. This important *étude* is written in a calm philosophical style which carries conviction with it.

6. Messrs. R. and T. Washburne of 4, Paternoster-row, London, hope to publish before Christmas a volume by Miss Steele on the *Monasteries of Great Britain*.

7. *The Story of Inis Cathaigh (Scattery Island)*. By Daniel

Mescal. Dublin : O'Donoghue & Co., 31, South Anne-street. 1902.  
[Price, 1s. nett.]

This is a very interesting and meritorious monograph about Scattery Island near the mouth of the Shannon and the holy people connected with it, especially St. Senanus. Mr. Mescal has, with loving industry, consulted all possible sources of information about the ecclesiastical and civil history of the island ; and he has marshalled his facts in sixteen chapters, some of them too short to rank as chapters. His style is clear and unaffected, and he has here given us a solid contribution to the history of the early Christian Church in Ireland.

8. Very appropriately on the eve of the Assumption comes to us a mystery play, *Bernadette of Lourdes*, written in French by E. Pouvillon, translated into English by Henry O'Shea, and published by Burns and Oates, for one shilling net, though it is a well-bound book of 150 pages. Many of these circumstances would predispose us to give it a cordial welcome ; but, though it may be good poetry in the original, we cannot pretend to think that Mr. O'Shea's prose translation, though apparently good of its kind, is likely to introduce it favourably to English readers. What was meant to be quaint becomes comic. Among the *dramatic personæ* who talk together are various rivers, a toad, a viper, a sheep, and many men, women, and children, from a goat-herd to St. Bernard and the Angel Gabriel. We are very sorry that we cannot agree with the Translator, who calls *Bernadette of Lourdes* "a beautiful masterpiece."

9. Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co., of Dublin and Belfast, are publishers of "The Dear Old Tongue," of which both the words and the melody are by Mr. P. I. Maguire, who dedicates the song, by permission, to Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League. The words are very good and singable, and the song ought to be permanently popular with those who are taking part with such enduring enthusiasm in the revival of the Irish language.

Another tribute to "the dear old tongue" is an Irish version of "The Coolin," issued very handsomely with the music in a large quarto form by the Gaelic League, 24 Upper O'Connell-street.

Authors and Publishers are requested to note that books for review should henceforth be addressed to the  
REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Stanislaus College, TULLAMORE.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1902

## JOHN O'HAGAN ON THOMAS CARLYLE

**E**VEN if his intimate friendship had not been one of those graces of my life which I consider important enough to form sometimes an item in the first of the four acts of St. Ignatius's *Examen*—*Solve Deo grates*—I am sure that I should still, as a stranger, consider worth preservation any relic of a Catholic Irishman so good and so gifted as John O'Hagan, Q.C., the first judicial Head of the Irish Land Commission. His name, certainly, has appeared in these pages pretty frequently, as a contributor, even since his death—not that I have unpublished sources to draw from, but because I have been glad to reprint for my readers some things that were so completely hidden away as to be practically the same as unpublished.

Judge O'Hagan ended a beautiful Christian life twelve years ago. His eminent legal labours limited the exercise of his splendid literary gifts. If he had been able to devote himself completely to his higher vocation, he would undoubtedly have made a notable contribution to pure literature, seeing that, as a young man of twenty-eight years, he criticised the writings of Thomas Carlyle in such a manner as to give Carlyle himself "food for thought for several days," as the *Philosopher of Chelsea* records in his *Diary*. Froude says that the *Dublin Reviewer* was supposed to be Dr. Ward, the great Oxford convert, whereas it was a young Irishman lately called to the Bar. Our Magazine, which deems it a sacred duty to honour the memory of such Irishmen as the *Translator of The Song of Roland*, was by his kindness [and

condescension made the medium of putting into print the too scanty writings of his later years.

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## I

The bearing, the direct and immediate bearing, which all social questions whatsoever are felt to have upon religion, is strikingly characteristic of our age. True, indeed, that at all times all philosophy worthy of the name is but the handmaid of Theology. Social science must be founded on some theory of man's moral nature; if it does not set out from religion as postulate, it soon confronts it as problem.

Yet heretofore this essential connection was the less observed, because the great moral principles resulting from revealed religion lay unconsciously conceded as the foundation of all philosophy. Thus many a ray of mature wisdom, illuminating all social relations and arrangements, sprang from intellects to whom the questions (as they deemed them) between sect and sect seemed indifferent enough. Nay, as we know, many valuable truths of social philosophy, unrecognised relics, it may be, of the primal revelation, have been elaborated by Pagans, who were enlightened only by genius and observation, and whose views of the capabilities of man were not distracted by delirious dreams.

The secret is, that the great heresy of our time, the only vital, we may say the only formidable enemy of the Church, is a temporal no less than a spiritual error, and has indeed ostentatiously established itself in the external world of society as its chosen province and domain. Abstractedly this prevalent spirit of the age may be rationalism or pantheism, but we have become far more familiar with it in its popular form of humanitarianism. The modern lights of the world have exchanged faith in God for faith in man.

The hope of immortal blessedness which Christianity awoke in the human soul they could not extinguish. They have, therefore, transferred it from the individual to the race. Mankind, in their view, is marching to some glorious goal of felicity and freedom; his nobler capabilities will be evoked, his lower appetites subdued or transformed, servitude, oppression, penury and war abolished, equal rights and fraternal love made universal over earth. It is little matter that this syren song was sung before, and resulted in

the *fraternité* of 1793. Its voice is heard at this day everywhere outside of the teaching of the Church; and, further, it is now almost universally conceded, that between the teaching of the Church and some form of this "apotheosis of humanity" there is no *via media* left. In all degrees we have it, from the weakest sentiment to the most terrible fanaticism—in every form, from Fourier's sensual *phalangerie*, with all its provision of fuller troughs and richer styes, up to Goethe's stately sensuous temple of the future, with its high-domed shrines of literature and art. The history of the world has been re-written to teach it; eclectic philosophy has fed it from her nursing bosom; modern poetry, modern fiction, teem with the same delicious poison. All of them, except the Catholic,

"Sing of what the world will be  
When the years have passed away."

The Catholic, taught to hope and labour all things for the salvation of *men* (for their temporal, too, as well as their eternal good), is alone taught, that this fancy of the earthly regeneration of collective *man*, by the development of his natural powers, is a delusive dream; for he is taught who is and will be, while it lasts, the prince of this world. To these theories, then, and to all that smacks of them, to the avowed socialism of some, and the unavowed and unconscious socialism of thousands, the Church is the inveterate, and, the more it is considered, the only antagonist. She hates it as she hates anarchy, pride, and worship of the senses; and this hostility is abundantly reciprocated. Thus the social question becomes the religious one also. See accordingly, in the French Assembly, over France generally—the battle-field of all the contradictions of earth—how this truth has been made manifest.

"Socialism or the Catechism"—so stands the dilemma, and so it is accepted. The line of division between parties cuts down to the uttermost depths of human nature, and the meanest question of finance or police is so discussed that it might be moved with perfect relevancy as a previous question: "Is this world man's exile or his home?"

In this crisis of modern speculation, it is quite impossible not to be arrested by a thinker like Thomas Carlyle, a man of unquestioned genius, whose influence upon the literature of his time has been large and palpable. Possessing a deep, almost fanatical

earnestness of character, and having devoted all his powers to the consideration of the questions now agitating mankind, whatever he has written, agree with him or differ with him as we may, cannot fail to awaken serious thought. A complete unbeliever, too, in revealed religion ; while his transcendent scorn for the whole class of infidel thought in our days may well call forth a demand to what goal he seeks to guide us. We spoke of his influence on his time. It is to be traced, we think, everywhere in the popular writing of the day, but for assignable causes it has, of late, obviously waned.

These pamphlets, his latest productions, have, as he says himself, been an alarm and offence to mankind, and by many have been regarded as so much sheer insanity. To us they have been neither alarming nor offensive (though filled with matter designed to be most offensive to Catholics), and if a vein of madness be undeniable, it is madness full of his own peculiar method, the necessary result of his whole theory when brought face to face with indisputable fact. They form the crowning illustration of the extravagant conclusions to which genius, insight, and even true sympathy with mankind may lead their possessor, if, while passionately demanding truth, he passionately and obstinately turns his head and footsteps from the only path that leads to her.

With Carlyle at least (to return for a moment to our exordium), there is no need to contend that religion is the root of all social good—it is his own grand position. The misery and calamity of this age, in his view, all spring from the want of it. No Catholic could write more deeply or truly than he does, from time to time, upon this theme. And this, taken in connection with his own plain abandonment of all Christian belief, does at first puzzle the inexperienced. Not till after considerable study of his writings is the key to these contrarities found. His philosophy is nowhere detailed in scientific shape, though it comes out more clearly in his *Heroes and Hero-worship* than elsewhere ; but it is spread over all his writings, expressed from time to time in a sentence or paragraph written in his singular style, and with a command of forcible language which we believe to be unparalleled in this age. As we think he may be fairly taken to mark the highest point to which the thought of unbelievers has been yet able to reach in solving the problem of human destiny, it is natural that we should give some serious consideration in this regard not to his *Latter-day Pamphlets* alone, but to the whole series of his writings. With all candour,

and according to the utmost of our humble powers, seeking to interpret and digest his theory, we think it may be represented thus:—

The universe, of which man finds himself a part, his own being and destiny there, are, and for ever must remain, an inscrutable mystery to him. Finite as he is, his conceptions of the infinite never can be otherwise than narrow and inadequate. Yet a true, though partial, insight has been implanted in him. He perceives, for one thing, that the world around him is a mystery, demanding and awakening awe and reverential fear; he perceives again that within him, amid a no less mysterious world of thought and passion, there exists a supreme law of right and wrong—that these differ not in degree, but in kind, with a difference altogether immeasurable—that he is called upon with his whole soul to pursue the one and reject the other. In the former, in valour, labour, self-denial, and loyal obedience, lies the highest well-being of man and of society, the source of order, light, and progress; the latter is mere negation, leading to chaos and decay. These two principles, reverence and infinite sense of duty, form the primary and ultimate religion of man; from these all earthly forms of religion have had their birth. For man, in obedience to another profound law of his nature, always seeks to bring the formless into form, and to express his internal convictions, of whatever kind, in some palpable external method consonant to his condition and existing lights. Thus man's spiritual instincts, the soul of religion, as he expresses it, take the shape of creeds or dogmas, and for the most part hitherto base themselves upon supposed traditional facts forming the temporary Theogony.

The dogma, as an abstract proposition, is, no doubt, false; the tradition, in its naked historical relation, is fabulous; but embodying, as they do, in the manner suited to the time, the feeling lying deep in good men's minds, and more or less in all minds, they are eagerly seized on, received, believed, and the form of religion is identified with its spirit, and believed to be, like it, universal and eternal. Whenever this occurs, society is sound and whole, and works fruitfully and harmoniously. From this basis of hearty belief arises a superstructure of noble and faithful action. Such ages are eminently progressive, fertile in great men and great actions, and in results which are a possession to mankind for ever.

But in the progress of generations, men's knowledge and scientific

lights increase; their whole habits of thought inevitably change. The old creed is then found incompatible with the new acquisitions. Yet as the only existing symbol of what is best and highest, the old form may long continue, but vital or fruitful no more; on the contrary, becoming more and more untenable to every clear-sighted mind. By many it is professed contrary to their conviction, which is hypocrisy. Many, fearing the light, shut it out from their minds with effort, and persuade themselves that they hold, while they repeat, the belief of their fathers—which is cant. Multitudes fall into complete scepticism, doubt of the thing symbolized as well as of the symbol, of duty as well as the sanctions of duty, and accept nothing as certain but the appetites and their gratification. Such a time—a time of hypocrisy, cant, scepticism, sensuality and frivolity—is among the most despicable of ages, rich though it may be in external possessions. Honourable and respectable at such a time and deserving a place in the second rank of heroes, is the man, reformer or rebel, who comes manfully forward to attack and destroy the old tradition, then hanging as an encumbrance upon the free souls of men. He is a destroyer of what Mr. Carlyle, for the thousand and first time at least, calls shams. But high of the highest, and worthy of a throne for ever in the veneration of mankind, is he, the light-giver, often long looked for and late in coming, who harmonizes the new acquirements with the ancient truths and once more embodies the latter in a form and symbol which mankind can recognise and accept as the counterpart of their convictions. Such men are, in Carlyle's system, the saviours of the world; in the fact, that the world from time to time produces men of that stamp, and in this other fact that sooner or later mankind must follow them, lies the world's only chance of regeneration. "Hero-worship," which is but a phase though the highest phase of the principle of reverence, is to Carlyle the cardinal fact in the history of mankind. The hero may be trodden down and martyred by the malice of his own generation—to the next he will be a God, a prophet, or a priest, all names which the varying dialects and conditions of man use to express the same thing—their infinite veneration for their greatest benefactors. Society, thus reanimated, becomes once more sound at heart, and goes on to run its victorious career through another cycle of centuries. And as with religion, so with all other institutions—so, to take the most prominent example, with Governments.

The idea of government being a contract bargained for between sovereign and subjects is, as we might conceive, wholly repelled by Mr. Carlyle as an unreal fable. All government is based on this fundamental principle—that it is good for men to be guided voluntarily or perforce by those who are wiser than themselves. This is the central idea of all government, as duty and awe are the central idea of all religion. To have the very wisest appointed governors would be the ideal and unattainable perfection of a human commonwealth. Some approximation towards it has from time to time been made. Governors did their substantial duty, and society prospered under them, feeling that the system by means of which they ruled was, on the whole, good. In time, however, the mode of appointing governors which suited one age becomes unfitted for the altered habits of another. Rulers, having no true sense of their position, grew slothful or corrupt. Government also becomes a sham; and if, as unhappily too often occurs, peaceful transition into a fitter order of things is impracticable, insurrection and anarchy become a miserable necessity.

According to this system, society proceeds, not in the way of continuous progress, but by a succession of developments, clearing new ground at every leap, and falling after each into a state of torpor and decay. The portion which the fruitful and heroic ages bear in the general tract of existence is but small, the charlatan and unheroic ages being in immense majority; and, indeed, the blossom or apex of each development is but, as it were, for a moment just seen, and then lost for ever.

According to this system all action which succeeds and becomes fruitful is by that very fact proved to have been right and praiseworthy; otherwise it would have failed. Thus all conquests, usurpations, founding of dynasties, sects, and systems, though they originated in seas of blood, and in what we have been accustomed to call crime, if, in the long run, they proved successful, were in accordance with the laws of the universe and had justice on their side. It is a maxim he is never weary of repeating that *Right* (taken in the long run) is synonymous with *Might*.

The most signal instance of these principles is, in his eyes, the present age—the spiritual and temporal condition of things in which we and our fathers have lived for nearly two hundred years in contrast to the ages which preceded.

The Christian religion Mr. Carlyle freely concedes to have been

the highest thing ever attainable by man, and the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages to have been the only wide or permanent embodiment of Christianity. It was the animating soul and breathing "lungs" of a vast society for upwards of a thousand years, the prolific source of the highest virtue, of boundless heroic effort, and the noblest and rarest fruits in art and letters. For the institution of the priesthood, and especially for the monastic orders as they then existed, he has the highest admiration. And this not merely because, as modern lights have begun to discover, they did till the ground and copy the classics, but for a very different reason—for a reason which we may call the truth itself, seen through his medium of vision. Here is parcel of his testimony to the "lazy monks":—

"Within doors down at the hill-foot, in our convent here, we (the monks of St. Edmundsbury) are a peculiar people—hardly conceivable in the Arkwright Corn Law ages of mere spinning mills and Joe Mantons. There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of Secularities; no Methodism: our religion is not yet a horrible restless Doubt; still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, inter-penetrating the whole of life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart that this Earthly Life, and its riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but are a shadow of realities, eternal, infinite; that this Time world, as an air image fearfully emblematic, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little Life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This with our poor litanies we testify, and struggle to testify."\*

In a word, Catholicity was then true in his sense, because it was truly believed. The social system which it informed was feudalism, the military *régime* of the Germanic and Norse conquerors of Europe. This, too, was in its day a sound and efficient scheme of government. The nobility were in fact superior to the populations beneath them, and had therefore a right to govern them. They held their possessions on the terms of defending and guiding the State, and in the main they fulfilled

\* *Past and Present*, p. 90.

their task, if imperfectly, as the nature of human affairs is, yet substantially and creditably. The duke (etymology is one of his inveterate foibles) was a real dux—the king, Konning or Cunning, was one able to govern, and so forth.

We may well believe that with such ideas, he treats with slight consideration the old Protestant cant which calls that period a millennium of darkness, "during which nearly all the social institutions whereby we live as civilized men were invented or perfected." On the contrary, he looks upon the middle age of Western Europe, with its Feudal body and Catholic soul, to have been the greatest realized ideal ever yet attained by man; the greatest yet, but far, ineffably far, from what mankind are capable of achieving. Its culminating point he places about the time of Dante. Such a poet as Dante is, to him, the interpreter of a whole cycle. Such a poem as the *Commedia* comes as the consummate flower and crown, the exponent and eternal representative of what men for long ages had done and taught.

"And so in this Dante, as we said, had ten silent centuries in a very strange way found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing, yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries; only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there—the smith, with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods—how little of all he does is properly his work. All past inventive men there work with him, as indeed with all of us in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages, the thoughts they lived by stand here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his terrible and beautiful art are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all the good men who had gone before him.

"Precious they, but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb, not dead—yet living, voiceless."\*

Shakespeare, too, he looks upon as another blossom of Catholicity, the poet of the external life of the Middle Ages as Dante was of the internal.

But this great structure, having attained its highest development, followed, he says, the everlasting law, and tended towards decay. The teaching of the Church lost its hold upon the mind of men; secret unbelief began to eat away the heart of the system;

\* *Heroes and Hero-worship*, pp. 153-4.

Catholicity, true before, became then untrue. A destroyer like Luther was called for, and since his time all brave men have followed in his wake. True, Luther was merely a destroyer, Protestantism is essentially negation, "the first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous, preparatory, afar off, to a new thing, which shall be true and authentically divine." Whatever of positive belief was contained in Protestantism came to little good. For a short period it produced fruit of the heroic stamp in the Puritanism of Oliver Cromwell. Why it was that Puritanism which wears in Carlyle's eyes such celestial splendour, and which, according to all his rules, should have become the heroic faith of the world, withered and died so soon, it is for him to explain, not us. But so, however, he admits it to be. All the formulas and confessions of Protestantism have become even more obsolete than Catholicity. What was positive in it degenerated into barren pedantry—only the negative element of it remained vital. Protestantism developed into the flat infidelity of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. "The French Revolution was the second act of the Reformation." For feudal forms remaining when all feudal ideas had lost their force, aristocracies became faithless to their duties, became corrupt and selfish, became, in short, another sham. From the decay of fidelity in governors sprang decay of loyalty in the governed.

Such was the origin of modern democracy, which in itself, with all its passionate cries of liberty and equality, he regards as nothing more than disguised anarchy, of which the best that can be said is this, that it is a transition to true government in some other form. If such transition could be effected peaceably, it were well, but the blindness of both parties is a fatal barrier to that; and so we have had the French Revolution with all its horrors, and the series of revolutions down to this hour. This whole age is, in his eyes then, an age of decay and transition, without faith, without loyalty, without anything worthy of faith or loyalty; a distracted, anarchic, chaotic age, for which he cannot find epithets too hard. In about two hundred years, or thereabouts, he calculates something like a foundation may turn up for the world again.

Such is a sketch of Carlyle's philosophy, enounced by him in its substantial peculiarities for twenty years at least. It comes forward, we said, with more scientific detail in the *Heroes and*

*Hero-worship* than elsewhere, but it is also elaborated in a very singular manner in his *Sartor Resartus, or Philosophy of Clothes*, showing that all that man possesses, from the lowest to the highest, are but garments spun on the "loom of time," and Nature herself but the visible garment of the Divinity. It forms, too, the basis of his *History of the French Revolution*, which, on the whole, we rank as the most remarkable, and likely to be the most long-lived of his works. In all his former writings, down to these *Latter-day Pamphlets* a tone of hopefulness for mankind predominates—in them we seem to hear nothing but the effusions of disappointment and despair.

But in what respect, it may be asked of us, does all this theory differ from any other speculative infidelity of the day? His praise of the Middle Ages may go for very little. Such is the fashionable view just now; the cant about dark ages having been quite displaced by the results of that spirit of historical investigation which succeeded the first French Revolution, and which laid bare to any candid mind the invaluable blessings which the Church conferred upon civilization. Even Michelet is eloquent of praise in this sense of the "pauvre vieille mère de la société moderne." Guizot has endless chapters, not to say volumes, in the same spirit. And with these, as with Carlyle, such preterperfect encomium is found quite compatible with the liveliest antipathy to the existing Church.

In our eyes, however, there is a vast difference. With the former, the spirit of the Middle Ages was indeed the best thing then possible, but the nineteenth century, with its "lumières" and intellectual development, is incontestably superior. With Carlyle this boasted nineteenth century is not worthy to sit at the feet of any age animated by religious faith. Our verdict upon Carlyle's system we shall give anon, and, indeed, it is not far to seek. But in forming a just estimate of him, we should not forget how fatally prevalent, not long ago, was that philosophy of the eighteenth century, Scotch or French, which denied or disregarded every faculty in man that holds of the infinite, and set the understanding to gauge that which passeth all understanding. We, indeed, have lived to be infested with the opposite error, "Germanism," so called, with floods of washy spirituality frothing into vacuum; to have our eyes offended with the sacred phraseology of Christianity, divested of all meaning, and turned into a baseless cant. Still, we think there is no doubt that the

current of thought which arose in Germany upwards of half a century ago, in revolt against Locke and his school, and which has since then undulated over Europe, though for the most part we find it now merged in Pantheism, or, diluted into nonsense, has been also a providential agent in the great religious reaction. Transcendentalism is not religion; far indeed from it. But the ideas and emotions which it awakens may, with the simple and pure of heart, lead thither; and surely the philosophy which denies everything transcendent, withers the roots of religion too.

In devoting great power and earnestness to the overthrow in English minds of the reign of this mechanical philosophy; in recalling the hearts of an unbelieving generation to the recognition of eternal truths, we feel sure that Carlyle has done good; the more, because he is so impotent to solve a single question that he thus awakens; because the only solution in which human heart and reason can find rest, is that of the Catholic Church. "Man," he for ever repeats, "is here in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities, with but one life to lead, not in frivolity or self-indulgence; but in noble self-denial." We often thought, that if the passage which we quote, marked as it is by all his peculiarities, failed to awaken thoughts leading to religious truth, pride should bear the blame—or shallow *insouciance*, or petted sin.

"In our poor nineteenth century the writer of these lines has been fortunate enough to see not a few glimpses of romance; he imagines this Nineteenth is hardly a whit less romantic than that Ninth, or any other since centuries began. Apart from Napoleon and the Dantons, and Mirabeaus, whose fire-words of public speaking, and fire-whirlwinds of cannon and musketry, which for a season darkened the air, are, perhaps, at bottom superficial phenomena: he has witnessed in remotest places much that could be called romantic, even miraculous. He has witnessed over head the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the hand of God around him, and under his feet the wonderfulest earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice airs; and, unaccountablest of all, himself standing there. He stood in the lapse of time; he saw eternity behind him, and before him. The all-encircling mysterious tide of Force thousandfold (for him force of Thought to force of Gravitation, what an interval!) bellowed shoreless on;—bore him

too along with it; he, too, was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished, in perpetual change, the lordliest Real Phantasmagory which men name Being, and ever anew rose and vanished; and even that lordliest many-coloured scene was full, another, yet the same. Oak trees fell, young acorns sprang. Men, too, new-sent from the unknown, he met, of timest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light. In other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble; they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility; returned back to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the parting spot, cannot hear them, they are far, how far! It was a sight for angels and archangels, for, indeed, God Himself had made it wholly. One many-glancing Asbestos thread in the web of Universal History, spirit-woven, it rustled there as with a howl of mighty winds through that 'wild, roaring, Loom of Time.' Generation after generation, hundreds of them, or thousands of them from the unknown Beginning, so loud, so stormful busy, rushed torrent-wise, thundering down, down, and fell all silent—nothing but some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up, and Oblivion swallowed them all. Thousands more to the unknown ending will follow; and thou here, of this present one, hangest as a drop, still sungilt on the giddy edge; one moment while the darkness has not yet engulfed thee. O Brother! is *that* what thou callest prosaic, of small interest? Of small interest, and for *thee*? Awake, poor troubled sleeper, shake off thy torpid nightmare dream. Look, see, behold it, the Flame image, splendours high as Heaven, terrors deep as Hell, this is God's Creation; this is man's Life. Such things has the writer of these lines witnessed in this poor Nineteenth Century of ours;—and what are all such to the things he yet hopes to witness,—hopes with truest assurance? I have painted so much, said the good Jean Paul in his old days, and I have never seen the Ocean;—the Ocean of Eternity I shall not fail to see." \*

The *French Revolution*, we said, we considered to be the most remarkable, and likely to be the most long-lived of all his works. In many ways it marks an era in historic composition. It has faults, vices in abundance; but it has one great merit, that of presenting you with a vivid picture of the time with which it deals. Of the accuracy of the picture we do not speak, but it was a

\* *Diamond Necklace. Miscellanies*, vol. v., p. 11.

striking innovation upon the old plan of condensing State-papers by way of history. "The style we prefer," said the official of the India Board, "is the humdrum." Whatever Carlyle's style may be, it is certainly not that. Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, the King and Queen, stand out in his pages characters whom one could almost say he knew, real, complex, human beings, "with blood in their cheeks," and human passions in their hearts. We say nothing of accuracy; but this we will say, that anyone who has once got the French Revolution into his head as Carlyle has represented it—so vivid, so graphic, so dramatic, is much likelier to arrive at a true estimate of that history by the modifications which subsequent enquiry may make in his conception—having so real a basis to build upon—than he who begins and ends in the regions of prosy or sentimental detail.

And here we may, in passing, say a word or two, and only a word or two, as to his style, of which the *French Revolution* is the chief example. A great authority once compared it to the breaking of blue (?) stones on the road; and another dubbed it "A heathenish lingo, not far removed from the unknown tongue." It is certainly not English style, nor, as we are informed, German, nor belonging to any other human language boasting of composition. It is simply Carlylese; a singularity of expression which we do not call affectation, because it seems to be, in some degree, a fit vehicle of his singularity of thought. It is not his indigenous language either, for his earlier essays are quite free from it, and are written with great purity and grace; nor does it even appear to have become necessary to him; for his article on Walter Scott, written in 1838, has scarcely a trace of it. Such as it is, however, his readers bear with it, and even come to relish it, as giving nerve and point to his ideas; but from all imitators of it we pray to be delivered. Whenever it is our unlucky lot, in paper or periodical, to meet with adjectives of six syllables with a tail to them by way of superlative—with sentences made out of an epithet and a note of admiration—with frequent use of the vocative O and persuasive apostrophes addressed to dead men, we pray again, from brats trying to stammer in Carlylese, deliver us.

But the *French Revolution* is not only a dramatic, it is also a didactic composition, in which he sets himself to preach social morals. Among many false morals, we may mention this true one, which runs as a text through all Carlyle's works, and is one

of the many instances in which he is in unison with Catholic ideas. namely, that it is a fundamental delusion to think that the happiness of any nation or society of men consists in, or arises from, any "constitution" ever so liberal. If a people suffer from unjust tyranny, in the name of justice let it be abolished, but true freedom consists not in having your passions unrestrained, or in choosing your own governors, but in obedience to just law and to wise law-givers. Of the opposite opinion, the belief in the healing virtue of constitution, Rousseau was not the originator, indeed, but the passionate preacher in his *Contrat Social* and elsewhere; and accordingly, Carlyle has named it pointedly, "The Gospel according to Jean Jacques." Rousseau's writings were the inspiration of every party in the Revolution, Monarchist, Girondin, Jacobin. They believed, and taught the people to believe, that liberty meant universal suffrage, and that equality and fraternity were attainable through sentimentality and the development of men's prurient passions. Such liberty, says Carlyle, is blind anarchy; such fraternity is close neighbour to deadly hatred. And now, when this had all been too well proved, thirty years after the liberty of Napoleon, and fifty after the fraternity of the guillotine, came Lamartine to preach the same delusive doctrine; and behold, we have *liberté, égalité* and *fraternité* once more; and what frightful things Europe is destined to witness no man can tell, until the populace and their disturbers learn, as we may say in our language as Carlyle in his, that—

"Willing to serve is truly free;  
Obedience is best liberty,  
And man's first right a bended knee"—

and until the governments of European States, so long practically atheistic, begin once more to take the law of God for their guidance.

Allied to the above errors is the belief in the natural perfectability of man, in the earthly Elysium which the anti-Christian philosophers have substituted for his heavenly home—a school rife unfortunately at this day, as it was before the French Revolution. All this class of thought Carlyle treats with profound scorn.

"Fools that expect your verdant Millennium, nothing but love and abundance; brooks running wine; winds whispering music, with the whole ground and basis of your existence champ'd into a

mud of sensuality, which, daily growing deeper, will soon have no bottom but the abyss." \*

The point of the following passage is considerably heightened to us, by the fact of our having read the same precious theory of M. Roux, that the French Revolution was an attempt to realize Christianity, freshly painted and varnished, in no less a place than M. Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, where it is diffused with many flowers of rhetoric over several sentimental sections.

"Take, for example, the latest form of speech we have seen propounded on the subject, as adequate to it, almost in these mouths by worthy M. Roux in his *Histoire Parlementaire*, the latest and the strangest; that the French Revolution was a dead-lift effort after eighteen hundred years to realise—the Christian Religion! Unity, indivisibility, brotherhood, or death, did indeed stand painted on all houses of the living; as on all cemeteries, or houses of the dead, stood painted, by order of Procureur Chaumette, 'Here is eternal sleep;' but a Christian religion realised by the guillotine, and death eternal, 'is suspect to me,' as Robespierre was wont to say, 'm'est suspecte.

"Alas, no, M. Roux! a gospel of brotherhood, not according to any of the four old evangelists, and calling on men to repent and amend each his own wicked existence that they might be saved; but a gospel, rather as we often hint, according to a new Fifth Evangelist, Jean Jacques, calling on men to amend each the whole world's wicked existence, and be saved by making the constitution. A thing different and distant, *toto coelo*, as they say: The whole breadth of the sky, and further if possible." †

Touches of humour, arising from insight, are frequent through the whole book: as, for example, relating some extravagant rumour stated at the bar of the assembly: "Plots of aristocrats are too evident in the matter; for example, one miller has been bribed by a bank note of 200 livres not to grind corn, name unknown to the usher; but fact proveable, at least indubitable." And again on the occasion of some tempestuous scene in the Convention, where all order was lost: "President in despair clasps on his hat, as a token the country is near ruined." As a piece of graphic narrative, we think the whole account of the royal flight to Varennes can hardly be surpassed.

But as to the didactics of the history we may say that,

\* *French Revolution*, vol., i. p. 53.

*Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 285.

although Carlyle everlastingly exhorts other writers to make away with their "formulas" or fixed theories in dealing with history, he himself has written his whole book to carry out a formula. His formula is the "death-birth" one, namely, to show how the French Revolution meant and was the destruction of an entire old order of things, and foreshadowed the commencement of a new one. Whatever truth there is in this, it has manifestly led him to lengths which, to Christian minds, are not a little revolting—led him, for instance, to sympathise with the worst of scoundrels, if they have only lent a courageous hand to aid in this so-called death-birth. Danton, stained as he is ineffaceably with the blood of September, and with much other blood, is his second hero; but his man of men, for whom he challenges the admiration of the world, is Mirabeau.

So long as any fragment of Catholic morality—call it, if you choose, the "ascetic"—remains in the world, we do not know a character which it can regard with more detestation than Mirabeau. Gigantic pride and gigantic sensuality are its very staple. Combining with his extravagant pride vanity as extravagant (a more frequent combination than popular novels give us to suppose), corrupt, false of tongue, and such a slave to vice that his corpse was shocking to behold, what verdict can be passed upon him? This simple one, we should think: that he was a man of immense talent and immense wickedness. But this would by no means suit Carlyle, one of whose theories is that there is no difference between intellectual and moral greatness, and that the former includes the latter.

Accordingly he first tells us that the "morality which can judge Mirabeau is not yet written by man," and then gives us his view of him thus:—

"A man who had swallowed all 'formulas,' who, in these strange times, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the plus and the minus, give us the accurate net result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities, not a few, must shrink condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him again: that he is a reality, and no Simulacrum, a living son of nature,

our general mother; not a hollow artifice and mechanism of conventionalities, son of nothing, brother to nothing.

"Be it that his faults and follies are manifold, as himself often lamented with tears. Alas," \* etc.

The "tears," we may observe, were tears not of penitence or remorse, but of passionate spite that his ruined character stood in the way of his ambition, as we learn from Carlyle's authority, Dumont: "Il sentait si bien que, s'il avait joui d'une considération personnelle, toute la France aurait été à ses pieds que dans certains momens il aurait consenti à passer au travers des flammes pour purifier le nom de Mirabeau. Je l'ai vu pleurer, à demi suffoqué du douleur, en disant avec amertume; 'J'expie bien cruellement les erreurs de ma jeunesse.'" Not the faults, then, but their expiation, was the subject of his tears.

But a worse error still unto which his fixed idea has led Carlyle, is his gross injustice to the French Church and clergy. It is, as we said, his persuasion, which water will not wash, nor fire burn out of him, and to which he makes the most palpable facts give way, that the Catholic Church, ever since the Reformation, has continued in a course of corruption and decay; and that the French Church, at the commencement of the Revolution, was a mass of hypocrisy, cant, and dupery. Seizing for this purpose upon some undeniable scandals of the high places of the prelacy; scandals, we may add, attributable in every single instance, to the unfortunate slavery of that Church to the State; he makes specious handle of them to convey, that the whole priesthood was a descending scale of Dubois or Rohans. Well, our readers will remember what occurred on the occasion of the decree of the Legislative Assembly relative to the constitutional clergy. They took it upon them to re-divide the dioceses, and to make the bishops and curés eligible by popular election, which proceeding the Pope, of course, refused to sanction. They then went on to carry it out in his despite, and proffered to every curé an oath swearing, amongst other things, to uphold this "civil constitution of the clergy, on pain of expulsion from his parish." A conscientious priest could no more take such an oath, than he could subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Accordingly, the large majority of the bishops and clergy refused to do so. The civil power drove them out of their parishes, and filled their places with such pliable instruments as

\* *French Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 200.

they could find. And when the poor men attempted to say Mass, the debauched populace of Paris and elsewhere set upon them, hooted them, and assaulted them. Upon this state of things, Mr. Carlyle passes the following equitable and impartial judgment:—

“Shut thy eyes, O Reader! see not this misery peculiar to these later times—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church is not allowed to lie dead; no, it is galvanized into the detestablest death-life, whereat humanity, we say, shuts its eyes.

“In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism summer-set and caper, skilfully galvanized. For, does the reader enquire into the subject-matter of controversy in this case, what the difference between Orthodoxy or My doxy, and Heterodoxy or Thy doxy, might here be? My doxy is, that an august National Assembly can equalize the extent of bishoprics; that an equalised bishop, his creed and formularies being left quite as they were, can swear fidelity to king, law, and nation, and so become a constitutional Bishop. Thy doxy, if thine be dissident, is that he cannot; but that he must become an accursed thing. Human ill-nature needs but some Homoiousian iota, or even the picture of one, and will flow copiously through the eye of a needle: thus always must mortals go jargoning and fuming,

‘And like the ancient Stoics in their porches,  
With fine dispute maintain their churches.’” \*

Martyrs, it seems, not of sincerity, but of cant and contumacy! Now mark, in the first place, that though the revenues of the bishops were reduced, the provision made for the constitutional priests was, in fact, ampler than that enjoyed by the old curés, so that all shadow of pecuniary interest is out of the question. The majority of the French priests suffered poverty, howling obloquy, assaults of the populace, and bitter separation from their flock, at first; and afterwards imprisonment, exile, and death in a hundred forms, by the guillotine, by the assassin's knife, by drowning, by the bullet, by starvation, by horrible confinement in plague-ships and crowded dungeons, such as the heart sickens to read of. ¶ They suffered and died as befitted them—no more beautiful or tragical page is written in the whole martyrology. And all this, says our profound philosopher, whose whole power of judging human

\* *French Revolution*, vol II., p. 207-216.

nature is here warped and distorted by his inveterate prejudice, was without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy. And observe, secondly, that the very minuteness of the point in difference between the non-jurant and the constitutional clergy, about which he writes as above in a style which we would call ribaldry and profanity, if, as he 'says' himself, he had any *fanum* to respect, is the fullest proof of the sincerity of the former. For who, with all conceivable 'earthly' considerations, on one side, and the apostacy, in the world's eyes, of so trivial a nature, would have remained "contumacious," if it were not that in that point of discipline the whole question of the Catholic faith was felt to be laid open? And lastly, it is worth remembering what became of the "uncontumacious" clergy, whose creed and formularies remained unchanged. They said Mass blasphemously for a while; and then, almost to a man, broke out into open infidelity; flung down their crosses and robes upon the floor of the Convention hall, and did not raise a whisper to stay the orgies of atheism permitting or encouraging such scenes as the dragging of chalices and missals at the tails of asses, and the enacting in the churches of scenes more abominable still. Such was the "iota" of difference between the two classes of priests. But, in short, the fixed idea had to be carried out; and so "cant and contumacy" were invented to represent heroic fidelity, just as the ancients had their *ἀνοια καὶ ἤθος* to account for the fortitude of the early Christians.

