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"THIS DAY IS BORN TO YOU A SAVIOUR."—(St. Luke ii. 11.)



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Feasts of the New Year.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

CIRCUMCISION was a sacred rite which no longer exists. It was one of the imperfect Sacraments of the Old Law, which were types of the Christian ones. Everything under the Mosaic dispensation was, in a sense, imperfect, for, as St. Paul plainly told the Hebrews, "the law brought nothing to perfection." (Heb. vii. 19.) The Law and its ordinances were imperfect in the sense that, though good and even excellent in themselves, and amply sufficient to lead men to God, they were, nevertheless, but the first instalment, so to speak, of Heaven's gifts, and were but indications of "the better gifts" which were in store for mankind.

When we say the law of Circumcision no longer exists, we mean, of course, that it has no longer any binding force, and

the rite itself has no longer any significance or worth. For all that we know, the Jews may still, in some places at least, practise it; and, if credence is to be given to what certain African travellers tell us on the subject, it still obtains among some of the aboriginal tribes of that dark country, but whether as a religious observance or not they do not inform us. Previous to the coming of Christ, it held a place in the Jewish ritual analogous to that of Baptism under the Christian Covenant.

This ceremony dates back to the time of Abraham, upon whom God imposed it as a means of sanctifying the souls of his sin-stained offspring, and as a sign of their adoption by Him. As far as we can gather from the pages of Holy Writ, it was on the whole faithfully maintained and observed by the Jews through all the

vicissitudes of their checkered history. Even up to the time of Our Lord it was religiously kept by them. We read for instance of St. John the Baptist's circumcision; St. Paul was circumcised, and so we may infer were the other Apostles, and generally the children of all God-fearing Hebrews of the time.

It was a humiliating rite, and a painful one; and it left behind a lasting and distinguishing mark. Male children only were subjected to it, and it had to be performed on the eighth day after birth. Some modern, as well as mediæval pictures might lead a person to think that it was necessarily performed in the temple or by a priest; it was not so. The child was usually circumcised at home, and the father or mother, or any other person could perform it. It was on that occasion, too, children generally received their names, but it does not appear that there was any precept to this effect.

It was to this very painful operation Our Lord submitted Himself when He was only eight days old. Having the perfect use of reason as man, and being far more sensitive than ordinary children, it was to Him exceedingly distressful, and must have caused excruciating pain. Upon this fact the holy fathers, and other spiritual writers, descant touchingly, and bring before our minds that He began even at that early age to suffer for us. His most precious Blood was poured out, and, if His Eternal Father had so willed it, that first blood-shedding might have sufficed for our redemption, for it was all-sufficient to effect it, being of infinite value.

It is scarcely necessary to remind a Catholic that in the case of Our Lord there was no need why He should have undergone this painful circumcision. But He wished to fulfil "all justice," that is to say, to observe the entire Law, both out of respect to the Law-giver, who was God Himself, and to teach us that *we*

should regard with reverence, and obey with ready submission, every injunction imposed upon us by God or His representatives.

Circumcision, too, was an acknowledgment of the presence of sin, and the enduring scar it left was an abiding protestation that the circumcised child was subject to sin. Our Saviour "took upon Himself the iniquity of us all"—making Himself responsible to the Eternal Father for all the sins of the world, which He came to atone for; and in His circumcision He gave a pledge, signed with His own Blood, that He undertook this task so painful to Him and so salutary to us.

It was on this occasion, when He so humbled Himself as to put on the badge of sin, and poured out His all-sacred Blood for us for the first time, that He took and received the name of Jesus—this being, as we may say, His personal name, whereas "Christ" is His official one. The name was not a new one; we find it given to others mentioned in the ancient scriptures, but in the present instance, it was bestowed by the express command of the Father, as we learn from the words of Gabriel, on the day of the Annunciation.

THE EPIPHANY.

THE name of this feast is of Greek origin—it means the "shining upon," and refers to the appearance of the star seen by the Magi.

Christ was "the light," as the Evangelist tells us, and it shone in darkness—in the darkness of men's wickedness and ingratitude. It was to shine in darkness in another sense, but to dispel it. In the olden time the Jews only were "the people of God." It was from them the prophets sprang, and it was to them Moses delivered the commission he received on the summit of Sinai. Outside

that small nation there had settled down on all others a treble darkness—the darkness of sin, the darkness of ignorance, and the darkness of exclusion from the special communications of Heaven made to the Hebrews.

But Christ came to save all, and His message of peace and reconciliation must be announced to all “men of good will” whether Jew or Gentile, “that the Gentiles might be fellow-heirs (with the Jews) and co-partners of His promise.” (Eph. iii. 6.)

This announcement was made in the first instance to the Jews in the persons of the shepherds on Christmas night, and in the second place to the Gentiles in the persons of the Magi, whose advent to Bethlehem we commemorate to-day.

The Magi came from the East, as they explained to King Herod. “We have seen His star in the East,” but from what part of the East we are left to conjecture. It would appear that they were skilled in astronomy. It would also seem that they were persons of consideration, and that they were accompanied by a large number of attendants, for the coming of a few ordinary strangers to a great capital like Jerusalem would not have attracted notice as theirs evidently did. Hence many of the holy fathers think they were princes or petty kings. Their number is not mentioned in the Gospel, although the traditionary opinion would have us believe they were only three.

God watched over their going and return, and saved them from the dangers of the way and the treachery of Herod. Of their after history we know nothing for certain. Their bodies, according to an old tradition, were brought to Constantinople, and from thence to Milan, where they were deposited in the Dominican Church. A beautiful altar in the famous Cathedral of Cologne is dedicated to their honour, and beneath the altar is the casket which is said to contain their remains.

The gifts offered by the Magi to the

Holy Infant, of which the Evangelist speaks, were three—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. These were precious gifts, and much esteemed by the ancients, so that we may infer the Magi gave generously and of their best to “Him that was born King of the Jews.” The Fathers tell us that these gifts had a mystical meaning. Gold was offered as an acknowledgment of His regal authority; incense as a confession of His deity; and myrrh as an acknowledgment that He came to redeem the human race. They had a moral meaning, too: charity was typified by gold, devotion by frankincense, and penance by myrrh. These gifts ought every Christian offer at the crib of the Infant Saviour.

The star typifies faith, which leads us to God, for without faith we wander in the darkness of heresy and unbelief. And as a star may be said to be bright though its light is comparatively faint, so faith, while teaching us of God, and directing us to Him by its steady light and its unerring guidance, is at the same time obscure, for “we see now through a glass (by faith) in a dark manner.” (Rom. xiii. 12.)

The journey of the Magi to Bethlehem is a figure of the true Christian’s life on earth. It is a wearisome way; it is surrounded by difficulties, and beset by danger; even when the goal is all but reached there may be great peril. If, like the Magi, we keep our eyes fixed on the guiding star of faith, and ever remember the end to which we are destined, we shall safely arrive at the feet of Christ, and receive the reward of our labours.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

ON the Epiphany is also commemorated the Baptism of Our Lord in the Jordan. This baptism is described in almost identical words by the Evangelists Matthew and Mark. Three things are noted by both:

"the heavens were opened," "the Spirit appeared as a dove," and a voice was distinctly heard proclaiming "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Needless to say, this baptism was not the Sacramental one instituted by Christ, though it was typical of it.

Our Lord came to the Jordan to give



BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.

the sanction of His approval to the preaching of the Baptist, "prepare ye the way," "do penance." If He had not gone, it might have been said afterwards, that He did not approve of St. John's doctrine.

He went, too, to support by His example the efforts of the Precursor, who, recognising Jesus by revelation, was loth to perform the ceremony upon Him. Our

Lord by His answer, "it becometh us to fulfil all justice," would teach us that wherever, and in what manner soever, the glory of God can be promoted, the good Christian should be zealous to help it on by his sympathy, and personal effort. Is not this a strong rebuke to us on our lukewarmness in doing good, and aiding the

efforts for good made by others? All laudable projects to build up the cause of religion and of charity, all efforts to prevent sin and to save its victims, should enlist our co-operation as far as our opportunities permit. This is a lesson that comes home to Catholics every day, and is very much needed in this age of selfishness and indifference.

This was the first meeting between our Lord and St. John the Baptist, as far as we can learn from the Gospels. Whether they met as children we cannot say; perhaps they did. Christian painters, of course, have depicted for us in their very best master-pieces scenes in which Our Lord, and His cousin according to the flesh, are represented as though they lived together through the days of their childhood, but this is one of the licences permitted to artists. Whether they ever again met after the baptism of the Jordan we are not told, as the Gospels on this point also are silent.