But what is, then, this fixed idea which has so blinded him to facts, and has wrought him up at last to a fanaticism that is almost maniacal? It is, he will scornfully tell us, no *ism* that we can conceive. It is, we take leave to say, essentially the *ism* of Pantheism, the latest as well as the earliest of the heresies, and no great singularity in these days, only most singular in his way of holding it. But what is Pantheism? That is a question which puzzled us for many a day, but which we have at last, we think, got a glimpse of. Pantheism is the worship of *To Παν*, or the Great All. And what is the Great All? The universe, the "Eternal Harmonies," the "Eternal Melodies," the "Congeries of Forces," the "Divine Voices," the "Divine Silences," the "Gods," the "Destinies." But what is the articulate meaning of all this? Does Pantheism admit an intelligent superintending being, our Creator and Judge, or does it not? It certainly seems not. In what, then, does it differ from Atheism? We protest, in

no respect that we have ever been able to discover. They may stand to represent two different states of mind; and Pantheism may, in this view, be defined as Atheism, *plus* a sense of beauty and awe; but doctrinally, there is not a tittle of difference. If the forces of the world, however wonderful, be without an intelligent Author—if the laws of the universe, ever so harmonious, be without a Law-giver—to what, in the name of common sense and serious conviction, to what but Atheism shall we come at last?

*(To be concluded next month.)*

### O MOTHER MARY

O Mother Mary,

At home in the sweet For-ever of thy Son,  
Amid the gold pavilions of the stars,  
Behind the gleaming of their diamond bars  
A lovely company  
Encircles thee:

O Mother Mary,

Think of the heart that broke to give thee one!

O Mother Mary,

I see the golden gables in the East  
Of thy fair palace with bliss aureoled,  
Thy silver-paven Courts bestrewn with gold,  
Only I may not see  
Thy chosen company:

O Mother Mary,

There's one I love who sitteth at thy feast.

O Mother Mary,

A gracious form hath he to know him by;  
Brow broad-built, and eyes of tender grey.  
Mouth of wisdom; on that happy day

When I, too, come

Into the For-ever home,

Thou'lt know me by his smile. Oh, bid Time fly!

M. G. B.

## THE VENERABLE CURÉ D'ARS

SEE a form all frail and bending  
 'Neath the weight of seventy years,  
 Listening to the woes unending,  
 That are poured into his ears.

Never sign of aught but meekness,  
 As he hearkens day by day  
 To the tales of sin and weakness  
 Stricken hearts before him lay.

Pilgrims from afar assemble,  
 Not drawn here by earthly lore,  
 But by accents, that resemble  
 Nought they ever heard before.

Thrilling words that touch the heart-strings,  
 Wakening echoes long asleep ;  
 How unlike the flippant " smart things "   
 That a foolish world calls deep !

Gentle saint ! He never falters  
 In his daily round of toil ;  
 Plan or method never alters  
 Of securing golden spoil.

Tens of thousands, gathering round him  
 For a word of counsel wise,  
 Leave him humble as they found him,  
 Walking meekly 'neath God's eyes.

Hear him in the gloaming praying,  
 'Mid his orphans gathered round,  
 With a fervour past all saying,  
 How entrancing is the sound !

How it reaches highest heaven,  
Piercing through the veil of cloud,  
Winning copious grace to leaven  
All that eager listening crowd !

See him now exhausted snatching  
One short hour of forced repose,  
While the angels stand by watching  
To ward off his hellish foes.

For dark Envy's gruesome legions,  
Leagued against the sinner's guide,  
Fain would fill their gloomy regions  
With the souls for whom Christ died.

But the slow years have been telling,  
And the hair is blanched with grey ;  
Toil unceasing has been quelling  
Olden vigour day by day.

Till at last the soldier weary,  
Stretched upon his pallet rude,  
Leaves a world to him grown dreary,  
Quits his thronged solitude,

For a realm of peace unending,  
Where the meek and gentle meet,  
With no dread of more offending,  
Safe and sound at Jesus' feet !

Saintly Curé ! We, thy brothers,  
Beg thy succour in the strife,  
That, forgetting self for others,  
We may win eternal life.

D. G.

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

## A Story

## CHAPTER X

## A SEARCH FOR RELATIONS

IT had been pretty well a "walk over," the American assured Father Matthew Consett when here-appeared at the Presbytery. At Tiverton he had come across people who remembered "Mrs. Lycett," and had been shown the cottage in which she had lived for some months. At Plymouth the priest had turned up the desired entry at once, the marriage of Geoffrey Galfred Shotover and Elizabeth Lycett, eldest daughter of James Lycett, of Devonport, and had drawn his attention to a later entry—the birth and baptism of a daughter to the pair.

The name was an uncommon one, the priest had added, but in seaport towns like Plymouth, foreign names, Dutch or German, like Shotover, probably Schottkoeffler, were not rare.

"One for the Shotovers," Father Matthew said with a laugh, "but I've often thought myself the name had a Dutch ring about it, though it would be difficult now-a-days to get at its derivation, no doubt. Well, what next?"

"The old gentleman must have been in the way of poking among his registers," the American went on, "for he next pointed out the marriage of the daughter, Anne Elizabeth Shotover, commonly known as Lycett, to John William Prideaux, bank clerk. Another foreign name I was about to say when he took the words out of my mouth by saying that Prideaux was not an uncommon Devonshire name, and doubtless of French origin. The Prideaux he had known himself as a quiet and respectable couple with a small family growing up about them, but the man had come to grief, speculating with money left to him by his wife's relations, had been dismissed the bank in consequence (as speculation by the employés was against the rules), and had left Plymouth, and he had heard no more of him nor his wife."

"Any more?" Father Matthew asked as the American paused to draw breath.

"Yes, he directed me to an old fellow, Carey by name, living in an almshouse not far off, who had been a friend of the family, a cute old fellow, too, who pricked up his ears when he heard my name, and who had known my grand-aunt well. The story went, the old chap said, that she had been deserted by her husband and lived under her maiden name, and that he believed was true, for she lived on the interest of money settled on her, about twenty pounds a quarter, if he remembered right, and that he had drawn for her once or twice, when she had been ill, under the name of Shotover."

Father Matthew nodded, as much as to say, "Go on."

"The son-in-law he also described as a decent, but stupid, fellow who had made ducks and drakes of his mother-in-law's money after her death. Like the priest he had heard no more of them after they left Plymouth. London, he believed, had been their destination.

"From the almshouses I went to the bank, and was received very civilly by one of the partners. He remembered Prideaux well, and said if the possession of a couple of thousand pounds that had come into his hands after his mother-in-law's death had not turned his head, he would probably have been in their employment still. Speculations he had entered into had come to their knowledge, and as it was against the rules, he had been first warned and then dismissed. He had disappeared from the neighbourhood shortly afterwards, he believed. And, indeed," the young fellow interpolated with a laugh, "as a family, it seems to me, we have excelled in the art of disappearing! Mr. Cornish remembered my grand-aunt well," the young fellow went on, "and described her as a striking-looking woman for her position in life. He believed she had lived on the interest of the two thousand pounds that lay in their hands on deposit account, and which, though living under the name of Lycett, she drew as Shotover. After leaving the bank I made a few other enquiries, but, virtually, I have told all I learned."

"And now begins the Prideaux quest," the Priest asked quizzically.

"Just so," the American returned, "I am getting hot on the chase now, but first, Father, I am going to ask you to interview General Shotover for me."

"Whew!" Father Matthew drew a long breath. "I am

afraid, as I believe I told you before, that I am not the best man for that. However,"—he gave his shoulders a shrug and then went on—"you must be hard up for cousins." His mouth twitched. "Can't you turn your attention to any other branch of the family? Your grand-aunt was not an only child."

"Ah," the American replied, "I forgot; the old fellow in the almshouse I told you about, told me he had often heard my grand-aunt say, that, so far as she knew, she was the last of her family. One brother (that would be my grandfather), had gone to the States and had never written home, and her other brothers and only sister had died unmarried."

"The American branch has done the best."

The young man assented with a nod of the head. "I should like to track my cousins out, and expect it is what my father would wish, and all the more that it looks as if they might be in poverty, and that was the thought that haunted my grandfather in his latter years."

"And you think General Shotover?"

"Ought to know what has become of his daughter and his grand-children? Distinctly I do. And if he does not——" James Lycett paused.

"You do not think it would be best to interview the General yourself?"

The American shook his head. "I am quick-tempered."

Father Matthew could not resist a smile. "Well, I suppose I shall have to do the best for you I can. There is no use advising you, I suppose?"

The young man again made a gesture of denial. "I mean to find my cousins."

"And provide General Shotover with grandchildren. Well, no doubt it is a chivalrous intention" (the mouth twitched), "but what if you find them, and find them—what's the word they use now?—impossible?"

"Impossible?"

"Suppose, and from what you tell me it is not at all unlikely, that you find your relatives have so gone down in the world that you may feel disinclined to own them."

"We are not like that in my part of the world." James Lycett returned quickly, and then began to laugh. "Why, Father, you are making me out as bad as General Shotover."

The Priest laughed, too. "Well, let us be charitable," he returned, "and say nothing about 'bad' till we know the circumstances, but it's as well to look at a matter from more than one point of view."

"And round the corner, too, according to you, Father," the young man responded with another laugh.

"And round the corner, too," the Priest repeated. "You don't know what a nest of hornets you may be pulling down about your ears, but I've said my say. When am I expected to call at the River House?"

"The sooner the better, sir. If you will undertake the matter, it cannot be too soon for me. To-morrow I thought of walking over to Shotover Hill and calling on the Mrs. Makepeace you tell me about."

The Priest considered. "Wednesday is a busy day with us," he said, "but if all is well I might walk so far with you and catch the General before his luncheon hour. How would that work?"

"I should be ready at any time that suited you, sir."

"Then say half-past eleven."

"At half-past eleven, sir."

"Well, I must get to my work." The Priest held out his hand in adieu, but he did not go immediately to his desk. "A fine lad, a fine lad," he said to himself, "but I have my doubts about this search. If he manages to hunt these relatives out, he may hunt out trouble and disappointment, too, but he is a generous lad, a generous well-meaning lad." Father Matthew took up his pen.

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## CHAPTER XI

### "OF HIGH DEGREE"

In Debrett or any other peerage you will find plenty about the Shotovers of Shotover. They are an old race and hold their heads high, though their Faith handicapped them for many a day.

They are clannish as—taken as a rule—our old Catholic families are, and when General Geoffrey Shotover, disabled by gout from club life, took the River House to be near his nephew, the reigning baron, no one was surprised.

General Shotover—one must do him justice—would have been ready (gout permitting), to knock the man down who insulted his Faith, but he was not one given to "trouble the Priest," though

twice in the year he drew Father Consett a not illiberal cheque for his poor, and once in a way, sent to the Presbytery an offering of fruit or of game. Now and again, too (gout permitting again), he put in appearance at Mass, seating himself in state in the Shotover bench, and slipping his sovereign into the plate. Occasionally, he accepted in silence, if not with the best of grace, a strong word from the Priest; but I am not sure that he ever relished a visit from his Reverence.

"Come a-begging?" he asked in would-be jocose tones the morning that Father Matthew, in fulfilment of his promise to the American, was shown into his room.

"To beg for some information you may be able to give me, at any rate," the Priest replied, as he settled himself in an easy chair.

"Anything I can do, of course;" the General bowed politely.

"Your father had tenants of the name of Lycett?" The Priest dashed into his errand at once.

"Ah, Lycett," the General raised his eyebrows; his voice was cool.

"A member of the family, Mr. James Lee Lycett, has just come from the States;" the Priest began, to be interrupted by his host.

"Let me see, ah, yes; one of the Lycetts went to America." General Shotover joined the tips of his fingers together, and leant back in his chair prepared to listen.

"This young man's grandfather, also a James Lycett, emigrated, as you say, and his son (the young man's father), is anxious learn what he can regarding his family."

"His family." General Shotover's eyebrows went up.

"We can't all be Shotovers of Shotover, of course," the Priest said shortly—

"They have made their pile, I may presume, and want an ancestor or two." The General ignored the Priest's remark.

"Of that I know nothing," the Priest returned, "but circumstances have led this young man to believe that you may be able to give him some information regarding his grandaunt (in spite of himself Father Matthew's voice changed). Elizabeth——"

"Ah, there I regret to be unable to fulfil Mr. Lycett's anticipations." General Shotover's voice was bland.

The Priest looked at him sharply. "I am to tell Mr. Lycett that you can give him no information regarding his grandfather's sister?"

"Exactly so," in his turn General Shotover darted a sharp glance at his visitor, "but I suppose there is no reason to beat about the bush. Except upon one occasion I have not had the honour of holding any communication with Mrs. Shotover since we parted."

"There is no mistake then about the marriage?" The words came involuntarily from the Father's lips, and were followed by a sigh of relief.

"My dear sir! What do you think of me?" General Shotover's eyebrows went up.

"Do you mean me to understand that you do not know whether your wife is dead or alive?" the Priest asked, after a pause.

"Permit me to say," General Shotover, who had been playing with the ear of his spaniel, managed to turn so far in his chair as to face his visitor. "Permit me to say that I quite dispute Mr. Lycett's, or any other man's (there was an emphasis on the 'or any other man's,' which the Priest understood) right to intermeddle with my private affairs."

"Mrs. Shotover lived at Tiverton?" Father Consett, after a moment's consideration, asked.

"Mrs. Shotover, when we parted, lived at Tiverton," General Shotover acquiesced.

"Not, however, as Mrs. Shotover," the Priest asked, sharply.

"Not as Mrs. Shotover." In his turn the General took a moment for consideration, then went on, his eyes fixed on the Priest's face. "No reproach attaches to Mrs. Shotover, you may assure her friends of that." As if to show he considered the interview at an end, his hand touched the bell-rope arranged so as to be within reach.

"There is then no more to be said." There was a note of interrogation in Father Consett's reply. He got up from his chair, irritated with himself for finding himself irritated by his host.

"Wait a moment," General Shotover went on, his fingers relaxed their hold on the bell-pull. "It might interest you to see Mrs. Shotover's portrait," he waved his hand towards a head in chalks hanging above his chair. "Not flattered," he said, "but like."

"A beautiful woman," Father Matthew could not repress the exclamation, "and a good face," he added, meditatively.

"The Flaxman type," the General responded, giving a wince

of pain as he tried again to turn so as to face the picture. His tone was critical. "The Flaxman type. Faith, Hope, and Charity rolled into one. No reproach attaches itself to Mrs. Shotover."

"And yet you parted!" Father Consett could not resist the shaft.

"We parted." General Shotover repeated the words. "Then," and almost a gleam of amusement passed over his face, "I fear Mrs. Shotover, if alive, has not been so faithful to her promises as I have been to mine."

"As how?" the Priest demanded; then went on more gravely, "Mrs. Shotover is no longer alive" (an "ah" of interrogation from his listener interrupted him), "and if you mean it was through her her relatives knew of her marriage you are mistaken."

"Then may I ask?"

"Certainly," the Priest returned, "one of my predecessors, Father Lee——."

"Ah, Lee," the General interrupted. "The Lees and Lycetts were connected."

"Exactly so. Father Lee then took enough of interest in his kinswoman to enter under the date of her birth, a note to the effect that she had married the Honourable Geoffrey Shotover, second son of the 14th Baron. That the marriage had taken place in the Catholic Chapel at Plymouth, and that a year later (the date on which the note was entered), she was living under her maiden name at Tiverton."

"Ah." The General caught his breath with a click of the teeth.

"The data were complete."

"And these data were supplied to—ah—Mr. Lycett?"

"Mr. Lycett saw the entry on the day I saw it first myself. Since then he has been to Tiverton as he had been before to Devonport."

"Ah?" The "ah" this time was one of interrogation.

"You wish me to enter into particulars?" The Priest seated himself again.

"I certainly am curious." General Shotover leant back in his chair and only once interrupted the Priest's narrative. "This gentleman seems his own detective." The words came with sarcasm.

"Blood is thicker than water," the Priest quoted. "Mr. Lycett at any rate is interested in his relatives."

The second shaft again passed unheeded, though the General looked meditative as he stroked his chin with his hand. "I knew there was a daughter," he said at last, "but—grandchildren!" Almost a quizzical expression passed over his face.

Father Matthew repressed the words that were on the tip of his tongue. "You know all I do now," he said, as he got up for the second time, "and I must say good-day."

"You will excuse me getting up? This infernal gout." General Shotover looked at the swathed foot supported on a leg-rest. "My compliments to—hem—Mr. Lycett. Good-morning. Good morning." The second "good morning" was given with a readiness that seemed to speed the parting guest.

Father Consett gave a sigh as well as a shake of the head as he followed the footman across the hall to a side-door that opened on a gravelled path, a short cut leading through the shrubberies to the lodge gates, where the American was waiting for him under the shade of a chestnut tree.

"Well?" The young fellow asked when they had passed into the high road.

"I warned you I was not the man to tackle General Shotover." The Priest returned.

"He would give no information?"

"Had none to give. If he and your grand-aunt married, as we may suppose, in haste, they do not seem to have waited for leisure to repent. He was ready to acknowledge that they parted within a year of the marriage and that but once since had there been inter-communication."

"And that once?" the young man asked with eagerness.

The Priest shook his head. "He entered into no particulars, but that 'no reproach attached to Mrs. Shotover,' he was ready enough to affirm. He was good enough to show me her portrait." Father Matthew's mouth twitched.

"Her portrait! That does not look like parting on bad terms."

"No reproach attaches to Mrs. Shotover." Father Matthew repeated the words—"that is her husband's testimony."

"I make nothing of it," the young man cried, with deprecatory gesture. "Do you mean to say the man neither knew nor cared whether his wife and daughter were dead or alive?"

Father Matthew hesitated. "He certainly did not know of

Mrs. Shotover's death, though I cannot say he expressed astonishment," he replied at last.

"You do not care for General Shotover," James Lycett said abruptly.

The Priest started as he looked up, and he crossed himself before replying. "God forbid I should dislike any man," he said. "We are poor creatures," he crossed himself again, "and what am I that General Shotover should rub me the wrong way?" he shook his head with deprecating gesture.

"The man would be easily rubbed that *you* rubbed the wrong way, sir," the young man returned with warmth.

"The very expression is ugly," the Priest went on thoughtfully, "and argues want of charity, but I must not preach except to myself." He smiled at his companion, and when Father Consett smiled his face was very winning. "I can only add that a better man would have done better work with General Shotover. *Mea culpa.*"

The American shook his head, but did not press the subject. "He gave no hint as to why he and my grand-aunt parted."

"None, but one may guess. The Shotovers are proud. His father could scarcely be expected to relish the connection, and the son would be dependent on him for any income he might possess, and there might have been pressure."

James Lycett's face reddened. "The Lycetts could have relished it no less," he returned with heat. "I judge by my father and grandfather, neither of them were men to approve of anything clandestine." (Father Consett gave his head a little shake as he thought of Mrs. Makepeace's story.) "And what are the Shotovers?"

"Better not ask them that." Father Consett shook his head again. "But, come, take it easy. We know none of the circumstances remember. General Shotover may not be a black sheep after all."

"No decent man would exact such a sacrifice from his wife as to live under her maiden name." The American was not to be appeased, though he added in apologetic tones, "Elizabeth was my grandfather's favourite sister."

"Every one seems to have a good word for her. If you find old Mrs. Makepeace in the vein, you will hear plenty in her praise. You are going on to the Farm?"

"To the churchyard first. I mean to have a prow! there."

"You'll be able to pick up a snack of luncheon at the Shotover Arms. They're decent people; that is to say, if you're not above ham and eggs."

"You won't be tempted to come on, too, sir?" the American asked, as the Priest held out his hand.

Father Matthew shook his head. "No, no; I was there not so very long ago, and a walk up Shotover Hill in this heat is more than I care to bargain for. Go straight on to the bridge, and you will see the village above you on the hill, and from there anyone will direct you to the Farm; and when you have had your chat with Mrs. Makepeace, Miss Harnett will, I don't doubt, put you on your way to Wood-ash. Look in to-night, if you like, and give Father John and myself the benefit of your experiences. You will find your name introduction enough at the Farm. Make Mrs. Harnett my compliments."

"Good-bye then, sir, till the evening." The American lifted his hat.

"Good-bye, as you say, till the evening." The Priest's voice was cordial. He like the frank-faced, pleasant-mannered young fellow. What if it should end by Miss Teresa having two strings to her bow? The thought darted through Father Matthew's head, to be rapidly put aside, and his face was grave as he retraced his steps towards the town.

Had he done his duty, was he doing his duty, by General Shotover? Was he himself the cause of the want of cordiality, the stiffness in their intercourse? Had he let a mere feeling, a feeling (might God forgive him!) of prejudice, in a sense, harden his heart against his parishioner? Had he excused himself to himself?

He lingered a moment at the gates of the River House as he catechised his conscience, and while he was still standing meditating, the side gate was thrown open and a groom rode out, and, recognising him, pulled up, and, touching his hat, jumped from his horse.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was on my way to the Presbytery with a note from my master."

Father Matthew knew the lad. (General Shotover kept up the tradition of the family in having Catholic servants.) "Well, give it to me, William," he said, "and if there's an answer, I'll send it up later. You are going to Mass at Shotover?"

"Yes, Father." The lad again raised his hat.

"That's right." For a moment his hand rested on the boy's shoulder.

"I've never missed since I promised you, Father."

"That's right," the Father said again, and nodded a good-bye, and then walked slowly on, turning the General's letter over and over in his hands. "Well, I must see what he has to say for himself," he said at last, as he broke the big red seal.

"Dear and Reverend Sir," the missive began, "while regretting that it is not in my power to assist your American friend in his search for his missing relatives, may I venture to say that I should regard it as a favour on his part should he make me acquainted with any information he may obtain?"

"Yours truly,

"GEOFFREY SHOTOVER."

A priest is rarely surprised, seldom curious; but I think Father Matthew Consett, as he re-read this note for the second time, would have given a good deal to have understood the workings of General Geoffrey's brain at that moment. "No reproach attaches to Mrs. Shotover." Father Matthew found himself repeating the words.

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## CHAPTER XII

### MR. LYCETT PAYS A VISIT

A couple of hours spent in Shotover churchyard where the name of Lycett was still to be read on many a moss-covered stone, a "snatch" at the little inn, and the American turned his steps towards the Glebe Farm.

Mrs. Hartnett, dressed for the afternoon, came to the door herself at his knock.

"James Lee Lycett—Wood-ash—Father Matthew Consett;" the words were caught up and repeated almost before the visitor had finished his introductory sentence, and he found himself swept into the cool rose-scented parlour in a breath.

"To think of a Lycett and James Lycett's grandson coming home from America! Why, it'll make my mother young. The Lycetts and the Dodsons were always thick, and she and James thought a deal of each other."

"I have heard my grandfather speak of the Dodsons," the

young man returned, "and I understood from Father Consett that Mrs. Makepeace had been one of the family."

"Miss Dodson herself, Teresa Dodson, and the long and the short of the matter was, as she'll tell you herself if she's in the mood, your grandfather and she were sweethearts, though I warrant he didn't let that out!"

Mrs. Harnett chuckled. "My mother had her *choice*," she went on in confidential tones, "though she didn't fall in with the crooked stick at the last, for my father made her a good husband. But to think of James Lycett married, and Grannie picturing him always single for her sake! Well, it's true, according to the doctors, a broken heart's a rare disease. James Lycett's grandson, and coming to the Glebe! I'm wearying to see my mother's face."

"Grannie, as we call her, is a bit confused at times," Mrs. Harnett went on, ignoring the beginning of a sentence from her visitor, "but the name of Lycett, or anything connected with her young days, wakes her-up. Why, it was only last night at supper when Teresa—that's my daughter—showed her a handful of nuts. She began to tell us of the pocketsful your grandfather used to bring her, and how he cracked them on the old mill-stone. But you haven't told me if he is alive yet?"

"He died a year ago," the grandson said, "at a good old age, eighty-eight."

"Four years older than Grannie. Well, she'll be sorry to hear it, and, if you'll excuse me, I'll call to Teresa to fetch her. Eyes and ears, and legs, and arms, that's what Teresa is to her grandmother. Many a time I tell her I'm jealous." Mrs. Harnett bustled away, to return shortly, followed by both mother and daughter.

"My mother, my daughter," was the curt introduction followed by, "Mother, this is James Lycett's grandson. He's come all the way from America to see you. You remember James?"

"Do I remember James?" the old woman began; she was supporting herself on her granddaughter's arm; "of course I remember James." Then she looked at the visitor and gave a little scream. "Didn't I tell you, James, you were not to come again and make Makepeace jealous? A fine kettle of fish there'll be to be cooked when he sees you here. I've said *yes* to Makepeace and I'm not going to change. You shouldn't have come,

you shouldn't have come." In her agitation the old woman began to cry.

"Hush, Grannie, hush," her daughter cried, while her granddaughter patted her on the arm.

"Hush! It's all very well to say 'hush,' Anne. James shouldn't have come. Elizabeth shouldn't have let him; Elizabeth knows what is right."

Teresa Harnett—her eyes were as full of tears as her grandmother's—looked at the visitor; but there was no sign of amusement in the young man's face, only solicitude, as he took Mrs. Makepeace's other arm and helped the girl to guide her towards a chair.

"It's James Lycett's grandson," Mrs. Harnett explained again at the pitch of her voice, accentuating each word. "James Lycett's grandson from America."

"I'm not deaf, Anne," the old woman returned with some dignity, "and I know James Lycett went to America. I always liked James and I liked Elizabeth. Mr. Geoffrey Shotover was after her though he thought nobody knew it. That's why his Lordship put her father out, but, Lord bless you, Elizabeth never would have looked at him. Mr. Geoffrey was not much—cold, as cold, and always for his own way, and took it if all tales be true. I never thought much of Mr. Geoffrey." Mrs. Makepeace nodded a disapproving head.

"Grannie, won't you sit down?" her granddaughter implored. "You'll be tired, and the gentleman is offering you a chair."

"Gentleman? It isn't a gentleman," the old woman returned with tartness, "it's James Lycett back from America. Makepeace'll be in a fine rage! That's the worst of beaux, there's no trusting them, they'll come whether you want them or no. All the men were after me (she bridled her old head), half-a-dozen I've seen in the parlour at a time. I didn't need to jump at the first of them, not I. There's Anne, she never had but the one and she jumped at him. Yes, you did, Anne, you needn't go to deny it just because James Lycett's here to hear you. As for Teresa (don't let me go, Teresa), the Doctor's after her. She says he's not, but I know better. Why did he come with Father Matthew if he didn't come to court her? But if she's sense she'll wait. She's taken after the Dodsons. She's better looking than you, Anne. Let her wait and she'll have her choice yet."

"I am afraid I am only exciting Mrs. Makepeace," the American said, seeing the girl's discomposure.

"You startled her. She takes you for your grandfather," Mrs. Harnett apologised. "You can see she's a bit confused."

"I am thought very like my grandfather," James Lycett returned. He was watching with approving eyes Teresa's efforts to soothe her grandmother.

"You'll get nothing more out of her to-day," Mrs. Harnett went on. "It's just as it was the day Father Consett was here. She's talked herself out and she'll go off in a doze by and by, and then, if you'd any notion to see Wood-ash, Teresa 'd put on her hat and take you over, it isn't more than a mile by the fields. There's very respectable people there, Protestants, but good neighbours; and, when you come back, I'll have a cup of tea waiting, and, if Grannie has woke up fresh, you'll, maybe, get something out of her. But she's easy put in a way, and I doubt her being clear to-day." Mrs. Harnett shook her head. "See, she's dozing already. That's the way with old folk. Teresa, you fetch your hat, I'll look after your Grannie." She pulled a bit of knitting out of her pocket and seated herself by her mother's side.

Teresa Harnett was no coquette. At her mother's bidding she picked up her hat, lying on the table and put it on. "I'll find a pair of gloves in the porch," she explained to the American, to show him she was ready to go.

"The walk will not be too much for you in this heat?" James Lycett asked, when, the shelter of the orchard passed, they found themselves in an unshadowed field.

"I never think about the heat," the girl said, "and I enjoy a walk."

"It is more like late autumn than summer," her companion continued, "and very unlike the green England of which one reads so much."

"Yes," the girl returned, "the very leaves are turning and the filberts are ripe—a month too soon;" she laughed.

"You have not the colouring we have," the American said. "You should see our maples in autumn—flames! But I am glad the nuts are ripe. I shall carry my father home a pocketful. His father used to nut, I suppose, in these very woods." He looked round him with interest.

"It is in only one or two parts one is allowed to nut now-a-days," the girl replied. "His Lordship does not like his covers disturbed. But, see, there is Wood-ash below us. I think Mrs. Dingley is sure to be at home; but they are great people compared to us who do our own work. It is his Lordship's best farm."

"That can't be the old house," James Lycett cried, as a mass of new building came in sight.

"The old house was pulled down two years ago, but it is built on the same site," the girl replied, "and the garden is the old garden, though they have cut down the apple trees and put in new ones."

"Then I don't care to go on," the American said with decision. "It was the old place I wanted, not a bran-new house, and new apple and pear trees are nothing to me. Miss Harnett, do you know I was looking forward to climbing an apple tree?"

Teresa laughed as she looked her interrogation.

"My great-grandfather was strict, and when my grandfather came home late at night he used to make a ladder of the ribstone pippin at the end of the house and swing himself into the window of his room."

The American was frank, and Teresa was a good listener, and in a very short time the girl knew much about her companion; that his father was in a good way of business in New York, and that he, himself, was looking forward to be a junior partner, that his mother was an Irishwoman, whose relations lived in County Clare, where two of her uncles were priests and her elder sister a nun, the Reverend Mother, indeed, of a Presentation Convent, how, of his own sisters, one also was a religious, and another was still at home, and how—and the young man's voice softened—the youngest and pet sister had died two years before, and her name had been Harriot, instead of the common Harriet, and he had found the name spelled in the same way on one of the stones in the churchyard that lay down the hill at their feet. His grandfather used to tell them, the young fellow went on, that there was an old saying that so long as there were Shotovers at Shotover there would be Lycetts at Wood-ash. He pointed to the spick-and-span new farm buildings, and laughed as he shook his head.

"I have heard my grandmother say that," was the girl's response. "She knows all the old sayings. I suppose the

Lycetts had been so long at the Farm no one could picture it in other hands."

"Two hundred years we were tenants on the estate," the young man returned with pride. "I have heard my grandfather say there was scarcely a day Lord Shotover did not walk down to the farm."

"And then they quarrelled," Teresa sighed.

"You heard what your grandmother said. It would never have done for a Shotover to have married a Lycett." Something in the American's voice made the girl turn and look at him.

"You are not angry that your great-grandfather was put out of the farm?" she asked with surprise.

"You are shocked with me, Miss Harnett. Let us say no more about it."

Teresa looked at him again. "It was a long time ago," she ventured shyly.

"Miss Harnett, I think you can hardly understand," the young man began, then pulled himself up. "Don't think I owe the Shotovers a grudge," he said with a laugh, his face softened as he met the girl's anxious eyes.

"I am glad," Teresa said, as if relieved. "Mother says the love of land is as great as that of love of kin. To me it is difficult to understand that."

"You think so," the young man returned drily. Then he went on, more lightly, "It is all right, Miss Harnett, don't distress yourself, it is an old story as you say."

"Perhaps we ought to be going home," the girl said after a pause, "mother never likes anyone to be late."

"Then don't let us distress her," the young man returned, and they quickened their steps till the Glebe Farm came in sight, with Mrs. Harnett waving her handkerchief at the door.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

*(To be continued.)*

**AMAIRGEN\***

AMAIRGEN the White-kneed sang,  
 And his song was great and sweet,  
 For the heart within him beat  
 In tune with the heart of the world.

Amairgen the White-kneed sang ;  
*I am a Wave of the Sea,*  
*And the murrur of Ocean free,*  
*And the Bull of the Seven Fights.*

Amairgen the White-kneed sang ;  
*I am a Tear of the Sun,*  
*And of Plants† the Fairest One,*  
*And the Vulture upon the Rock.*

Amairgen the White-kneed sang ;  
*I am the Boar of the Woods,*  
*And the Salmon that leaps the Floods,*  
*And the Lake in the Plains am I.*

Amairgen the White-kneed lives  
 In the heart of things that are ;  
 But his children moan afar  
 From his light, and count him dead.

He knew, and was, and is ;  
 But his kinsfolk will not see  
 The heart of the world as he,  
 Amairgen, the singer of yore.

EMILY HICKEY.

\* See IRISH MONTHLY, January, 1902, page 15.

† By a printer's error, *Planets*, in I. M.

## THE BRUTAL VICE

WHEN we call drunkenness a brutal and beastly vice, we are unjust to the poor irrational brutes and beasts. Only human brutes get drunk. No wonder that so many shrink from partaking, even in a moderate and lawful way, in the use of one of God's gifts, which multitudes of His human creatures abuse to the grievous injury and distress of all who are connected with them, and to their own temporal and often eternal ruin. Our increasing abhorrence of this universal plague leads us to extract from the admirable volume of *Allocutions and Pastorals*, by the Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, formerly Bishop of Kerry, a few pages from the Lenten Pastoral of 1858. The allusion to the Famine, to Father Mathew's apostleship, and to the rent-raising power of the landlord, are out of date; but, unfortunately, the denunciation of intemperance is not out of date.

The vice of intemperance is most directly opposed to the dignity of rational beings, and to the spirit of Christian mortification. It is fraught with evil consequences; and, we regret to say, it is of all vices the most prevalent amongst our people.

It is not many years since we witnessed a great national movement for the extirpation of this vice under the guidance of an earnest man, who is now, we trust, enjoying the reward of his unwearied charity. For a time, it appeared as if the stain was blotted out from the land, and the nation delivered from the thrall of intemperance. Domestic peace, and the love and enjoyment of home, cheered many a poor man's dwelling, and the peace of heaven's pardon was felt in many a troubled heart. It cannot be denied that a large portion of the good then effected yet remains, for there are many who yet keep unbroken the pledge they gave, and their good example has had a happy and widespread influence on the habits of society; but there are many also to whom we might say with St. Paul to the senseless Galatians!—"You did run well; who hath hindered you?" (*Galat. v. 7.*) They have forgotten their good resolution, broken their promises, brought misery back to their homes, and the demon back to their hearts. They have scandalized the weak among their brethren, and we

have again to deplore that the spirit of drunkenness shows itself shamefully abroad—a *noonday devil*.

Dearly Beloved, it cannot have passed from your memory how, a few years ago, thousands amongst you had not what to eat. You remember how the old and the young melted away with hunger from off the face of the earth. God has sheathed the sword of His vengeance, and He no longer afflicts His people as before. The earth brings forth its fruits for you, and though you do not abound in the goods of this world, yet the prosperity now vouchsafed to you demands a most devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts. But alas! there are many who take advantage of their bettered circumstances only to outrage the bountiful providence of God, by making His gifts serve for the indulgence of their depraved appetites. Have we not too much reason to fear that He will be again provoked to anger, that He will again visit us in His wrath?

It is often said, dearly Beloved, that you are a religious people, that you are a moral people. If you are, it is by God's grace you are such. But no matter how devoted you may be to the faith of your fathers, no matter how well inclined to regulate your lives by the teachings of religion, if you abdicate that reason which God has given to guide your actions and to control your passions, if you *compare yourselves to senseless beasts and become like to them* (*Ps. xlviii*), then we can no longer expect piety, or chastity, or justice, but rather the brutal indulgence of unruly appetites, "uncleanness, contentions, quarrels, of the which I foretell you, as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God." (*Galat. v. 21.*)

We need not enter into a detail of the many evils of drunkenness. We hear the blasphemies which fall from drunken lips; our heart is rent as, day after day, we must listen to the tales of sorrow which come to us from the drunkard's home; and when we meet him on the roads leading from our market towns, in his helpless delirium—heaven's light extinguished in his soul—we must turn with loathing and disgust from that which was created to the *image and likeness of God*.

This vice is a bar to the improvement of your social condition. It keeps you down. If the increased profits of your farms lead to no other result than a greater consumption of whiskey—if your dwellings do not exhibit more signs of neatness and comfort—if

your children still continue in filth and rags, can we be surprised that your landlords increase your rents and take from you that money which you use for the ruin of soul and body? Will it not seem to them better that they should spend it in the vain luxuries of life, than that you should spend it in low and sinful dissipation? You complain of your dependent position, and with much reason, for in general you have no legal guarantee that you will enjoy the fruits of your labour; but, brethren, we say to you, be sober! No human law can ever give such security against want, as temperance united with industry.

## A DREAM DAWN

I DREAMED a dream that was vermilion-hued :

A fiery dawn had lighted all the world,  
 And cloudland's crimson banners were unfurled  
 Till every hill and meadow was bedewed  
 With rosy radiance; and the multitude  
 Of petals of the hedgerow slow uncurled  
 As hot from heaven the flaming flush was hurled,  
 And with red splendour all the land was strewed.

I mused on blood; there showed not any trace,  
 Nor aught of war or massacre outdealt,  
 Only great warmth and garish light and glare,  
 And, as I smiled to catch the flame's full flare,  
 Turning upon my bed I, waking, felt  
 God's loving sunlight lying o'er my face.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

## THE EFFECTS OF A SHOWER

### A PARISIAN STORY

**M**ADemoiselle THÉRÈSE LORANS, a pupil of the Conservatoire, was at this time giving lessons on the piano-forte. One day she was returning from a concert at the Salle Pleyel when she was caught by a heavy shower in the Rue Richelieu. It was a regular downpour, and Teresa was dressed in all her finery. In such an emergency it is no easy matter to get a cab; the wisest course is to seek shelter of some sort. Miss Lorans was doing so when she saw the Odéon tramcar approaching. To make a signal of distress to the conductor and to rush across the street towards her rescuer was the affair of a moment; but alas! the car was crowded, only one place remained, and that was just seized by a young man from the other side of the street who had outdistanced her. She looked so disappointed, and her eyes fell so sadly on her blue silk dress and her black velvet mantle that the young man's heart melted with pity, and he sacrificed himself for her sake. A fervent "Thank you!" and a smile rewarded his devotion, and then the tram went on, and the magnanimous youth made for the footpath, thinking that his good deed would cost him a cold and a spoilt hat.

At this moment he noticed a bracelet on the ground. "Ah, the young lady must have dropped this. I will take it to-morrow to the police office." And then he put it in his pocket, and went on his way in the rain.

When M. Henry Delmas—that was our friend's name—reached his own quarters, he stirred up the fire, laid aside his wet clothes, and made himself comfortable. After some time he thought of the bracelet, and took it out to examine it at his leisure. It was a very simple circlet of gold with a simple little medallion, which he ventured to open, and found this inscription:—"To Miss Teresa Lorans, Saint Germain, January 20th, 1896."

"Where have I seen this name?" he said to himself. "I certainly met with it lately." But, as often happens when one follows up a memory of this sort, the memory escaped him, he got tired of running after it, and put the bracelet in a drawer.

The next morning he took it out, with the intention of leaving it at the police office. The storm of the previous evening had cleared the sky, and though it was only March, it was a charming day, the first glimpse of Springtime. Henry Delmas enjoyed his walk and sauntered on slowly, looking into the shops now and then till he found himself before a music-publisher's. "Let us see," said he to himself, "what they are singing these days;" and he glanced at the titles of the newest pieces of music, till one name caught his eye. "*The Roses of May*, waltz by Mlle. Thérèse Lorans." Here was evidently the owner of the bracelet. The next thing was to find out her address. "No doubt these publishers of hers will know it." And so they did; Miss Lorans lived in the Rue des Saints Pères.

Having no particular business on hands, he determined to see the thing out at once, and continued his walk in the direction indicated. When he reached the place, he was received by an old lady, to whom he explained the object of his visit.

"I am very sorry you have taken so much trouble, sir. My daughter has gone out, but she will return immediately; and, if you will kindly wait, she will be glad to be able to thank you herself." Nothing loth, the young man took his seat in the parlour, which was simply furnished in rather old-fashioned style, but showed in many ways a woman's good taste, though it betrayed also rather straitened means.

Mademoiselle Lorans presented herself before her mother had well begun her conversation with the visitor. She had been at the police office, where she found, as we know, no trace of the beloved bracelet, her solitary ornament. Henry was rewarded with a very bright and grateful smile and the happiness of seeing the happiness he had given.

Before it was time for him to take his leave, he had introduced himself with tact and good taste, made them acquainted with his family and position, and had obtained permission to call upon them again.

Naturally his new friends were in his thoughts as he strolled homeward. "I like that music-mistress very much. First of all, she is very unlike the ordinary pupils of the Conservatoire. She is pretty and very modest and not a bit coquettish; she is poor, and she is light-hearted. But what a life to lead! Lessons, lessons, all-day long, except that perhaps the poor girl has sometimes no.

pupils to teach. I understand now her distress when the rain caught her yesterday in all her finery."

Indeed, if wealth be necessary for happiness, Teresa was not happy and never had been happy. When her father died, three or four hundred pounds were all that the strictest economy had enabled him to leave to his wife and daughter. Teresa was then sixteen and a pupil at the Conservatoire. The widow sold as many of their belongings as they could spare, narrowed still further their not very extravagant expenditure, and settled down with her daughter in the modest lodging where we have found them.

After paying all the fees of her musical training, not much of the few hundreds remained. Teresa set to work bravely. She had many disappointments, many troubles, and too soon felt the burden of life. But no matter how heavy this burden seemed, she said nothing about it, even to her mother, though her mother guessed it. They leaned upon one another, and both together leaned upon God; this was the whole secret of their strength. Money had been very scarce with them sometimes; but now the worse was over. Teresa's pupils were growing more numerous. She was making a certain reputation for herself—she had published some pieces of music and had been a success at some concerts. When she counted up at the end of the year, her income was not far short of £120. She was almost rich already.

Henry Delmas did not abuse the permission granted to him of revisiting the Rue des Saints Pères. He kept away for two months, and it was only by chance that, finding himself one day in the neighbourhood, he thought of the young lady of the bracelet. Perhaps you are sufficiently interested in him to wish to know little more about this young gentleman than I have told you yet. He was one of those young fellows to be found everywhere, but especially in Paris—good-hearted, not overburdened with brains, and with little strength of character. He was living on his means; and living so well that he might soon have no means to live on. In fact he was ruining himself—that was his social position. It is a crowded profession, in which one finds oneself in very good company. It has its charms no doubt, this line of life; but they say that it has its troubles and hardships in the long run.

Henry, however, was only at the beginning of this career. He had lost his mother in childhood, and his father at the end of his college life, when he began to study for a medical degree.

Left to himself, he studied seriously at first; but, when he came of age and got possession of what his father had left him, he grew more and more idle, and finally gave up even the pretence of work.

The poor young fellow was to be pitied as well as blamed. A virtuous, happy home shelters us from the storms of life. There is no home without a mother. When the foolish boy is tempted to stray away into dangerous paths, the mother draws him back with her gentle caress, and says the words that God puts into the motherly heart to touch the hearts of children. The boy remains beside her, breathing the good air that circulates round the fireside, the wholesome air that drives away bad thoughts.

Henry Delmas had been deprived too soon of these blessed safeguards of home. Left to himself and free to act as he pleased, he had not escaped the dangers that beset well-to-do youth in such a city as Paris.

But, while we are talking about him, he has been ushered up stairs, and enters the parlour, into which we follow him for the second time. There is no change there, except that lilacs have taken the place of violets; and, instead of sitting round the fire-place, one draws near to the window.

Have you ever walked home on a morning in springtime after a night spent in a ball-room? The dawn has hardly broken; all is silent in the city, which is still asleep. This calm, this freshness of the morning hour, soothe you after the heat and glare of the dance. Then the sun begins to show himself and warms you with his first rays—you breathe more freely, true life begins again.

Seated near the window, with Teresa Lorans and her mother, Henry felt like this.

From this time, without changing his way of living, he came almost every week to the Rue des Saints Pères. When he was tired of riding or playing billiards, he liked to knock at this door, which chance had opened to him. They went to no expense entertaining him, yet he knew he was welcome. As he paid his visits always in the evening, in order to be sure of finding the younger lady also at home, he was offered a cup of tea the first time; but he had refused politely, saying that he did not like tea—a lie which will be forgiven to him, I hope: for (thought he) tea is dear, and then, the sugar! Three cups of tea would require six lumps, at least. See what it is to have poor friends: one learns to count.

Usually Delmas brought a book with him. Teresa had not read much, she had not time. Days so full of labour left little room for distractions. After her lessons came the studies necessary to cultivate her talent; then a little copying, the payment for which bought her a pair of gloves or some such thing. In the evening she sewed (she did no embroidery). What house is there in which there is not always something to be mended? And when you have no maid to attend to you and do not wish to employ a seamstress, you must employ your own fingers.

And so our heroine sewed while Henry Delmas read to them. He showed in his choice of what to read a degree of tact and good taste that one would not have expected from a young man who had hitherto been anything but religious. Sometimes it was the purest of the "Meditations" of Lamartine, sometimes those of the *Feuilles de Automne*, which will never fade. If there was a pretty story in one of the current magazines, he gave his friends the benefit of it. More than one evening was spent delightfully over the most exquisite of the letters of Madame de Sévigné, or the letters, not less charming, which Louis Veuillot introduces into his story, *Corbin et d'Aubecourt*.

These literary feasts had a great charm for Teresa, making her more intimately acquainted with those poets, those writers, to whom, without being a complete stranger, she had hitherto been able to pay homage but rarely. They did good to our poor Henry also, who felt his emotions grow young again by contact with the more youthful emotions of indeed *both* his listeners.

The Muses, they say, are sisters; after poetry came music. When the reader was tired, Teresa sat down before her piano—a rather antiquated piece of furniture, for the girl had been trained upon it, and she loved it like an old professor. Nothing but Italian music could satisfy her audience. Henry did not understand Beethoven's sonatas. Teresa called him a barbarian and scolded him; he pleaded guilty but felt no remorse.

Talk contributed its share to the pleasures of the evening. The young man brought into this quiet home an echo of the noisy world outside. He narrated some of his experiences of life in Paris—not all, most certainly—but more frequently he went back over many years to the tender memories of childhood and of his early youth, where there was nothing to be concealed.

At half-past ten o'clock Madame Lorans closed her door. In

vain had Henry protested against this premature break-up ; in vain had Teresa joined him in raising the standard of revolt, as soon as the clock struck, the signal for departure must be obeyed.

The year came to an end, another began ; Henry continued his visits, and was received on the same terms. Their relations were not changed at all, except that the new acquaintance was now almost an old friend. Once during the last summer he had escorted the ladies to Versailles. Another time, during the winter, not without a good deal of difficulty, he had made them accept places in a box at the opera which, he said, had been given to him, and would be lost unless they consented to come. On New Year's Day Henry brought a pound of sweets in a paper bag—not for economy's sake—but for fear of wounding, by offering a costly present, that delicate pride which is the sole wealth of those who are poor.

Their relations, therefore, were neither more frequent nor more familiar, yet their conversation took a tone of greater intimacy. Henry told Teresa things that he would not have confided to his friends of the Boulevard Italien. Sometimes he called her *Ma Soeur*, and this name, which he gave her laughingly, expressed deeper feeling than he imagined. He loved her, in fact, as a sister, and this mingling of tenderness and respect, which he had never felt towards any other woman, what was it but brotherly love ?

"Your sister?" said Teresa, "I will be so indeed. But, if I accept the name, I must have the privileges also, and I claim before all the privilege of scolding you and preaching to you."

And so without any further delay she preached and scolded this foolish brother, who promised amendment, obtained forgiveness, and demanded, as a token of pardon, that the last act of *Il Trovatore* should be played for him from beginning to end.

Nevertheless Teresa was grieved more than she could tell for this useless existence which, she suspected, had its secret cares and anxieties under an apparent thoughtlessness. "He is better than his life (she said)—he cannot be happy."

Happy indeed he was not, and what the girl said to him in a tone of pleasantry he began to say to himself seriously. These truths which he had seen dimly on the occasion of his first visit he now saw clearly, and this light pained his eyes. He compared his eight last years, squandered sadly, with the well-filled toilsome years of her whom he called his sister, and the comparison humbled him. He said to himself : "This money, which I lost in one night at the

gaming-table, she spent many months earning it. Every shilling represented so much of her labour. And she never complains. She is happy. Happy and poor—happy and living by her work.”

These two ideas, for him so different, he got used to put them side by side, and understood at last the link that united them. Having a good, honest heart, he was touched by the contrast with his aimless life ; and from that moment he turned to the side of duty.

Besides, mere prudence urged him to make a change. His fortune had dwindled away. He could repair it by marrying money ; but such a mercenary union seemed to him more odious than ever. No, he must recover his fortune another way—he must work. Not without some hesitations, not without some regrets, he broke off many bad habits and said good-bye to what he still called the pleasures of youth. One after another he burst the chains that bound him to the past ; and with light purse and light luggage but with a still lighter heart, he established himself one fine morning in a furnished lodging in the Rue Jacob. “ Ah ! ” said Teresa Lorans, when she heard of this breaking-up of his luxurious home, “ now you are almost as poor as I am. Now I can acknowledge you as my brother.”

What a strange maiden this to rejoice at a friend’s ruin ! But a still gayer festival was held when, two months later, he announced his approaching departure for Bordeaux to take up the position of clerk to one of the great shipowners at a salary of £120 a year. Henry was not a little proud of this unexpected opening. He counted up his future riches. “ One thing embarrasses me—what am I to do with so much money ? ”

Teresa was just as happy as himself. He thought her even too happy. “ What ! I am going to leave, and I have never seen you so gay. Is that all the grief that my absence will cause you ? ”

“ Do you wish me to tell you the truth ? ” she replied. “ As long as you are in Paris, I dread a relapse into your old ways. Yes, we shall certainly miss you—a sister may without blushing confess so much as that to a brother. I shall regret the loss of our readings and our evening chats, and, when I am cross, I shall have no one to scold. But you will come back some day when you have made your fortune ; I shall still be as poor as ever, and you will find the little parlour and the old furniture and my darling piano and our friendship, which is sure to remain the very same.”

It was on a Saturday morning that Henry Delmas made his appearance at Bordeaux. He immediately presented himself to his employer, who received him very nicely, and then gave him leave of absence till the Tuesday following, bidding him go and become acquainted with the city. While walking about in obedience to this advice, that feeling came over him which everyone has felt—the feeling of having forgotten something without knowing precisely what it is. “Ah! now I know,” he exclaimed at last. He caught the evening train and returned to Paris.

Next day about noon he rang the bell at Madame Lorans’ door. Teresa opened it. You may guess her surprise. “Returned already! Your shipowner will have nothing to do with you?”

“No indeed, he is the kindest of men, and we shall get on admirably together. But I have forgotten something in Paris.”

“What was it?” Teresa said.

“To ask you if you would come with me.” And, as no answer came, he added, turning towards the mother: “You, ma’am, who know her well, do you not think that she will consent?”

She consented. Madame Lorans consented. All were of one mind, and all were happy. In the course of the evening Madame Lorans exclaimed: “You foolish boy! to lay out two hundred francs in this fashion. Could you not have written?”

“But what if Teresa had refused me?”

“Do not scold him,” said Teresa. “They will be the last of his youthful follies.”

And then they spoke of their love, having given their friendship its true name.

“Since when did you feel it?” asked Teresa.

“Always,” Henry answered, “since that tramcar to the Odéon; but I knew it only yesterday, feeling the void caused by your absence.”

“I knew it long before you,” she said.

Three months later, in the first days of November, they were married at St. Germain-des-Prés, and I was Henry’s “best man.” That afternoon they travelled to Bordeaux.

The next year I went to see them. They live on the Bouscat-road, in one of those small houses which at Bordeaux they call *chartreuses*. It is rather far from the heart of the city; but the Croix-de-Segney omnibus stops a few yards from their house. They have a grass-plot full of flowers in front, and behind a garden

which produces excellent vegetables and cherries that are justly renowned.

Madame Delmas was only slightly acquainted with me, and I was treated the first day with some ceremoniousness. Henry Delmas called for me after quitting his office, and took me to his house, where we had a pleasant dinner. When the cherries appeared at the dessert, our hostess recommended them strongly. "They are from my own garden." The hostess wore a blue silk dress and a bracelet, of which we have heard before.

In the drawingroom, along with new furniture, some of the old things were mixed, and, as at Paris, the piano held the place of honour. I begged Madame Delmas to play for me one of Beethoven's sonatas. Her husband put on the air of a victim and pretended that he would banish all this German music. Teresa, forgetting all conjugal respect, reproached him for his barbarism, sat down to the piano, and played the sonata with an air of independence which led me to think that in spite of Henry's threat the German Masters will not be banished from the Chartreuse of Bouscat.

We had a cup of tea. This was no longer an extravagance. Teresa was so skilful a financier and caterer, that on their modest income they had more of solid comfort than many a wealthy household.

It was past eleven o'clock when we broke up. Madame Lorans was vanquished at last: she had resigned her authority, and the young people indulged themselves by sitting up a little longer.

Henry Delmas took care to let me know how well he liked his work. "Figures are dry things," said he, "but labour has a poetry of its own. Do you know, I actually relish bills and memorandums, and grow fond of my account-books. As for pay-day, it is a delightful day. I give you my word that I pity instead of envying your millionaires. When I come home in the evening after a hard day's work, when I find my dear Teresa waiting for me at the door to welcome me, when I see her smiling, affectionate, attentive, watching over me like the angel of my hearth, I ask myself how can there be so much joy and peace in one poor heart like mine?"

My friend was, indeed, a happy man, and happier still when I paid another visit this year to the Chartreuse of Bouscat. A white and pink little girl, whom they called Baby, was playing in the

garden. Teresa was as pretty as ever, but already with that grave dignity which becomes young mothers. We went back over the old days. The blue silk alone had gone where old dresses and old moons go, and all the things that are no more.

Having purchased a share in the business of his house, Henry had more than doubled his income. They were economising besides, and discussing already Baby's dowry.

My friend, moreover, was so good in every way that now he never once deserved a scolding. "Do you know," Teresa said to me, "that I am proud of him now?"

"And so you may," Henry answered, "You may well be proud of me if I am worth anything, for it is you who have made me what I am."

One evening we were talking about Paris, and the first days of their acquaintance. "And yet," said Teresa, "if you had not given up to me your place in the tramcar, nothing of all this would have happened."

"Which proves," Henry rejoined, "that sooner or later a good deed gets its reward."

CHARLES DE LASTHENIE.

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## BORROWED PLUMES

### IX

WE should hardly borrow any plumes this month if in our last borrowings we had not unwittingly committed an injustice. Miss Banim (who sent us the lines) did not know the author of the little poem quoted at page 216, "God Save all Here." Mr. John J. O'Shea, of the *Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia—not forgotten in Dublin—informs us that the writer was Mr. William Theodore Parkes, an Irish journalist now working, we believe, in London. But the injustice that we wished to repair is the attributing to a periodical called *Catholic Youth* a poem which really appeared in that fine American magazine, the *Messenger of the*

*Sacred Heart.* We did so on the authority of the *Buffalo Catholic Union*. Even if such mistakes are only the effect of carelessness, they are very criminal. We have here before us the *Messenger* of June, 1898, in which is given at page 511 a poem of nine stanzas, "From my Mother in Ireland—for my First Mass." It is merely signed "Neo-Sacerdos, 1898;" but the July number contains a corresponding poem, "To my Mother in Ireland—for my First Mass," which is assigned plainly to Father T. J. Shealy, S.J. Eloquent and original as this poem undoubtedly is, we confess our emphatic preference for our April "Borrowed Plume" with its depth of simple feeling. Father Shealy interpreted the mother's heart better than his own.

\* \* \* \* \*

We know nothing of the authorship of the following poem, which we find on a leaflet printed some years ago in New York:—

There is a mystery in human hearts,  
 And though we be encircled by a host  
 Of those who love us well, and are beloved,  
 To every one of us, from time to time,  
 There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
 Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy,  
 And cannot realise our bitterness.  
 "There is not one who really understands,  
 Not one to enter into *all* I feel;"  
 Such is the cry of each of us in turn.  
 We wander in "a solitary way,"  
 No matter what or where our lot may be;  
 Each heart, mysterious even to itself,  
 Must live its inner life in solitude.  
 And would you know the reason why this is?  
 It is because the Lord desires our love.  
 In every heart He wishes to be first,  
 He therefore keeps the secret key Himself,  
 To open all its chambers, and to bless  
 With perfect sympathy and holy peace  
 Each solitary soul which comes to Him.  
 So when we feel this loneliness, it is  
 The voice of Jesus saying "Come to Me;"  
 And every time we are "not understood,"  
 It is a call for us to come again;  
 For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,  
 And those who walk with Him from day to day,  
 Can never have "a solitary way."  
 And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,

And say, "I cannot bear this load alone,"  
 You say the truth. Christ made it purposely  
 So heavy that you must return to Him.  
 The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"  
 Conveys a secret message from the King,  
 Entreating you to come to Him again.  
 "The Man of Sorrows" understands it well ;  
 In all points tempted, He can feel with you.  
 You cannot come too often, or too near,—  
 The Son of God is infinite in grace,  
 His presence satisfies the longing soul,  
 And those who walk with Him from day to day  
 Can never have "a solitary way."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is not precisely the place to make the following correction—but now or never. In our March Number, page 178, we say: "The Rev. J. Hilarius Dale has prepared very carefully a fifth edition of *The Sacristan's Manual*." An English priest (with an Irish name) informs us that the well-known Translator of Baldeschi is dead nearly half a century. The new edition of his other book must have been prepared by somebody else. We hold that, when publishers re-issue books whose authors have meanwhile died, a brief account of the author ought to be prefixed. We have acted on our opinion in the case of Nieremberg's *Temporal and Eternal*, Father Aernoudt's *Imitation of the Sacred Heart*, and Father Edmund O'Reilly's *Relations of the Church to Society*.

\* \* \*

Katherine Tynan wrote her own "Epitaph" lately in *Good Words*. The Cross over her grave—may the granite out of which this is to be hewn lie undisturbed, deep in its Irish quarry, till the middle of the century at least!—that Celtic cross will bear something very different from the following:—

Write on my grave when I am dead,  
 Whatever road I trod  
 That I admired and honoured  
 The wondrous works of God ;

That all the days and years I had,  
 The longest and the least,  
 Ever with grateful heart and glad  
 I sat me to a feast ;

That not alone for body's meat,  
 Which takes the lowest place,  
 I gave Him thanks when I did eat  
 And with a shining face,

But for the spirit filled and fed,  
 That else must waste and die,  
 With sun and stars for daily bread  
 And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas  
 Were in her drinking cup,  
 And when she went by fields and trees,  
 Her eyes were lifted up.

Lap me in the green grass and say,  
 Below this velvet sod  
 Lies one who praised through all her day  
 The wondrous works of God.

\* \* \*

The following excellent advice was given lately by Arthur Barry in the *Ave Maria* and was called "At Once."

If you've something hard to do,  
 Start at once to put it through :  
 Don't you wait.  
 If you put it off and fret,  
 It will only harder get,  
 Sure as fate.

When you've medicine to drink,  
 Down with it,—don't stop to think  
 Of its taste.  
 You'll feel twice as much disgust  
 If you wait a while, so just  
 Drink in haste.

Have you had a falling out  
 With a friend? Don't sulk and pout  
 For a week.  
 Go and find him right away :  
 Clear things up, and let to-day  
 End your pique.

When a hard thing *must* be done,  
 Do not let it spoil your fun  
 Very long ;  
 Do it quickly as you can :  
 That's the way to be a man,  
 Good and strong.

\* \* \*

As we have already allowed an unmistakeable "Pigeonhole Paragraph" to intrude among "Borrowed Plumes," we may devote another of the former to the question of the spelling of certain words. We remember that "judgment-book" at the Crescent, Limerick, was spelled with the *e* of *judge* omitted, twice "twenty golden years ago." We were applying this to a proof-sheet of Miss Emily Hickey's, but she converted us completely by her next letter: "*Judgement*. The Clarendon Press rules give this, and Dr. Murray (of the great 'Dictionary according to Historical Principles') says: 'I protest strongly against the vulgar and unscholarly habit of omitting it (*e*) from *abridgement*, *acknowledgement*, *judgement*, *lodgement*,—which is against all analogy, etymology, and orthoepy.' " Miss Hickey convinced us before that "forgoing a privilege" ought to be spelled without the *e* which is necessary in the "foregoing example." In the latter case the word means "going before," with which "forgo" has no connection, the first syllable being more akin to *forget* and *forgive*. We are almost converted also to another spelling which shocked us at first—*bad* as the imperfect tense of *bid*. As *sit* has now *sat*, spelled and pronounced thus, instead of the old *sate*, so *bid* might well be content with *bad* instead of *bade*. Yet we should hardly omit the *e*.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Life of Blessed Emily Bicchieri, O.S.D.* By Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1902. [Price, 2s. 6d. net.]

We have already announced the appearance of this beautiful book. Our announcement was somewhat premature; for, though the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Dublin is dated on the feast of St. Aloysius, this gracious command will not be fully obeyed much before the feast of his brother saint, Stanislaus Kostka. We hope, however, that when this page comes under the reader's eye, the new book will not be sought for in vain, as has already happened to many. Besides being a peculiarly holy and edifying book, it is a delightful piece of literature. Mary MacCarthy inherited a large share of the literary gifts of her father, Denis Florence MacCarthy, the only purely literary member of that brilliant band of young Irishmen who won for themselves a permanent place in Irish history in the very middle of the Nineteenth Century in connection with *The Nation* newspaper and the Young Ireland Movement. Her *Songs of Sion* show how winsome and attractive religious poetry can be when inspired by the true faith in a true heart; and *A Saint among Saints* and the present biography are specimens of Mother Stanislaus' exquisite prose.

2. Though Fallon & Co., No. 29, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, are not mentioned on the title-page, this seems to be a more convenient address than "Office of the *New Ireland Review*," from which has just been issued a very remarkable book which we trust will be read widely and carefully. An Irishman who has returned from America undertook, it seems, after he had spent six months in this country, to describe his impressions in a series of letters to an American friend. These were published in successive numbers of the *New Ireland Review* and may be procured in a neat little volume of 144 pages, price one shilling, at the address mentioned above. We strongly advise our readers to become its readers. H. B. has an excellent style, clear, forcible, and unaffected; and he is a very thoughtful observer. He says in one place, "The habit of over-praising is as responsible for almost as

much mischief in Ireland as the habit of over-blaming." He himself has made strenuous efforts to avoid the former of these extremes. We should like to devote many pages to an examination of some of his animadversions and suggestions; but all we can do at present is to counsel the intelligent reader to send his shilling to 29, Lower Sackville-street, and to study these *Letters from Ireland* for himself.

The same Publishers have issued the twentieth thousand of a penny pamphlet, to whose very exceptional merit we have already called attention—*The Drunkard in Ireland*, by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J. It is also circulated by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

3. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, has recently made several additions to its long list of useful penny publications. The most interesting perhaps is *The Little Ark: a Story of a Fight for the Faith*, by the Very Rev. Dean White of Nenagh. It relates to an incident in the struggle of the Irish people to preserve their faith in spite of the bribes held out to them—an episode of Irish history that was well worth recording. *The Evils of Emigration*, by Mr. Richard J. Kelly, Barrister-at-Law, gathers together into forty pages a great number of valuable facts and expressions of opinion from witnesses of experience and authority, urging strongly the necessity of stopping the tide of emigration, and pointing out the dangers and disappointments that await too many who leave the old country for the New World.

Another of these marvellous pennyworths is *St. Dominic and St. Teresa*, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D. Dr. Sheehan's panegyric of the Founder of the Preaching Friars is particularly fine. In a different department is the excellent historical sketch of *The Irish Brigade*, by Mr. J. A. Glynn, B.A. We are delighted to see that *Thoughts on the Stations of the Cross*, by Alice Esmonde, have been issued again in a new form which will make their use more easy. A neat little book of thirty-two pages can readily be employed by one who makes the Way of the Cross in a public church. The reflections are very touching and beautiful, and often very original in their simplicity. Apart from their devotional worth, they have high literary merit.

4. Not for the first time we must express our admiration for *Madonna*, the home magazine of Australasian Children of Mary,

edited by the Rev. M. Watson, S.J. It is printed at Melbourne as neatly as Aberdeen or Paris or London, not to speak of Dublin, could do it; and it is marked by pure literary taste, while being solidly pious.

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### AUREA DICTA \*

1. Death is a flight away from earth, not a lying down a few feet beneath its sods; it is a vigorous outburst of a new life, not a resting on a clay pillow from the wearyful toil of this.

2. Alas! if it is hard to see good points in others, how much harder must it be for God to see good points in us, and yet how He loves us all!

3. The wonder is that God should have created man; and that, having created him, He should love him so tenderly. Both are wonders, but the first is the greater wonder.

4. To be a saint is always to remember, and to act on the remembrance, that we are creatures.

5. The world is no better than a complication of awkward riddles, or a gloomy storehouse of disquieting mysteries, unless we look at it by the light of this simple truth, that the eternal God is blessedly the last and only end of every soul of man. Each day and hour is a step homeward, a danger over, a good secured.

6. The rank and pageantry of the world cannot clothe us with real dignity. To serve God is the only honour which it is worth our while to strive after.

7. Unless we serve God the world is a dismal, unmeaning, heart-breaking wilderness, and life no more than an insoluble and unprofitable problem.

8. We must not only worship God always, but the whole of us must worship God.

\* From Father Faber's *Creator and Creature*.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1902

## ROUND THE WORLD

LETTERS OF A GLOBE-TROTTER

I

MARSEILLES,

13th February, 1902.

IF the attempt which I have proposed to myself at setting down the fugitive impressions of an itinerant who has purchased a "Round-the-world" ticket should show a departure from that impersonal reserve which modesty prescribes, it will be but just to impute it less to the promptings of egoism than to a conviction that in this age of cyclopædic knowledge, when there remains no neglected spot of the habitable globe to discover or describe, some infusion of the personal element may be needed in the effort to vitalize any record of modern travel. The subjective experiences of the meanest individual after all, if frankly told, must contain their modicum of the interest of a human document. The revelations of heroic lives have their didactic bearing chiefly on the rare junctures of stress or perplexity in our own; those of the smaller ones have a humbler value in illustrating the little maxims of wider application which the intelligence of average humanity has deduced from the common facts of life.

So much as an apology for the effort to interest your readers with notes of travel which, I fear, will disclose little that is novel or original in matter.

From the days in which Thackeray gave us *From Cornhill to Cairo* so many with that gift for investing a narrative of simple

facts with a charm that defies analysis, have described the Mediterranean, that any attempt to follow in their steps would lead only to merited failure. Yet the first days of a long voyage leave a dominating impression on every traveller which is interesting to look back upon after the ship has become his home for weeks together. On a chilly afternoon early in February, we came on board the P. and O. mail steamer "Britannia" at Tilbury in the crowded tender, wrapped in our warmest clothing against a biting east wind, to receive our first impression of dissatisfaction on being shown the absurd limit of space allotted to us in our respective cabins. This to be one's home for weeks! What hours of wretchedness the imagination can picture, in cold and heat, sickness and storm, confined in this narrow cell! But a few hours' familiarity with it expand its dimensions, and one soon acquires the knack of unpacking and dressing for dinner in a space measuring eight feet by four.

We are soon under way, and for two days of calm, windless weather the large saloon is crowded with passengers at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. On the third morning, as we are entering upon "the Bay," I awake to a sensation of being rolled from side to side of my narrow berth, and find the cabin darkened at intervals by the immersion of the portholes in the green water, while every bolt and joint in bulkhead and furniture is creaking and groaning in a jarring discord of sound. Then comes the ordeal of shaving and dressing in a big sea as one is flung from the berth to the wash-handstand and back to the roll of the vessel during the sickening process. The gong for breakfast, which rang such a cheery invitation the morning before, has a mocking sound in it as one zigzags along the undulating passage to the saloon. Only a few of the more hardened spirits are seated at the tables despatching a hurried meal to an accompanying rattle of dishes, knives, and forks that shoot across the table to the protecting fiddles at each side. Lunch and dinner are attempted, as a mere duty, under like obstructive circumstances; while the intervening hours of tedium are spent in reading in one's berth, or in trying to preserve one's balance while pacing the dripping decks. It has been whispered about among the few passengers who have left their cabins that the ship's character as a good sailer does not include a capacity for maintaining even a moderate measure of stable equilibrium in rough weather; and two days of misery prove that her nickname

of "Roll Britannia" is no misnomer. Two days, during which questionings arise as to whether the pleasurable possibilities of sea-travel can ever atone for its trials, and one feels disposed to accept Johnson's dictum that "being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned," with another disagreeable contingency superadded; for seasickness, whatever part one's mental temperament may have in intensifying its sufferings, has a solid basis of substantial fact, revealing itself in practical results which *Christian Science* alone can deem imaginary.

But time lightens most trials, even the burden of the desert of the sea. Another morning breaks over the troubled waters, and, if the roll has not subsided, one's spirits have risen—life's aspect has changed, and one's views on ships, and travel, and all things human. The vessel's motion has become a pleasure rather than a pain to the passenger who has succeeded in getting his sea-legs under him, and he passes from dejection to an opposite extreme of exaltation that one rarely attains on land. On the fourth afternoon we are passing Cape St. Vincent with its high lighthouse and solitary convent. The roll has ceased, there is a warm glow in the breeze, and we alter our course to the S.E. to continue our journey over a placid sea of deep Mediterranean blue. In the morning we are lying in the harbour of Gibraltar with a few hours at our disposal for a run ashore.

The commanding position of the huge rock, the scene of so many fierce sieges before the British lion had planted his paw on it, in assertion of the claims of another, to retain it for himself, is a symbol of the might of England's pelagic empire and of the national temper that built it up. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land" was spoken to us of no earthly heritage. But the figures of khaki-clad British soldiers dotted about the stony eminences as we near the landing-place, are so pleasingly suggestive of home and sanctuary to the wanderer from his native land that one stifles questionings as to the probity of the international policy that gained the fortress for England. We have no time to see the Genesta cave, the galleries, or the Barbary apes, and confine ourselves to the clean and pretty little town which displays few evidences of its fourteenth century origin. Two picturesque Moors framed in the door-way of their shop give me an excellent subject for a snap-shot, but as I level my kodak at them they retreat into the interior, one reappearing with a grinning face

as I move away disappointed. After a couple of hours we sail again. On the left, the azure sea is lined by the snow-crowned range of the Sierra Nevada, the summer heat of the air adding to its cold beauty a sense of strange incongruity; and in two days we have reached Marseilles.

## II

17th February, 1902.

We have been at sea again for some days. Our numbers have been nearly doubled by a crowd of passengers who embarked at Marseilles, preferring the quick overland route to the probable troubles of the "Bay." The saloon, large as it is, cannot accommodate us all at the same time, and two dinners have become a necessity—one at 6 o'clock and the other at 7.30. There are travellers bound for Australia, most of them of a rather aggressively colonial type—Americans globe-trotting—English going to the Far East, soldiers and sailors on the way to join their regiments and ships in India, China, and Australia. A large contingent of pleasure-seekers are travelling to Cairo and the Nile; and there are many others whose nationality one can only guess at. I am seated at dinner beside a dark-complexioned lady of gigantic proportions and blazing with jewels. She is said to be a Eurasian of high position, and one of the passengers enquired of her the other evening if she was not going to join her husband in the East. "Oh, no," she replied, in broken English, with ripples of mirth, "Ai do not want to join mai husband. He is dead."