The Baptism of Our Lord seems to have been the very first act of

His public life. "Then came Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan:" so writes St. Matthew; and St. Mark, in more expressive words, says "Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee." It was only after His Baptism He went into the desert for His forty days' fast, & both Evangelists seem to indicate. Our Lord, commencing His public life with an

act of sublime humility, putting Himself unostentatiously among sinners, and presenting Himself, as any one of them might have done, to John for Baptism—puts this great virtue in the front place in his teaching. “Those who humble themselves shall be exalted.” This Our Lord many times declared in His public teaching, and so was He Himself exalted by the Eternal Father on the banks of the Jordan. He wished to pass as an ordinary child of man, and as such He must have been regarded by the crowd on the river’s side, but the words of St. John, and the voice from heaven marked Him out; and He was exalted on that day for His self-abasement.

The true Christian will learn from this action of Our Lord the dignity and necessity of humility.

THE WEDDING AT CANA.

THE two foregoing events were marked by a manifestation of Jesus—His Divinity, and His office of Redeemer, were plainly pointed out by heavenly signs. But a third manifestation is recorded, though of a different character, at the wedding of Cana, which is also commemorated on January 6th. He changed water into wine, and thus gave proof, personal proof we can call it, that He was more than man. This also was His first miracle.

It will be profitable to consider the circumstances under which that wonder was wrought. Our Lord deigned to grace the festive board on the occasion of the marriage of a humble couple. His Blessed Mother was there, as were also His disciples. He not only sanctioned and blessed by His presence, this holy rite, but He joined in the festivities that followed. He would not, and could not, have been at the rejoicings, nor could He have allowed His disciples to go, had there been aught there that could in anywise have been at variance with the

strictest laws of decency and temperance. God allows and sanctions timely rejoicings and merriment; but are all our festive gatherings presided over by such a sense of decorum, as that Christ might be present, or that the young and innocent, or the weak, be permitted to take part in them?

Our Blessed Lady, with a woman’s refined feeling, and a mother’s love, wished to save the hospitable couple from embarrassment when she perceived the wine was running short, and asked Her Son to prevent it by a miracle. The tenderness of Mary’s heart is here made known to us, and we are made to feel that when the wine of grace runs short in our souls she will come to our help only too readily if we allow her, and still more willingly if we ask her. We are shown, too, beyond all doubt, that she fully recognised who her Son was—that He was the Ruler of Nature, that He was God Himself.

From Our Lord’s answer to His mother on that occasion Protestants have drawn inferences which we utterly fail to understand. They say He rebuked her. Now, in the first place, could Mary have made any demand worthy of blame? If she were not the mother of God we might easily conceive it. In the second place, could Christ have censured on such an occasion His mother, whom He loved and revered as never did a son a mother before? Impossible! Even Protestant commentators, who had the learning, which their ignorant and irreverently-bigoted brethren lacked, admit that the words He used, were, in Oriental usage, not words of reproach, but rather of respect. This all scholars versed in ancient Eastern languages and customs know well.

This was Our Lord’s first miracle, worked, too, although His hour had “not yet come.” There was no change in the arrangements of Providence—that could not be; but the working of that miracle depended on Mary’s asking for it. It is

Christ's own testimony to Mary's acceptableness, and to her intercessory power.

On many another occasion Christ was asked to show forth His power, but this is the only one mentioned in the Gospels when Mary petitioned. She made the

request, too, for humble poor people, not for the rich and haughty.

Blessed was the house that sheltered such guests, and happy were they who were not unworthy to receive them.



Now.

Time is "*Numerus motus secundum prius et posterius.*"—ST. THOMAS.

REV. DR. O'RIORDAN.

YESTERDAY is gone, and for
ever,
It shall not return for aye;
To-morrow as yet is not with us,
We only have present to-day.

Not even to-day is all with us;
The moments come, go, and are past;
Next moment is with us a little
As if 'twere the one we had last.

Time comes by succession from motion,
So all the philosophers say;
And motion, succession, is part of
The great human drama we play.

Eternity only is changeless,
Neither past nor future is there,
But one interminable present
Without when, whence, whither, or where.

And God lives eternally, always;
Not has lived, nor shall live, but lives;
And we moving onward and ever
Pass on through the time which He gives.

You watch the sea's motionful surface;
'Tis time's faithful image you see,
You see its waves follow each other:
So life goes in you and in me.

One wave, rolling on to the ocean,
Moves after one rolling before;
It reaches and dashes upon it,
And neither is seen anymore.

In the wake of those that have vanished,
Flows wave after wave as before,
They all, coming, reaching, and dashing,
Sink, in turn, to rise never more.

From moment to moment life fleets thus,
Just think of the present—'Tis gone!
What was future is come and is present,
Just grasp at it—also 'tis gone!

The present then only is real;
What has been is gone anyhow;
The future has not yet come on us,
Our work-time of duty is now.

This life has its meaning, moreover;
It leads to another to come;
This other depends on the present;
Not all shall be blessed, but some.



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER I.

ONE beautiful summer's day in the year 1591, the noble mansion at Wyndham Court presented unwonted signs of preparation for some festive event. The winding avenue, some half mile in length, was spanned at intervals by triumphal arches, at each of which stood about fifty of the tenantry.

Within the spacious hall the servants were stationed, marshalled by the old and faithful steward, David Truman.

Outside, resting against the marble balustrade, Sir Edward Penrose and his young son Cecil, waited somewhat impatiently for the distant cheers which would announce the arrival of the Master of Wyndham after his prolonged absence.

"He tarries long, Cecil. It will surely please him to find his old friend here to greet him on first coming to take possession of his inheritance."

"I thought the Earl owned Wyndham Court for many years, papa."

"True, my boy; his good father died ten or eleven years ago, when Lord Travers was absent with his regiment in Ireland; but, instead of returning home at once, as everyone expected, he gave up his appointment in the army, and went to Portugal, where he remained ever since. It eked out that he had made some foolish marriage—when, or to whom, nobody knows. But here he comes."

The lusty cheers of the tenantry verified Sir Edward's words, and showed at the same time, that the Travers of Wyndham Court bore a good name amongst their people.

The heavy, cumbrous carriage, drawn by four noble steeds, dashed up to the door, and from it alighted the Earl of Wyndham: a tall, handsome man, about forty years of age, and two pretty little girls, who seemed to be about nine and eleven respectively.

"Welcome home, my lord. You thought to steal a march on us, and to enter your ancestral halls without a word of notice to your neighbours; but your old school-fellow was not to be defrauded of his right to be the first to meet you," said Sir Edward, grasping the Earl's hands warmly.



SIR EDWARD AND HIS SON WAITED IMPATIENTLY.

"You are too good, Sir Edward: this is a pleasure I had little expected and less deserved. Ha! your son, I suppose: he was but an infant when I left for Ireland fourteen years ago. How tall he is! and resembles you somewhat."

"That I cannot echo for this little maiden, your daughter, I presume! She is very unlike you," said Sir Edward,

laying his hand on the elder of the two little girls.

"Both are my very dear children, Maybelle and Alice. But I see my faithful David waxes impatient." And going amongst the servants the Earl shook hands with all whom he remembered; said a few kind words to the others; and then

led the way to the great dining-hall, where refreshments had been prepared.

The two old friends had much to say, and many questions to ask, as the meal progressed. But Sir Edward soon found that the Earl was more disposed to ask questions than to answer them.

"And how comes it, Sir Edward, that you have forsworn Her Majesty's smiles to bury yourself in the country all those years?"

"Her Majesty's favours are more easily won by dancing lawyers* than by old and tried servants of the Crown. Then my wife's delicate health made the country fitter for her abode than the town."

"I must see Lady Penrose soon; were it to-morrow, would it fatigue her to receive me."

"She will be delighted to see you; her health progresses somewhat, and the leech gives hope that she will yet be quite strong." But your noble lady

tarried not long on earth."

There was a slight accentuation on the word noble, which caused a momentary flush on the Earl's brow—he paused ere he answered, in reply to the implied, rather than to the direct question.

"Yes, my wife *was* noble, as noble as

*Referring to Sir Christopher Hatton, who won the Queen's favour by his dancing.

anyone who is seated at this board; she died just one month after the birth of my younger daughter." An awkward silence ensued, then the Earl resumed, "And how goes it with my old friend and kinswoman, Lady Talbot? Letters were a luxury I was loath to indulge in those late years."