We are at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. We passed through the Straits of Bonifacio in the dark, and missed the beauties of Sicily and Southern Italy the following night. We witnessed one sight, however, which the darkness rendered more impressive. As we passed Stromboli its undying fires were in fierce activity. In the black distance its summit seemed aglow with a deep ruddy fire, which streaked the edges of the mountain for some way down its sides. But seen through the glass, the fire was a seething furnace, from which a huge belt of flame gushed up into the dark sky, while igneous streams coursed down the mountain ridges from the crater's mouth.

*Port Said.* If you have not seen it, it has probably been described to you as a grimy, uninteresting hole by the returned Indian, soldier or civilian, who has been delayed there for coaling,

exhausted by the heat of the Red Sea and affected by a wasting nostalgia. But distrust his jaundiced impressions—it has its interest, at least to the traveller from Europe to whom the East is new. Owing its existence to the construction of the Canal, it sustains its life by subserving the purposes of the great water-way which has displaced the barriers of time and space. A colossal figure of De Lesseps, pointing in the direction of his grand achievement, rises in the centre of the long sea-wall which protects the western entrance to the port. We have scarcely lowered our anchor before we are surrounded by a fleet of sooty coal barges packed with a throng of ebony figures, jabbering, bawling, and shouting out in concert a harsh chant to the measure of which they haul on the hawsers made fast to our sides. Then the coaling begins. The floating hives of humanity are suddenly stirred, as if by some intruding hand, into a tumult of frenzied agitation. The convulsive activity overflows the barges, and the angry insects sally out along the sloping planks adjusted to the ship's decks. All, at first, is disordered ferment, accompanied by a dissonant roar of sound. But soon the elements of method are observable; and every alternate plank is thickly lined with grimy figures bearing baskets of coal on their heads, while down each interjacent one there flows a stream of coolies who have discharged their burdens, shouting as they run with a childlike glee. In half an hour the decks and everything about them are black with coal-dust. Life below with the portholes closed is insufferable from the stifling heat, and one is driven ashore to escape from the dirt.

The sight of a camel is more suggestive of the life of the mysterious East than any other object that can arrest the traveller's eye; and one respects the archaic quadruped, not for himself, but for the associations he calls up—for he is unshapely, stupid, and malicious, and his ugly features are the type of sullen discontent. A line of them are moving with ungainly stride past the end of a street as we land. They summon up thoughts of the desert and scenes of Bible history, and I find myself attempting a doggerel on their redeeming qualities:—

The discontented camel is the very oldest mammal,

And the ugliest of quadrupeds on earth.

But to cross the desert sandy he's astonishingly handy,

And a stayer of incalculable worth.

His fatty humps of hide, and his water-tanks inside,  
 Supply him food and drink for countless days.  
 Though the swinging tries your back till you've hit upon the  
 knack,  
 You'll like him, when accustomed to his ways.

The town lies on the edge of the blue water, a splash of variegated colour vivified by the brilliant sun. It has no marks of age, and the bright hues and pinchbeck aspect of the houses suggest an Earl's Court Exhibition on the verge of the desert. "Savage man is a dog," said Bonaparte, after he had experienced the East; and the moral atmosphere of these outskirts of civilization shows the greater facility with which the children of nature can assimilate the bad than the good elements of civilized life. "Buy, buy, buy"—you are instantly surrounded by a shoal of land-sharks—hawkers, cadgers, beggars—who tout, solicit, and endeavour to lure you into shops, not to purchase, only to *look at* their wares. A spirit of bantering familiarity prevails, expressed in a belated slang. "Ho, Mrs. Langtrey; some nice things." "Good cigars, Mr. Masher." "Buy some, Mr. Lord." The shoe-blacks are a feature of the place. A bright-eyed Arab imp informs us that he is "Jimmy Thompson from Aberdeenshire," in a Scottish accent that would settle his nationality but for his sable skin. One of us replies to him in French and he rejoins in the same tongue, while to another he shows an equal familiarity with German. Like every individual who addresses us his object is to establish a claim on our bounty. When I have finished my ramble I take a snap-shot of the great mosque-like buildings of the Canal Company. An obliging policeman on duty stands to form portion of my picture and when I have finished he smiles, and extends his hand—"Backsheesh."

### III

21st February, 1902.

We are "East of Suez." To realise the magnitude of the engineering exploit, I think one must go through the Canal. Yet there is nothing new under the sun. In the days of Herodotus a great water-way connected the Nile with the Red Sea, which flourished for fourteen hundred years and fell into disuse; and Bonaparte contemplated cutting the Isthmus through.

The modern enterprise may be deemed to rest on a fairly sound financial basis. The construction of the 66 miles of canal and the terminal ports, which lie some 88 miles apart, cost a sum of fifty millions. The yearly expenditure amounts to about one million, and the receipts to five. We entered the Canal before noon. Half-an-hour afterwards we slowed and stopped. "Starboard bank—get the boats over," came from the bridge. "All ready, Sir," was shouted back from the forecandle; and in a few minutes we were moored to the right bank. A large dredger used for clearing the bottom had broken down half a mile ahead of us, and blocked the traffic. We lay there for six hours. The sun blazed down on the surrounding waste of sand—on Lake Menzaleh to the right, studded with *dahabeahs*—on the calm blue of the distant Mediterranean—and slowly sank towards the west. Yet nothing moved on the shining streak of water that stretched away from us till it was lost in the distance—a few faint, far-off, horizontal lines on its surface, the distant masts of ships, indicating the great burden of traffic that had been arrested by the accident. Along the right embankment there is a broad track grown with low trees. At the far side of this flows the fresh water canal which supplies Port Said with water from Suez; and beyond this again runs the railway to Zagazig.

At six in the evening the way was clear, and we started again; and slowly as we moved through the narrow channel, a great curling wave followed us, sweeping up the stone, stair-like edges of the banks on either side. Then the short twilight fell like a veil of gauze on the scene, softening the horizon and the outlines of the banks, and casting a light blue sheen on the line of water. In the pellucid atmosphere the moon, straight above our heads, nickel-plated everything that could reflect its beams, and ripples of liquid silver broke from the steamer's bows. We had gone below and were seated at dinner, when suddenly the outer stillness of the night was broken by a wild vociferation. There was no mistaking it—a tumultuous British cheer—and the bow of a huge vessel slid past our ports. We rushed from the tables—a great transport returning from South Africa was steaming slowly past. High above us, her decks were thronged with men. They had seen our name, and "Rule Britannia" burst from a hundred throats as she glided away into the darkness.

I had thought myself unlucky in missing the Canal by day, but

the night scene would have been a greater loss. Every air of wind had dropped, and the line of water, smooth as oil and reflecting occasionally the red gleam of lamps on the embankment, divided a wilderness of snow into which the sand was transformed by the moonlight. "Ships that pass in the night," murmured some one, as a procession of midnight suns approached us on the Canal. Each vessel, as it drew nearer with a huge search-light fixed to the bow, spread a dazzling circle of silver light ahead revealing the gossamer wings of a myriad of flying things in its rays, and softening into a luminous haze as it dispersed, and high above each shining orb was a small attendant star fixed to the ship's masthead. Sometimes the distant sand heaps were lighted into hills of snow by the search-lights, while every object in shadow, suggested rather than revealed by the moonlight, added to the beauty of a nocturne that would ravish the soul of Whistler.

In the morning we were in the last great lake, and as the hours advanced it narrowed again into the artificial channel, where I got an excellent snap-shot of one of the picturesque stations which are erected on the banks at intervals. A strange effect is produced in the picture by the passing of a meteoric shower across the sky.

As we approached Suez at noon, the colours of the East had disposed themselves over the scene with a lavish beauty. Yellow stretches of undulating sands, relieved by distant green, were broken by lakes bluer than the bluest sky and enclosed by an outline of purple cliffs, softened by a summer haze.

## IV

25th February, 1902.

If you should ever be a victim to any form of atrabiliary disorder resulting from the high-pressure strain of modern life, select the proper season and take a voyage through the tropics. There is no other method which combines so effectively the benefits of rest and change. Perhaps you may think life without your daily newspaper would lack one of the essentials of contentment. But try it. No possibility of letters or telegrams, worrying business calls or appointments as the weeks pass—a social companionship in which you are unburdened with the obligations of host or guest, and move with the freedom of a man in his club—books, as much

as you want of them, to fill up the hours of an inaction that is not idleness, for the vessel's movement is in itself a pleasurable activity in which you feel you have a part—and the peace of the sea and the sunny air, all enable you to realise what it is to live—emancipated from the feverish rush of existence to which our civilization has made us slaves.

The heat has been increasing day by day. The officers of the ship and the stewards have assumed a white linen uniform, and the passengers are dressed for the most part in snowy ducks or serviceable grey flannel. But at this season, even in the Red Sea with the wind dead aft, the temperature is not unendurable. Sometimes, no doubt, in the cabins it is that of a Turkish bath ; but the punkahs keep the saloon fairly cool during meals, and the weather has been so fine as to admit of the freest ventilation everywhere below. From the moment of waking in the morning to a consciousness of the delicious draught of summer air entering the open port opposite my face and the soothing swish of the sea outside, to the hour when I am lulled to sleep again to the rythmical beat of the ship's great mechanical heart that pulsates ceaselessly like the organ of a living creature, the hours never flag. For the idlest moments have their peaceful charm, and the device for killing time are pursued with a systematic energy peculiar to steamer life. A number of us have been formed into a committee for organising sports on deck, while what may be called the indoor amusements—dancing, concerts, whist tournaments, etc.—have been placed under the management of a body of ladies. A series of games have just been concluded in which *deck quoits, shuffle board, bull, bucket quoits, spar fights*, and other competitions were entered into with a juvenile alacrity and relish begot of an irresponsible life. Cricket on shipboard in the tropics sounds anomalous ; but by the aid of netting stretched along the bulwarks, a ball made of rope, and some changes in the manner of scoring, it affords a splendid afternoon exercise into which, if for no other purpose, one is lured to enjoy the full luxury of a saltwater bath before dinner. The second-class passengers challenged us to a match, and have inflicted a crushing defeat on us through the deadly bowling of two of their eleven. Some days ago one of the ladies held a *Flower Tea*. I chose as my device the letter " M " placed above the letter " E " (*anemone*), and found that two others had selected

the same flower. One had rendered it by a portrait of Kruger, and the other by a picture of a Boer fighting, and I could not refrain from pointing out to them the weakness of their orthodoxy. Shortly afterwards the fire-bell rang out its sudden, panic-laden notes. There was a stir all over the vessel and a hurrying of feet. The hose was run along the passages below, and in a few seconds what seemed the entire ship's crew were mustered on deck. In front of each boat there stood an array of men—sailors and scallywags—Europeans and Lascars mixed, ready to take their places on the thwarts. There was just sufficient time to enable one to fancy what the real thing would be like in its first portentous moments. But the alarm was only a sham one for drill, and the crew were dismissed again to their ordinary duties.

The day was closing in a glorious sunset, with which I was engrossed, when someone near cried, "Look at the sea." I looked, and its aspect responded to its name. The crimson of the sky was not reflected on the ocean, but seemed to have transfused itself through the water in a subcutaneous glow, tinging the waves at the surface with translucent red. As the brief twilight fell, this ruby hue changed into opalescent green. Then the night came, and the moon at the zenith of the sky looked like a lucent opening in the blue-grey dome.

We anchored off Aden yesterday morning, and the passengers bound for India left us to go on board the "Persia," which was lying in the harbour. As our stay was only to be a short one, there was no time for a visit to the town. To the English traveller, perhaps, the inspection of another great British fortress defended by the most powerful guns might have been of interest; but for the rest, there was little in the aspect of the place that was inviting. Many large steamers, some of them war-ships of different nations, lay at anchor, and one or two great *dows* sailed past us, filled with black passengers. But the land was grim and forbidding. Mountains of dark, volcanic rock, weird in shape and crowded together in a disordered jumble, rose behind the port. From their base to their ragged summits they were bare of a vestige of growth. The land seemed lifeless—calined by the torrid heat—but for one little square of green in the centre of the town which the inhabitants seemed to have exhausted their efforts in fertilising. A parched and barren spot as the earth can show. The precious rain, when it comes, is

collected in great tanks and dispensed at a fabulous charge. In its absence distilled water has to serve. Yet in these arid surroundings the British soldier has contrived for himself a desirable abode. It is, I believe, rather a favourite station. The barracks stand in the bed of a crater. There is a club-house and a tennis-ground, and polo is played on a sandy plateau in the mountains. We sailed at one o'clock in the afternoon, spending the interval in bartering with Arabian Jews who came on board to sell ostrich feathers and other wares; black Arabs who had dyed their hair with lime to a tawny yellow, and festive negro boys in boats, who burst at intervals into choruses of song while they practised the strangest system of commerce. Corals and platted baskets of coloured grass were offered to us. "How much?" "Ten shilling." "Too dear." "I toss you, Massa, five shilling or ten." One dealer asked £5 for a large basket, and accepted five shillings for it some minutes afterwards.

C. T. WATERS.

*(To be continued.)*

## BEYOND

WHENE'ER I see some distant hill, its crest  
 Enwrapp'd in azure veil of summer haze,  
 Or watch at eve the Sun's bright golden blaze  
 Illumine, as he sets, the crimson West—  
 Half glad, yet sad, I feel within my breast  
 A longing, vague, to cross the hill and gaze  
 Beyond: to track the Sun's departing rays  
 And find, in endless day, unending rest.

O Immortality! How curs'd the man,  
 Who, thee ignoring, thinks he is as grass  
 But here to-day to bear his daily pain,  
 His hope restricted to his life's short span!  
 For death is but the hill that we shall pass,  
 And life, the Sun that sets to rise again

N. L. M

TO THE MOST REV. DR. FENNELLY,  
*ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL*

## I

Not the fierce light that beats upon a throne  
 May show, through coming years, a change in thee—  
 Silent and strong, thou wilt rule tenderly,  
 And yet be just ; thy counsel God alone.  
 Father, our welcome take, revered and known  
 By every child through Cormac's storied See,  
 Where saint and martyr grace thy pedigree  
 Down years when seeds of Faith in blood were sown.  
 As mountain summits meet the storm and rain,  
 And cares press hard on those in high estate,  
 We pray God's angels round thy paths to wait,  
 That wise and self-restrained thou mayest remain,  
 In judgment clear, in purpose calm and great.  
 With thee the burthen lies, with us the gain.

## II

In thought eternal and omnipotent  
 God chooseth whom He would. No wish of thine  
 O'Hurley's crozier grasped ; thou wouldst resign  
 Men's courts for His green fields, where days well spent  
 In punctual work and simple pleasures went,  
 While grew thy soul as grows some gracious shrine,  
 Rich in rare gifts : deep thought, a nature fine,  
 And charity, sweet pledge of high intent.  
 With much God dowered thee His flock to guide,  
 To wear His vesture and to bear His crown,  
 To sit upon His throne, where men bow down,  
 Or kneel in reverent love for thy behests.  
 When fields lie white to harvest far and wide,  
 Safe in thy helpful hands the sickle rests.

CASSILIENSIS.

## JOHN O'HAGAN ON THOMAS CARLYLE

## II

**I**N giving our sketch of Carlyle's system, we studiously abstained from introducing the holy name of God, though it is constantly in his mouth. We did so, because it is plain he uses it merely exoterically to express the same thing that he more frequently conveys by the "divine harmonies," and so forth.

In like manner, "Atheism," in his phraseology, means merely the mechanical school of philosophy, and not by any means the denial of the existence of a living God. In fact, there could be no room for the idea of a conscious God in Carlyle's system. A God who never gives man, His creature, truth, except to hold it dashed and brewed with lies, to whom the holy religion of one century is blasphemy in the next, and Odinism, Mahometanism, Puritanism, Catholicity, are each in its turn perfectly satisfactory; who looks with pleasure now on the deeds of St. Paul, now on those of Mirabeau; is a being whom no one, who seriously seeks to know his own responsibility to God, could for a moment believe in. Carlyle, at least, does not, he "cannot conceive God making the world, and then sitting apart, like an architect, seeing it go." The "Eternal Harmonies" are his only God. This Pantheism, if we once rightly understand it, and conceive it working in a character naturally intense, and with (we will assume) a certain Calvinistic devoutness implanted by early education, is the key to all that seems so incongruous in him. Superficially the most inconsistent of writers, his system, as a theory, hangs together with wonderful completeness. As a theory, we say, for in carrying it out he certainly blinks facts in a more wholesale way than any philosopher we know of out of Laputa. But let us conceive the idea of an all holy God, with His unchangeable law of truth and sin, to be out of the question; that the universe is a mere congeries of forces, and that society is working by its own powers towards ever new phases; it follows, we think, logically enough, that whoever in his day aids the development to which mankind is tending, whoever gives the world a push in the right direction, is the praiseworthy or virtuous man—the soldier of "Kosmos," or order, sustaining or

advancing the best order of things for the time. Thus, St. Benedict, in founding monachism, which produced such rich results, was no doubt a benefactor to many centuries; but so also to his centuries, is Richard Arkwright, inventor of the power-loom. Thus, also, when Feudalism had become a nuisance, Mirabeau, in valiantly lending a hand to demolish it, while, at the same time, he tried to control the advancing flood of Jacobinism, was, on the whole, highly virtuous; for, as to his personal peccadilloes, they are of small account, we may assume, in the eyes of the "destinies." This is the new morality, not yet uttered by man, conceivable, if there be no such thing as one holy God requiring holiness from His creatures, utterly inconceivable if there be.

That Carlyle, like others, standing beneath the stars, and in the middle of this world of wonders, and meditating on them, may have felt promptings and emotions which he knew to be divine we do not deny, why should we? They are admonitions from God Himself. "Il y a dans le cœur humain un fibre religieux." Byron, no doubt, felt what he has beautifully described; his heart raised on high during his twilight rides in the Ravenna forest. But in what, we ask again, does it all result? A world without a Maker; forces without a guide; the felt communion of human hearts with God for thousands of years a delusion; prayer a madman's soliloquy. And, as to the beginning or the end, as to one's own eternal hopes or fears, or the solution of one among the awful problems of our being, we have but darkness and the unknown. Surely universal scepticism is the necessary refuge from such a system.

There is a passage from the "dream" of Jean Paul Richter in reference to Atheism, which Carlyle is fond of quoting; and, in truth, it is powerful in the extreme. But when this picture is read and dwelt on, let us, in the name of wonder, ask the Pantheist how the frightful reality of it is one whit changed by peopling the universal void with adjectives?

"I went through the worlds; I mounted into the Suns; and flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of Heaven; but there is no God! I descended, as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss, and cried, Father, where art thou? But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung, without a Sun that made it, over the abyss and trickled down. And when I looked up to the

immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared on me with an empty, bottomless, black eye-socket; and Eternity lay upon the chaos eating it, and ruminating it. Cry on, ye dissonances, cry away, ye shadows, for He is not." \*

Religion, Carlyle reiterates, is the one thing needful for men, while he treats the Christian religion, in every form of it, as an extinct cant. What religion, then, are we to have, we think, may be innocently asked? Such a question from individuals of the present day, he treats with unspeakable contempt. "You a religion! You wretched beings, in about two hundred years some credible religion may arise for men; but at present, you are about as fit to build a religion, as beavers are to build St. Paul's with no other trowel but their tails." Or if pressed by the reflection, that it is too hard to doom generations wholesale, and every individual of them to such a curse, he tries to supply us with such a religion as may suit the present state of the world's lights. What will our readers think of the following, gravely proposed to men's adoption eighteen centuries and a-half after the preaching of the Christian religion:—

"Or let us give a glance at China. Our new friend the Emperor there, is Pontiff of three hundred million men, who do all live and work these many centuries, now authentically patronized by Heaven so far, and, therefore, must have some religion of a kind. This Emperor Pontiff has, in fact, a religious belief of certain Laws of Heaven; observes with a religious rigour his three thousand functionalities, given out by men of insight some sixty generations since, as a legible transcript of the same, the Heavens do seem to say, not totally an incorrect one. He has not much of a ritual, this Pontiff Emperor; believes, it is likest, with the old Monks, that 'Labour is Worship.' His most public Act of Worship, it appears, is the drawing solemnly, at a certain day, on the green bosom of Mother Earth, when the heavens, after dead black winter, have again, with their vernal radiances, wakened her, a distinct red Furrow with the Plough-signal, that all the Ploughs of China are to begin ploughing and worshipping. It is notable enough. He, in sight of the Seen and Unseen Powers, draws his distinct red Furrow there, saying and praying, in mute Symbolism, so many most eloquent things.

"If you ask this Pontiff, Who made him? what is to become of him and us? he maintains a dignified reserve, waves his hand and

\* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii., p. 373.

pontiff-eyes over the unfathomable deep of Heaven, the 'Tsien,' the azure kingdom of Infinitude, as if asking, Is it doubtful that we are right well made? Can aught that is wrong become of us? He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief punctuality) visit yearly the tombs of their fathers, each man the tomb of his father and mother, alone there in silence, with what of worship or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man, the divine skies all silent over him, the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him; the pulsings of his own soul, if he have any soul alone audible. Truly, it may be a kind of worship. Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal; through what other need he try it?" \*

That the Emperor of China is a Pantheist in his way, we make no doubt; but whether his Pantheism begins and ends as above we seriously question. We suspect there is superadded a good deal of worship of graven images; and this brings us to the most serious reflection we have to make on the whole system. Pantheism, theoretically speaking, may be defined as the devout feeling of an atheist; but, practically it is a very different thing. It is not a modern speculation; it is the oldest and the widest error that has ever been spread upon the earth; it is, indeed, the essence of all Paganism, as Carlyle himself is at pains to make manifest. The long extract which we give elucidates, far beyond our attempts, all that we have endeavoured to convey.

"You remember that fancy of Aristotle's of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, says the Philosopher, his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference? With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight; he would discern it well to be God-like; his soul would fall down in worship before it.

"Now just such a child-like greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely the child-man of Aristotle. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes, and

\* *Past and Present*, p. 314.

motions, which we now collectively mean Universe, Nature, or the like, and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man what to the thinker and Prophet it for ever is, preter-natural. This green, flowery, rock-built earth; the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas; that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain, what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty, it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our want of insight. It is by not thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud, electricity; and lecture learned about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk; but What is it? What made? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims, as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle, wonderful, inscrutable, magical, and more to whosoever will think of it.

“That great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are and then are not; this is for ever very literally a miracle, a thing to strike us dumb; for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me! What would the wild man know of it? What can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold complexity of Forces—a Force which is not we. That is all; it is not we; it is altogether different from us. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. ‘There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it; how else could it rot?’ Nay, surely to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too—this large, illimitable whirlwind of Force which envelopes us here—never-resting whirlwind, high as immensity, old as eternity. What is

it? God's creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's. Atheistic science babbles poorly of it with scientific nomenclatures, experiments, and what not: as if it were a poor, dead thing to be bottled in Leyden jars, and sold over counters. But the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing—ah, an unspeakable God-like thing, towards which, the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship, if not in words, then in silence.

“And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us, also through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now; but it is not reckoned still a merit proof of what we call a ‘poetic nature,’ that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it, how every object still verily is a ‘window through which we may look into Infinitude itself.’ He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, lovable. These poor Sabeans did even what he does; in their own fashion soeyer was a merit better than what the entirely stupid man did, what the horse and camel did; namely, nothing.

“And now, if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a hero? Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a great Man. I say great men are still admirable. No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion, I find, stands upon it, not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions, all religion hitherto known. Hero worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning boundless for a noblest, god-like Form of man, is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is one whom we do not name here. Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it in the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.”\*

Even so. This is the apex of modern speculation. Heathenism

\* *Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 10-18.

and Christianity are fundamentally one and the same. But what we desire to impress is not the falsehood, but the truth contained in the above passage. It is perfectly true, that when sin had defaced the image of the true God, awe and terror at the mysterious powers of nature, and admiration for great men, united with another principle to produce the adoration of creatures or idols. This principle, which Carlyle has rather overlooked, is the ineradicable tendency of man to refer these mysterious powers of nature to the operation of a conscious divinity. Prayer, the universal custom, necessarily supposes it. Thus, the void left by true religion was filled, as it will for ever be, not by rationalistic theories, but by superstition.

" She, 'mid the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,  
 When rocked the mountains and when groaned the ground,  
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,  
 To powers unseen, and mightier far than they ;  
 She from the rending earth and bursting skies  
 Saw gods descend and fiends infernal rise."

And so it would be again in the midst of all your so-called enlightenment. If modern Pantheism could ever become more than a philosophic speculation, if it could descend among the mass of men and serve them for a religion, so surely would it issue in a new Heathenism. It has done so already in spirit wherever its influence has extended. What else is that worship of the senses which we see everywhere infecting modern French fiction, and which Carlyle himself, in his trenchant way, has named after the vilest of the heathen rites? But we say it would soon be Heathenism in form. If Hebert, Chaumette, and the rest had succeeded really in extirpating the Christian religion from France, how long would it have been before the people would have paid idolatrous worship to their Goddess of Reason, and believed that their plaster statue of Nature was actually instinct with a divine power? The deities of their Sansculottides—Genius and Labour and Reward—would infallibly have been as much personified as Pallas or Apollo, and shared with fouler divinities the worship of a people thus brought back to Heathenism by those *lumières* for whom Christianity was too superstitious.

As to the other branch of the system—the doctrine of the mutability of religious truth and its varying developments from age to age—what can we say but that it is the logical complement

of the Pantheistic hypothesis? Reject revelation, deny all objective truth, figure religion as a web spun by human thought and its attainments upon "the loom of time," or rather, perhaps, as the phantasmagoria which the world of outer and inner existence daguerreotypes upon the human phantasy, and there is no reason why it should not shift in shifting lights and points of view through all time. And if any infidel philosopher can comfort himself in his own desolation with this theory, and with the reflection that this is an age of "transition" in which religion is not possible for man, we can let him do so, with pity. But if, as is commonly the case, the doctrine be flung in our teeth, not to round off their own principles, but as a substantive truth antagonistic to ours, in that case we say that as applied to Catholicity it is false, false historically, and false metaphysically. Other religions, they say, flourished and fell. Christianity flourished, but is falling; it does not square with the modern mind, the current of European thought is against it, and it subsists only in decay. We say in answer simply that if ever a time existed in which the supernatural life of the Catholic Church ought to be manifest, even to the eyes of fools, it is this very middle of the nineteenth century.

"The current of European thought," they authoritatively argue. Yes: there has been an enormous deal of sceptical and atheistical speculation during the last hundred and fifty years, and we see the issue of it in a wide revolt against all the powers of heaven and earth. No doubt it is strong: we admit its strength and began by admitting it; and it may be strong enough hereafter to shed Christian blood in seas; but whence is its strength? from the evil or the good principle; from what is earthy or what so heavenly in our nature? "Christianity supplanted Paganism," say the philosophers, "and shall be itself supplanted." Christianity supplanted Paganism, humanly speaking, and by the confession of the infidel historian, by its superior holiness, by its sublime virtues, and no less by sublime mysteries. And now the force which they analogically argue will subdue Christianity is identically the same over which Christianity thus triumphed—the force of pride, ambition, self-sufficiency, and the baseless theories of philosophers. We say that whatever religious thought is in the world, whatever seeks for godliness, is visibly setting not from but towards the Catholic Church, and is swelling the tide of her verlasting waters. If indeed any one choose to make his daily

food of the confessions of the infidel, if he breakfast upon a lecture of Emerson's, make a solid meal of the philosophy of Comte or Cousin, and a spicy supper of a novel of George Sand, choosing to name all that European thought, we cannot be surprised that Catholic doctrines or mysteries should be a loathing to him. But to our mind, the opinion of the Court of Charles the Second would be just as good a criterion of the value of the virtue of purity.

So much for "modern thought," when adduced by way of authority. But the objection is often put by way of an appeal to individual intellect, and in a form which is at least rational and intelligible. It is argued thus. Without investigating the divine authority for doctrines, they may become incredible in the course of human progress, because scientific facts are discovered which the intellect cannot refuse to give assent to; if these discoveries are plainly at variance with the dogma, the dogma must give way. We admit the consequence in any plain case of the kind. If the Indian tortoise supporting the earth were a doctrine of religion, the circumnavigation of the globe would dissipate it. Upon this basis, when driven to the wall, the supporters of the theory of mutations rest. It is worth while, then, to examine what instance they adduce, to show the present incredibility of Catholicity. Here it is in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*. "Dante's Mountain of Purgatory," he says, "does not stand in the ocean of the other hemisphere, once Columbus has sailed thither. Men find no such thing extant in the other hemisphere. It is not there. It must cease to be believed to be there. So with all beliefs whatever in this world—all systems of belief and systems of practice that spring from these." There is the decisive blow at Catholicity. He takes the fancy of a poet giving locality, as poets do, to the unseen, and which the poet himself knew to be a fancy, for the dogma of a creed, and then complacently destroys it. In the same manner, of course, the Christian belief in heaven above and hell beneath is destroyed by the discovery of the antipodes. It is a standing observation, that Protestants entertain themselves by building up doctrines for Catholics, and then hurling them down, but Exeter Hall itself never carried it to such a puerile length as this.

The truth is, that writings like Carlyle's have tended to foster an impression, not put into words, but indistinctly felt, that the spiritual faculties of man are in some inconceivable way different

in this age from what they were in former ages. High acute discursive intellects of past times, they say, believed the Christian dogmas with their whole hearts—we can no longer believe them, because, and only because, it is a different era. Such is the impression, held, too, for the most part in a languid pick-tooth way, indicating actual satisfaction at having such a theory to rest on. A great deal, we will admit, changes among men, their habits, languages, dynasties, social forms, all their earthly acquisitions wax and wane; but till the philosophy of clothes can establish that human beings get a new osseous or nervous structure from age to age, we will believe that their spiritual nature remains for ever the same. In the nineteenth century, as in the tenth, man has the same yearnings after infinite good, the same power of sin within him to combat, and the same impotence to contend against it by his natural powers; he is surrounded by the same eternal problem, a problem then as now, and now as then insoluble except by one solution. And that solution is no subjective hypothesis, but an external objective fact; the question is solely whether God has given a revelation to man. If there be a living God, and if He has made known His will to man, it is surely of little weight to the enquirer what the tone of “modern thought” may be upon the subject. If not—why, then it is little matter either.

We know not whether to others, but to us the refutation of these fancies breaks even more luminously than elsewhere from the little book of the *Confessions of St. Augustine*. Born in the decadence of the Roman Empire, long before the birth of Feudalism, or those middle ages, in which, and which alone, it is the modern cant to fix the reign of the Catholic Church; separated from us by fifteen centuries of time, by the wreck of an old, and the growth of a new civilization, what is there, we ask, in the history of that great man's mind and faith, that might not be literally repeated at this day? The questions that agitated him, were not cognate merely with those now agitated, they were the same, the very same—the nature of God, and the origin of evil, and the immutable chain of causes—as indeed there is not a metaphysical difficulty against religion that does not date from the farthest antiquity. When St. Augustine, in his nineteenth year, moved by the reading of Cicero's *Hortensius*, devoted his whole heart and life to the service of wisdom, he had got, as we believe,

to the very point where the best of the rationalists would leave us at this day, after having abandoned Christianity. "Spirituality," if that was his need, he had to overflowing in Plato and the Platonists. His own book, *de pulchro et apto*, written while he was yet a Pagan, was, we doubt not, equal to any moral or æsthetical treatise which the infidelity of Europe has yet produced. Rising into fame and eminence, rich in the love of friends, and holding with them high discourse (such as it needs no effort to conceive) upon the way of God and man: was not his life, in the eyes of the rationalist, a noble and spiritual one? Alas! he knew it himself to be base and miserable. He felt himself girt by a coil of sin, which all his strength was impotent to break. He did not seek "spirituality," but truth, and his own salvation; and he saw everywhere around him opinion, and theory, and jarring speculation, the pride of the philosophers, the dreams of the Manicheans—Eternal Truth nowhere, or else within the Catholic fold.

Who can ever forget the final hour of his conversion? The casual visitor, the topic of the hour, giving force and direction to all that his conscience had been meditating, then the providential passage of St. Paul stirring his heart from its inmost depths, and at last the storm of penitential tears; and he had embraced God and God's Church, and sin and doubt lay behind him for evermore. It is beautiful, but nothing more than has been witnessed in every age of the Church since, and through God's mercy most amply in our own. The same resting-place ever remains for the like unrest. Now as then, there is everywhere opinion and conflicting theory: one gives you his flashy fancy, to account for the origin of all religions; another builds up his system from the lowest human appetites; a third will scientifically explain how the human being was developed out of the brute and the reptile. The hypothesis of one generation is the refuse of the next—often the noisy book of one year is the waste paper of the following. "Who," asks Burke, "now reads Toland or Tindall?" Who, we ask, ever dips into the redoubtable *Encyclopedie*, or turns a page of the Patriarch of Ferney himself? They have given place to other regenerators of their species, "fireside philanthropists, great at the pen," who are worshippers of Beauty and the Arts, and will teach you how to nourish high thoughts, yet at the same time gratify your senses without fear of having your conscience wrung by ascetic morality.

And in the midst of all this, the Catholic Church, now as of old, now more than of old—for she counts within her pale more subjects than at any time since she received her Charter from her Founder—does her appointed work, saving the souls of human beings, weaning them from sin, and leading them to God. The feet of her ministers and consecrated handmaids are found assiduous at the side of the dying and disconsolate. Year after year she buds with her spontaneous life, in new fruits of charity and piety. The philosophers abandon man to his sins and sufferings, while they dream of a gorgeous future for the race; she, with impressive finger, touches the individual heart, leads it where before the sacred altar God's grace descends upon it, sensibly, like the gentle rain from heaven, infusing strength and peace, prompting to penitence and all virtue. "Nam et ipsi sancti tui. Domine, qui tecum jam in regno coelorum exultant, in fide et patientia magna, dum viverent, adventum gloriæ tuæ expectaverunt. Quod illi crediderunt, ego credo; quod illi speraverunt, ego spero: ubi illi pervenerunt, ibi per gratiam tuam me consecutum confido."

It is worth while to observe, how differently two men like Carlyle and Macaulay regard the Church, each being in his way inveterately hostile to her. Macaulay, without earnest opinion of any kind, but clear-sighted enough as to outward facts, sees the wonder of her past and present existence, that nothing on earth is, or ever was like to her. From her past history he foretells new triumphs and her vigorous youth when the British Empire will be a name. Yet with a moral blindness, the like of which is not in Carlyle or elsewhere, he attributes this eternity of greatness to a mere tradition of cunning; he believes that the Catholic system is essentially false, and that to falsehood, supported "by a judicious use of enthusiasm," is given the kingdom of earth. Did the worst Manicheism ever propound a more revolting doctrine? Carlyle, with a moral sense infinitely higher, having come to regard the Catholic Church as false, irresistibly infers that she must die, and invariably assumes that she is dying. According to his theory, her death-knell was struck three centuries ago by Luther; and by right she should have been growing hourly since more decrepit, distracted, and corrupt. Such is his assertion, made with complacent assurance in his earlier works, with louder asseverations, in his later; at last with shrieks and execrations in these *Pamphlets*,

when the contrary fact was too plainly manifested before him. The *Pamphlets* are themselves no more than the natural outcome of his system, and contain nothing that was not more or less developed in his former writings. They are, in brief, to the effect that this is an anarchic, mutinous time, in which all authority has fallen into contempt, and in which it, above all things, behoves the able men of the world to put themselves at the head of the world's affairs, if universal ruin is not to be the result: that for one thing philanthropic twaddle and misplaced tenderness to criminals will not save us; that a commencement of reform is to be made in the administrative, not the legislative departments, for the true function of a parliament was, at its beginning, and always should be, that of an advising, not a governing body; and that speech-making ("stump oratory"), usurping the place of practical work, is a crying nuisance in these days, demanding loudly to be abated.

With the greater part of the substance of all this we will not deny that we concur; but through all there runs the same fatal taint of his aversion to Christianity in all existing forms. For example, his second pamphlet on "Model Prisons" deals with the common opinion that the foundation of the right of society to inflict punishment is example to others and improvement of the criminal himself. Carlyle naturally scouts this theory. Justice is done by society as justice, and in virtue of the inherent or delegated right to visit crime with punishment;—the terror and the example may be the concomitants, and may be also the measure, of the punishment, but never could confer the right. Yet, even this principle, fundamentally true, is dealt with by him in a way to make it even false and far more hateful than the system it opposes. According to him, the scoundrel is unimprovable, irreclaimable; if he be hastening to the gallows, clear the road for him; if he chooses to go to hell, send him thither with all dispatch; extinguish him at least out of human society, as a mutinous wild beast.

How abhorrent the spirit of all this is to the teaching of our Lord, and of our Lord's Church, we need scarce observe.

In the seventh pamphlet he treats, with great power and in a spirit of the deadliest sarcasm, of that sordid worship of money with which England is overridden. Can anything be conceived better, for example, than the following address of the practical English mind, supposed to be offered to King Hudson, in the days

of his glory? "Yes, you are something like the Ideal of a Man; you are he I would give me right arm and leg, and accept a pot-belly with gout and an appetite for strong waters to be like! You, out of nothing, can make a world or huge fortune of gold. A divine intellect is in you, which Earth and Heaven and Capel Court itself acknowledges; at the word of which are done miracles. You find a dying railway; you say to it: 'Live, blossom anew with scrip,' and it lives and blossoms into umbrageous flowery scrip, to enrich with golden apples the hungry souls of men. Divine miracle! the like of which what god ever did? Hudson—though I mumble about my Thirty-nine Articles and the service of other divinities—Hudson is my god; and to him will I sacrifice this twenty-pound note, if, perhaps, he will be propitious to me."

The worship of King Hudson leads him to the subject of religion generally, with which he deals in the remainder of the seventh and in the eighth pamphlet. Here, at least, he speaks without reserve. Never before was his Pantheism, his doctrine that all religion is merely human development, so emphatically pronounced. "To the primitive man all forces of nature were divine," etc. "Not because Heaven existed did men know good from evil, the because, I invite you to consider, lay quite the other way. It was because men, having hearts as well as stomachs, felt, then, and knew through all their being, the difference between good and evil, that heaven and hell first came to exist." "We must make," he passionately cries, "our exodus from Houndsditch, cast off all our old Hebrew rags and tatters." In fact, that three centuries after Luther gave "the first blow of demolition" to the Christian system, it should still subsist to such an extent as it does, and above all, that the Catholic Church should still subsist, fills him with a rage that is almost appalling. Looking round for the cause of this, he fixes (not without a shadow of truth) upon St. Ignatius, upon whom accordingly he pours all the torrent of his wrath. It is curious to see how utterly, in his anger at what St. Ignatius has done, he loses all true appreciation of facts, and even abandons all his own principles of the nobleness of heroic effort. "St. Ignatius," he says, "was bad by nature, and by destiny swollen into a very Ahriman of badness." His life before his conversion, the life of a brave young cavalier, not sinless, but stained with no excessive sin, he calls that of a "degraded ferocious human pig, one of the most perfect scoundrels!" and yet

venial compared with what he afterwards became. That he should have repented of his former life was right, and Carlyle honours him for it; but that he should have then sought counsel of the Catholic Church instead of the "Eternal Oracles," that he should have sought to save his soul instead of "consenting to be damned;" and above all, that he should have devoted himself and his Order to the service of the Church; this is his inexplicable sin. "How many three-hatted Papas and scandalous consecrated Phantasms, cleric and laic, does it (Jesuitism) still retain in existence in all corners of this afflicted world?" "The execution it has done upon the souls of men is enormous and tremendous," meaning, that in his view the Jesuits have done more than any body of men to preserve Christianity from the assaults of its enemies;—surely a high tribute to the Society. Its virtues, obedience, and others, he does not deny, nor its shining examples of what human energy and faculty are equal to; but "obedience to what is wrong and false." "Good Heavens!" he says, "is there any name for such a depth of cowardice and calamity?" How it comes to pass that these virtues so grow and flourish within what is wrong and false, and not outside of it, might, we think, awaken in him some salutary misgivings. In the same way he admits that the class of good men in the world are almost, without exception, on the false or Christian side; and that on the other side are, for the most part, "mutinous, angry, discontented persons, and a class rather worthy to be called bad." Falsehood everywhere with the good, truth everywhere with the bad—what a frightful conclusion! And frightful he considers it, for he curses his day in words the like of which were never spoken or printed before.

"We have to report that Human Speech is not true! That it is false to a degree never witnessed in this world till lately. Such a subtle virus of falsity in the very essence of it as far excels all open lying or prior kinds of falsity; false with consciousness of being sincere! The heart of the world is corrupted to the core; a detestable devil's-poison circulates in the life-blood of mankind; taints with abominable deadly malady all that men do. Such a curse never fell on man before. Did the human species ever lie in such a soak of horrors—sunk like steeping flax beneath the fetid hell-waters—in all spiritual respects dead, dead; voiceless towards heaven for centuries back; merely sending up in the form of mute

prayer, such an odour as the angels never smelt before? Horrible! yes, how could it be other than horrible? Like the valley of Jehosaphat, it lies around us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead men's bones, this false modern world, and no rapt Ezechiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see." \*

To most readers this will seem mere blind frenzy. Frenzy indeed it is, and blind enough; but considering the character and previous conclusions of the writer, neither unnatural, nor altogether irrational. For, having not only rejected Christianity, but become possessed in his whole nature by the conviction, that no one can sincerely believe in Christianity at present, what a hypocritical, horrible aspect must the world wear to him. And further, is not his complaint of the mass of falsity which he finds around him in great measure, just? The world of letters and of statesmen having cast off supernatural Faith, what could it become but false in all spiritual matters; canting, frivolous, and insincere, poisoning all who seek for truth there. And, in England above all, does he not actually witness the very thing which he describes with a pen dipped in vitriol, the majority of men, holding their Thirty-nine Articles, not as a faith, nor even as an opinion, but as a portion of their respectability, content to dwell in decencies for ever, and afraid, or indisposed, to test their truth, keeping them in a corner of their brain for Sundays, while they give their whole heart and strength to the worship of money and material means. He sees that sight in England; and on the continent he sees, on one side, the Catholicism which he hates and rejects; and, on the other, all the powers of moral and social licentiousness. Literature and art, which were to have constituted the religion of the New Era, he now at last finds, will, unless religion drawn from some other source inspire them, inevitably become corrupt, and the ministers of corruption, as they are now. In the midst of all this it is not his despair, but rather the spark of hope which he still professes to feel that excites our wonder.

Certainly, to a Catholic it is matter of exultation, and even if thoughts so awful will admit it, of laughter, to see the inextricable coil in which these philosophers writhe in trying to read without

\* *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. IX. : "Jesuitism."

Faith the riddle of the world. "The Catholic system," says Carlyle, "is fearful and wonderful to the seeing eye and thinking heart in these days." "That," he exclaims, speaking of our God, "is not the Creator of the universe—go out into the universe and look." It is, indeed, fearful and wonderful in our days, and in all days. Go, we also say, and contemplate the universe—we will not soften for you a single difficulty, we will interpose no haze of idealism between the proud imagination of the philosopher and the reality of the tremendous mysteries by which it is so choked; we rejoice to enhance the difficulties, rather to bring them out into clearer light and bolder relief. Consider, then, the universe; look on the innumerable worlds and systems in the midst of which our globe is an undistinguished speck, conceive yourself then transported to the farthest of those orbs on the verge of creation, over distances which the very light-beams take myriads of ages to traverse; imagine the new universe, the new galaxies and constellations breaking on you there, and those that lie beyond, and still beyond, through all the endless tracts of infinitude, and then bring home the thought that the Creator of all lay once a mute infant in His mother's lap, unrecognized, in an obscure corner of this "paltry planet." Nay, more, that the same Almighty Creator is present daily, God and Man, upon a million altars, the sacrifice and food of His creatures. There is the foundation of the Catholic system. Say, how comes it to be in existence at all at this day? But that it should exist in the fulness of strength and unity—the world's thought, as they choose to term it, as impotent against it as the world's swords or shackles—exist with a structure vast, organic, and complete beyond parallel; and further, that from the philosophers themselves should be wrung the admission that the Church, so based, has been the mightiest agent of good the world ever saw; that obedience, subordination, and that silent fruitful labour, which among modern theorists is so lauded and so lacked, should be her especial mark—works of charity and piety should for ever spring from her, spontaneous and abundant as the blossoms on the trees—that the spirit of heroic action and heroic suffering should be of the very essence of her being, while yet she directs her efforts, not to produce singularity of virtue, but to regulate and sanctify daily life, and that her highest self-sacrifices should (far removed from all Fakirism) be co-existent with clear judgment and calm will—that, leading towards heaven, she should comprehend

earth and its ways and workings so intimately and instinctively—that all attempts to separate her characteristics from herself, and make her virtues grow in other soils, have ever failed, and that at this hour she should stand conspicuously to all the only principle of permanence upon earth—this is the overwhelming enigma for ever inexplicable to the unbelieving.

Mindful of these things, with what feelings does the Catholic look out on the world of wild speculations and wilder passions? With inner joy, with pity and fear, and with shame, too, that so many of these men should be ardent in search of the truth which they know not, while he is so tepid in the service of the truth which he knows. These lessons he may learn from the philosophers; he can learn little else from them. Whatever of spirituality, of elevation of the spirit and depression of the sense, they inculcate, he finds a thousand times richer and fuller in Catholic writings, with sanctions and precepts to the others altogether unknown. Whatever of truth they have she teaches, whatever of falsehood she reprobates. To take one example out of hundreds. Carlyle's hero-worship represents, no doubt, a true principle of our nature, but in him so distorted and exaggerated that the truth of it can scarcely be recognised. His system presents Odin, St. Paul, Mirabeau, and Arkwright successively for our worship. Turn from that to the hero-worship of the Catholic Church. Her heroes whom she offers for our veneration, for our imitation, are the saints and servants of one unchangeable, living God, who have in every age laboured and suffered that His will might be done, not the one anathematizing and supplanting the other, but all in communion together, forming an unbroken line of light and holiness from the beginning of the world, and to us not dead models merely, but living friends and associates.

As to the future, about which we hear so much, why should we waste our time in vain speculations about it? The future will be best shaped by each of us doing faithfully his duty in his day. The form of Feudalism is passing, as all earthly forms must pass. Feudalism was not the Church, never was specially the Church's friend, often was her powerful enemy. It is now being abrogated, and what will take its place none can tell, certain only that it will be very different from what the wisest of us all forecasts. It may be, after all, that the principle of order will hold its ground, and accomplish necessary change, with occasional convulsion, keeping

the spirit of anarchy, for the most part, chained beneath its feet. If so, the victor in that mighty triumph will be the Church alone. It may be that God has destined European civilization to be torn in pieces by frantic faction, and then trodden over by banded Scythian hordes. If so, it will be no more than what happened before upon a scale so gigantic that we can scarce fancy its recurrence. And again, as before, the Church will remain amid the chaos, the element of new construction, diffusing vital virtue and vital warmth throughout the mass, and purging downwards the black Tartareous, cold infernal dregs, adverse to life. Centuries will solve the problem for the world ; a few years will solve it for each of us.

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### LITTLE ST. CYR

The mother of St. Cyr (more familiar to us in this French form of his name) was brought before one of the Roman judges in order to induce her to renounce Christianity, but upon refusing to do so she was killed before her little son. The judge then turned to the child and began to caress him, but he drew himself away, and said, "I am a Christian, too." So incensed was the judge that he hurled the child from him and dashed his little life out upon the marble pavement.

I WAS wafted once, in fancy,  
Near the guards who ever wait,  
With their wondrous golden pinions,  
By the heavenly palace gate.

" Say, ye Seraph Knights, for ever  
Guarding the celestial fold,  
Who is he whose baby brow is  
Circled with a band of gold ?

" Near him sits a lovely lady,  
Seemeth she his mother, too,  
Robed from sandal unto garland  
With a garb of heavenly hue."

“Lo ! 'tis Cyrus, baby martyr,  
 He that spurned the judge's kiss,  
 Who beheld his mother slaughtered,  
 And would follow her to bliss.

“Crying, ‘I, too, am a Christian,’  
 ‘Go then, and your Christ adore !’  
 Said the judge, and from the tribune  
 Flung the babe upon the floor.

“That is Cyrus, infant hero,  
 Who, ere summers three had flown,  
 Thus defied the Prefect's menace,  
 Winning martyr's palm and crown.”

Darling little baby martyr,  
 Look upon us 'mid our foes,  
 Bless and guard thy brother children  
 In this theatre of woes ;

Where we cope with them we see not,  
 Fiends, not made of flesh and blood,  
 Who, unless our guardian patrons  
 Shield us, may not be withstood.

Now thou wearest a golden garland,  
 And a palm is in thine hand,  
 And thy voice is ever singing  
 Anthems in the living land.

But forget not us thy clients,  
 Those who may not die like thee,  
 Bless and guard thy little brothers  
 Now and till Eternity.

W. P.

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

## A Story

## CHAPTER XIII

## TERESA'S "BEAUX" MEET

DR. TRACY'S and his partner's hands were full by the end of September. Seldom had Britain known greater heat. Children pined, old folk grew fretful, and in the poor parts of the town fever had declared itself.

Annie Priddock's cry was for air, more air; and Molly Delaney, faithful neighbour, home from her charing, helped her sister in fanning her, even through the watches of the night. "It was Hell itself in Baronscourt," Molly did not hesitate to say, adding her conviction, "that Purgatory would be a joke to it."

The Union would be better for the girl; over and over again Jem Tracy assured himself of this, but he lacked the courage to propose the step and separate the sisters.

That money was scarcer and scarcer, Jem could not doubt, but instinct warned him that, if he refused his fee, his visits would have to cease. Had they enough to eat? Molly Delaney's answer to this question was not reassuring. "The *sick one* don't want" was all she could be brought to reply.

"How do they live at all?" Jem asked outright, one day when it had struck him, and, not for the first time, that Mary's face was becoming as thin as her sister's.

"Mary, she does a stitch when she can get the sewing, and they puts away their things," was Molly's answer: she did not say how often they had shared her own hard-earned pence.

"Put away their things," Jem did not need to be told that, he had more than the average doctor's observation. He nodded his head.

"But it's the old one's the mischief," Molly went on in confidential tones. "If ever she had the pick at anyone it's at Mary."

"She gets her rent?"

"She gets her rent, and, by that token, she's raised it on them: all for what? Because they're decent."

"She's an old devil, and that's the least you can say for her," Jem returned. "Why don't you get Father Consett up to her?"

"To sprinkle her with the holy water, is it?" Molly laughed at her joke. "Father Matthew, God save him, has deserted us this long time back. Father John is a fine man, but he's not made to be the old one's match." Molly shook her head.

"Well, see here, Mrs. Delaney, something will have to be done; these girls can't starve, and I'll see Father Consett myself. In the meantime, you're cute enough when you keep yourself clear of the gin; here's five shillings for you to do what you can with. You understand?"

"You trust me! Mary, she'd borrow from me sooner than she'd borrow from anyone in the Court, and I'll let her see I'm in cash and to spare." Molly treated the Doctor to a wink.

"Manage as you like, but hold your tongue, that's all. I'll see Father Matthew as soon as I can. Send Peter Cardew for me, mind, if there's any change." Jem nodded his good-bye, and Molly hurried off, rattling his gift between her palms, contentment written on her face.

Jem's way led through the Market-place, and in the press of the crowd he found himself face to face with Mrs. Harnett and her daughter, the girl even in the noon-day heat looking cool and neat. Was Teresa pretty? Jem asked himself the question for the first time. Then his thoughts flew to Mary Priddock. If she had had Teresa's advantages—he started as Mrs. Harnett's hard, clear voice recalled him to himself. "We're well met. I was coming to you, Doctor, and it'll save me the length of the street. My mother's not so well these days. I won't say it isn't the heat, but I thought I'd ask you to drive up. When old people get low, it's none so easy to get them up again, and she's off her food."

"I couldn't manage it to-day," Dr. Tracy replied with a shake of the head.

"It doesn't press," the woman returned, "but I don't like to see her so spent. You'll wonder at us both leaving her; but the men are all afield, and I'm no whip myself, so Teresa had to drive me in, and the girl will look to her till we get home. She's been with us these couple of years, and knows her ways."

"Miss Harnett is a great whip, I hear." The Doctor looked at the girl.

"I'd rather see her in the gig than mountebanking it on one of these wheels; to my mind they're hardly decent for a woman."

Dr. Tracy laughed. "I'd rather have the gig myself, but tastes differ. To-morrow, then, Mrs. Harnett, I shall be up in the afternoon. This heat keeps us busy."

"There's been nothing like it, as I've been telling Teresa since the cholera year."

"There's no fear of cholera, but we'll have an outbreak of fever if we don't look out, or unless a match is put to Barons-court."

"Now that's a bit of Stockton I have never seen. Teresa here is all for the poor."

Again Jem's glance fell on the girl, this time with approval. "I am afraid, especially just now, it's scarcely the place for Miss Harnett, but I wish, all the same, we had a lady visitor or two up there."

"The clergy go," Mrs. Harnett returned with sharpness.

"Yes, the clergymen and the priests go, but they need their hands strengthened."

"I don't see what's wanted if they've got their clergy," Mrs. Harnett said in the same sharp tones.

"Mother!" Dr. Tracy caught Teresa's whispered remonstrance.

"You needn't twitch my cloak, Teresa. Dr. Tracy knows as well as I do that there's work to be had for them that like to work. I've no patience with idleness, and that's how poverty comes."

"There's sometimes sickness," the Doctor returned, and saw the girl's face brighten, "it isn't always idleness that brings one down in the world, Mrs. Harnett."

"There's drink to be sure," that lady acquiesced, "but one brings the other, that's the rule."

"I don't deny it, Mrs. Harnett, but I think I could interest you in more than one case." Dr. Tracy looked at Teresa.

"You had better interest Teresa, *she'd* rather see a beggar at the back door than have a sight of the Queen herself on a golden throne. I've double your years, Doctor, but I've never seen the man yet that *wanted*, that hadn't brought it on himself."

Again Dr. Tracy saw the pained look in Teresa's eyes as she turned her head away.

"Well, I've your leave," Jem returned lightly, "to interest Miss Harnett if I can, and I shall do my best, I warn you. So you know what to expect to-morrow." He turned again to the girl.

"My mother often helps Father Matthew with his sick," Teresa said, as if apologizing.

"That's right, Teresa, speak up for your mother," Mrs. Harnett interrupted with a laugh, "but I stick to it, if there was less giving, there'd be less idleness; why, it's sense on the face of it. If I'd time, I'd soon convert you to my way of thinking. The Priest is different, he's bound to give."

"Because he's set as our example?" Jem's eyes twinkled as he sped the shaft and looked from mother to daughter.

"There, you've the Doctor on your side, that'll please you, Teresa," the mother laughed good-humouredly, "but I wouldn't say but there's something in what you say, Doctor; if the Priest didn't give, we'd think him ——"

"A long way off his Master's steps."

Mrs. Harnett looked at the young man curiously. "I didn't know you were serious," she said.

"Serious? I'm afraid my friends don't think me very serious, Mrs. Harnett."

"Taken up with religion was what I meant." Mrs. Harnett was still studying his face.

Jem grew scarlet. "I wish to goodness I was, Mrs. Harnett. I am afraid I was only backing up Miss Teresa."

"Well, you're honest any way." Mrs. Harnett spoke with approval.

"I hope I'm that," Jem laughed back, "but I must be off. Dr. Bucknill's off to a country patient, and I've half the town on my hands."

"Till to-morrow, then?"

"Till to-morrow." Jem repeated the words as he held out his hand to Teresa.

"And you'll tell me about your sick?" the girl said.

"I'll tell you about my sick, Miss Harnett. I'd like to interest you in a pair of girls, but, perhaps, you'd be sick of me before I had done." He lifted his hat, and in a moment or two was lost in the crowd. If he could only interest Teresa in the twins! Jem walked up High-street with a lighter heart.

As it happened a couple of days passed before he made out his visit to the Farm. He found Teresa sitting on a bench in front of the house, a bit of sewing, as usual, in her hand.

"Never idle?" he asked, as he seated himself by her side and watched the needle dart out and in of the seam.

"I have no time to be idle," the girl responded, and wondered what there was in her answer to make Jem laugh.

"You wouldn't enjoy idleness?"

Teresa shook her head.

"Not even in this weather?"

"Not even in any weather," the girl returned with decision.

"It is as one has been brought up."

"I know Mrs. Harnett has strong opinions as to idleness," the Doctor responded with a smile, and he saw the girl's face flush, "but one's nature has to be taken into account too. What do you think?"

"I don't know about *nature*," the girl hesitated.

"Oh, in your case duty would step in. I don't doubt that." The Doctor's eyes were dancing.

"Duty would be a pleasure, then. I could not bear to be idle."

"And have no pity for an idle man?" the Doctor asked, as the girl bent forward to take a ball of cotton he was untwisting out of his hand.

"Not when he is in mischief," the girl returned demurely, though her eyes twinkled. "Please, Dr. Tracy, don't make a mess of my ball."

"Putting it straight again might prevent you falling into the sin of idleness," Jem retorted, and gave the long thread of wool another pull.

Teresa was not accustomed to the give and take of flirtation as Jem had already recognised. She only smiled as she shook her head and went on with her sewing.

"Well," Jem said, as he got up slowly from the bench, "with such an example and after such a sermon I suppose I must not be idle either. Shall I find you here, Miss Harnett, when I come back from seeing Mrs. Makepeace? We have not had our talk yet."

"About your sick people? Yes, I shall be here if mother does not call me away, but I am sure to see you before you go."

Mother will expect you to wait for a cup of tea. I shall see Kitty has her feed."

"You remember her name?"

"Oh, Kitty and I made friends," the girl returned simply. (Would it be possible to make her flirt the Doctor wondered.)

"I wish you would drive her some day," Dr. Tracy went on. "She needs a light hand. If I have to sell her, I shall bring her to you."

"We need a heavier make than that. 'Cart on week-day, gig on Sunday,' that is our form," the girl laughed merrily.

"Then good-bye in the meantime," Jem said—he would willingly have lingered; the girl's unconsciousness piqued him. He was not in the best of humours when he joined Mrs. Harnett at the foot of the flight of narrow stairs that led to her mother's room, but Jem Tracy loved his profession and threw himself into his "cases," heart and soul, and when a quarter of an hour later he came downstairs again it was with recovered good humour.

Teresa was still busy with her sewing, but a visitor had taken his seat on the bench; a visitor who was playing with the same unravelled ball of wool and who appeared very much at home.

"I do not know whether you have met Mr. Lycett?" The girl's tone was shy. "He is a friend of Father Consett's," she added hurriedly.

On the strength of this introduction the men exchanged handshakes.

"Mr. Lycett has come from America," the girl went on in the same shy way.

"To visit the cradle of his race," the American said lightly.

"Your family went from these parts?"

"From the Shotover Estate. I believe we claim to have been nearly as long on the soil as the Shotovers themselves." Again Teresa recognised the note of pride in the voice. "You see, I don't object to a bit of pedigree."

"No one does," Dr. Tracy returned, "but the Shotovers have a bit of estate I should be obliged if they would take in hand. It's a pretty thing to see the coronet over Baronscourt."

"Baronscourt? I went up there the other day," the American returned, "and thought the place interesting."

"You wouldn't find it so interesting if you lived up there in

this weather," Jem responded drily. He did not enjoy the stranger's quite-at-home ways.

"Is that where the fever is?" Teresa's needle flew.

"That is where the fever is and where it will be worse if this heat goes on. Miss Hartnett, I said I should try and interest you in one of my patients there."

"Yes." For a moment the needle paused and Teresa looked up from her seam.

"Her sister and she came in hopes of finding work—it is too long a story to tell in full, but they were stranded in Stockton with scarcely a penny they could call their own. Want drifted them into the Court, and they are decent girls, mind you." Jem accentuated his last words.

"Yes." Teresa nodded to show she understood.

"The youngest is in a bad way, as ill as she well can be, and wants everything that—she hasn't got. I declare to you, Miss Harnett, you'd be sorry if you saw them; and they are as proud as—well say—Lucifer."

"There's always the Union," Mrs. Harnett's hard voice broke in. She had shaken hands with the American who had got up to give her his place on the bench. "If the sick one went to the Infirmary, the strong one might get work, there's a run on domestic servants from what I hear. I know young people turn up their noses at service nowadays. The more shame to them, say I. There's Teresa now, put her where you like, *she'd* never want. *She'd* never be ashamed to turn her hand to anything, and she can *work*."

Dr. Tracy bit his lip. "It seems a pity to separate the sisters when a little help might tide them over the worst."

"I thought one was dying?" Mrs. Harnett demanded. "Take my word for it the Union's the sensible plan; they're well looked after in the Infirmary, if what I hear's true. I'd rather any day go there myself than live on charity, and if they're worth anything they'll say the same themselves. When you're as old as me, you'll find you've learned to harden your heart." She wagged her head sagaciously.

Teresa got up and began to fold her work.

"Teresa, where are you off to?" her mother asked. "I came to take the gentlemen into tea, and you'll have to take your grandmother hers."

"I shan't be long, mother." The girl nodded; as she passed Dr. Tracy she whispered, "I shall put a basket in the cart. You can say 'It's from one girl to another.'" She was gone before Jem could find an answer.

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## CHAPTER XIV

### TERESA SENDS A BASKET

James Lycett (acquaintance made with the Harnetts) had paid many a visit to the Glebe Farm. Mrs. Harnett was sharp-eyed, she could not doubt that her daughter had made a conquest, and the prestige of her being credited with two admirers, and one a rich American, was more than pleasant to her mother's heart. She was graciousness itself to both young men, as she pressed the good things spread on the table upon them.

"We know nothing about your afternoon tea and thin bread and butter here," she explained with scorn, "busy folk like us don't play at eating and drinking. Dine at twelve, and—come five—you're ready for a meal, and neither Teresa nor I trouble supper."

"Mrs. Makepeace has surely something?" the Doctor asked with inquietude.

"Old folk are like babies; they need something light and often. Grannie's well looked after, you needn't be feared, Dr. Tracy." Mrs. Harnett nodded her head. "Why, before Teresa came home from the convent, I've had her crying for her gruel; but Teresa lets nobody tend to her now but herself, and she *spoils* her."

"I've just been asking Miss Teresa if she ever indulged herself in an idle moment," the Doctor said, with a smile.

"Idle? I'd like to see Teresa idle! That's not the way she was brought up. I did with her as my mother did with me before her, and *she* set me to work to pick the crumbs off the carpet as soon as I could crawl! Teresa could hem a duster before she was four, and her poor father was buried in the shirt she'd made for him when she was ten; and you couldn't have beat the stitching of it, though I say it myself as, perhaps, shouldn't say it. And, now she's come home, she don't work for nothing; I give her her wage, honest—(you needn't run away, Teresa. I'm saying no ill of you! Well, take your Grannie a biscuit if you think she wants it). I give her her wage, as I was saying, as my mother gave me mine.

She's so many of the poultry in every sitting, and a pig in every litter, and the first of the calves, and one in every twenty lambs, and her share in the garden, and her choice of the bee-hives, and if she doesn't turn an honest penny it's her own fault. But she was always a terrible one for giving," the careful mother shook her head, "and we've got to see how she'll get on before we say too much."

The American had been listening with amusement. "I did not know you were such notable people in the old country," he said.

"It all depends on the bringing-up," Mrs. Harnett responded. "We've stuck to the old-fashioned ways, or we'd not have been where we are. Work and work alike, that's my motto. Teresa's not ashamed to take her turn at the wash-tub for all her education, and that's not because she'll go to him that asks her empty-handed." Mrs. Harnett nodded with significance.

"Miss Teresa does not need a fortune," Dr. Tracy said, gallantly; he had waited in vain for the American to make the compliment.

"Oh, Teresa's a good girl, I don't deny that," the mother returned, "but I never knew the man yet who objected to a purse. 'My face is my fortune' is all very well for them that *don't mean business*, but where a family's to be kept, there's noth.ng like a pound or two in the pocket."

"I am afraid this mercenary talk has driven Miss Harnett away," the American said presently. He had turned more than once to the door, hoping to see Teresa come back.

"Teresa? Oh, she'll be with her grandmother, or sho'll have run round to see the mare has her feed."

"I've been offering Kitty to Miss Harnett," the Doctor said with a smile.

"She's not the make for us," the mother replied as the daughter had done before her, "and, begging your pardon, Doctor, I've no fancy for Teresa risking her neck."

"You must not give Kitty a bad character," the Doctor laughed, "or Mr. Lycett will not let me drive him home as I hope to do."

James Lycett hesitated, he had walked all the way to the Farm on the chance of having a talk and perhaps a walk in the Wood-ash direction with the girl. Old Mrs. Makepeace, he

remembered, had said on his first visit that Dr. Tracy was one of her grand-daughter's admirers; was it true, he wondered? Well, there was nothing to hinder him having his innings too, let the best man win! He was about to refuse the Doctor's offer with thanks when Mrs. Harnett answered for him.

"It's a chance for you, Mr. Lycett; it's a good step out to Stockton, and the Doctor'll be glad of a companion."

"I was in hopes," the American began, "that Miss Harnett \_\_\_\_\_"

"Would have taken you a-nutting as she promised," the mother again interrupted. "But that won't be to-day nor to-morrow; you'll have to wait till her grandmother's better. The nuts won't run away!"

"I am afraid it was not only the nuts"—the young man began, but only for the third time to be stopped.

"Well, the wood won't run away either," Mrs. Harnett chuckled, "but I wouldn't say when my mother's about again, but that we might get up a nutting-party, get a few of the young ones together, boil the kettle, and gipsy it. If it comes off, mind, Doctor, we'll expect you to be of the party," she turned to Dr. Tracy.

"I shall be delighted," the young man returned, "if I can get away from my patients. I ought to be putting Kitty in now, if, Mrs. Harnett, you will excuse me."

"I wouldn't say but you'll find Teresa in the yard," his hostess said, as she bid him good-night. But no Teresa was to be seen, though a basket had been put on the seat of the cart, with a paper pinned to its cover.

Dr. Tracy smiled as he deciphered the words, "Please bring back the basket," reading them aloud to his companion. "Miss Harnett is nothing if not practical," he added, as he put the basket under the seat.

"I call it simply sensible," the American returned. He had gazed at the neat hand admiringly.

"A present for one of my patients," Jem explained.

"The girl you were telling her about?" Jem nodded.

"If they are so badly off as all that, I suppose you will have no objection to my adding my mite?" James Lycett dived into his pocket, and, taking out a note, handed it to the Doctor.

"Well," Jem said, "I didn't think when I started to-day it was to find two benefactors."

The American's face grew red. A thrill of pleasure ran through his veins as he heard himself coupled with Teresa Harnett, even in this fashion.

Five pounds, at the least, Jem Tracy told himself, as he put the note into his waistcoat pocket. The girls were in luck! But how get them to take it? Jem put up his hand and rubbed his head, as he tried to solve this problem. Well, he must think it over, and, in the mean time, point out the different objects of interest passed in their drive to the stranger.

It was not till he was going to bed that Jem had time to examine the note. Five pounds! "By Jove," he said to himself, as he put it under a leg of his looking-glass, "the American know how to go it! It means good-bye to Baronscourt, if the girls will take it; and how make them take it?" The problem, still unsolved, kept Jem awake, till a happy thought came into his head. He would enlist old Peter's aid. Peter was a born diplomat, as he had occasion to know. Yes; he would enlist Peter's help in getting the basket into the sisters' room; and as for the note, he would put it on the top. The problem was solved, and Dr. Jem slept the sleep of the just.

"Get a bit of a basket into Mary Priddock's room? Leave me alone for that." Peter rose to the occasion. "Hold my tongue? Don't you be affeared of that. If I telled all I knew——" Peter left the consequence to the Doctor's imagination.

"Well, you come down my way about dinner-time," Jem said, "and I'll have it ready for you."

He felt a little guilty as he lifted Teresa's cover, to slip the note enclosed in an envelope in, and a card on the top of one of the packages caught his eye—"From a girl to a girl." The very words she had used. A pretty thought, too, Jem told himself, and, perhaps, one that would hit the nail on the head. The very simplicity of the inscription might soften Mary Priddock's pride.

A satirical speech from her "Ladyship" of Baronscourt followed the sweeper as he made his way upstairs to the floor where Molly Delaney and the sisters lived, according to him, "cheek by jowl." He knocked lightly at the sisters' door. Should the sick girl be in one of what Molly spoke of as her "drowses" all would be right he knew.

No answer came, and after looking carefully round to see that

the coast was clear, and that the "old one" had not followed him upstairs, he pushed the door far enough open to push the basket in, closed it again, and scrambled off as fast as he could, only to knock up against Molly Delaney turning into the landing.

"What are you after now?" Molly demanded, "stealing off like a thief in the night."

"After nothing at all," the old man returned discomposed. "Is no one to take a look round but yourself?"

"You'll get plenty to look at if you'll go to the foot of the stairs, the old one's giving some of them a bit of her mind, and devil the bit of a front on her head, but I wouldn't say but the want of it 'd be a comfort this weather! Did you catch a sight of the girls? Annie was weak as water this morning."

Peter turned the conversation. "If I wasn't forgetting the baby," he exclaimed. "How's it standing the heat? It's hard enough even on us old ones."

"Oh, she's thriving fine with the girls. Annie's terrible taken up with the creature."

"And doesn't overcharge you for the nursing, I'm thinking?"

"They take what I can give, and glad enough to get it," Molly returned with heat. "It's not me would cheat the orphan and the sick."

"And no more you would," Peter apologised. "And you'll have your judgment when the time comes according, not but what I'm wishing the day far off," the old man added politely, as he seized the opportunity of Molly advancing into the passage to slip past her, and scramble off.

Molly Delaney had not the old man's manners. She walked straight into the sick girl's room, stumbling as she did so over Teresa Harnett's basket, and waking up not only Annie from her "drowse," but the baby by her side from its sleep.

"Drat the thing," Molly cried, and gave the offending basket a kick that sent it half-way across the room. "I've broken my shins." She sat down on the nearest chair to nurse her ankle.

"It isn't like Mary to leave things about," she went on when she had recovered her temper. Then her eye fell on the basket. "It's many a year since I saw a cover like that;" she looked at it admiringly.

"It's not ours, Molly," the sick girl cried. "Some one has put it in by mistake."

"You'll be saying next your name's not Priddock." Molly had now Teresa's basket on the table. "P-r-i-d-d-o-c-k—if that don't spell Priddock, my name's not Delaney. She turned a label Jem had tied to the handle towards the sick girl. "'Miss Annie Priddock,' there you have it, plain as a pike-staff, and there ain't two Annie Priddocks in the Court, you take my word for that."

"But where can it have come from, Molly?" The sick girl raised herself on her pillow——

"Not from the parson's visiting lady, I'll take my oath on that," Molly, who had been diving into the basket, returned. "It's paper bags she deals in and a bit of a tract by way of salt. But what's in it at all," she cried, as her finger came across something cold and soft. "Annie Priddock, I'll wager you all I have it's a fowl."

"Let me see, Molly, let me see." The sick girl's hands were trembling.

"Sure it's your own basket and it's you have the right to open it." Molly lifted the basket from the table to the bed, and catching up the still squalling baby, watched Annie as she drew out the contents.

"That's country butter, anyhow," she said, as the girl unrolled a yellow print from an enveloping cabbage leaf. "The cow that let down that cream knew the look of a butter-cup."

As parcel after parcel was brought to sight, the sick girl began to cry.

"Whisht with you," Molly cried, "it's laughing you ought to be. And what on arth's that." She picked up the envelope to which Jem had pinned Teresa's slip of paper. "From a girl to a girl." With trembling lips Annie read the words. "But we don't know any girl." Her eyes sought Molly's face.

"Well, a girl knows you anyway," Molly opined. "But what's under the cover?"

"Lord-a-mercy," she cried, as Annie held up the note. "They were telling me Father Matthew was preaching on miracles last Sunday night. It's maybe he has been praying for this one. A five-pound note, and the first I came across in my life. Annie! Annie Priddock, don't be a fool." Molly threw the baby down at the foot of the bed and dashed across the room for a cup of water. Annie Priddock had fainted.

## CHAPTER XV

## THE FATE OF TERESA'S BASKET

Jem Tracy was home from his rounds. He had had a weary day, but his work was not done, the hall was crowded with his poorer patients waiting to be called into the Surgery by turn.