"Passing well; she is a Papist, as you doubtless remember, and the laws against those rebels have waxed strong and sharp; limb or land must pay the gratification of their superstition. Lady Talbot has the reputation of harbouring priests, and that bodes no good to her or hers."

"It grieves me to hear this, for we are neighbours, and had counted on her aid in a difficulty."

"If aught I could do would suffice, you have but to command my best services."

"'Twas but this, my children have an excellent nurse, but she is only a servant; I would I could find a gentlewoman so slack of means that she would accept charge of them and their manners."

"In faith, my lord, a lucky star rules your destiny; 'twas but yestere'en my wife had word of an impoverished gentlewoman, whose husband had died leaving her penniless. She is a staunch Protestant."

"And so would be doubly welcome in these dangerous times when Popery stalks to one's very door," interrupted the Earl.

Sir Edward looked at him keenly. Soon, however, the conversation changed to old Oxford remembrances.

When Sir Edward mounted his horse to return home, he smiled to see the

evident progress which Cecil had made in the good graces of the two little girls. Though at first the children had been very shy, they were now running eagerly about the terrace; Cecil quite proud of his superior knowledge, pointing out different things to them, and explaining whom the different statues represented.



THEIR LUSTY CHEERS VERIFIED SIR EDWARD'S WORDS.

"I see a friendship has been already struck up," laughed Sir Edward.

"If it please you, my Lord, Cecil shall initiate your little daughters into the mysteries of horsemanship and woodcraft, as far as it is meet for ladies to practise. No one knows the fens of Lincolnshire better than he; so he can be as wary as well as a brave companion."

"With all my heart," replied the Earl. "I the more gladly accept your kind offer as I shall be much pressed for time on account of my long absence. I will leave the little lasses free from lessons for three months to let them get used to the English breezes; and my faithful William who has been in attendance on me all these years can accompany their

rising eminence; it was a handsome modern building, having been erected by the Earl's father. Behind it a large wall extended, enclosing the out-houses and vegetable garden, and in the rear, on the eastern side, was the old castle flanked by strong towers, which, though in good preservation, had been deserted by the family in favour of the modern dwelling

on account of the greater comfort of the latter.

"'Tis a goodly heritage, Cecil, and may yet be thine, if thou knowest but how to trim 'hy sails. Wyndham Court and Egmont Castle have their lands in close proximity, and thou be master of both, few nobles shall equal thy riches. But mark my words well, boy—*this* property descends to the elder girl alone—thou knowest my meaning: many suns shall rise and set, but do thou bide thy time."

CHAPTER II.

TRUE to his father's promise Cecil was not long in establishing himself as an indispensable companion to the girls in their out-door rambles; he knew every inch of Lincolnshire, in the northern

portion of which Wyndham Court was situated. He proved to be an interesting as well as a useful companion, enlivening their walks and rides by racy anecdotes. However, he always liked his will to be implicitly obeyed, and to this Maybelle would in no way submit; they had a few amicable skirmishes, in which she was invariably the victor; whilst little Alice looked up to Cecil as to a superior being whose slightest wish should be a law.



THE EARL OF WYNDHAM . . . AND TWO PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS.

rides, to tame, if need be, their over ardour."

As Sir Edward and his son neared the entrance gate, they drew rein at a little eminence and looked back. In truth, it was a fair scene to behold. The wide demense was wooded with magnificent trees, principally majestic oaks; the deer wandered through it quite freely, having been undisputed masters for so many years. The house could be seen on a

The two sisters were strikingly different in their appearance, Maybelle being very tall for her age, with jet black hair, deep violet grey eyes and snow-white skin; whilst Alice was a little, round, rosy child,

also unlike—Maybelle was quick, enthusiastic, proud, and somewhat haughty, whilst filled with a kind of chivalrous desire to relieve the oppressed and suffering. Alice, on the contrary, was like the



CECIL HAD MADE EVIDENT PROGRESS IN THEIR GOOD GRACES.

with golden curls and blue eyes. The only resemblance between them lay in the formation of the mouth and nose, which was similar, save that a greater determination lurked about Maybelle's mouth, which yet had the same sweet smile as Alice's. In character they were

ivy, which must cling to something stronger than itself for support; she was very gentle and sweet-tempered: if anyone actually asked her for assistance she would not refuse, but neither would she dream of proffering her help unasked. The perfect freedom from restraint in which they

had been reared up to the present, had allowed these characteristics to be more strongly developed than is usual in children of their years.

Yet another member of the household deserves our attention—the nurse, Norah Gray. She had been the faithful attendant of the children's mother; and



SHE ASKED LADY TALBOT TO COME TO SEE HER TREASURES.

when Lady Wyndham lay on her death-bed, she had implored Norah to watch over, and as far as possible to take her place towards the two motherless babes, the elder of whom was scarcely two years old. Faithfully had Norah fulfilled the trust; but on one point it was not given her to carry out her mistress's dying wish. The Countess of Wyndham had been a

fervent Catholic, and hoped to have her children in the same faith; but the Earl knew too well the penalty that would ensue if what he considered the errors of Popery should spread in his family. When his wife was laid in her last resting-place, he called Norah Gray, and whilst leaving her absolute control over the two children,

he warned her, that the day she would open her lips about religion to them would be the last she should spend in his household, as he meant to rear them Protestants like himself. She was left full liberty to practise her religion herself, and whilst they lived in Portugal it was easy for her to do so—now things were different. At her own request, the Earl had given orders that all her meals should be sent to her room; thus she was enabled to observe the fasts of the Church without observation. But how about the Sacraments? The rambling talk of the little girls about Lady Talbot's being a Papist, gave her a ray of hope. She begged of Maybelle to procure her speech of Lady Talbot when that lady should visit.

Sir John and Lady Talbot lived at Granite Hall, on the south-east of Yorkshire, with their two grown sons and an only daughter, Maude. They were only ten miles distant

from Wyndham Court, and though as a rule they lived a retired life, and avoided visiting as much as possible, they no sooner heard of the arrival home of their kinsman, than they hastened to welcome him back to his native land.

Maybelle did not forget her beloved nurse's request, and when she saw her

father and Sir John engaged in an animated discussion, she asked Lady Talbot and Maude to come to the nursery to see all her treasures. Lady Talbot was amused at the little girl's eagerness and laughingly complied. Having shown all her toys and keepsakes, Maybelle adroitly kept Maude and Alice engaged whilst Norah Gray had her anxiously-wished-for conversation with Lady Talbot.

The latter was particularly kind to the two motherless children, and occasionally invited them for a few days to Granite Hall, always stipulating that their nurse should come with them. Thus Norah got the longed-for opportunity of practising her religious duties without the slightest suspicion being excited.

Events were not, however, to run in too even a groove for Maybelle: she had not been three months at home before she made a life-long enemy, and one who was as unscrupulous as he was vindictive. Amongst the numerous out-door helps who got employment at Wyndham Court, were two boys; one Jake, who was looked on as a kind of half-fool. He had bright red hair, an impediment in his speech, and such a foolish expression of countenance as invariably to cause laughter at his expense when he tried to explain himself. The other, Blint, the horse-boy, had never been known to look anyone straight in the face. The servants had often laid wagers in fun as to the colour of Blint's eyes—but no one could win. He had a cadaverous countenance, and a sly insinuating manner of speaking.

Silver spoons and various small articles had for some time been disappearing,

without the slightest clue as to who was the thief, when one fine day poor Jake was sent in a hurry to give some message to Blint. Running into the stable unexpectedly, he saw the latter in the act of putting a silver spoon into a hole in the ground. To dart forward and to wrench it from the thief was but the work of a second. But Jake was no match for



NORA HAD HER CONVERSATION WITH LADY TALBOT.

the other, either in strength or cunning. To struggle to get back the spoon where they were, would lead to inevitable discovery; so Blint quietly said, "Come to the old Castle, Jake, until I show you a heron's nest I have discovered; I have only five minutes free, so if you wait to go back to the house first, I cannot show it to you." Poor foolish Jake clutched the spoon tightly, and covering it with his rough jerkin, thought he might look at the nest before going to the house with his discovery. Arrived at the Castle, Blint



JAKE WAS NO MATCH FOR THE OTHER BOY.

sprang suddenly on his companion, tried to snap the spoon from him, and failing, showered blows ruthlessly on the head of the unresisting boy, who could not defend himself from the very tenacity with which he clutched the silver spoon.

"Hold, villain! wilt'st murder the lad?" cried a childish but imperious voice. "Let go, how durst thou beat anyone in my father's service."

"Noa, Noa, I'se only funnen wi un," retorted the culprit.

"Funning indeed, call'st thou *that* funning?" pointing to the blood which was trickling down the victim's face.

"Me sweet 'oong loady—"

"Silence, sirrah; come here poor boy, and tell me about it."

Poor Jake gabbered incoherently, sobbing the while. Maybelle could not make out a word he said, but from his gesticula-

tions with the spoon, she guessed that the other had stolen it and had been discovered.

"Come at once to the house, the two of you, and my father's steward will settle your dispute," said she. This by no means fell in with master Blint's intentions; he commenced again about his sweet little lady, when an unexpected arrival gave a new turn to affairs.

"Oh, Papa! I have just saved that poor boy from being mur-



"HOW DURST THOU BEAT ANYONE IN MY FATHER'S SERVICE?"

dered by this wretch, who, I think, has been thieving as well," showing the silver spoon which Jake had placed in her hands.

"An thou wilt go about reclaiming evil-doers, thy time will be over well filled. Methinks, Bella mia, thou reversest the order of things. 'Tis usually the knight who goes to defend the forlorn damsel, but thou wilt e'en rescue rough boys; that is scarcely meet. Besides, I must have a word with thee elsewhere about wandering forth alone; thy maid was seeking thee. For you two, go at once before me to the house, and the steward shall decide this matter," added the Earl in a stern tone.

Maybelle had heard from Cecil about a wonderful nest situated in an inaccessible part of the old Castle, and as he had declared that no girl could get it, the spirit of daring was roused in her to make the attempt; hence her timely interference.

A thorough search resulting from Jake's discovery, proved that Blint was the robber who had purloined all the missing articles. He was ignominiously dismissed after a sound horse-whipping, and left with vengeance in his head and heart towards Maybelle—vowing *never* to rest until he had paid her for her interference, no matter how long he should wait. How faithfully he kept that vow, this tale will show.

Poor Jake's gratitude was somewhat ludicrous; he looked on his young pro-

tectress as a kind of superior being to be worshipped with awe; he would watch her going through the grounds, darting forward, clasp- ing his hands and wriggling in efforts to show his joy. Sometimes he brought her wild flowers, at others a bunch



of sweet heather. Maybelle always had a sweet smile and a gentle word for the innocent lad; and her kind influence gradually softened his rough nature, so that those about him noticed that his wild fits of anger, which formerly had been terrible, gradually lessened in number and in intensity.

(To be continued.)

St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.

FEAST, JANUARY 21ST.

AMONG the martyr-saints of the early Church there is not one, perhaps, more glorious in her triumph, or whose praises are more eloquently proclaimed by the Holy Fathers, than the youthful Virgin, St. Agnes. Of her St. Jerome wrote that "all nations have joined in honouring this little saint, who overcame both the cruelty of the tyrant, and the weakness of her tender age, and added to the lustre of chastity the crowning glory of martyrdom." St. Ambrose in his book on Virgins has the following beautiful passage: "To-day is the natal day of a virgin, let us cherish holy purity: it is the feast day of a martyr, let us offer holocausts of praise. It is the birth-day of Agnes, let men look on in admiration; let the young be of good heart; let the married wonder; let the virgin find in her an example. She underwent the tortures of martyrdom when she had lived only thirteen short years. What cruelty more revolting than that which spared not the tender years of childhood? Surely great must be the power of faith which found even in that early age such a witness to the truth. This blessed child stood defiant in the midst of blood-thirsty men, undaunted under the weight of the heavy chains that bound her, offering her head to the sword of the savage executioner; and when dragged to the altar of iniquity she stretched forth her arms amidst the flames to Christ, and in His name grasped the victor's crown. She went to the scene of her death more gladly than others hasten to a wedding feast. She went adorned, not with the ornaments of vanity, but filled with the love of Christ; she went decked out, not with the flowers of earth, but with the sweet blossoms of virtue. The beholders

shed tears, but she wept not; they stood mute in astonishment that she who had scarcely tasted the blessing of life should so readily yield it up; and she forced the on-lookers to believe in Him to whom she bore such heroic testimony—for what exceeds the powers of nature must come from nature's God. Behold how the inhuman executioner tries to intimidate her by his threats, to allure her by his soft words, to seduce her by his promises. But what doth she? She cries out, 'O Thou who hast chosen me for Thyself, take me to Thyself. Why, tormentor, why dost thou hesitate? Perish this body that can be loved by eyes that I will not.'

"She stood, she prayed, she bent her tender neck on the block. See how the executioner hesitates and trembles; you would have thought that he was the condemned one. See how his strong arm trembles, and his face grows pale, but the little maiden falters not.

"In this one victim behold the twofold triumph of chastity and religion: a virgin she remained, the martyr's crown she did not lose."

No wonder that these and other Holy Fathers should extol her so highly, and that her memory is so lovingly cherished by the Church. She was a mere child in years, but she displayed that strength of faith, and that firmness of constancy which bespeak the full maturity of virtue. The world may applaud the heroic deeds of her warriors, and their courage in the face of dangers, and their exploits may be handed down to posterity on many a page, but history cannot show forth a more noble spirit, nor a grander heroism than hers. Her victory over the weakness of nature, her faithfulness when assailed by insidious temptations, her Christian bold-



ST. AGNES, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

BY FRA ANGELICO.

ness when confronted with the terrible power of pagan Rome, her unflinching courage when subjected to fearful tortures, tell to us of one who was a worthy representative of that Divine Religion established by Him who chooses "the weak things of this world to confound the strong."

Her beauty brought to her the occasion of her trial, and of her conquest. Unholy eyes had wickedly gazed on the comeliness of her form; but her heart was undefiled, and she showed to all Christian maidens how modestly they should demean themselves under like circumstances.

She was wealthy, too; but she valued more than earthly pelf the riches of God's love.

Noble by birth, she reckoned it the highest nobility to be the friend of Christ.

Hence detached from the world, and its empty pleasures, she was able to stand firm before the pagan Governor of Rome, and to repel the solicitations of unworthy admirers. Subjected to fearful temptations she looked to God for help, and it was not wanting to her. Tied to the stake, and surrounded by devouring flames she rose to the sublimity of true heroism, and overcame in the strength that is from on high. Called upon to give the last and crowning proof of love for her heavenly spouse, she unhesitatingly bowed her head to receive the blow that was to take away her early life.

We almost fancy that we can even now see the proud array of Rome's officials and soldiers gathering round in hostile and ominous display, and hear their threats; that we see them piling up the burning faggots round about the youthful figure of the little maid, and that we gaze at her in admiring awe, as with uplifted hands she prays to God:—"O Almighty, Adorable, and Tremendous God, I bless Thee because, through Thy Only-begotten Son, I have escaped from the threats of wicked men, and have passed undefiled

through the temptations of hell: to Thee only do I plight my faith: to Thee I offer myself: behold I come to Thee whom I have loved, to Thee whom I have sought, to Thee whom I have always desired." We fancy we witness the impotent rage of the infuriated tyrant whose power she has defied, whose wiles she has baffled, as with a fearful malediction he hurls against her the sentence of death. We fancy we can feel the awful silence that fell upon the spectators when she stepped forward to the block, and the guilty bitter shame that overwhelmed them when they saw the angelic form of little Agnes lying a bleeding corpse before the altar of their false god. Hell had exhausted all its genuity in vain, cruelty had spent all its fury in vain; the purity of this innocent girl had risen triumphant in its loveliness over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Suffering Rome in those early years of persecution presented to God many a lovely flower of innocence, and many a garland of blood-stained roses, but she never offered to God a whiter lily, or a sweeter flower than St. Agnes.

The name of this dear Saint is derived from the Latin word *Agnus*, which means a lamb. Associated with her name and memory is a very beautiful and touching ceremony, which takes place annually on her feast-day in a church dedicated to God under her patronage. This church is built a short distance outside Rome, directly over the place where her sacred body was buried. On that day Cardinals, Bishops, priests, and large numbers of the laity, go thither for the ceremony. Two snow-white little lambs, gently fettered by silken bands, are brought by the Apostolic sub-deacons, and laid on the high altar whilst the "Agnus Dei" is being sung. An abbot of the Canons Regular then solemnly blesses them, after which they are reverently conveyed to a Convent of Nuns in the city, where the Sisters carefully rear them, and in due season shear

them of their wool. From this wool are made the *Pallia*.*

There is another church consecrated in her name in the centre of Rome, and over the scene of her trials and martyrdom. In the crypt beneath are pictures and statues which recall to mind the history of her sufferings.