Old Bucknill might have taken them for once, Jem told himself as he dashed upstairs to get into a cooler coat and wash his hands, but Jem was nothing if not good-natured, and he came down smiling to set to work again.

Heat-rash, nothing but heat-rash, he assured an anxious mother; mixed a stiffish dose for a bilious-looking and long-faced man; changed the dressing of a sore; put splinters on an ugly sprain; gave a bit of his mind to a blear-eyed woman; listened with patience to more than one tale, washed his hands again—this time at the Surgery tap—and then shouted down the tube to his partner's housekeeper that he was ready for his dinner.

He was still holding a lively conversation regarding the cooking of his steak when the door-bell rang again. "Another of them," he said, with a groan, and turned to find the crossing-sweeper, penitence in his face, Teresa Harnett's basket in his hand, standing at the door.

"You needn't put the blame on me," the old man began in deprecating voice. "It's all the Delaney woman, bad luck be with her for the rest of her days, with her dirty finger in everybody's pie. I did the trick as neat as could be. Mary, she was taking a run up the street after a bit of soap for old Patrick's shirt; and the sick one, she was asleep with the heat, and I in with me basket as quiet as a mouse, and was walking the stair again, as innocent-looking as a lamb, and if Molly Delaney didn't spoil it all."

Dr. Tracy seated himself on a chair, and put his feet up on another. "What Molly or any other Delaney has to do with it I don't see."

"You don't know Molly, she's a curious one;" Peter shook his head; "says she, as cool as a cucumber (saving the heat), 'And what errand's you after?' she asks, with them eyes of hers boring you through like a gimlet."

"You needn't have told her your errand," Dr. Jem said curtly.

"Told her! who was saying I told her? but Molly's one can see through a deal board, and can put two-and-two together, given the whiskey's not in her, as well as most. And 'How's the baby?' says I, thinking to divert her, and we at it see-saw that way a while, and then I gives her the 'good-day,' and was off t'my own business, and if she'd had the sense to go to hers, there had been an end to the rumpus."

"Go on," Dr. Tracy said, he had lighted his pipe, and was prepared to listen with what patience he could to the end of the tale.

"You see," the old man went on, "when the girls couldn't make head or tail if it at all—how on God's earth the basket got in, or who under the heavens put it in; if Molly she didn't up and say, she'd seen me on the landing. So Molly, *she* was first at me, and then that Mary one—when Molly couldn't make sense of me, *she* comes." Peter wiped his face. "It's truth I'm telling you, I'd as soon stand up before the Priest himself as before *her*. She's not wanting, Mary Priddock." Again the old man wiped his brow. "*Inside out*, them's not the words for it."

"You told her?" the Doctor asked.

"Who gave you that basket to put into my room?" she says, "for all the wor-ld as if she was the Queen herself a-seated on the throne; and I'm not going t'tell your Honor a lie about it, it was flabbergasted I was betwixt the two. 'You needn't deny it,' one says. 'It's written in your face,' the other says (or words to that effex); and '*Who gave you that basket t' put in my room?*' Mary says again, and with that I spits it out."

"You did," Dr. Tracy returned grimly.

"I did, no two ways about it. But I did my best t' slither her down, but she up and says, 'Ye'll take that basket back to Dr. Tracy,' she says, 'and tell him we're not dependants on him *yet*.'"

The old man waited a moment for Dr. Tracy to speak and then went on: "Y've seen a dog with its tail betwixt his legs? That's *me* whan she walked me upstairs and gave me the basket." The old man paused to wipe his face again.

"And that's all?" Jem asked.

"As I'm a living man, that's all. She packed me off with the

basket. 'Tell him,' she says, 'it's all there.' They were the last words of her, and that's all."

"Well, that'll do," Dr. Jem said. "You take back the basket and say I'll be round in half an hour."

"Take—back—the—basket." Peter stood dumb-founded.

"Don't you hear what I say? Take back the basket to Miss Annie Priddock. Miss Priddock has nothing to do with it, and say, as I told you, that I'll be round in a minute or two."

"What's wrong now?" he asked, seeing Peter did not move.

"It's as much as my life's worth." Peter looked at the basket.

"You're about right there," Dr. Tracy spoke with emphasis, "take the basket back to Miss Annie Priddock and give her my message."

"The Lord pity me betwixt you all," Peter muttered to himself, but he took up his burden again and made his way towards the door.

"Look sharp," the Doctor cried, "I'll be after you in a few minutes." He went to the tube and shouted down that he had to go out again and could not wait for dinner, took up his hat and followed Peter.

"He's coming himself," the old man cried when, after a hasty knock, he pushed the basket again into the sisters' room.

"Oh, Mary," the sick girl sat up, "I told you he hadn't sent it. The slip of paper says plain as can be, 'from a girl.'"

"He must have got it from the girl," Mary returned firmly, but even she, at this crisis, looked, as Peter would have said, flabbergasted.

A step in the passage made the girls look at each other.

"There he is," Annie whispered, her hands were trembling under the sheet, but her sister went forward and at the first sound of the Doctor's knuckles on the door threw it open.

"War to the knife," Dr. Jem, when he saw her face, whispered to himself, but passing her with a nod he went forward to the bedside.

"Miss Annie," he said, as he pulled forward one of the two chairs left in the room and seated himself by her bedside, "there has been some mistake about a basket Peter Cardew brought round to the Surgery half an hour ago. It does not belong to me, though I promised Miss Harnett at the Glebe Farm to see it reached you safely."

The sick girl, twisting her hands together, looked at her sister.

"We do not know Miss Harnett," Mary Priddock said, "and we do not want her charity." She had taken up her station at the foot of the bed, and Jem Tracy had to turn to see her face.

"If you want to know how Miss Harnett knew your sister was ill, I told her," Jem replied sturdily.

"We have never asked for charity," the elder girl returned again, face and voice were stubborn, and her chin went up in a gesture the Doctor had noticed as peculiar to both sisters.

"Miss Harnett's present was not made to you but to your sister," Jem went on in the same cool fashion. "Miss Harnett, a girl herself, did not think that a gift of fruit and flowers would be considered an impertinence by another girl, or thought a charity."

Mary Priddock's face grew crimson, but she fought her battle still. "And the note, was that a gift from Miss Harnett?"

It was now Jem's turn to flush. "There," he said, "I will apologize if you like. I spoke of your sister to a—well—a friend of mine; no, listen, don't interrupt me," he held up a protesting hand, "a rich man as I believe and a stranger to the place, and he handed me over that note to hand over to you, and if I did hand it over, as I see now in a stupid fashion, you may credit me, at least, with good intentions." He waited a moment for the girl to speak, and when no answer came went on, "I leave it to your conscience whether you will let your sister accept it or not. Remember it will give her a chance. Yes, I repeat it, a *chance*, not only of life, but of getting out of this hole." Jem looked round the room. "Charity! what's charity at the best—don't we all live on it, God Almighty's charity anyway? I expect you to be sensible (Jem hesitated between the *Miss* and the familiar 'Mary' used even by the crossing-sweeper), Miss Priddock."

No answer came. Annie was crying.

"Here are the two addresses," Dr. Tracy went on, as he tore a couple of leaves out of his pocket-book and began to write. "The basket and its contents you can return to Miss Teresa Harnett at the Glebe Farm, the note will find its sender at the Crown Hotel. I have said my say, and you can do as you think fit." Jem was speaking now with temper that could not be disguised. "And now I shall bid you good evening." He took up his hat and went towards the door.

"Doctor, please." It was the sick girl that spoke, and, seeing her imploring face, Jem turned and came back to her side.

"You think I have been scolding," he said, "and so I have. But I want you and your sister to be *reasonable*." He shook her hand, looked at the elder girl, who kept her head turned so that he could not see her face, and with another "Good evening," went away.

The door had scarcely shut behind him when Mary, bursting into a passion of tears, threw herself on the bed beside her sister, burying her head in the cover.

"I hate him," she cried at last.

"Oh, Mary," the sick girl protested.

"But I do," was the only reply, and the head was buried again in the bedclothes.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE CONVENT GARDEN

THERE is no place in which I like to take a walk better than in the convent garden. Though small, it is very picturesque, and fills one with a holy calm not felt elsewhere.

From the raised terrace, which is at the top of the garden, there is a nice view of the Blackwater and its surroundings. The garden slopes down to a level with the river; the only thing that separates them is a narrow strip of road. The Nuns can see the salmon leaping in the silvery tide. I often wonder why one of them is not obliging enough to leap over the wall for their dinner.

The lower part of the garden is laid out in flower-beds and gravel-walks. There is also a square plot of grass, and in the centre a yew tree, of many years' growth. The boundary wall has a row of fine poplars inside. There is a number of fruit trees—

apples, pears, plums, and one fig tree, which bears a quantity of ripe figs every year. A fine spring well in the centre furnishes pure and wholesome water.

But, to my mind, the most beautiful thing in the garden is a magnificent rowan tree, or mountain ash. At present it is covered all over with scarlet berries, which make it look like one large bouquet.

The old walls are covered with ivy, its long tendrils waving gracefully in the breeze. Here numerous birds live and thrive, and rear their small families. The most remarkable are the black-bird, the thrush, the goldfinch, and the wren. No east wind can find its way into this favoured spot, so that shrub and flower are never blasted by its cruel breath; they grow here in perfection as if indigenous to the soil, and require little cultivation. In one peaceful spot lie ten members of the community. This little cemetery is enclosed by a green hedge, no gloomy wall separates it from the rest of the garden. Here the passion flower flings the shadow of its graceful sprays over the quiet graves, and the sweet-scented clematis breathes its incense to the sky. In one corner is a rustic summer-house, covered with creeping plants and climbing roses. Such a cosy little nook as it is! No sound penetrates its stillness save—

“From the cloister dim  
The tinkling of the silver bell  
Or the Sisters' holy hymn.”

St. Joseph, from a niche in the corner, presides over its holy calm. It reminds me of the far-off years when, in the holy house of Nazareth, He, with the Blessed Ones under His care, lived in solitude and prayer unceasing.

A LITTLE CONVENT GIRL.

## THE WAITING SHEPHERD

(Suggested by Sybil Parker's exquisite painting, "*The Door of the Fold.*")

### I

THE door of the Fold stands open,  
The sheep are hurrying in  
Out of the dark'ning desert,  
Out of the wilds of sin.

The lambs are there with their mothers :  
One of them meekly lies  
On the arm of the white-rob'd Shepherd—  
(A snow-flake dropp'd from the skies).

Mild is His face, and lovely  
With beauty all divine ;  
But the crown on His head is ruddy :  
Sharp thorns His temples twine ;

And the gentle hand that opens  
The door of the Fold to all  
(As the gentle hand that fondles  
The lamb so weak and small),

Is pierced and slowly bleeding ;  
His feet, too, white and dear,  
Are wounded sore to the instep's core ;  
The place of the Nails is here.

### II

The door of the Fold stands open,  
The white doves coo in the eaves.  
The wheat and grapes at the portal  
Mingle their beard and leaves.

The grape is purple with meaning :  
 Golden with promise the wheat ;  
 The Wine of His Blood shall be ours to drink—  
 The Bread of His Flesh to eat.

Wide are the mystic portals  
 Whereat the Shepherd waits—  
 Listens and yearns and watches  
 For the sheep beyond the gates—

But, after while, He will close them,  
 Will lock them fast, and throw  
 The keys in Eternity's ocean,  
 Whose depths no soundings know.

## III

The door of the Fold stands open—  
 The Master gathers His own ;  
 There is room for all in His bosom,  
 And each by its name is known.

Oh! who can look on this Shepherd  
 And follow Him not to His Fold?  
 The world is a wild of perils,  
 Sin's ways are dark and cold.

So safe and warm is the Sheepfold,  
 Its Shepherd's smile so sweet :  
 He welcomes the poorest, weakest,  
 Where strongest, wisest meet.

His voice, like music, is sounding  
 Above earth's dust and din.  
 " Whilst the door of My Fold stands open,  
 Come in, lost sheep, come in ! "

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *A Literary and Biographical History ; or, Bibliographical Dictionary from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time.* By Joseph Gillow. Vol. V. London : Burns and Oates. [Price, 15s.]

This portly tome completes Mr. Gillow's difficult and costly undertaking. Nothing, indeed, is said to this effect ; there is no preface ; but the volume reaches the letter Z. No labour has been spared in the compilation of full and minute particulars about the lives and writings of an immense number of English Catholics since the revolt of English Protestantism. The publishers have produced worthily this very important work. We trust that the sale will cover the very heavy outlay that the undertaking must have involved. Mr. Gillow deserves the gratitude of the Catholic community.

2. *Trial and Triumph : a Coronation Ode.* By Rober Blake. London : Greening & Co. [Price, 6d.]

The word "ode" seems to be used here in an unusual sense, for the little book (which is dedicated to Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P.) consists of some fourteen poems, in very different metres. Not from want of skill certainly, but of set purpose, Mr. Blake has mingled blank verse with rhyme, and his experiments do not seem to us to have justified their rashness by their success. In thought and feeling he is above most of those volunteer laureates whom the recent vicissitudes of Royalty have inspired. We sympathise with much that he has said, but the union of poet and politician is inauspicious. Many of his sentiments will be heartily applauded by cliques, whose applause is a sure sign that one is in the wrong. The personal motives that are attributed to the politicians whom he condemns were in their day charged against the men whom he eulogises. This subject, however, is outside our sphere, and we need only add that *Trial and Triumph* is one of the most notable and interesting items in the literature of the Coronation of the seventh King Edward.

3. *Comfort for the Faint-hearted.* By Ludovicus Blosius (Louis of Blois). Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. London : Art and Book Company. [Price, 2s. 6d. net.]

This is another of the series of translations by which Father

Wilberforce seeks to popularise amongst us the writings of him whom St. Alphonsus is fond of quoting as "the devout Blossius." The work has been very carefully done, and the publishers have produced it in a very readable form. *A Short Rule and Daily Exercise for a Beginner in the Spiritual Life*, by the same author and the same translator, is brought out by the same publishers in a particularly neat little volume, which costs only sixpence.

The Art and Book Company have also sent us *The Date of the Crucifixion*, by the Rev. W. A. Bulbeck, O.S.B., price sixpence. The Benedictine follows a different line from Father Mathew Power, S.J., and arrives at a different conclusion. *The Crown of Age* is a pretty little book for Jubilarians by "S. D. B.," who dedicates it to the beloved memory of Mother Francis Raphael Drane, whose golden jubilee, if God had spared her to us, would have been the 8th of next December. Though it is not a book, we may mention that the Art and Book Company, London and Leamington, have brought out on an ornamental card for use at the altar the fine prayer which is called *The Divine Praises*, now recited in many dioceses after Benediction.

4. The Rev. John Fitzpatrick had added a fifth to his series of little books extracted from the writings of Father Faber. It is just in time to be mentioned at the beginning of its own month. *The Holy Souls; November Leaves*, is brought out by R. and T. Washbourne in a very neat little quarto, price one shilling.

5. Novello & Co. have sent us several new pieces of sacred music published by them, the most noteworthy being a motet, *Ave Verum*, by Dr. Edward Elgar, whose *Gerontius* is gradually coming to be recognised as a masterpiece. No. 35 of the *Cantiones Sacrae* (price, 4d.) is *Salvator Mundi* composed by Dr. John Blow two centuries ago, and edited by Mr. R. R. Terry. These *Cantiones Sacrae* are musical settings of the Roman Liturgy edited by an English Benedictine, Dom Samuel Gregory Ould, who has received the special blessing of Pope Leo XIII. for his undertaking. No. 33 is a very complete edition of the *Adeste Fideles* with organ accompaniment, etc., by several eminent musicians.

6. The Gaelic League, 24, Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin, has issued, with music, several Irish songs—*The Hymn of Freedom*, etc.—under the competent editorship of Mr. Robert Dwyer. The same active Society has published the *Proceedings of the Oreachtas* in 1900, and a similar volume for 1901 is at press.

7. *St. Andrew's Cross* is the organ of the League of St. Andrew, which is an association of prayer for the conversion of Scotland. Its head-quarters is the Benedictine Priory of Fort Augustus, in the north of Scotland. It appears four times a year, and the yearly subscription is only tenpence. The opening number is very interesting, especially Dom Wall's "Ramble Through the Stars"; and readers are promised contributions from such attractive and attracting writers as Mr. Joseph Carmichael and Miss Frances Maitland. But this Scottish quarterly, with all its merits, is far behind the little Australian quarterly, *Madonna*.

8. Lethielleux, 22, Rue Cassette, Paris, has published translations of Father Sheehan's famous series of clerical novels. *Luke Delmege* lies before us, and the others are announced on the cover: *Mon Nouveau Vicaire*, *Geoffroy Austin*, and—how does *The Triumph of Failure* go in French?—*Le Succès dans l'Échec*. The translator has performed his difficult task very carefully and very skilfully. In these "Intermediate" days it would be a pleasant device for learning colloquial French to get this version and the original, and to compare them patiently, observing how the difficulties of idiom are overcome. In this context we may congratulate the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, in which *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege* first appeared, on having secured a new serial from the accomplished Pastor of Doneraile. Dr. Sheehan's forthcoming work, however, is more like *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* than *Elsie Venner*. It is called "Under the Cedars and Stars." We shall be curious to see how far it resembles the somewhat similar work of another gifted Irish priest, the late Father Joseph Farrell's *Lectures of a Certain Professor*, which adorned our own early volumes. Since writing these sentences we have read with delight the first instalment in the lay edition of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Dolphin*. It opens exquisitely.

9. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the very painstaking biographer of Mangan and Carleton, has just published *The Life of Robert Emmet*. (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.) His wonderful diligence and skill in ferreting out facts and dates have been shown in all his publications, especially *The Poets of Ireland*. But Robert Emmet's fame might be better left to Moore's poetry and Washington Irving's prose, and to his own dying speech, which we prefer in the less authentic version we are used to. "And then," a poor woman said to us once, "he was so young!"

10. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has, in its long list of penny publications, nothing more useful than Monsignor Hallinan's "*The Drink Question : its Relation to Church and State, Duties of both in regard to it.*" It is thoroughly practical and wisely moderate. Within the narrow limits of thirty-two pages it treats very carefully a great many questions connected with this subject which affects so powerfully the temporal and eternal interests of our people. May God bless the efforts of all kinds that are nowadays made by so many to diminish in themselves and others the evils of excessive drinking of fermented liquors.

11. The Catholic Truth Society, whose head-quarters are at 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E., keeps far ahead of all its namesakes on both sides of the Atlantic. It continues to make numerous additions to its interminable catalogue of wonderfully cheap and good publications. The most interesting of its recent pennyworths is *Bogeys and Scarecrows*, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., which exposes very clearly and calmly the idiotic slanders trotted out by a Mr. Scott in a recent bit of romancing. The writer has done well to change his name to "Merriman;" as an historical novelist he certainly does not belong to the school of Sir Walter. A verbatim report of the Jesuit Libel Case (Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., *versus* the *Rock*) is another good pennyworth; and so, in another department, are *The Old Religion*, by the Rev. Vincent Hornyold, S.J., and *The Love of God*, drawn from the Writings of St. Francis of Sales, with a preface by Cardinal Vaughan. *Fifty-two Psalms*, edited, with notes, by F. Pope, O.P., and *The Method of Theology*, by the Archbishop of Albi, are threepence each, while *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate* and *Short Verses on Scripture Thoughts*, by Cardinal Newman's dear friend, Mr. J. W. Bowden, are sixpence each.

12. A word of welcome and admiration for the 1903 issue of the *Catholic Home Annual* of Benziger, New York, its twentieth year; an excellent collection of pictures, almanac matter, sketches and stories, Father Finn being here at his best, and Mary T. Waggaman a good second. The *Waterford Journal of Archæology* is locally learned as usual, and generous in its praise of its young Galway rival. For the readers whom the writers and their subjects specially interest it will be enough to announce two very different pamphlets—*The Spiritual Exercises and the Christian Education of Youth*, by Father Herbert Lucas, S.J., and *Some Suggestions*

for a *Final Settlement of the Land Question*, by Michael Davitt. The Notre Dame Press, Indiana, reprints from the *Ave Maria* a very able plea put forward for the Spanish Inquisition by a Protestant lady, Eliza Atkins Stone. We are sorry we have not space for an adequate notice for *The Life and Times of the Venerable Father John Kemble, Priest and Martyr (1599-1679)*, by Mr. Richard Raikes Bromage, M.A. All available materials have been used skilfully in compiling this very interesting narrative, and there is a striking portrait of the martyr with two or three other illustrations.

### PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THE Ecclesiastical Year begins with Advent. Every year the Church wishes us to celebrate each recurring festival with as much earnestness as if we had never kept it before, as if each time it had all the fresh charm of novelty. We must try to enter into her spirit and use these annual commemorations to bring home to ourselves in all their vividness the amiable and the awful realities of our faith.

The central dogma of our Christian faith is the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the grand fundamental fact to which all the prophets looked forward, and to which all the saints look back. We are the children of the saints, and we must look back to this beginning of our faith; and we must try and do so each year with as much as we can with God's grace command of fresh, vivid, and vivifying faith.

People sometimes complain of the monotony of life; yet life, when properly understood and properly managed, possesses, naturally and artificially, a good deal of variety and change. One of the most effective provisions against this feeling of monotony is the succession of the Church's seasons, her fasts and feasts, Sunday and week-day, which even the worldly world cannot ignore. Each year the Church begins again the cycle of her feasts and solemnities; and Advent follows Advent, each one farther away from the first Advent or Coming of our Lord, of which it is the commemoration—each nearer to the second Advent for which it is the preparation. Advent follows Advent, and the Church that keeps them is the same—the same Church Catholic—the same material Church, too,

like this—though these churches too decay, yet so much more slowly than their builders. The same Church, but not the same priests or people. The tree that is planted on the bank of the river puts forth its green leaves in spring; and they grow and thicken, casting a shade over the current as it glides swiftly beneath. The scene seems the very same as at the corresponding season of last year. The tree is the same, but not one drop of the water on which the shadow of last summer's leaves fell will be there to be overshadowed by the leaves of next summer. Thus, too, the generations of men glide past, like the waves of that river, but the unchanging Church lives on.

And so the years pass, and Advent follows Advent, and Christmas follows Christmas, and the Church keeps on her work; but the Church's children, priests and people, drop off, one after another, and for each of them in turn it is the very same as if the end of the world had come.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is quite an obvious thought to speak of a little infant as being fresh from the hand of God; and, therefore, it would be foolish to accuse Alexander Smith of stealing from his countryman, Thomas Campbell. Everybody knows Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and "Battle of the Baltic," but few know his lines "On my new Child-Sweetheart," which begins thus:—

"I hold it a religious duty  
To love and worship children's beauty;  
They've least the taint of earthly clod,  
They're freshest from the hand of God;  
With heavenly looks they make us sure  
The heaven that made them must be pure;  
We love them not in earthly fashion  
But with a beatific passion."

Alexander Smith's parallel passage occurs in his "Life Drama"—forgotten more completely than it deserves.

"Oh! thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,  
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
By the unceasing music of thy being!  
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee:  
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star—  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe,  
What wilt thou be hereafter?"

## IN PACE

HUSH ! tread thou mute and slow ;  
 Here calm she sleeps.  
 Above her head laid low  
 The willow weeps.

She was so bright, we thought  
 She could not die.  
 Now she to dust is brought :  
 We mourn, we sigh.

From dust so stainless pure  
 Let lilies spring :  
 Their cups, dew-crowned, will lure  
 Birds here to sing.

All day the sunbeams fall  
 And clothe this mound  
 With fitting golden pall—  
 'Tis holy ground.

The stars' pale rays at night  
 The green grave kiss ;  
 But she with Seraphs bright  
 Now reigns in bliss.

For 'tis but flesh that turns  
 To kindred clay :  
 Her glorious soul lives, burns  
 With love for aye.

She waits in perfect peace  
 For us to come,  
 And find, like her, surcease  
 Of ills—at home.

M. WATSON, S.J.

# THE IRISH MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1902

## CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF "LUKE DELMEGE"

THE Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., is the most literary of Irish priests since the author of *The Prout Papers*. But "Father Prout" was not so much a literary priest as a litterateur, or literator—as some say on that side of the Atlantic on which these lines were first printed.\* Indeed, one regrets that Francis Mahony, when he parted finally from Clongowes and the Jesuits, did not devote himself entirely to literature and give up the idea of becoming a priest. Father Sheehan, on the contrary, is an excellent working priest, in charge of a country parish, as efficient in the pulpit as at his writing-desk.

He is not the first Irish priest to write a novel.† The Rev. John Boyce, a Donegal priest, who went to the United States in 1845, and died at Worcester in Massachusetts in 1864, published, under the name of "Paul Peppergrass," three clever novels, *Shandy Maguire*, *The Spæwife*, and *Mary Lee, or the Yankee in Ireland*; and Richard Baptist O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, wrote also three full-length novels, of which the first and best was *Ailey Moore*. Nay, two Maynooth professors forestalled Father Sheehan in his particular department. Not Dr. Patrick A. Murray, of the *Irish Annual Miscellany*, who indulged in both prose and verse; nor Dr. C. W. Russell, the biographer of Cardinal Mezzofanti and writer of innumerable articles in the *Dublin Review*; but two

\* See the note at the end of this article.

† The reader may expect a reference here to the Rev. William Barry, D.D.; but, though this gifted man has Irish blood and Irish sympathies, we can hardly claim him as an Irish priest.

whose contributions to the literature of fiction are forgotten—George Crolly and Matthew Kelly. The former very learned theologian published at least one story, *Mary Anne O'Halloran*; and Dr. Kelly, the erudite antiquarian, anticipated Father Sheehan even in the choice of a hero. *The Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate* began in the *Irish Catholic Magazine* published in Dublin by James Duffy just in the middle of the nineteenth century; but the magazine was short-lived, and the curate's story did not advance very far.

These, alas! are simply antiquarian details, not merely forgotten, but never known to even Irish Catholic readers. Very different is the position of the writer who, in a happy moment, took up Dr. Kelly's theme. No piece of literature produced by an Irish priest, since the comparatively recent period when Irish priests began to publish books in English, has ever gained the vogue already enjoyed by *My New Curate*. I hope I shall not abuse the intimacy of a friendship which I prize highly, by giving some personal details about the writer of that beautiful book.

Patrick Augustine Sheehan was born in New-street, Mallow, March 17th, 1852; so that he has now reached the age at which Father Faber was taken away from his brilliant apostleship of religious writing which is at the same time literature. Please God, Father Sheehan has many a year still to devote to that difficult and laborious vocation. It was probably the day of his birth that determined his baptismal name; while his own choice at a later epoch fell on the glorious son of St. Monica, whose praises he was afterwards to sound with fervent eloquence.

Once, when I claimed in print for my native town of Newry a special distinction as having given birth to many clever men—namely (besides her claim on John Mitchel and John Martin), John O'Hagan, John Kells Ingram ("Who fears to speak of '98?"), Denis Caulfield Heron, Dr. Kidd, Dr. Little, and (I will not suppress this name though it is my own) Lord Russell of Killowen—Father Sheehan wrote to me on behalf of his own birthplace: "What do you think of this? The Church—Archbishop Purcell; the Law—the late Lord Chancellor, Sir Edward Sullivan; Medicine—Sir Richard Quain; Literature and Politics—Thomas Davis and William O'Brien." To this list of Mallow notables may now be added the author of *My New Curate*.

He did not play a noisy part among the juvenile "rakes of

Mallow," but grew up a silent, reserved, solitary boy. Very early he showed a singular aptitude for mathematics, and his last two years at the National School of Mallow were devoted exclusively to Geometry and Algebra. His classical education was not begun until 1866, when he entered St. Colman's College, Fermoy. In 1868 he took the fourth place in the concursus and was anxious to go to Rome for his ecclesiastical studies. He was dissuaded, however, and returned to the Diocesan Seminary. Gaining the first place at the next concursus, he went to Maynooth in September, entering for the class of Logic.

These promising antecedents increase our wonder that a youth of such exceptional ability as we now know this Freshman possessed, was able to escape distinction during his Maynooth course so completely that, since he has become famous, many who were almost his contemporaries at college have been slow to believe that he was ever a student of Maynooth. The explanation is chiefly that he was in very delicate health during the whole of his Maynooth career, from 1869 to 1874. All his family died of consumption except a younger brother who stands high in the Civil Service under the Local Government Board of Ireland, and who shares in Father Sheehan's literary gifts. So unsatisfactory, indeed, was the Maynooth student's health at this period that he was obliged to interrupt his theological studies in the academical year 1872-1873, remaining at home for those twelve months.

These circumstances partly account for the fact which I have on the best authority—namely, on the only possible authority—that he found his scholastic studies dry and uninteresting, not understanding their application and practical importance. There are many who, in similar circumstances, would act wisely in trying to devise some plan which might give them a vivid, personal interest in their work, though it would not show a strong theological bent to limit our discussions by the question that a French student of my acquaintance used to put to his professor: "*Sed, Pater, quid dicendum foret de hac re in via ferrea?*" He only wanted to be able to give an answer to objections that might be urged by a fellow-traveller in a railway carriage.

Meanwhile, however, "Sheehan of Cloyne" was not losing his time or letting his mind lie fallow. He was an omnivorous but desultory reader in the sectional libraries of the College. Carlyle and Tennyson were his teachers during this period,

From the former he learned the Gospel of Work which has had a marked influence on all his after life. He was fascinated by Tennyson's dreaminess, mysticism, and music, and learned by heart a great many of his poems. Later on, he was repelled by Carlyle's hatred of the Church and by his unchristian doctrine of brute force; and Tennyson he exchanged for the more robust thought of Dante and Browning. Such reading was not without its influence on his professional work. Father Thomas Burke—I hope it is not yet necessary to describe *him* further—once told the priests of Killaloe, where he was conducting their annual retreat, that he read poetry every day in order to gain as much vividness and sweetness as he could for his language in the pulpit.

Father Sheehan received the order of priesthood at the earliest legal age. He was ordained in the cathedral of Cork on the feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, 1875, which is kept on the third Sunday after Easter, and was therefore in that year the 18th of April. The diocese of Cloyne being at that time sufficiently supplied with priests, the young Neomystes was lent to a less fortunate English diocese. The Bishop of Plymouth placed him on the staff of his cathedral, and in Plymouth he preached his first sermon on the first Sunday of May, the subject being the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One of his earliest sermons was on the Sanctity of the Church; and a remarkable circumstance is connected with it. A very famous Cornish clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Robert Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, broke down in health that year, gave up his vicarage, and came to his native town, Plymouth. On the evening that the young Irish priest preached on the Sanctity of the Church, the retired vicar sat under the pulpit with his wife and three daughters. This fact was brought out strongly in the local newspaper by angry Protestants when Mr. Hawker's conversion was announced a few days later. The convert was beyond the reach of abuse, for the editor of his beautiful poems, Mr. J. G. Godwin (evidently a Protestant) tells us that "the evening before his death Mr. Hawker was received into the Roman Catholic Church," adding: "To those best acquainted with the workings of his inner life, this step did not cause the least surprise." \*

\* The Rev. T. W. Mossman, the excellent translator of Cornelius à Lapida, was also received into the Church on his death-bed. It is a wonder that such good and earnest men could not make up their minds sooner. But better late than never.

This was Father Sheehan's last sermon at Plymouth, for he had come there with the flowers of May and his stay was limited to three months; while on the other hand the date of the sermon is fixed by the fact that Mr. Hawker died on the 15th of August—the most joyful feast of Her about whom he had written and published beautiful things while still a Protestant clergyman.

The remainder of Father Sheehan's work in England was at Exeter, where he officiated for two years under the saintly Canon Hobson, for whom he has ever since retained the most grateful and affectionate regard. During these years, amid all the occupations and distractions of active life, Father Sheehan read and studied far more theology than during all the years of college life set apart exclusively for such studies. In the midst of heretical surroundings, and addressing, Sunday after Sunday, congregations largely composed of actual or probable converts, his profound sense of responsibility towards the souls with whom he came in contact urged him to exert his powers to the utmost, and he felt himself obliged to master every subject of controversy that might help souls on to the light. He was probably more reluctant to be taken from such congenial and fruitful work, when the Bishop of Cloyne called him home to Ireland, than he had been to leave home originally and go into exile among the cold-hearted Saxons.

Of the twenty-seven years that have elapsed since his return to Ireland the first four were spent in his native parish, Mallow. One of his undertakings here was a work in which he has always taken the deepest interest—the formation of Young Men's Societies. An inaugural lecture which he delivered in 1880 was printed as a pamphlet, and was, I think, the earliest of his publications. In 1881 he was transferred to Queenstown where he laboured eight years. Here it was that his literary career fairly began with a simple little story called "Topsy," written for a children's magazine. Some other short stories of this period have recently been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland among their penny publications. His first long story, however,—*Geoffrey Austin, Student*—was not attempted till his second curacy in the place of his birth; for in 1889 he was changed from Queenstown to Mallow. He had previously contributed many articles to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*; and an essay of his in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, on "The Two Civilizations," excited the warm admiration of Judge O'Hagan.

Before the point that we have reached, during his Queenstown term, Father Sheehan broke down from overwork. Besides ordinary exercises of voice and pen he was on special occasions pressed into the pulpits of Cork and Limerick, and too often found it impossible to escape. He fell into such a state of nervous prostration that he had to be relieved from all duty for a year (1888), which he spent at Glengarriff and Yonghal. We suspect that, like the similar interruption of his Maynooth life, this year was by no means intellectually blank. At any rate it gave him leisure for a most interesting correspondence with Dr. James Field Spalding, of Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and no doubt he had a share in the good work of leading that fine mind into the Church.

In 1895 he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile, a place with many literary associations going back to Edmund Spenser, whose Kilcolman Castle, a stout old ruin, is in the parish. One of his predecessors was the late Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, before he was made Bishop of Auckland, in New Zealand. Here the aid of two curates has left Father Sheehan sufficient leisure to achieve a large amount of literary work, one of the most important items being *The Triumph of Failure*. It was a great advance on *Geoffrey Austin*, many of whose characters reappear on the stage. It is an extremely interesting tale, full of eloquence and feeling, and displaying incidentally so much varied erudition that this excessive learning has been laid to its charge as a fault. Many admire it more than its more famous successors.

In the pages of the periodical for which this sketch is intended it would be unnecessary and perhaps unbecoming to speak much of this most successful of Father Sheehan's writing, *My New Curate*. After delighting thousands of favoured readers month by month, before being presented to the world at large, it has as a book run through edition after edition, and the demand is constantly on the increase. The chief London and provincial newspapers and the literary journals have combined to praise this truly Catholic and religious book with an enthusiasm that is usually reserved for things un-Catholic and irreligious. We must confess that we are astonished at the welcome accorded to such a book. For instance, in a dull English town like Hull the managers of the Public Library were compelled to supply their patrons with four copies of *My New Curate*; and these, we have been told,

are never allowed to repose for a moment on the shelves. It will be extremely interesting to note the future history of so popular a work, and especially the reception that will be given to its successor, whose acquaintance the fortunate readers of this *Review* have already been privileged to make.

Perhaps it may be useful for some young priest who will read these pages if we draw attention to a moral that seems to be suggested by some of Father Sheehan's tales and by the story of his own life: namely, that the conclusion of one's college course ought not to be the end but the beginning of a priest's studies. Probably we have all of us known men who were very distinguished in their student-life—"first-to-first," let us say,\*—and who then gave up the study for ever. Such men are left far behind by others who with much less of natural ability keep up the habit of study and turn to good account the leisure that can be found in the busiest life. What a pity to lose time, and especially a thing so precious as a priest's time! Would that newspaper-reading could be kept within twenty minutes a day!

There have been very few, if any, masters of an exquisite prose style that have not possessed a more than latent capacity for what an old writer calls "the mellifluous meeters of poesie." Like another maker of beautiful fiction whom I know, I suspect that Father Sheehan, if left to his own choice, would find poetry the more spontaneous expression of his soul. He had already published a large quantity of noteworthy verse before *Cithara Mea* appeared—a collection of poems, many of considerable length, and in every variety of metre; not the mere ingenious rhymes of an accomplished prose writer, but the eloquent utterance of a true poet.