* The Pallium is a narrow strip of white woven wool worn on the shoulders and hanging down in front. Four purple crosses are worked on it. It is worn by the Pope, and sent by him to Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and sometimes Bishops, a token that they possess the fulness of the episcopal office. The recipient, after making an oath of obedience to the Pope, gets it from the hands of another Bishop, specially delegated for the purpose by the Supreme Pontiff. It is worn on certain days only, and cannot be transmitted to a successor.

Underneath the first-mentioned church is one of the most famous of the Catacombs. It extends through a very large area, and contains early Christian chapels, and a great number of tombs where the bodies of martyrs were deposited during the first centuries of persecution.†

† Adjoining this church is a convent where a very remarkable incident happened in the year 1855. Pius I with a large number of Cardinals and high Prelates, had been holding a meeting in one of its halls, when suddenly the floor gave way, and all were precipitated from a considerable height to the ground beneath. No one was injured; and this providential escape was looked upon as marvellous, if not miraculous.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



JACK ENDERBY'S CONVERSION.

CHAPTER XI.

"I hold it truth with him who sings,
! In one clear chord to divers strings,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

TENNYSON

THE Rector of Wetherly lay upon his death-bed. His allotted span of earthly existence had run its course of sixty-nine years, and the fiat had gone forth that he was to die. The idea in itself was unpleasant, but so far as his eternal future was concerned, he entertained the comfortable conviction that all would be well with him. He had led a good life, according to his lights, and, unlike the majority of his Ritualistic brethren, felt no doubt that the religion of the Established Church in England bore the impress of divine approval. His reasoning faculties had never been very brilliant, and notwithstanding the Papal decree, he was firmly convinced that he was "a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech."

Now he was dying, and his one wish was to see Jack Enderby before he bade adieu for ever to the pleasures and comforts of earth.

"Has he come?" he asked drowsily, as his wife returned from a final interview with the doctor.

"Not yet dear," replied Mrs. Rutherford.

The woman who had ruled both her husband and the parish with a rod of iron for over twenty years was strangely softened in this hour, when the reins of government were slipping through her fingers. She had loved the rector in a calm tolerant manner, despising him for his weakness, and acknowledging hers to be the superior mind, but, on the whole, she had done her duty by him, and his approaching exit from this world was regarded by her as nothing short of a calamity, for it would mean that her reign in Wetherly was at an end for ever.

Presently the sound of carriage wheels broke the stillness, and the eyes of the dying man lighted up with a last glance of anticipation.

"Bring Jack here to me at once," he murmured, and a few moments after, the young Curate was kneeling beside his old friend's pillow, his feeble hands clasped within his own.

The rector smiled faintly and tried to speak, but the words came with difficulty, and the grey hue of death was creeping into the ashy pallor of his face.

"Left to you," he gasped. "You will be a good rector, Jack, better than I was. Take care of the parish; promise me," and with a last convulsive pressure of his favourite's hands, the light faded out of his

eyes, and his soul went before the Judgment Seat of God, to "render an account of its stewardship."

Jack Enderby remained on his knees beside the lifeless body, his mind in a tumult of conflicting emotions. There had been a period of his existence when to be Rector of Wetherly would have satisfied his highest ambitions, and even won, the prospect was not without its charms.

Would it not be wiser—so whispered the Evil One in his ear—to defer his reception into the Catholic Church until he had gained the souls of his parishioners, who would assuredly follow where he led? It was a plausible suggestion, and for an instant the young Curate weighed it in the balance. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, came the recollection of a speech uttered by Father Dominic: "You are playing with your eternal salvation, and, if you delay, the grace may be taken from you." He rose hastily to his feet, resolved to dally no longer with temptation, and turned to say a few words of sympathy to Mrs. Rutherford, who was sobbing beside her husband's body.

"O Mr. Enderby," she gasped, her usual calmness banished by the presence of death, "it seems so sudden, and you had no time to say the last prayers."

Jack started. He had been spared, he, a Catholic at heart, from pronouncing the prayers of the Protestant religion at the death-bed of his Rector, and it opened his eyes to the fact that he was sailing under false colours.

"The living comes to you," she went on. "He always wished it, and you are such a favourite with the people that everything will be very easy to you."

"I cannot accept it," he said, gravely.

"And why?" demanded Mrs. Rutherford, with the old, managing ring in her voice.

"I had not meant to tell you so soon, but, after all, it is better I should do so, and in *his* presence," pointing to the mo-

tionless form upon the bed, "for he knows now that I am doing right. I have made up my mind to become a Catholic, and you will have to find another Rector for Wetherly."

It was over now. He had burned his boats, and as the words fell from his lips, a feeling of unutterable peace and tranquillity came over him.

Mrs. Rutherford stared blankly at him for a moment in silence. Then the storm burst.

"Are you out of your mind, John Enderby," she almost screamed. "You, to join the Romish Church and leave Wetherly, when that dear saint there died happy in the thought that you would carry on his work. Why——"

"Come, come, Mrs. Rutherford," said the Curate, soothingly, but with the masterful manner which he knew so well how to adopt. "This is not a fit time or place for argument. Later on we will discuss the matter," and he opened the door for her to pass out, which, after a searching glance at his determined face, she decided to do.

The next few days were extremely disagreeable ones to Jack Enderby. Mrs. Rutherford's spare moments were devoted to vehement reproaches and denunciations of what she was pleased to term his "egregious folly," and everyone of his female penitents endeavoured to gain an interview with him in turn. The clergyman from a neighbouring parish, who had come over for the Rector's funeral, wasted a good deal of illogical eloquence upon him, and, in addition to all this, no word or sign had come from Elvira Graham in answer to the hurried note he had posted to her from Genoa ten days ago.

He was reflecting moodily on this the morning after the funeral, when he saw the postman approaching the rectory, and hastened out to meet him. A letter, stamped with the unpleasing representation of Humbert of Savoy, was handed to

him, and his heart began to beat like a sledge-hammer, until he recognised the delicate, flowing handwriting of Ethel Radcliffe on the envelope.

"Bother the woman," was the ungallant ejaculation with which he received his former penitent's effusion; and then, struck by a sudden thought, he tore it open eagerly, hoping it might contain some news of or allusion to the girl he loved. Nor was he disappointed. After some prettily expressed regrets for his sad departure, and its melancholy cause, the fair widow described her meeting with Miss Graham on Holy Saturday, and their subsequent chat over the tea cups. "I am more than ever convinced," she wrote, "that what I said to you that moonlight night on the Spanish steps was true; you and Elvira Graham would never be happy together, even if she consented to become the wife of a Protestant." Here an amused smile curled the corners of Jack's lips, but the next sentence speedily banished it. "I gathered also from her conversation that she thinks you a sad flirt, and incapable of any serious feelings. She did not actually say all this, but one can always read between the lines with one's own sex. I do not suppose for a moment that your affections are really engaged, or I would not have written like this, but if I am mistaken, forgive me, *mon ami*, for you know the esteem and regard in which I hold you, and how deeply I have your welfare at heart."

Jack muttered an emphatic word as he read these lines, the truth of which, notwithstanding his knowledge of the eternal feminine, he was ready to believe.

This, then, was the explanation of Elvira's silence. She considered him a flirt, and "incapable of any serious feelings," and he recalled the doubts she had expressed at their last interview concerning his change of religion. He recalled, also, however, the unmistakable love light which had shone in her eyes, and surely *then* she had not been acting a part?

It was a piece of poetic justice that this *debonair* young curate who had made an impression upon so many susceptible hearts should be at last made to suffer in his turn, and could Ethel Radcliffe have witnessed the effect of her letter, it would have surpassed even her most sanguine anticipations.

During the small hours of a sleepless night, the last he would ever spend at Wetherly, he made up his mind upon two very important points. Instead of being received by the Jesuits in London, as had formerly been his intention, he would return at once to Rome, and there, in the grey old Church of San Clemente, where the light of truth first flashed upon him, he would renounce the heresies he had preached and practised all his life. Then, when he *was* a Catholic, and not *till* then—he would go straight to Elvira, and demand an explanation face to face.

CHAPTER XII.

"Can the love that we're so rich in,
Light a fire in the kitchen,
And the little god of love turn the spit, spit,
spit?"

Old Song.

It was not until Easter Sunday, that Elvira broached the subject of her engagement to her father. She had postponed it, hoping that Jack would have sent her a line on his homeward journey, but after the post had arrived, and brought her nothing, she felt she ought not to leave Colonel Graham any longer in ignorance of such an important event. They were driving home from High Mass at St. Peter's, when she broke the news to him.