Some Baronian has urged it as an argument against the Shakesperian authorship of "Shakespeare" that no one, with such an execrable handwriting as William Shakespeare's signature portends, could possibly have written those three dozen plays. Father Sheehan has committed to paper fully and perfectly an immense number of sermons, besides all his lectures, poems, stories, and four full-length novels. I would venture to guarantee that

\* Father Sheehan uses often the phrase "First-of-first." But the Maynooth expression is or was, I think, "First-to-first," that is, first of the three who are called to the first premium. Generally there are three premiums in each class, and three are announced in the order of merit as having won each of these premiums, which are afterwards distributed by lot.

every page of this vast quantity of paper has been covered, not with an illegible scrawl like Carlyle's, or with "walking-sticks gone mad" (as Tennyson described Dr. W. G. Ward's handwriting), but with characters deft, uniform, legible, neat, and even elegant, while at the same time simple and unaffected. As the present writer imagines that he detects in the handwriting of the three great Cardinals some of the personal characteristics of Wiseman, Newman, and Manning, respectively, the judicious reader will appreciate the significance of the epithets here applied to the caligraphy of the P.P. of Doneraile.

The story goes that the learned Huet, Bishop of Avranches, was so absorbed in his books that his servants did not dare to disturb him when members of his flock wanted to see him; whereupon one of these expressed a wish that the Pope had sent them a Bishop who had finished his studies. Father Sheehan's literary work does not impair in the slightest degree his pastoral efficiency. He rises early, says Mass at Our Lady's altar, and, when not otherwise bound, applies it, through her hands, to the soul in purgatory that is next to be released; for he holds that devotion to the Holy Souls is the perfection of charity, just as devotion to our Blessed Lady is the secret of all civilization in its reverence for womanhood, and as the ineffable mystery of the Eucharist is the solution of all the mysteries of life. After breakfast he visits the schools or some of his parishioners; and in these walks he composes much of what he afterwards writes down. Dr. Kieran—whose short primacy preceded that of Cardinal Logue's predecessor, Archbishop M'Gottigan—was one of the finest preachers of his day; and I remember him telling me that he composed his sermons chiefly while going about the streets of Dundalk. Father Sheehan has one favourite place for composition—his garden, of which he is inordinately fond. Indeed, flowers and little children are his special pets. Walking up and down between his flower-beds, his best literary work is done. He never leaves his parish except for three weeks of seaside holidays each summer; and at home he has none of the distractions of a city or even of a bustling town; for Doneraile may call itself a town, but it is only a village. The circumstances and tastes of its pastor increase the number and value of his working hours and his opportunities for solid reading. He reads now only philosophy and poetry. His poets are Dante, Milton, Shelley, and Keats. He very properly

cuts down newspaper-reading to a minimum, and eschews novels altogether—at present, whatever he may have done in the past when *Lorna Doone* was his favourite among modern novels. *The Triumph of Failure* is, we believe, his favourite among his own.

As the readers of this *Review*\* were so far privileged as to make the acquaintance of Father Letheby and his friends long before the rest of the world, it has seemed proper that they should also be the first to learn these authentic, but perhaps prematurely Boswellian particulars concerning the author of *Luke Delmege*.

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### WHITHER?

WHERE'ER we roam  
Through life's long day,  
We all reach home,  
At last, to stay.

Where is our home?  
On land or wave?  
Where? In earth's loam—  
The body's grave.

Whither the soul?  
It spurns the tomb,  
And speeds to goal  
Of light or gloom.

Through life's long day,  
Though far we roam,  
For aye to stay,  
Souls reach—what home?

M. WATSON, S.J.

\* Not our own magazine, whose Editor was allowed to contribute this sketch of Dr. Sheehan to the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, in which *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege* appeared first as serials. Our gifted countryman has just begun in the same admirable periodical, or rather in its lay offshoot, *The Dolphin*, a new series of a different but most attractive kind. "Under the Cedars and Stars" promises to be a charming miscellany of reveries, disquisitions, and discussions on all sorts of interesting topics.

## IN THE OLD COUNTRY

### A Story

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#### CHAPTER XVI

##### THE SISTERS HAVE A TALK

“I CAN’T help it, Annie,” Mary Priddock cried, when she at last lifted her head from where she had buried it on her sister’s pillow. “I can’t help it. To throw us his charity as if we were beggars!”

“No, no, you take him up wrong,” the sick girl remonstrated. “He was sorry for us—that’s why he told the lady who sent the basket.”

“Sorry for us? Who asked him to be sorry for us? And, as for the ‘lady,’ she’s no better than ourselves. Molly pointed her out to me at the chapel, and said she was a farmer’s daughter just back from a convent school.”

“It was pretty of her to put ‘From a girl to a girl.’ It was like making herself the same as ourselves,” Annie advanced with diffidence.

“And what about the note? You can’t say that was ‘from a girl to a girl.’”

“Mary, I don’t know what has happened to you. I know you don’t like the Doctor; but he meant to do us a kindness.”

“He might have waited till he was asked for his charity,” the elder girl burst out. “But you’re right; I never liked him from the first. I’ve seen him look round the room as if he’d put us under a microscope. I don’t pretend to like people when I don’t like them; and when I don’t like them I never like them. But there’s one good thing—if we ever get away from this, we’ll see no more of him, and that’s certain.”

“You wouldn’t give up Dr. Tracy?”

“It’s the very first thing I’d do.”

The sick girl sat up. “I’ve a will of my own, too, when I like, and I won’t give him up—so there!”

“Annie,” the girl was frightened at the sight of her sister’s excitement, “you’ll make yourself ill. He said you were to be

kept quiet. See, dear, you'll do as you please if you'll only lie back and forget what I've been saying. Many's the time old Father Weedon told me my pride would be my ruin; but he didn't think I was to make you ill with my bad temper."

"You'd never make me ill; but it's queer to feel so weak. Molly would, maybe, get me a mouthful of something."

"Molly! It's not Molly 'll be getting it for you. See, take your dose, it's the strengthening mixture, and I'll see if Molly has her fire on and warm you your supper, or——" Mary paused, and then went boldly on. "I'd—I'd whip you up an egg out of the basket—and there's a teaspoonful of the brandy left, and one of Molly's rusks?"

"I was cross with you," the sick girl in her turn began with penitence, "it's the weakness makes me cross."

"And what was I without the weakness?" Mary asked. "A wild cat. There's no one but you would put up with me, darling. But you'll see how 'pretty' I'll be to the Doctor next time he comes, and—and—I'll say 'thank you' to Miss Harnett if I see her at the chapel. I'll be good. See here, Annie darling, I'll be good."

The sick girl nodded acquiescence. "It's a long time since we've had a fight," she said, with a little laugh.

"And it's me who always begin it," Mary said penitently.

"All the same it needs two. Mary, what about the note?"

Mary Priddock did not speak for a moment. Even her twin did not guess what it cost her to answer, and when she did it was with face turned away. "We could ask one of the priests about that."

"Peter thinks a heap of Father Consett."

"He never comes to the Court." Mary shook her head.

"He'll be coming some of these days. Molly was saying," Annie sank her voice as she looked towards the door, "that some of them were for asking him to come up to Mrs. Braddell. There's no doing with her at all these days, and there's nobody but Father Matthew she minds."

"They wouldn't dare get Father Matthew to her. She'd find them out."

"It was to be a kind of a deputation, Molly said."

"A kind of a deputation, with Peter, maybe, at the head!"

"It's no joke at all," the sick girl remonstrated. "Flesh and

blood couldn't stand her, Molly says. Every time I hear a noise in the passage, my heart's in my mouth."

"She'll not get in here," Mary returned stoutly. "I've not left the door unlocked five minutes since Sunday week. But Molly will be wondering I'm not coming for the kettle."

"Mary," Annie put down her cup, "that's not our tea."

"And no more it is; that's Miss Harnett's tea."

"It's beautiful." The sick girl gave a little sigh of content. "Molly has some?"

Mary nodded. "She wasn't for having it; but it's share and share alike, as I told her. Have another cup, darling?"

Annie looked wistfully at the tea-pot. "What was it Sister Monica used to tell us about the saint that went thirsty—went thirsty all her life from the time she was three?"

"I remember nothing about it," the sister returned. "Don't you be getting notions like that into your head. Drink it off; there's another cup in the pot. It's a treat." Mary drew out the word with appreciation.

"Molly might have brought hers in."

"I'll call her," Mary replied, pleased to see her sister's returning spirits; and Molly, baby on her knee, tea-cup in hand, was soon seated by the bedside.

"It's as good as you could get it," she said, as she critically sipped. "A cup like that now near about makes one forget the whiskey. Many a time I think I'll be down to his Reverence and sign the bit of paper."

"The pledge? Oh, Molly, why don't you?"

Molly took another sip before she replied. "If there's anything would put me against the sup, it's the ould one; but——" she shook her head. "You know nothing about it, you two girleens (as my father that came from Ireland, God rest his soul, would have said). It's the warm it puts in you and the feel it gives, and——" Molly paused. "I'm not one for telling a lie—it's twice I've signed it already."

The girls looked at each other.

"I've had the drink about me ever since I was that high." Molly held her hand a few inches from the floor. "And you're wanting something when you want the drink. It's something crying in you—the like of you would never understand—cryin', cryin', cryin', and the devil giving his hand."

"Oh, Molly!" Annie Priddock began to cry.

"I didn't mean to upset you," Molly went on, as she rocked her baby backwards and forwards on her knee. "You've come of decent people that, maybe, never touched a drop. How old would you be now when your father died?" she went on, in a tone that showed she meant to change the subject.

"Three," Mary said, "and four when my mother died."

"And who took you when you were orphaned?"

"Why, Molly, I've told you before—the Mrs. Tremeneheere who came with us here. But she had her sister to go to," Mary sighed.

"And you've nobody belonging to you?"

"Nobody, Molly, I've told you before."

"Whisht, she's going off." Molly pointed to Annie Priddock, who had shut her eyes. "There's nothing like a bit of conversation for putting people off, when you've heard it all before. But there's few of us that haven't friends somewhere."

"Perhaps we have in Devonshire, I don't know. My mother died in Mrs. Tremeneheere's house, but I don't think she had told her much. And Mrs. Tremeneheere did what few would have done, brought us up and put us to her trade, and then we thought we'd better ourselves, and the man was a cheat."

"The good times 'll come," Molly nodded. "Some day I'll read the cup for you, I've never done it yet. There's a handsome husband waiting, and luck for you yet, I'll warrant that."

"I don't care about the husband, but I'd like a bit of luck."

"And it'll come, no fear about that. Look at her now—a baby couldn't be sleeping quieter, and after all that stramash with the basket."

"I couldn't have behaved worse, Molly, I'm not denying it."

"Well, with God's blessing sense came to you." Molly consented graciously. "To think of sending back tea like that! You couldn't keep the baby a moment while I go to the end of the Court?"

"No, I couldn't," Mary said decidedly. "Molly, you'll grow as bad as Mrs. Braddell."

"As the ould one? Faith it seems to me sometimes it's not so unlikely. Well, I'll be off to my bed, and dream I'm at a Temperance Meeting." At Molly's wry face Mary could not resist a smile, but she sat a long time, her face in her hands, before she slipped into bed by Annie's side.

## CHAPTER XVII

## FATHER MATTHEW IS CONSULTED

Dr. Tracy was out of temper. He had no inclination to go back to his solitary dinner—the over-cooked steak, the warmed-up potatoes. What a lump of pride the girl was!—he kept repeating to himself—a lump of pride and obstinacy. Yes, that was it. He had, by this time, got out of the market place into a square surrounded by trees, and he relieved his mind by kicking, as he went along, the chestnuts that, prematurely ripe, lay among the fallen leaves at his feet.

Jem Tracy was accustomed to have his own way with women. Old ladies petted him, the young admired him. He had had his flirtations, innocent enough, but Jem, for the life of him, couldn't help making himself agreeable. In love I do not think he had ever been, and he had laughed at the friends who had shown themselves more susceptible than himself. He did not try to explain to himself the interest he took in Mary Priddock. He would have been astonished, had it been put to him plainly, how often in the course of the day he thought of her. Even now, as he pictured her face, he almost forgot his indignation. If he had been a painter, he had often told himself what a picture he could have made of her as he had seen her coming down the stairs at Baronscourt in her faded green gown! The old ballad-singers were right, he had often told himself, too, to paint their lady-loves in that colour, and—*only beauty could wear it*. Jem was clear upon that point. Put an ordinary woman into green, and what a show she was! Why, she looked as ugly as sin!

Jem never saw Teresa Harnett without—in his mind's eye—comparing her with Mary. When he saw Mary, he never thought of Teresa. But in love with Mary! Jem would have laughed at the very notion.

He found a seat at the foot of one of the trees, and sat down. What a fool the girl was, he told himself angrily again, to let herself be eaten up with pride like that! Why, her sister's life was at stake, but he flattered himself he had made that clear. What business had she, the little minx, to give herself such airs? (A chestnut he had felt under his foot flew high into the air.) Then

his mood changed. She was a plucky one, as the old sweeper had said, and he pictured her standing up to the "old one," slim, upright, the little chin in the air. And where did she get that air? Jem would have given a good deal to know that. He hadn't walked the hospital for nothing. There was gentle blood somewhere.

A nurse came along with her charge, and one of the children made for Jem. "Hillo, sir," he said, evidently imitating some one, and "Hillo, sir," Jem returned, as he caught his small patient up on his knee, perhaps glad to have his thoughts diverted.

"For shame, Freddy," the nurse, pulling up her perambulator, remonstrated, "you must not tease Dr. Tracy." But the small man was not to be subdued, and poured out a series of tales, finally inviting Jem to play ball, and pulling him till he soon found himself on his knees, hunting out horse chestnuts.

"Freddy, I am ashamed of you," the nurse repeated, "and you know your mamma is waiting for you." She dragged her charge away, and Jem went back to his seat.

This diversion had done him good, but he still felt disinclined for dinner, and it came, almost as a relief to his mind, to remember that Father Matthew, the last time he had seen him, had told him the Presbytery was free to him when he had a spare evening. He would go up there for half an hour, and, perhaps—but this was an afterthought—he might even hear something of the Priddocks.

The Presbytery door stood hospitably open, and, accepting the invitation, Jem crossed the oilcloth-covered passage, and knocked at the parlour door.

"Come in, come in," Father Matthew's voice responded. "Dr. Tracy, I declare—why, we are having a party. Let me present you to Mr. Lycett, who is visiting our town"; he turned to the American, who was seated at the table, pondering over a chess problem with Father John.

"We have met before at the Glebe Farm," the American said, as he got up to hold out his hand. "We met at the Glebe Farm, and Dr. Tracy was good enough to drive me home."

"At the Glebe Farm." Father Matthew turned again to the Doctor. "No one needing you there, I hope."

"Mrs. Makepeace run down a bit, that's all, sir." Jem Tracy returned. "Old folk, as a rule, are like babies, and thrive in heat, but this is not heat; it is ——"

"Suffocation." The Priest finished his sentence for him. "None of us remember anything like it. We need a storm to clear the air, and here's a gentleman," he turned again to James Lycett, "who says we don't know what a thunderstorm is in England."

The American smiled. "It is true, from what I've heard and seen."

"They're bad enough here for me," the Priest continued. "I've seen a house struck. If you, gentlemen, want to smoke, smoke; neither Father John nor I mind a whiff. But I'm sorry about Mrs. Makepeace."

"Her daughter's made of cast-iron anyhow," Jem returned, with almost a grimace.

"Mrs. Harnett leads a healthy life," the Father responded, "and comes of good stock. But, indeed, Shotover Hill keeps up a record of longevity. Your own grandfather did not do ill." He turned to James Lycett; and then to the Doctor again. "How are the patients getting on?" he asked.

"There's too much sickness up Baronscourt way." Jem Tracy shook his head.

"So Father John tells me. These Priddock girls, now. Is that youngest one going to get better?"

"You have seen them, Father?"

"Not I; they're Father John's property. By the way he tells me Bucknill offered them the parson."

"He was not certain they were Catholics."

"So it would appear. Well, they were not bound to take him into their confidence."

"I have never seen them at Mass."

"Let us hope you were better employed. But about this girl, now?"

"It is a peculiar case." Jem in a few terse sentences explained the illness to the Priest.

"And she is not going to get better?"

"She may live some time if she gets the *chance*, but she will never—in one sense—be better." Jem accentuated the "chance" as he had done to the sister, "and," he lowered his voice, "your friend there," he nodded towards the American, "has given them the chance, to get out of the Court at any rate."

"How did Lycett know about them?" The Father was interested.

"He heard me discussing them with Miss Harnett."

"With Teresa Harnett?"

"Miss Harnett was asking me about my patients, and on the way home Mr. Lycett offered his help, and substantial help too."

"That is good." Father Matthew nodded his head.

"It would be good if you could get them to take it."

"What?"

"Well, perhaps, I didn't offer it in the most diplomatic fashion," Jem confessed.

"Well, well, let me hear."

Jem told his tale.

"I understand." Father Matthew nodded his head. "I am not sure I don't respect them for being shy about taking the money. They're the girls you spoke of in Shotover Wood?" he asked.

Jem's face flushed. "I believe I did mention them, sir."

"Mention them!" The Father's mouth twitched. "Well, we'll have to make Father John take the matter in hand. We can't afford to throw five-pound notes away. I hear they're not to Mrs. Braddell's liking. That's a character in itself."

"I'd like to hang that woman," Jem returned with such emphasis that Father John startled, looked up from his chess.

"It's 'her ladyship' we're talking about, Father John," Father Consett said blandly.

"She's a terrible woman." Father John shook his head.

"Dr. Tracy's for hanging her."

The Curate sighed as he shook his head in depreciation of this view.

"Worthy of hanging, but not past praying for." Father Matthew looked whimsically at his Curate.

"Blessed be God, we're none of us past that." Father John's tone was fervent.

"Well," Father Matthew said, "if you've worked out that problem to your satisfaction, take Dr. Tracy for a bit, and send Mr. Lycett to me. We don't often have American millionaires in these parts, and I want to make the most of him."

"And you don't often have a visit from me," Jem protested as he changed places with the American, but in a moment the Curate and he were deep in the enormities of the Court.

The American lingered after Dr. Tracy had said good-night, lingered till Father John, with solemn apology, had gone off to see that the chapel was safely closed for the night.

"Miss Harnett is not engaged?" the American asked with abruptness, when Father Matthew and he found themselves alone.

"Teresa Harnett! She's only back from her convent."

"I understand," the young man's words did not come distinctly, but Father Matthew's ears caught "Doctor" and "Grandmother."

"Her grandmother? If you listen to her grandmother, you'll believe that every man that goes to the Glebe is a 'bean'—barring myself. Dr. Tracy has not seen her as often as yourself—that's to say, if I understand you right, that you have had a good deal of business at the Farm?"

"I have not been there every day," the young man returned naively, and the Priest, as he took a pinch of snuff, chuckled.

"Mrs. Harnett would, perhaps, not part with her daughter," the American went on.

"Mrs. Harnett is not a fool. She knows young birds must fly. She'd be glad to see Teresa settled with a Catholic husband. There's plenty of nieces'd be glad enough to take her place. And so you have come across the Atlantic to take to Teresa Harnett! And what's she got to say to you?"

"It is early days yet," the young man began. "I have only seen her five or six times——"

"In ten days," the Priest interrupted. "Come, young man, you haven't done badly. What will your father say to it? You are taught to honour your father and mother—even in your independent country—I take it?"

"I can answer for my father, sir," the young man returned. "And to my mother she would be as a daughter. I wrote to my father yesterday."

"Upon my word!" the Priest cried, "you Americans don't let the grass grow under your feet!" Again he chuckled, "But take care, don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Teresa is not a young woman without a mind of her own."

"You don't mean that you think that—she is attached to Dr. Tracy?" The sentence was long drawn out.

"Haven't I told you that you have seen her four times to his twice? Make the most of your advantages. But I don't deny—"

but it doesn't do for a priest to be a match-maker." Father Matthew shook his head.

"That Dr. Tracy's suit would be agreeable to her people?" The young man finished the priest's sentence.

"Well, well," the Father said. "We, priests, don't know much about these things, but a good woman is a gift from the Lord, and Teresa is as good a girl as ever stepped. A Child of Mary and a practising one, and no nonsense about her."

"I have your prayers, Father?" The young man had got up to say good-night.

"My good wishes anyway." The Father smiled. "What did you say was the name of that director of yours in New York, Father Hennessy? *He* ought to be one of St. Patrick's children. Well, I'll hear what he has to say, young man."

"I don't ask you or her mother to take me at my own valuation. Our priest would say a word for me, and there are others that know me."

"Yes, yes," the Priest said. "And so it was for Miss Teresa's sake you were so munificent yesterday."

"Not altogether," the young fellow returned frankly. "I knew my father would be glad if I did something for the old place."

"And courtship is to take the place of relation-hunting."

"No, no, I can't disappoint my father," the young man said. "I shall have another run to Devonshire, and if that fails—well, sir, I think I'll have a try at the General myself."

Father Matthew grunted.

"I have your good wishes, then, sir?" The American prepared for the second time to say good-night.

"Yes, yes, haven't I told you? But it's not for me to say whether Miss Teresa is matrimonially inclined. She wouldn't be a Harnett if she hadn't a mind of her own. Make the most of your advantages, that's all the advice I can give. Who knows a girl's mind? And—her mother did not marry till forty."

"Miss Harnett does not resemble her mother," the young man returned, with such conviction that the Priest laughed outright.

"Well, I don't think there is much resemblance myself: but Mrs. Harnett is an upright woman, and has done her best for her family."

"You are in earnest about the girl," the Priest went on, after a pause, in which he had been studying the young man's face.

"I am in earnest, Father. Miss Harnett is the first woman I ever thought of making—my wife." There was a pause before the last word, and the colour came to the young man's face.

"Well, God bless you," Father Consett said. "And now be off with you. It's time a hardworking man like me was in bed."

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE CUT DIRECT

Father Matthew Consett was a "fine confessor." His flock boasted of it. But, perhaps, the most regular of his penitents was Peter Cardew, the crossing-sweeper. The Father would have felt uneasy if, on Saturday mornings, after the half-past seven o'clock Mass, he had not found the old man kneeling by his box.

Priest and penitent were friends, and had, generally after confession, a little chat, and then the Father seldom failed to say, "Go round to the house and get Mrs. Green to give you a bit of breakfast."

On the morning after the arrival of Teresa Harnett's basket (the eve of a feast-day), the Priest, after looking out at the row of penitents waiting for him, was about to shut the little grille, and turn to the other side of the box, when Peter cleared his throat in a persistent fashion that made the Father bend again towards his side.

"Something more to say?" he asked, holding the little door ajar.

"It's about the girls," was the old man's reply.

"What girls?" the Father asked.

"Them Priddock girls," the old man whispered. "The old one, she's leading them a dance, and Father John is no use on earth at all."

"Well, well," the Father interrupted, "I've no time to hear you now. Come round to the study when you have had your breakfast." He closed the door, and the old man, scrambling up, shuffled off to a seat in the centre aisle.

"Now what's this you're wanting to tell me." Father Matthew asked when an hour later Peter was shown into the parlour, where he was having his breakfast.

"The old one," Peter began, standing at a respectful distance, "she's no way improving."

"There's more of us than Mrs. Braddell, I fear, in that condition." The Priest's mouth twitched.

"But with the old one it's always from worse to worse," Peter remonstrated.

"What has she been doing now?"

"What is it she's not been doing?" The crossing-sweeper held up his hands. "Hell on arth she's making it up at the Court, an' Father John has no hold on her at all."

"Humph!" the Father grunted.

"From worse to worse, that's how it is; and that Mary Priddock one getting the *worst*. The ballyraggin' *she* gets, you wouldn't beat it."

"What's that for?"

"Just the pick she has at her."

The Father understood. He nodded his head.

"But it's one an' all, an' little choice. Hell on arth she makes it." (Peter repeated the words with relish.) "An' some of them were thinkin' that if your Reverence had a minute to spare, an' a word to give t'her" (insinuating), "an' *strong*, the blessing of God might go with it."

"I daresay."

"Ye couldn't manage the length of a walk to the Court?" the old man went on in the same coaxing tones. "It's a long time since any of us saw you, an' Father John—and there couldn't be a finer gentleman—Father John——"

"Well, what about Father John?"

"It's this way." The sweeper again sunk his voice. "Ye can't blame him for being young and innocent."

Father Matthew had to turn away his head. When he spoke, it was to go back to the Priddocks. "And these girls you are telling me of are quiet girls?"

"Fine girls, every inch of them."

"Don't give any aggravation?"

"Aggravation! The girls give aggravation! Your Reverence can ask Molly or any of them in the Court. The one of them, *she's* safe in her bed, but the other one—going out and coming in, it's the fine tongue and curses she gets."

"Well," the Father said, "I'll make no rash promises. We'll see what can be done."

"An' that's as good as a promise any day." Peter returned with satisfaction.

"Well, good-day to you." the Father said, and the old man, with a reverence that was as much a courtesy as a bow, trotted away content.

"Where did you say these Priddock girls lived?" Father Matthew asked when dinner time brought Father John home. "Next door to Molly Delancy's, is it? They seem an *interesting* pair of young ladies" (the Father's mouth twitched). "Dr. Tracy can't keep his tongue off them; Miss Harnett's feeding them; Mr. Lycett is giving five-pound notes, and here's old Peter crying them up to the skies."

"They are a superior pair of young women," the Curate asserted, in his solemn fashion.‡

"Well, I must see them for myself. You can count yourself lucky. I'll father my own flock to-day. Let me have your list."

"You will find it very hot, sir."

"Oh, I am seasoned," the Father returned. "It won't do you any harm to have a day off, and I'll hear what 'her ladyship' has to say about you." Father Matthew's eyes twinkled.

Mrs. Braddell was in her favourite post leaning against the archway, when Father Matthew turned out of High-street into the Court. It was still early in the afternoon, and the woman was sober enough to recognise that her costume was not exactly the one in which she would care to appear before her priest, and she scuttled as fast as she could back to the house to snatch up a shawl and pull her cap straight, and so prepare to meet him at the door.

Father Matthew followed her slowly. He had a word for every-one he passed, and a pat on the head for the children who made to his side. Mrs. Braddell, with a sudden flash of memory, made another dash to her room, this time to clear the arm-chair of different odds and ends—bundles, parcels, and bits of rags—and to push a tale-telling bottle or two into a cupboard in the wall: and then she went back to her post at the door. She dropped as steady a courtesy as she could manage when Father Matthew put his foot on the first door-step. She dropped a second when he stepped into the passage. But what was wrong with Father Cossett? Mrs. Braddell was not small, but to the Priest she might have been invisible.

"Your Reverence will walk in?" A third and staggering courtesy was dropped.

Was Father Consett deaf as well as blind? He did not turn his eyes in her direction, but with a nod and a word to a couple of women who were standing at the foot of the stairs, he began to climb them.

Cut, and by her "own Priest!" Mrs. Braddell—shaking her fist at the women, whose chuckles she could overhear—went back into her room and shut the door.

It never took long to make friends with Father Consett. In five minutes Annie Priddock was talking to him as if she had known him all her life, and in five minutes more the Priest had turned the sisters (as he would have said himself) "inside out."

Their story was no uncommon one. Father and mother had died when they were small, leaving them, and a pound or two, to the charity of the world, and the woman in whose house they had lodged, and who, taking them to her heart, had ended by adopting them. Then came the story of the art emporium; the story of the swindle Father Matthew knew by heart. Then the departure of Mrs. Tremenheere to the sister who had offered her a home, and then the tale of their own drifting, under Molly's chaperonage, down to the Court. The Father had heard many a life-story of the kind.

"And you have been starving here. Why didn't you come at once to Father John or myself?"

"Not starving, sir. Molly and others have been kind, and we've had a bit of work now and again, and we—we——" Mary hesitated.

"Put away some of your things! Well, there's no disgrace in that. 'Needs-be is, master,' eh?" The Father smiled. "And you've had a friend in Dr. Tracy—no need to tell me that."

Mary Priddock's face grew red, but her sister answered for her. "Yes, sir. Both Dr. Tracy and Father John, and the other doctor that came. They have all been good to us, sir."

"That's right," the Father said, "and what about Mrs. Braddell?"

The sisters looked at each other, and again it was Annie who spoke.

"Peter says, sir, he thinks she is not right in the head."

The Priest gave a grunt. "Is it she who has taken your things? Or the pawn-shop?"

"She has had some of the things, sir; the others have gone to the shop."

"Well, stick to the shop. But what is this about a five-pound note? That ought to be a help."]

Again the sisters looked at each other, and this time it was Mary who spoke. "We meant to ask Father John, sir. We did not know whether we ought to take it." The girl drew her slim figure up as she looked the Priest in the face.

The trick, the gesture, recalled some one. "Tell me, have I not seen you before?" the Father asked.

"In the chapel, perhaps, sir."

Father Matthew shook his head. "Well, well, it doesn't matter," he said. "One sees likenesses everywhere. But about this money. You are free to take it. It comes from a good source, is meant for a good purpose, and—you need it."

"Yes, sir, we need it. If we could only get out of Barons-court; but rooms are dear."

"Far too dear. This new mill has brought us an influx. But by the Riverside now—rooms are not so expensive there."

"Molly tried for us, sir, before we came here."

"Five pounds should go a good way. You're no spendthrifts, I suppose?"

"No, sir, it would go a long way. But we owe——"

"How much?" the Father interrupted.

"Over ten shillings, sir, and there will be this week's rent."

"That will leave you four pounds in hand—more than enough to get you out of this. Take Molly into your confidence; get her to hunt out a room. Let me hear when you have found it; and I'll speak to Tracy about the moving. One of the dispensary nurses will give us a hand."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Molly to try Tuckerman's-row?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are, or were, rooms there. She's fit to be moved "

Father Matthew turned to the sick girl.

"The Doctor said it would give her—a chance."

The force of the words, as she repeated them, burst upon

Mary. She paused, and then, covering her face with her hands, began to sob.

"We are all in God's hands," the Priest said gravely. The words were few, but they braced the girl up, and she tried to smile as she lifted her head.

"I'm not so brave as Annie."

"Far braver. I couldn't go down-stairs, if I was to see Mrs. Braddell." Annie gave a little shiver, as she turned to the Priest.

"Well, I hope you'll be soon out of this; and don't forget this American in your prayers. Don't forget, too, to let me hear if Molly gets the room. You can send me word by Father John. God bless you both."

"If I were you, I'd keep clear of the Court for a day or two," Father Matthew said, with a chuckle, as he recounted the adventures of the day to his Curate. "You're innocent, but it's you that will suffer; take my word for that."

"You think it was the best way, sir?"

"The disgrace may bring her to her bearings. I remember Nelly Harris a decent girl. It's true; as decent a girl as you could have seen, till she fell in with old Braddell. That and the gin—love of money and drink; what won't they do?"

"It's true, sir." The Curate sighed. "You know you have had visitors, sir?" he went on, with a sudden start. "I promised Mrs. Green to let you know—the slate has got broken, and she could not enter it. General Shotover was here."

"General Shotover! That's news."

"He left a message that, if not inconvenient, he would pay his respects to-morrow afternoon."

"It's not often the General honours Stockton twice in the week."

"Mrs. Green said he seemed put out, when he found you were not at home; but he would not leave a message."

"Well," said the Priest, "we'll see to-morrow what he wants. Was he out of the carriage?"

"I cannot say, sir."

"Well, well; it doesn't matter. Barring the gout, he is wonderful for his years."

"No failing of intellect?"

"I'd be happy to be sure that my head would be as clear, if I live to his time of day."

"Old age has never seemed to me desirable." Father John shook his head.

"You think too much, Father John. Leave life and death in the Lord's hands, as I said to that poor child to-day."

And Father John, crossing himself, bowed acquiescence and obedience.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

*(To be continued.)*

## CHRISTE, EXAUDI NOS!

O JESUS, grief's red flower,  
 O Jesus, love's white flame,  
 Meek Victim, King of Power,  
 I call Thy mystic name!

Who made the heart for sorrow,  
 Who made the soul for bliss,  
 Made Heaven for love's to-morrow,  
 And earth for woe like this!

O grieving and forsaken!  
 O wounded, bruised, and slain!  
 Who sleeping wouldst awaken,  
 Who, dead, didst rise again.

Thou silent One, Creator,  
 Redeemer, Brother, Lord!  
 The soul's Originator  
 Revered, obeyed, adored!

Oh! from Thy hiding hear me  
 Behind the Altar-stone:  
 Thou, Thou, my God, so near me,  
 And I, so all alone!

G. M. R.

## BERRY AND LEAF

**B**EAUTY in decay! Beauty brought about by the resultant damp of many a shower and the alchemy of fitful sunshine. The book of winter may be bound in black and white, may look to the dawn for its colour and to the sunset for its glow; but late autumn shall have for its riches a treasure of colour scarcely surpassed by the bloom of its early fruit and the ripeness of apple and peach and plum. "There is no grape on the vine, and there are no figs on the fig-tree; the leaf is fallen." Fallen or falling, for even in November the boughs are ragged with yet clinging leaves. Wholly naked are the chestnuts, sparsely clothed are the limes, tattered is the garment of the poplar, grudgingly the oak sheds its russet foliage, while birch and beech unwillingly loose the pale gold petals—petals that have never hidden the bark that autumn sunshine turns to shining silver.

Varying in depth of tone from year to year—depending upon a due admixture of sunshine and shower—November's scheme of colour is always attractive and suggestive. The woods become lighter with the fading of the green, as well as with the stripping of the boughs. The aisles of the copse are brighter; its mystery of gloom is exchanged for the witchery of silence and the glamour of rare colour. A little while ago and the silence was broken by the fall of horse-chestnuts and acorns—heard rather than seen in the instant of their yielding to the law of gravitation, but soon claimed by the hunters of such unconsidered trifles. Between boys and pigs there is not, *pace* Mr. Barry Pain, the smallest affinity. It is true that for quite different ends both are inclined to grub, and that the result in both cases may be a certain grubbiness; but while the acorn may invite the animal to gluttony, the wonderfully coloured horse-chestnut provokes no boyish appetite, save that of possession. It falls not into his mouth but into his hands, and chestnut-distended pockets soon add to the bulk of his person; but the poorest country boy would not dream of making a meal of these inedible windfalls destined only to become "conquerors" or "conquered."

A month ago the hedgerows, and even the undergrowth of the

wood, offered a banquet of blackberries to all comers : Nature no longer keeps open house. A sharp eye may still see a few solitary purple seeds on the topmost briar, or find a cluster still unripe close to the damp earth, but only a very hungry child would be tempted by them. Sooner or later they will furnish a sour but succulent meal for some stray blackbird or thrush, gluttoned perhaps with the crimson haws that make the thorn-tree such a picture of loveliness.

In the light of a November sunset one wonders what this feast of colour can be. At a distance the warm red reminds one of some favourite geranium tint. Getting nearer to the leafless but haw-covered tree, magenta seems to be the only word for this agreeable colour. But a still more heartening hue is that of the hip. Big and bonny is the berry of the wild rose, and its scarlet is a tint that thrills. Beautiful as is the flower of the briar—the fragile uncultured sister of the rose of the garden, delicate and lovely in its pink and white—it is scarcely more pleasing than its vermilion fruit, and not nearly so lasting. Do the birds leave these luscious berries to the last, contenting themselves with the smaller but pulpier haws? Or is it that they reserve all such edibles until the earth is hermetically sealed by the first black frost? It is certain that soaked bread is preferred to either. You may leave the most inviting berries on the window-sill amid crumbs, or crusts, that have been steeped in water, but hips and haws will remain untouched. Perhaps like children, grown-up or otherwise, they appreciate the unusual.

November is anything but a birdless month. One day will often differ from another as much as June differs from March; but, when the sunshine does come, the robin will sing his best. The song of the thrush will not be strong and bold as it often is in January, and always in February; there is no "fine careless rapture" about it, it is easily interrupted: but the distant fluting is frequently heard. Rooks become cheerier than usual, and during the months of autumn their congresses and parliaments seem endless. A little before sunset many thousands may be noticed in quiet places—secluded park-land is their favourite meeting place—and nothing is commoner than to see them flying in uncountable flocks across the western sky, their line of flight illuminated by the after-glow.

"The rich moist smell of the rotting leaves" is everywhere.

The earth must needs be carpeted for the procession of the hours, at one time with flowers, at another with the fallen bloom of fruit trees, a little later with laburnum and acacia blossom. But the thickest, softest, and most lasting carpet of all is that of the autumn leaves. It will lie in the face of the sun and under the beat of the rain until, as it would seem, winter will no longer tolerate it, and the pure white snow is sent for its covering. Yet the snow will pass and the leafy carpet will still be there. On to the beginning of spring the hedgerow will hold its drift of leaves; nay, the blackthorn will bud or ever these relics of autumn are wholly lost. In gusty corners on windy days the crisp foliage will indulge in a witch's sabbath, for only the breeze can galvanize these rotting things into life. "A high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird," says Mr. George Meredith, and the sentence is an allegory.