"I wonder we have not had a line from young Enderby," remarked her father, unconsciously giving her a lead over her first fence. "He said he would write from Genoa; but I daresay he has forgotten all about us."

"I do not think he has," murmured Elvira, and something in her voice and ex-

pression caused the Colonel to regard her keenly.

"What do you know about it, eh? He has not written to you, I suppose?"

"No, Dad," replied the girl, the rosy colour coming into her face. "But I have a piece of news to tell you about him. He is going to be a Catholic, and he wants me to marry him."

For a moment her listener's astonishment rendered him speechless.

"You marry a parson!" he stammered at last.

"He will not be a parson any longer," said Elvira smiling. He had taken the announcement better than she expected.

"But—but it's preposterous my girl, in any case; a fellow without two sixpences to rub together, and no prospects either, if he gives up his profession. If he had a snug living, and the chance of a bishopric some fine day, there would be some sense in the affair, but as it is—"

"But the only reason I have consented is because he is renouncing his 'snug living.' Don't you see, father, I could not marry a Protestant."

"How; it did not do your mother much harm," grunted the Colonel. "But what are you going to live upon? that is the question. I can't do anything for you."

"I have three hundred a year of my own, you know," said Elvira quietly, "and I suppose he has something, and besides aunt Lucy is going to leave me her money."

"Who knows whether she won't change her will when she hears what a beggarly marriage you are making. A young jack-anapes like that, too. It's preposterous, I tell you; and, by George, I won't have it."

And the Colonel, who was now purpled in the face from agitation, nearly lost his balance as the carriage turned round a sharp corner.

"You seemed very fond of him yourself," remarked Elvira, returning to the attack as soon as her father had recovered

his equilibrium; "and you threw him in my way a good deal too," she added.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed her irate parent. "How could I tell that you, with your high-flown notions, would take a fancy to a penniless parson? Yes; I liked the fellow well enough; but, hang it all, I don't want every good-looking young rascal I come across, and hob-nob with, for a son-in-law. Look at the offers you have refused, too; men of means and position, like Sir Henry Norton, and old Bagshaw; and to think you should, after all, have lost your heart to a beggarly parson!"

The colour had faded from Elvira's cheeks, leaving her deadly pale.

"Don't worry yourself any more, Dad," she said gently. "There is no need to decide anything yet, because"—and here her voice faltered a little—"he has not written, you see; so perhaps—"

"Perhaps the temptations of Wetherly have proved too much for him," interrupted Colonel Graham eagerly, man-like, utterly regardless of his daughter's feelings. "I hope to Heaven that is the case, and that we shall hear no more of him."

At this moment, greatly to Elvira's relief, they arrived at the Pension, and the announcement of luncheon put a stop to any further discussion.

It was not until the end of the afternoon that the subject was resumed, when the Colonel and his daughter were taking a turn on the Pincio before dinner. For some time they had walked along in silence, each occupied with their own thoughts, when presently Colonel Graham exclaimed in his usual vehement fashion:—

"You must give that young fellow his rouge, Elvira. I have been thinking it over, and I could never give my consent. You are of age, it is true, but I warn you if you throw yourself away upon a parson, I cast you off, you are no daughter of mine. I suppose your priests teach you

to obey your parents, don't they?" he added hastily.

A severe struggle was going on in Elvira's mind, and her father's concluding words gained the victory for the highest part of her nature. She must obey him, at any cost to her own happiness, otherwise he would be at liberty to assert that a Catholic's theory and practice were two very different things.

"As I told you, father, he has not written," she said at last, "and until he does so, I can do nothing in the matter. I should like to please you in the question of my marriage, and if it is possible, I *will* do so."

"That is my good girl," returned the easily pacified Colonel. In common with many men of a similar temperament, his bark was distinctly worse than his bite, and the smallest symptom of submission on the part of his opponent invariably softened him immediately. By mutual consent, the subject of Jack Enderby was dropped between father and daughter during the remainder of their walk, and as Colonel Graham struggled into a frock coat for the *table d'hôte* dinner, hope whispered in his ear the flattering tale that perhaps when the fascinating Curate found himself in the influential position of Rector of Wetherly his dreams of

Catholicism and a Catholic wife would vanish in thin air. Elvira's thoughts—with the hope left out—were running in very much the same direction. Sufficient time had not yet elapsed since Jack's departure to enable her to receive a letter from England, but taking into consideration the words and manner of his parting, the fact of his not having sent a line from Genoa struck her as an extraordinary omission.

She recalled every insignificant detail of that farewell interview in the dimly lit salon, and consoled herself with the remembrance that after all, her part in it had been merely a passive one, and that time had not permitted of her "giving herself away," in any sense of that expressive phrase.

If Jack remained firm to his newly-formed resolution of entering the Church, she felt an inward conviction that she could eventually overcome her father's obduracy, and, meanwhile, all she could do was to carry her anxieties in the present and her hopes for the future to the Door of the Tabernacle, and seek for help and comfort from that *one* Consoler who never fails His creatures in their hour of need.

(To be concluded next month.)





CHURCH AND MONASTERY.

Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

AMONG the hurrying crowd of tourists that annually spend some weeks in Switzerland, few think of visiting, or have even heard of, the little village of Einsiedeln.

Yet there, surrounded by lofty wooded hills, and distant snow peaks, stands, perhaps, the most beautiful church, and certainly the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in that lovely country.

The history of the Benedictine Monastery of Einsiedeln begins in the ninth century, when St. Meinrad, son of Count Birschtold, of the Hohenzollern family, having received the Benedictine habit in 822, withdrew a few years later to the heights above the level of Zurich, to lead a hermit's life. His sole possessions, we are told, were two or three books, and the statue of Our Blessed Lady, which had been given him by the Abbess Hildegard, daughter of King Ludwig—the same statue which is venerated to-day in the Holy Chapel at Einsiedeln. On the spot where the present monastery stands, the saint

built a little chapel and cell; and here he was murdered, in 861, by two strangers who had been entertained by him, and had hoped to find hidden treasure in his cell.

The fame of St. Meinrad's sanctity brought numerous pilgrims to "the dark wood;" and some seventy years after his death, St. Benno, with several companions, erected cells for themselves, round the little chapel. Later, St. Eberhard founded the first monastery there. Leaving the saint's chapel on the site it had always occupied, he constructed the church round it, and it was then, the "Divine Consecration" which has made Einsiedeln so famous, took place.

The story is that St. Eberhard, having completed the monastery in 948, invited St. Conrad, bishop of Constance, to consecrate the church. The night before the intended ceremonial, St. Conrad was praying in the church at midnight, when he was attracted by the brilliant light in St. Meinrad's chapel. Approaching it, he

saw the saint's statue of the Mother of God, brightly illuminated, and our Saviour, robed in the sacred vestments, was offering the Holy Sacrifice, while celestial music filled the church. St. Conrad remained there until late next morning, when St. Eberhard sent to him to begin the ceremony of consecration. At first he refused, telling of his vision, but being urged, he at length complied. As he entered the church, and was about to com-

holy chapel was restored after the French revolution. Thousands of distinguished pilgrims have visited the shrine from the ninth century to the present day, and members of Swiss confraternities, as well as bands of pilgrims from France, Germany, and Italy, come annually to pay homage to "Our Lady of the Hermits."

Einsiedeln may be easily reached from Zurich *via* Wadensweil, or from Brunnen or Lucerne by the Gothard railway to



GENERAL VIEW OF EINSIEDELN.

mence, a voice distinctly heard by all present, said: "Cease brother, the chapel is Divinely consecrated." This history was afterwards set forth, in a Bull of Pope Leo VIII., which also pronounced anathema on anyone who should attempt to renew the consecration, and granted a plenary indulgence to all who should visit the chapel.

During succeeding ages, the church and monastery were several times destroyed by fire, but the holy chapel, though composed almost entirely of wood, remained uninjured. The present buildings were begun in 1721 and finished in 1735, while the

Arth-Goldan, thence by the South Eastern to Biberbrücke, from which a short line brings one to the village. The latter was our route on the lovely August morning when the train whirled us along the new line by the Miggenhorn to Goldan. At Arth-Goldan one seems to bid good-bye to the tourist world—to the map and guide-book-laden German, the loud-talking American, and the obliging English-speaking porter and restaurant-keeper. Not a word of English greeted our ears, until we returned; we only saw one "Bædekar," and altogether there was a delightful sense of being off the beaten

track, as the train crept up the steep mountain-side by the Rossberg, through wildly grand scenery, with its tragic story of ruin, which readers of "Modern Painters" are familiar with, from the description of Turner's "Goldan." As Einsiedeln is some fifteen hundred feet higher above the sea-level than Goldan, the railway line ascends nearly all the way, and thus at some points, notably above the town of Schevigz, the view is almost unsurpassed in Switzerland. We seemed to pass close beside the rolling summit of the Mythen, under which the town nestles, while beyond the valley we could see the snowy top of the Weiurothstock. But passing through a tunnel, we soon lost sight of Schevigz, and were now surrounded by pasture hills, streaked with sparkling little streams, near which the brown cows, with their tinkling bells, were grazing. A change of trains at Biberbrücke, and in a few minutes the church, with its two lofty towers, and the imposing wings of the monastery, came in sight.

Everyone on the train turned in the same direction, and a short walk through the one stone-paved street brought us to the immense "place" in front of the church, facing which are three or four good hotels, and the fine shops and warehouses of Messrs. Benziger Brothers, whose printing works and factory, where statues and other religious objects are made, employ about seven hundred hands, and form the chief industry of the town. On each side of the huge flight of steps leading to the church, is a row of neatly built little shops, where rosaries and other pious souvenirs are sold, and in the centre there is a large fountain surmounted by a figure of the Blessed Virgin.

The monastery is an immense pile of buildings, covering an area one hundred and fifty yards in width, by one hundred and seventy-two in length, and containing in addition to the abbot's and monks' apartments, magnificent halls, guest

chambers, one of the finest libraries in Switzerland, and a large college. The buildings of both church and monastery are massive and imposing, with little exterior decoration, so that to the traveller coming direct from the gothic glories of northern Europe, the church of Our Lady of the Hermits seems a plain structure. But, having once opened the carved door, we find every inch of the interior covered with gorgeous and costly decorations. Marble altars, statues, painted ceilings, reliquaries, surround us on every side. The church is three hundred and seventy-five feet long, by one hundred and sixty-nine feet wide, and the nave is divided into three aisles. Majestic columns support the roof, which is richly ornamented with frescoes and gold arabesques. But the first object that attracts our attention is the Holy Chapel—a small black marble building, measuring seventy-five and a-half feet by eighteen, and about fifteen feet high. Above it the pillars of the church form an arch. Finely wrought iron portals occupy the front and sides, before which benches are placed, and even at the most quiet hour of the day, they are not without some devout worshippers. Inside the chapel is a black and white marble altar, decorated with a brass bas-relief, representing the "Divine Consecration," while above stands St. Meinrad's statue of our Blessed Lady. The statue is of wood, and simple in form. The mother clad in a straight robe of cloth of silver, holding the child with her left arm. The faces and hands are black, a circumstance antiquarians fail to account for, knowing only that it is not the natural colour of the wood. The figure is surrounded by elaborate brass work, and here also in a reliquary is preserved the head of St. Meinrad.

Passing right or left of the Holy Chapel, we find each of the side aisles contain seven small chapels, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, the Rosary,

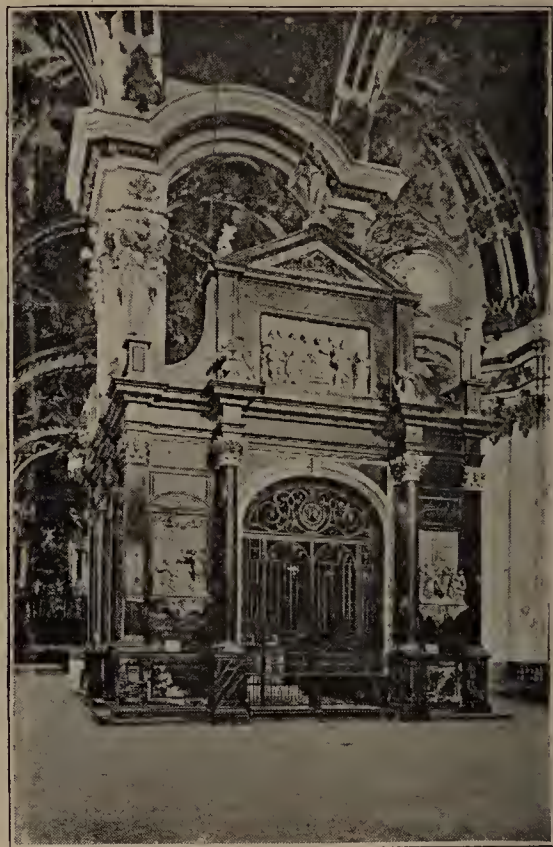
St. Benedict, etc. Each chapel is elaborately decorated in the Italian style, and contains a marble altar, valuable paintings and statues; and almost all of them possess a rich reliquary, with the relics of some saint. Above, a gallery connects the church with the monastery. A fine iron screen separates the choir from the church. Within the outer choir is the beautiful high altar, surmounted by a figure of the Resurrection; while on

marvellous artistic power that has been lavished on this alpine sanctuary.

At the left side of the church a door leads to the Penitentiary—a chapel containing twenty-nine confessionals, where confessions are heard in all languages. Mass begins daily at 4 a.m., and High Mass at 7 o'clock. Einsiedeln has been the scene of many miracles, but the monks do not encourage their publication. Some crutches, and such objects, occupy a niche



INTERIOR.



EXTERIOR.

THE HOLY CHAPEL.

the wall, dividing the outer and inner choirs, is a painting of the Assumption, almost entirely the work of the Swiss artist, Delchwanden, to whom much of the artistic beauty of Einsiedeln is due. To enumerate the statues, pictures, and other treasures, would be beyond the limits of a slight sketch; and one need only mention that the frescoes of the roof describe the history of the sacrifice of the New Testament, the Nativity, the Last Supper, and the story of the "Divine Consecration," to give some idea of the

near the principal entrance, and here too are numerous tablets, returning thanks to our Lady of Einsiedeln and St. Meinrad. The greatest feast of the year is the 14th September—the anniversary of the "Divine Consecration."

We were not fortunate enough to arrive in Einsiedeln during a pilgrimage, or even to hear any of the three organs that adorn the church, but we could well imagine what a scene that noble building would present when thronged with pilgrims, as it so frequently is; for even

when comparatively empty, a mysterious sense of awe and devotion fills the visitor, and such seems to be the universal impression produced on those who come to the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits. All records of pilgrimage or visit speak less of the beauties of the church than of the spirit of devotion manifested there. No crowds of merely curious tourists wander through the church. Everyone seems to have come to pray, and to pray in earnest, and no better proof of the deep feeling that animates even a casual visitor can be found than the opinion of Goethe, of his visit there: "The antique dwelling of St. Meinrad," he writes, "appeared to me something extraordinary, of which I had never seen the like. The sight of the little building, surrounded by great pillars, and surmounted by arches, excited in me serious reflections. It is there that one single spark of holiness and the fear of God kindled a flame which is always burning, and which has never ceased to give light, a flame to which faithful souls make a pilgrimage, often attended by great difficulties, in order to kindle their little taper at its holy flame. It is such a circumstance as this which makes us understand that the human race stands in infinite need of the same light and the same heat which the first anchorite who inhabited this spot nourished and enjoyed in the depths of his soul, animated as it was by the most perfect faith."

Leaving the church we wandered about to explore the town. Einsiedeln is certainly a place of prayer: every road leads to some little oratory, and sacred emblems adorn the streets, while a panorama of the Crucifixion has been erected near the

railway station, and it is a fine and very realistic painting. The town has a population of about eight thousand, over which some of the Benedictine monks are parish priests. The monastery has always been famous for its learned men, and can count scientists, poets, and painters among its members.



THE HIGH ALTAR.