Before it falls from its bough the decaying leaf is often a thing of beauty. The foliage of certain fruit-trees takes on a hue that is not unlike the bloom of the plum or damson picked when autumn was young. Some varieties of pear and apple give us tints suggestive of the rich and the ripe; and trees that during spring and summer were inconspicuous, now furnish dashes of crimson and purple that hold and delight the eye. For variety of colour and reminder of all that is fairest and most pleasing in the foliage of geraniums, nothing surpasses the leaf of the blackberry. You shall find blots of regal purple spreading themselves over a surface of dark olive green; you shall see leaves of shining gold mottled with vermilion; amber edged with scarlet; yellow-green dashed with crimson.

"How long these November sunsets burn, and what hues they have! There is a scientific reason, only don't tell it me," says a famous character in fiction. It is hard to see why the knowledge of a "scientific reason" should lessen one's enjoyment of an autumnal sunset, saving, perhaps, in the case of the man so finely denounced by Schiller in his preface to *The Robbers*. "He who has gone so far as to quicken his understanding at the expense of his soul, to him the holiest things are no longer holy; to him God and man are alike indifferent, and both worlds are as nothing." Happily such a man is rare, and perhaps none is keener to know and understand the scientific reason why, than the poet and the lover of nature. Few great singers have neglected the study of

science. Knowledge holds too much potential poetry ever to be scorned of the poet. It is said of Shelley that he was unrivalled in the greatness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. (Alas, that the greatness of the beauty of the creature should have blinded the eyes of this genius to the unspeakably greater beauty of the Creator!) There is a point indeed at which poetry and science meet and marry.

We cannot say "As is the dawn, so will the sunset be," for in these northern islands the wind is a capricious ruler. But the late autumn dawn is often a sight of wonderful beauty. Even while the north and west are curtained with thunderous purple, and the morning stars blaze with fire, gold is slowly spreading itself over the opal surface of the east and banners of rosy-red are floating in a lake of light. "Prose," says Diana of the Crossways, "can paint evening and morning and moonlight, but poets are needed to sing the dawn. That is because prose is equal to melancholy stuff; gladness requires the finer language. . . . But how divine is utterance! As we to the brutes, poets are to us." And if the November morning be sunny and yet hazy, the mist will only soften and transfuse the bright gold rays into palest amber, and the tender beams that fall upon meadow and tree and hedgerow will derive an added beauty. Noontide may witness a struggle between sun and mist—for the latter is a daughter of the fog, and it only needs a change of the wind to make of afternoons a cold and cheerless twilight. But how frequently the sun does triumph in the struggle, and then how sweet are the succeeding hours of the shortening day! Under such a light, no wonder the red of the hawberries is so rich. No wonder if the distant pond shines like a crystal mirror set in a tapestry of green velvet. No wonder if the western sky breaks out into red-gold flame and the sun sinks into a pool of living fire.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.



## ROUND THE WORLD

### LETTERS OF A GLOBE-TROTTER

#### V

P. & O. S.S. "MALTA,"

INDIAN OCEAN, 3rd March, 1902.

IT is a week since I have written you a letter—or rather since I have written a letter for you, as I have been unable to overcome a reluctance to post any until they shall contain something of more interest than is to be found within the narrow compass of a ship at sea. In the interval I have experienced the extremes of temperature, from the heat of this tropical ocean to the cold of many degrees below zero. A few days ago a party of us, under the guidance of the Purser, paid a visit to the refrigerator of the ship. In our heaviest overcoats and mufflers we climbed down a series of ladders through unsuspected recesses of the vessel to a level that seemed far below the water-line. Here we stood crowded together in a dark, narrow passage, lit only by the dim flame of a lantern, which revealed a low door—about three feet high—heavily bound with iron. When the lock was turned and it was shoved open under strong pressure, a gush of frozen air rose round us. We squeezed ourselves, in one by one, and the door was slammed behind us. We were shut into an icy tomb. "Here, let me out of this," cried a nervous gentleman, who had entered last. "It's all right, sir," replied the butcher, who held the lantern. "No, no, let me out, I say," insisted the other in tones of panic; and after a few vigorous tugs at the door he was released. The difficulty in opening it was, perhaps, enough to excuse an uneasy feeling in one of an imaginative temperament. Buried in the depths of the hold, remote from the life of the ship, had we been unable to get out, we might have exhausted our voices in unavailing clamour till a search-party had come down, or we had fallen lifeless and stiff as everything around us.

It was certainly a strange chamber of the dead. The whole interior, as well as everything within the crypt, was coated with a crystal rime. Everything that swims was here in the form of

still-life. It was a picture of death without decay. Huge salmon and other fish lay around, as perfect as when they were taken from the water and as unyielding to the touch as iron. Then we passed into an inner cell with a lower temperature for preserving animal meat. It was piled with congealed beef and mutton. Petrified geese and other fowl hung from the beams above. I stood on a huge boar's head of a stony consistency as I examined some sweet-breads that looked like lumps of marble. Something was dumped on the deck and struck it like lead. It was a frozen chicken. The butcher took up what looked like a chain of glistening rope, and, straining one of the links, it cracked with a report. It was a string of sausages. The snow lay thick in places. I made a snow-ball—in the tropics—and fired it; and it took one of the party on the ear.

When we had returned to the deck and I was sitting in the sun to get warm again, I saw a small white bird with dark wings like a swallow, skim over the sea and disappear. I was wondering what had become of him when another rose from the water, flew, or floated on poised wings, for a hundred yards or so, and dipped into a distant wave. It was my first experience of flying-fish, and I was amazed at the length of their course through the air. The pantologists of science would seem to have somewhat neglected the study of these finny prodigies, or have failed, at least, to ascertain with certainty the purpose and the method of their flight; whether they rise to catch insects or to escape from their enemies, and whether they ply their fins like wings in their flight. Though I watched them carefully, I found it hard to determine the latter point. But I fancy the fin is kept motionless. If they are driven to the surface by their foes, their existence must be an anxious one, for during the following days the ocean was alive with them, and once, as I watched them flitting over its smooth face, the form of a gigantic shark shot out from under the ship's keel and sank in the blue depths some yards away.

At eight o'clock yesterday morning we got into Colombo harbour, filled with shipping of every variety. Here those of us who were bound for China were to change into the "Malta." Packing in the cabin of a ship at anchor in a tropical port, where no draught of cooling air relieves the temperature, is as humid a process as a Turkish bath with one's clothes on. When we had accomplished it, and gone through those impressive leave-takings

with fellow-travellers, which are often so much out of proportion to the length of the friendships they terminate, we went ashore.

It is said that no European can visit the Grand Oriental Hotel without meeting an acquaintance, and the ten minutes that we devoted to a cooling drink there proved the truth of the statement. Then we drove through the town, along the promenade at the Galle Face, past the beautifully situated hotel there, and out into the country in the direction of Mount Lavinia. I had heard of the beauty of Colombo; but I had not looked for anything to equal what I saw. As many days as we had hours at command might have been spent on its charms, and I regretted keenly the brief limit of our time. Yet, perhaps, these snap-shot glimpses which afford no time for familiarity to dim the fresh impression produce the most enduring images of a scene. Such splendour of colour I had never seen—such rich contrasts of light and shade. Every gorgeous hue and vivid tint, intensified in the limpid atmosphere and brilliant sunlight, seemed fresh-painted by the hand of nature.

We drove along a bright terra cotta road, lined at intervals by bungalows, half-hidden in resplendent foliage, where glowing leaves and blossom of golden-yellow, red, purple and orange, mingled with varying shades of green. On every side tall, slender shafts of the cocoa-nut palm supported their load of fruit and clustering leaves. Sometimes a solitary tree threw its fleckered shadow on the velvet sward; sometimes they stood in graceful clumps; while along the beach on our right they grew in thick jungle, broken by occasional openings which revealed the blue shimmer of the sea.

It was Sunday, and whether it was a gala-day or not in the island, the highway was crowded with the native life. As we lay back in our gharry, luxuriating under the spell of the scene, little bronze figures—whatever of clothing they had, adding something to the surrounding glow of colour—raced beside us, making it hard to resist their seductive solicitations to part with small coin. A little maiden sprinted along with her head thrown back and shoulders squared, as she piped in a high treble, "Io, Io, my brother, ten cents. My uncle, Io, Io, two pennies." Foot-passengers, 'rickshaws, bicycles, and strange vehicles drawn by skinny bullocks, passed along. It was often difficult to distinguish men from women, for, among many varieties of attire, a flowing linen garb was common to both sexes, and both had a profusion of

blue-black hair coiled on their heads and adorned with combs ; and it was impossible to discriminate the different types of race among the composite population of Sinhalese, Parsees, Malabars, Arabs, Persians, Kaffirs, Afghans, and half-cast Portuguese, Dutch, and Chinese. Native shops stood by the roadway, and picturesque huts under the shadow of the giant trees that yield food and drink and a dozen of their other simple necessities of life to the inhabitants. Groups of denizens squatted before the doors in the savage posture, among their children frequently innocent of all vesture but for a charm on a string hung round the neck or waist. Divorced, however, from the accompaniments of rags and dirt, the indigence of savage life in the tropics has none of the repulsive squalor of the destitute serfs and outcasts of civilization.

In less than an hour we reached the hotel at Mount Lavinia, built on a green eminence over the sea. Just outside the entrance a large space, bounded on one side by a growth of lofty palms and surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, enclosed a number of wooden huts. When I learned that it was a hospital for Boer prisoners I dodged among the trees to get a snap-shot without the possibility of offending the susceptibilities of the inmates, but I was seen by some of them who were moving about among the buildings, and they courteously stood still to aid me in taking my picture. Seeing that they did not resent my attempt, I called out to them that the effect would be improved if they came nearer, when they advanced together, and formed a group, politely raising their hats when I had finished.

In the grounds of the hotel a native conjuror was seated on the sward performing to a small circle. His feats included the great mango trick, of which I had heard so much, but his presentation of it, at least, would have made but a poor item in an Egyptian Hall performance. The seed was put down in a small mound of loose earth, a cloth was thrown over the spot, and when this was removed, a shrub not bigger than a cabbage-plant was seen standing where the seed had been placed. When we had done watching some native fishermen on the rocks below us angling for sardines with a diminutive rod and line, it was time for tiffin, and we sat down to a sumptuous meal which began with four or five courses of delicious fish followed by other native delicacies. Then we drove back through the beautiful Cinnamon gardens where holiday-makers played cricket, formed bands of music, and boating

parties on pretty lakes—reached the port, and came on board the “Malta.”

## VI

P. & O. S.S. “MALTA,”  
6th March, 1902.

This ship is not as large as the “Britannia,” but in some respects she is more comfortable. The captain is of the right sort. He shows none of that reserve which the commanders of large passenger-vessels often assume—whether to preserve dignity or discipline, or merely to protect themselves against the frequent importunities of those under their care—but mixes freely and genially with the passengers. Such of these as are new to us give promise of being pleasant companions, and no one who has taken a long sea voyage can fail to realise how much his happiness depends on the personality of those who inhabit the ship with him. “For a crowd is not company,” as Bacon says, “and faces are but a gallery of pictures.” Among them are two or three Englishmen who are versed in the game of “Bridge”—that added passion to man—to the seductions of which I have long been a victim. On the “Britannia” we had our rubber every night, but the players were tyros, and the game a veritable *Pons asinorum*. Now the play is scientific; and the captain has won our good opinions at once by directing that the smoking-room shall be kept open to a later hour than that at which the order for “lights out” is usually given.

I share a roomy cabin with my companion. My friend, “the Rajah,” who joined me at Port Said, is like myself a native of the Emerald Isle; but a dusky complexion, an impetuosity of temperament, and a masterful will, indicating some far-off strain of Eastern blood, have gained for him his pseudonym.

The secret of good-comradeship is that, with a general similarity of tastes, the qualities of the one companion should be the complement rather than the counterpart of those of the other. The Rajah is of a generous disposition. Though in the Indian summer of his youth, he has lost none of its enthusiasms, and is ardent, not to say prejudiced, in his likings and aversions. He is ‘strenuous’ in all his doings, and is ever seeking to get to the bottom of things. He consequently frets somewhat under the inaction of a long sea-voyage which affords no outlet for his pent-up energies. I am,

in a large measure, the antithesis of all this. Endowed with an abundant capacity for the enjoyment of 'the sweet doing-nothing,' I am always ready to gratify my companion by yielding to him the full responsibility for the planning of routes, the making of preparations, the selection of hotels, and even the purchasing of tickets. We are old travelling-companions, and always before starting I make the enquiry: "Is everything ready?" and he answers, "Yes, down to the feathers" (*i.e.*, a supply of feathers for cleaning our pipes). I was consequently surprised, on the morning after leaving Colombo, to notice that he had restricted himself to one razor for a journey of several months, and I remarked to him, that, on the well-established principle of what is technically known as 'the fatigue of steel,' he would have found his shaving easier if he had provided himself with a case. He conveyed in his reply, with more directness than I thought showed a proper consideration for my feelings, that I did not know what I was talking about; and as a result, for the two or three following days—in the words of the song—there were "razors in the air." The difference, though it has since blown over, was slightly increased by another incident. The Rajah had purchased in the Cinnamon gardens at Colombo a large beetle of a beautiful emerald-golden hue and had carried it on board. On the following day I opened a small cardboard box which I found in the cabin, when the insect instantly rose from the crouching position into which its narrow prison had forced it, and, placing its anterior legs on the edge of the box, it stretched itself in a manner so pathetically expressive of release from a weary confinement, that I hastened on deck and expostulated with the Rajah on his cruelty. "Oh, it's all right," he replied, "I'll give it a dose of acid presently." Some time afterwards he came to me with an aggrieved countenance. The golden bug had disappeared. It had left in the box, however, a legacy of eggs, and I tried to propitiate him by the assurance that, if properly incubated, the golden eggs would yield him a score of beetles for the one he had lost.

We are passing the northern end of Sumatra. Deep forests of trees cover its undulating elevations. We are beginning to feel what the tropics can be like. The air is laden with a moist heat, and we have had our first shower of rain since leaving the Bay of Biscay, a sudden torrential downpour. The huge drops seemed almost hot. Last night the metal wind-sails were removed from

our portholes as the sea was rough, and the cabins became unendurable; so a number of us had our mattresses spread on deck. Here sleep was possible, but the deck-swabbing began at sunrise, and we were driven into the music-room, to be routed out of that at seven o'clock.

*7th March.*—We landed at Penang this morning. The low-lying coast was lined with rows of 'fishing stakes': inland the country rises into rugged and picturesque mountains. It is something smaller than the Isle of Wight, and the town—the only one in the island—was another interesting scene of tropical life. Though many of the houses are faded-looking, their tarnished hues impart an appearance of age that is not displeasing, and the colours of nature are scarcely less brilliant than at Colombo. The cocoa-nut palm is everywhere, and bright foliage, flowers of scarlet and yellow, and the beautiful purple wistaria rise from pretty gardens, and line the broad, level roads that run into the town. Again there is the strange medley of races—red men and brown and black, and yellow, coarse-featured Chinese coolies who ply the universal 'rickshaw. The town does not seem very extensive, but the inhabitants seem busy or, at least, occupied, as they pass along the red-clay roads on which the vertical sun pours down a blazing heat, and umbrellas, fans, and conical straw hats abound. We enquire what there is to see, and are told the botanical gardens and the waterfall—so we drive to them, past a gigantic granite quarry filled with groups of black labouring figures. The gardens are large and pleasant with a background of lofty wooded mountains mellowed by a blue, ethereal haze, but the waterfall is a pitiful, disappointing spout.

*9th March.* SINGAPORE.—I landed in the morning and got into a 'rickshaw. My coolie—a bit of bronze flesh in a conical straw hat and a loin cloth—sped before me. When, half-an-hour afterwards, he set me down at Raffles' Hotel, a distance of about four miles, his brown skin was moist and glistening in the sun, yet beyond this he showed no signs of fatigue; and I paid him the equivalent of a shilling, about four times his fare. The Chinese coolies here are all alike—almond-shaped eyes, a snub nose, and a gaping mouth. Their parents and brethren may know them apart, but to the Western eye there is no individual divergence from the type; and it is surprising how soon the repulsion is overcome with which one at first accepts the service of these human beasts of

burden. They look strong, but they are a short-lived race, for the exhausting labour tells after a time. The gardens again—botanical and in a small way zoological as well—claimed some hours of our time, which only, however, were sufficient for a glance at the marvellous collection of flowering plants and trees. Then we drove back to tiffin.

Raffles' was redolent of tropical odours and thronged with guests. We sat in the cool of its marble halls and were served by pig-tailed attendants in long white attire. After we had feasted plentifully and paid our "chits," the Rajah and I, under the guidance of a fellow-passenger who knew the East, paid a visit to the city. The fact that there was a Raffles' school and a Raffles' library caused me to make enquiries, the result of which revealed to me my ignorance of history. Sir Stamford Raffles—administrator, linguist, historian, botanist, and first president and founder of the Zoological Society—began life as a clerk in the East India House at the age of fourteen. His counsels prompted the annexation of Singapore, and he laid the foundations of the modern city.

Arab street and its environs, in which we spent our time, are practically a Chinese town. The rows of wooden houses, profusely decorated with Chinese signs and lanterns, are built with an abutting structure above, which protects the footpaths from the sun. We wanted to purchase some of the carved Malay silver-work, only to be found here, which is made in small plates—circular and rectangular—for ornamenting the ends of the hard Chinese pillows. Each small shop with its contents was an exact counterpart of all the others. The wares were of that diversified character that form the stock of the 'dealer in marine stores.' Second-hand articles of a nondescript pattern filled the windows, and old clothes were hung round the walls; but on every small counter there rested a flat glass-case filled with trinkets and kickshaw ornaments of all kinds, and it was here the silver-work was always to be found. It was instructive to observe the caution with which our guide approached the object of our desire, and the manner in which the Celestial met him. With a spider-like immobility he awaited the advance of his prey. There were no futile sallies on the half-enmeshed fly—no solicitations. He was coldly courteous, and seldom went so far even as the enquiry, "Wanthee buy?" Then our guide, who had seen the silver from the first,

looked around and examined everything with a feigned indifference, fingered the gewgaws in the case, took up the silver piece, and enquired apathetically, "This piece—what you ask?" "Three dollar." "Too muchee. Chin-Chin;" and clasping his own hands he shook them in Chinese salutation, and we passed into the next shop to try and effect a better bargain. The streets were crowded with wayfarers, Chinese, for the most part, mingled with mongrel types of many races. As I stood waiting for my companions, a small, dark mendicant made a profound reverence before me and rubbed my pipe-clayed shoes with his fingers, leaving black impressions on them. I withdrew my toes, but he smudged them again—an effective method of exacting my bounty.

As we got into our 'rickshaws to return to the ship, the clear sky became suddenly overcast, and the rain came down in a tropical torrent; and as I peeped from behind the tarpaulin covering I envied my running coolie his refreshing shower-bath. An hour or so later we were under way again and got an impressive view of its amazing wealth of shipping as we sailed out of the port.

*18th March.*—We have been sailing north since I wrote to you, and are now on the northern verge of the Tropic of Cancer. The weather has been beautiful in the Chinese Sea, and we have been dancing in the evening on deck.

We have visited Hong Kong and Canton.

European residents in the Far East affect a contempt for the globe-trotter, but in their innermost hearts they envy him his glorious freedom. To be a citizen of the world, even for a few months, looking in on the haunts of men, but aloof from their daily cares and avocations, gives one a feeling of dignity such as might be that of a fancied inhabitant of Mars while observing, by some process unknown to mortal photologists, the life of the terrestrial globe.

Father Prout's rendering of a song of Béranger's, descriptive of a wandering life, expresses this joy of the despised globe-trotter:—

“ Whence do we come? Whence comes the swallow?  
 Where does our home lie? Try to follow  
     The wild bird's flight,  
 Speeding from Winter's rude approach:  
 Such home is ours who dare encroach  
     Upon our right?”

“ Soon we are off ; for we can see  
 No pleasure nor philosophy  
   In fixed dwelling.  
 Ours is a life, the life of clowns,  
 Or drones who vegetate in towns,  
   Far, far excelling !

“ Your nobleman may talk of vassals,  
 Proud of their trappings and their tassels ;  
   But never heed them :  
 Ours is the life of perfect bliss—  
 Freedom is man’s best joy, and this  
   Is perfect freedom ! ”

Forgive my poetical digression—but a relish for the verses of a national poet, who has scarcely received his meed of recognition, is a pardonable weakness. A few days ago I was discussing with an Australian lady on board the verses of Adam Lindsay Gordon, and she gravely asserted that they were as familiar to the English-reading public as the works of Shakespeare ! I suggested a canvass of the ship’s company with a view to ascertaining how many of them were ignorant even of his name, and the result of the poll, as far as she carried it, surprised her somewhat.

In my next letter I shall tell you of China.

C. T. WATERS.

*(To be continued.)*

## A DIRGE

OH ! weep no more for your little woes,  
 Make no lament at the short day’s close ;  
 But mourn and mourn for the soul made fair for God,  
   And now a dull, dull clod.

Mourn not at all for the broken heart,  
 Make no lament where the poor eyes smart ;  
 But wail and wail for the soul that might rise God-high,  
   And in the clay doth lie.

R. P.

## JESU, REDEEMPTOR

*THE VESPER HYMN OF CHRISTMAS*

TRANSLATED BY EMILY HICKEY

JESUS, Redeemer blest of man,  
Thou whom, before the light began,  
The Supreme Father did beget,  
His equal in His glory set,

The Father's Splendour Thou, and Light,  
The world's one Hope and infinite,  
Accept, O Lord, Thy servants' prayer,  
Poured out before Thee everywhere.

Maker of all, whom heretofore  
In hallowed womb a Virgin bore,  
Remember how Thou tookest then  
The likeness of the sons of men.

To this the day its witness bears,  
Through circle of the year declares,  
Thou from the Father's breast, thy Home,  
Salvation of the world art come.

From stars and earth and ocean rise,  
From all that is beneath the skies,  
New songs to greet with homage due  
The Author of salvation new.

And we, endued with grace divine,  
Sprinkled with holy Blood of Thine,  
The tribute of our hymn will pay,  
In honour of Thy Birth to-day.

O Jesus, whom the Virgin bore,  
Glory to Thee for evermore,  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,  
Spirit of Grace, eternally.

*Amen.*

## A GLIMPSE OF THE PURPLE

“**Y**OU’LL be having them next in the—in the soup tureens.” Biddy’s voice was choked with indignation.

Father Flavin laid down his spoon and spoke reprovingly, though there was a twinkle in his eye. “Tureen, Bridget,” he corrected. “There is only one in the house, I believe.”

“God bless the innocence of him,” muttered Biddy to herself; but aloud she still expressed her disapproval. “And so them sparrows is to litter up the post-box with their messy eggs and things; and what’s to become of the letters, eh?”

“How could I disturb them, and the place suiting them so well? Why, in five minutes they’ve grown out of all knowing in it; they were wrens just now, Bridget.” But Biddy had left the room in disgust.

There was no getting a sensible answer out of his Reverence when birds were in question; and, indeed, it was more for the honour of the post-box, the only one that the parish boasted, than from any ill-will towards its uninvited inhabitants that the house-keeper remonstrated.

His dinner over, Father Flavin stepped into the shrubbery that grew close up to the walls of his little house, and that was a paradise to all his smaller feathered parishioners. It was, perhaps, the loneliest parish in Ireland; the houses were scattered, the inhabitants were few and poor; the wild stretches of bog and mountain were treeless and bare; but in the Priest’s garden there was refuge undisturbed for as many birds as could find nesting place in the close-growing shrubs and small trees that the old man cared so tenderly during his leisure hours.

The objects of Biddy’s reproaches were a pair of wrens who had arrived late in the season to find all the best spots in the garden already occupied by larger, stronger inmates, and the new comers were obliged to retire disconsolately to the very end of the plantation, where it was bounded by the so-called high-road, a lonely thoroughfare which led eventually to civilization; and here they discovered a perfect nursery for their young, a wooden box with a slit in it, only wide enough to allow such tiny bodies as

their own to pass in and out. Here Jenny could sit for a fortnight in peace, with her eggs tucked warmly under her; here the young brood could grow to maturity, free from danger, and straw still hung round the letter-hole, and four bright eyes peeped and twinkled apprehensively as the old priest drew near. But their fears were soon allayed. Those gentle shrunken fingers would never harm even the smallest of God's creatures; that kindly heart had sympathy in it even for the anxieties of a mother-wren; soon the little builders resumed their operations, and before its owner's eyes the letter-box was turned into as comfortable a home as baby-bird could wish for.

One thing, however, troubled the old man; if letters came, and were thrust in by careless hands, would the tiny creatures have courage to face such threatened danger? Yet was the post-boy born, who, when warned that a bird's nest lay within his reach, could pass it day by day and not despoil it? Father Flavin could not put such a temptation before Patsey Flood; some other plan of safety must be devised, and Patsey must remain in ignorance of the little birds' retreat.

The newspaper was dropped every day at the gate by the driver of the long-car, and the old priest's correspondents could be counted on the fingers of one hand. His sister, in the old homestead by the sea; a young curate who once during a time of illness had done duty for the old man, and had learned to love and reverence him with his humble simplicity; and a companion who fifty years ago had stood beside him at the foot of the altar and had received with him the Sacrament of Consecration to the service of the Divine Master.

The anniversary of that day was coming round again and from these three friends Father Flavin might expect letters, which, though bringing pleasure to him, might mean death to the ten morsels of down that were daily nearing in likeness to a full-grown wren.

Turning thoughtfully homeward, he slowly retraced his steps to the house, and opening his seldom used writing case, he penned a message to each of his three friends, begging them to put off sending him their yearly greetings until they heard from him again. This done, his mind was at rest, for he was all unconscious of a meeting that had taken place some days before, forty miles away, at the residence of his Bishop.

A parish had fallen vacant in the diocese, populous and important, carrying with it the dignity of a canonry in the Cathedral. "I have a candidate who will admirably fill the post," said the Bishop to his Council, "but I think his age and merits entitle Father Flavin to the first offer. On hearing his answer—and he will hardly accept so onerous a charge—we can decide about the other."

So over the hills in Patsey Flood's bag a big square envelope travelled, bearing on its back the episcopal arms.

A month later Father Flavin stood again before his letter-box watching with delight the first efforts of the nestlings in learning to fly. Then, when the tenth brown ball, no bigger than an overgrown bumblebee, had flown in safety to a neighbouring bush, the old priest ventured to unlock and open the protecting door. A bundle of moss and twigs and hay loosened from its hold fell at his feet, and with it came the Bishop's letter, stained, discolored, crumpled yet unmistakable. With trembling fingers Father Flavin stooped to pick it up. This had never entered into his calculations, and, as he read, he thought at first that his eyes were deceiving him: but no, a month ago it lay in his own power to become the pastor of one of the best parishes in the diocese, with two curates under him and a stall in the Cathedral as well.

What must the Bishop think of him? What explanation could there be of such neglect, such carelessness, such silence? The Bishop could only be congratulating himself on having discovered in time the unworthiness of one whom he had intended to honour. Humbly the old man bowed his head. After all his lordship had rated him too highly, he was too old, too simple for such a post as the one he had just lost.

And yet——!

Returning to the house, he called for Bridget to lay out his Sunday clothes, he had business in the town which would keep him out all night, he said, and all the while in his heart he was wondering how the Bishop would take the only explanation, the only apology that he could give.

The boy was harnessing the car as Father Flavin mounted the narrow stairs, and he sighed as his eye fell on the plain black stock. So it was, and so it would now be to the end. He had had his glimpse of the purple, but it had faded for ever.

The twittering of many birds broke in on his regretful reverie,

and almost impatiently he turned and clapped his hands, and so dispersed the clamorous feather-clad pensioners who thronged his window ledge, heedless of the disappointment that some amongst them had unknowingly brought upon their benefactor.

As, in surprise, they flew away, the Angelus bell rang out, and from where the old priest stood he could see over the garden on to the bleak white road beyond, now dotted with workers coming homewards for their mid-day meal, fisherfolk for the most part or bog labourers whom he had baptized, instructed, tended, and chidden, and who loved him with a love that is not given to many nowadays to win. Had he received the letter in time, had he accepted the offer that it contained, he would have been obliged to leave all these, his friends, his children. At the thought of this, his loss began to assume a different aspect. How would another have taken the place that he had deserted as leader of these wild, wayward, faithful souls? His frown relaxed, the sigh of regret died away on his lips; and he took up the despised black stock and adjusted it with a gentleness scarcely tinged with regret. Then with his usual kindly smile lighting up his face, he strewed the window-sill with the crumbs that in the first flush of his disappointment he had refused to his pets, to his little benefactors in disguise.

. ALICE DEANE.

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## A SONG

I SAY to my heart in the wintry weather :

“ Why wilt thou sing? Be still! Be still!  
For the frost and the snow are leagued together,  
And Winter is camped upon plain and hill.

“ Thou wouldst not sing when the Autumn splendour  
Kindled the woods with a changing fire;  
Dumb thou wert in the evenings tender  
When fair earth uttered my soul's desire.

“ But now that the old year lies a-dying,  
Now that the world is worn and chill,  
Thou leapest and laughest to hear it sighing,  
Thou singest thy gayest. Be still! Be still!”

My heart will heed not, for gladness holds it;  
For gladness' sake it is fain to sing:  
And gentle joy like a robe enfolds it,  
So that it feels not smart or sting.

Sing on, poor heart! in the wintry weather.  
Leap and laugh, though the earth be drear!  
For song and gladness will fade together  
Or ever the birth of the Spring be here.

J. W. A.

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## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Old and New*. By the Rev. N. Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. [Price, 5s. net.]

St. Francis Xavier sends out on his feast-day this year, from his holy house in Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin, a new book which is sure to do much good to many souls. We give it at once the name it will be known by, though *Vetera et Nova* precedes it on the title-page. It consists of some twenty chapters on the obligations of a Christian life, its duties and difficulties, the causes of failure and the means of success. Some of the early chapters are too short; but the discussions about prayer, the sacraments, temptations, etc., are full of solid matter and excellent suggestions pressed home with great clearness and earnestness which cannot fail to impress the reader. This thoroughly practical treatise will, please God, in the coming years, be studied with pleasure and profit in many a holy convent and Catholic home, enlightening and calming many a conscience and stimulating the languid to greater fervour. The publishers have brought it out almost too

well, with large type and massive binding. It is a large volume for such a price as five shillings. We include this prosaic circumstance in our notice of it, because the name of the author alone will make many get it and judge for themselves.

2. *The Future of Phyllis*. By Adeline Sergeant. London: John Long, 14 Norris-street. [Price, 6s.]

This Magazine has at wide intervals devoted many pages to the enumeration, and little more than the mere enumeration, of what it called "Harmless Novels." We did not in these pages confine ourselves to writers whom we could trust absolutely as conscientious Catholics like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Julia Kavanagh, Rosa Mulholland, or M. E. Francis, but included such pure-minded women as Annie Keary and Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Adeline Sergeant was not included in the list, we hope for the sole reason that we had not read any of her stories. Her name has long been familiar as that of a popular novelist, author of *Barbara's Money*, but it would hardly have been mentioned here if the public journals had not recently announced her reception into the Catholic Church. Perhaps *The Future of Phyllis* was written before that event. It is written in a good, healthy spirit, though very strict managers of convent libraries may not like their young people to make the acquaintance of Miss Rose Dempster, no matter how well she and Harry may end.

3. We think Messrs. Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, may fairly claim to be the most active of the publishing firms that cater for English-speaking Catholics. To their series of *Round Tables of Representative Catholic Novelists* which they have already selected from American writers, Irish and English writers, and French writers, they now add a fourth large volume in which is served up a feast of excellent stories by German Catholic novelists. Each story is preceded by the author's portrait and a brief biography and bibliography. The autograph signature of each is given also. The sexes seem to be evenly balanced, six of each. Two of the men are priests, the famous "Conrad von Bolanden," and Father Joseph Spillman, whose choice of subjects make him resemble his Italian brother, Father Bresciani, more than his Spanish brother, Father Coloma, or his American brother, Father Finn. This volume is sure of a wide sale. The price of each volume of the series is a dollar and a half.

4. We have often ventured to express our appreciation of

certain college magazines and other periodicals, European, American, Asiatic, that come to us regularly; but we hesitate to praise two dignified reviews that are faithful and punctual in their visits, though published in France and the United States respectively. A discreet dwarf will not try to pat a giant on the back. *La Quinzaine*, 11 Rue Vaneau, Paris, unlike its English namesake, the *Fortnightly Review*, is true to its name, and two numbers as large as the *Month* appear every month. It is excellent literature, conducted in a sound Catholic spirit, and very entertaining while sufficiently solid. Of a still higher standing is the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Philadelphia, 211 South Sixth Street), which has reached its 108th quarterly part, and maintains its high character. The October number gives, under the title of "The Last Words of an Agnostic," a score of its spacious pages to the melancholy book in which Herbert Spencer takes his farewell of the world as a teacher, and which the Rev. S. Fitzsimons shows to be a confession of utter failure and perplexity. This is followed by two very dissimilar but very interesting articles, full of information not accessible to ordinary readers. The writer of the former paper, the Rev. Daniel Quinn, dates his remarkably erudite contribution from Athens itself, where Leo XIII. has set him over the recently established Leonine College. Mrs. Stone's article, "Jesuits at Court," is founded on original documents, published by Father Duhr, S.J., at Freiburg; but we are not sure that she has succeeded in conveying the general impression that a competent historical critic, acquainted with sixteenth-century affairs, would consider justified by some of those very confidential communications. Besides three papers on American subjects, the *Review* devotes twenty-six pages to "The See of Cashel and its Late Archbishop," the fullest tribute that we have seen to the memory of Dr. Croke. The writer, Mr. John J. O'Shea, is the only layman on the editorial staff of the *Review*, which is under the direction of the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, with the Right Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., and the Rev. James P. Turner as associated editors. The scientific chronicle has for a long time been conducted very ably by the Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan, S.J., of Boston.

5. *The Temperance Reader. Specially intended for Schools.* By the Rev. W. H. Cologan and Sir Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. Dublin and Belfast: Eason & Son. [Price, 1s. net.]

This well-bound and well-printed shilling book is sure of a  
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great and constant sale. Though composed by a Catholic priest and a great Catholic physician, this issue of it has, at the request of influential persons who are not Catholics, been prepared for the special purpose of being adopted for use in all schools, no matter in what religion the children may be educated. But adult readers will also find it extremely useful and interesting, the nineteen chapters discussing all the medical and moral aspects of the subject. The work is not portioned out between the two authors, but, of course, we may safely thank Sir Francis Cruise for the chapters that treat of the effects of drink on strength, on the stomach, liver and kidneys, on the heart and on the nervous system. Readers whose "withers are unwrung" will at least be moved by these revelations to thank God that they are, perhaps with little merit of their own, happily safe from these miserable perils and troubles. Every shilling expended in the circulation of this shilling book will, please God, bring untold blessings on many a household.

6. *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Adolescentium Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Melleario concinnata*. Volumen I. Logica et Ontologia. Dublinii: apud Browne et Nolan, Via Nassoviana, 1902.

As Nassau-street is so well disguised on this title page, why do not the publishers figure as *Fuscus et Nolanus*? This "*Summula*" is not so small as that modest diminutive would imply, containing as it does four hundred large and finely printed pages. It is written throughout in clear and fluent Latin, except an occasional foot-note illustrating some statement by an extract from Father Harper, Father Rickaby, and other modern writers on the subject. The author suppresses himself completely, but the title quoted above lets us know that the treatise has been written for the students of philosophy at the famous monastery of Mount Melleray, County Waterford. This circumstance explains why the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of Waterford is joined to that of the Archbishop of Dublin, preceded by the *Nihil Obstat* of the theological censor, the Rev. Thomas Magrath, D.D. These names dispense with general criticism. As for the special fitness of this new treatise for class purposes, we hope to quote hereafter the favourable opinion of professional critics.

7. Books intended for certain months are seldom in the hands of reviewers in time to be noticed before that month. ! They are pretty sure to come too late. We speak of religious books; for the