One thing becomes plain to the visitor passing through the village street: that the English language and the Catholic religion are two facts never associated in the minds of our Swiss friends. The familiar notice of "English spoken" is never to be seen in the shop windows, while French and Italian are duly advertised; and we noticed an expression of surprised pleasure in the face of any of the townspeople of Lucerne who heard

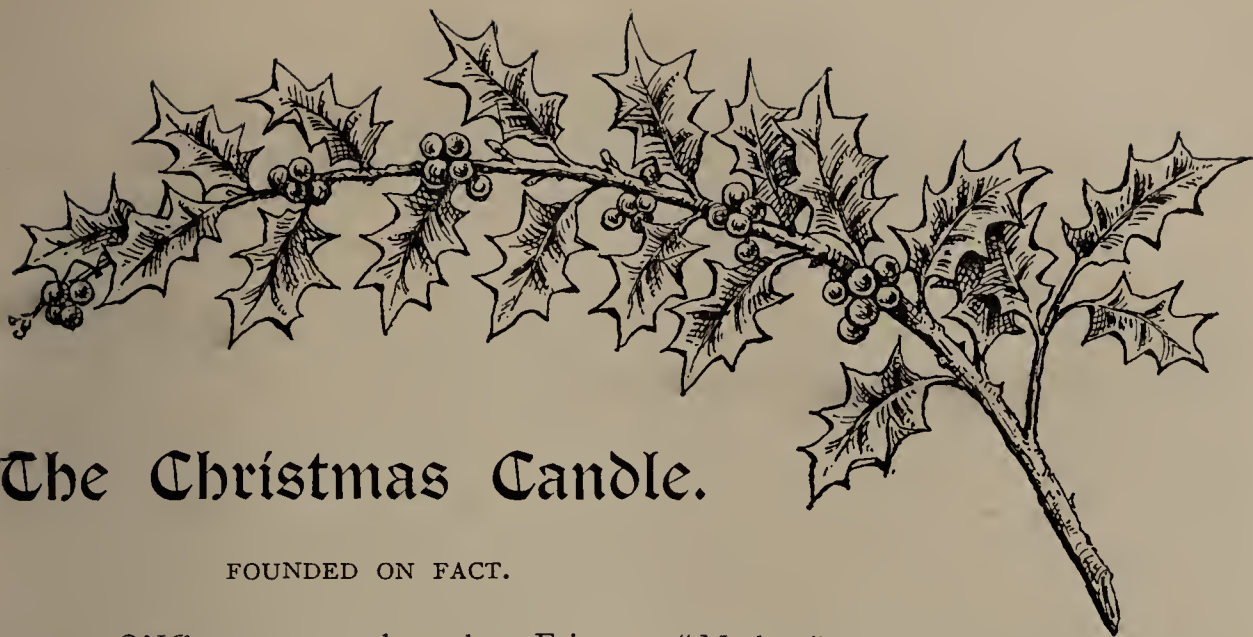
of our going to Einsiedeln. We passed the schoolhouse—a fine building, as is usually the case in Swiss villages—and watched the children playing in front of it, in charge of a nun. Then we made some purchases at Messrs. Benziger Brothers (as everyone does), and here religious objects may be had at much smaller cost than even in Paris. Time

compelled us at length to turn towards the railway station, and it was with deep regret, and the resolution of re-visiting Einsiedeln, that we took our last look at the church towers illuminated by the evening sun. In two hours more the train had hurried us back to the world of perfect hotels and gay thoughtless crowds.

M. A. BURKE.



JESUS OUR HOPE, AND MARY OUR HOPE AFTER JESUS,



The Christmas Candle.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

LONG years gone by, when Erin
sad and poor,
Laid at her Saviour's feet the gifts
that shone
Brighter than jewels in His eyes
—the gifts
Of love and faith, and trust that liveth still
Through days of anguish—on a moorland
wild,
A trackless waste, the Christmas stars
looked down,
And let their holy brightness cheer the
and bleak
And chill expanse. So dark it was beneath,
No earthly ray responded to the gleams
That touched the midnight skies; when,
lo! a beam,
That breathed the warmth of life, was shed
across
The winter snows, and quietly revealed
A cabin home.

How desolate! how drear
That lonely dwelling! Want and strug-
gling toil
And care were the sole visitants that came
To those who held their Christmas feast
that night
In cold and hunger—and with grief that
bows
The woe-worn spirit.

For, a dying child
Lay on the straw, as He did, once, who
sought
The hearts that “knew Him not.”

Through many days
The child had lain in feverish unrest,
And wandered through a world of varied
dreams,
Haunted by all the strange malignant
powers
That the poor peasants fearfully assign
To elfin beings.

“Mother,” cried the child,
In weak, low wailings,
“They are here again,
The goblins and the elves—the wicked
ones.”
Nor could the mother's soothing chase
away
The phantoms. But, that blessed Christ-
mas night,
E'en in their dire distress they counted o'er
Their scanty hoard, the pence wherewith
to buy
The Christmas candle, lit to hail the hour
Of Jesus' birth. How lovingly they wound
The holly, with bright leaves and berries,
round;
The shining whiteness of their tribute
meant
For Christ, the Saviour.

Midnight stole apace
Upon the watchers. Suddenly, a bell
Broke the deep silence. Even as it gave
The “tidings of great joy”—the Christmas
birth—

With quick and reverent touch, the mother
lit
The Christmas candle.

“Mother,” cried the child,
“The Babe has come. I see Him. He
is here.

He smiles at me, and with His little hand
He bids the elves begone.”

And, at the word,
The moon rose slowly. Was it her soft ray
That touched the child's wan features with
that strange
Unearthly peace? Not so—the gladdened
soul

Sprang to the sweet Deliverer, who came
In infant guise, to soothe the childish fears,
And dry the tears for ay—the child was
dead.

S. M. G.



FROM THE FRENCH OF FATHER DE LA BRIERE, O.P.

ONE afternoon, some five hundred years ago, the Podesta of Fiesole went to take a walk and inhale the fresh air outside the city, of which he was chief magistrate—a city that was very old even then, as the Etruscan construction of its huge walls amply attests.

Fiesole is suspended, as it were, from the flanks of the Apennine mountains, and commands a view away into the distance of the valley of the Arno, and of that other famous Italian city, Florence *la Bella*. But the Podesta little dreamt of admiring the beauteous panorama which stretched out before him.

As he passed by the garden of the Friars-Preachers in the course of his rambles, the enclosing walls of which were not yet built up, the convent being one of very recent foundation, he took notice that the sons of St. Dominic had some of the most magnificent roses imaginable growing there.

These marvellous specimens of the floral kingdom were due to the constant attention paid to them by one of the lay-brothers, named Brother Sempliciano, who had been appointed by the Father Prior to attend to the watering of the plants that grew in the garden.

Brother Sempliciano, it is needless to say, was not a doctor of divinity, but a

humble religious, who worked out his salvation by performing the duty assigned to him of drawing water from the fountain, and attending to the cloister garden. He was a good simple soul, and his lips might be seen murmuring the Hail Marys of the Rosary as he went along, up and down, emptying his watering pots among the flowers.

If ever a sin tarnished his robe of innocence, it would have been the sin of pride, the innocent pride, with which he regarded the perfumed splendour of the flowers, which he had prepared so lovingly for the adornment of the sanctuary. When he saw his roses decorating the tabernacle during holy Mass, or their leaves falling down and forming a kind of purple carpet under the feet of the radiated monstrance, he could hardly keep from yielding to the feeling of vanity, with which the author regards his work; and it seemed to him that the Madonna of the cloister looked down upon his garlands with a kind of loving approval.

No doubt he shared to the utmost in the enthusiasm that all Tuscany felt for the exquisite frescoes which a young, and recently professed brother, Fra Giovanni, was painting in profusion on the vaulted roof and the wainscoting of the unfinished monastery: but Sempliciano was tempted to think that the homage of his

roses was purer, fairer still, and more sweetly acceptable to Him who is God of Nature.

Poor Sempliciano ! What trouble

culture had turned the thoughts of the Podesta when he beheld it in his walk that evening.

Seeing the roses through the railings,



FRA ANGELICO, O.P. (BY CARLO DOLCI).

there would have been in that tranquil soul of his, if he only knew into what an unlucky channel the success of his horti-

the Podesta had, in fact, stopped to admire them, and as he did so, he thought to himself.

"How wonderfully this place has been improved. When last I saw it there was nothing to be seen here but stones and thistles, and that was the reason why I allowed the Reverend Fahters to instal themselves in this abandoned quarter, and form for themselves a domain, without a word of opposition on my part. But this should not be; the city ought to have reaped some benefit from this matter. If I had only foreseen what a lovely

It will be only proper and business-like, therefore, to require a sum of money to be paid down, before recognising before the city notary the full right and title of the Friars-Preachers to occupy the spot."

These thoughts engrossed the Signor Podesta's mind as he wended his way homewards, and during the family supper later on, and even when he was saying his night prayers. But, as he was not altogether a downright bad man, he re-



ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH, AND GENERAL VIEW OF FIESOLE.

garden they were to turn it into, I should certainly have asked them for 100 golden scudos for the privilege—a sum that would be very useful in our exchequer just now, when they are asking sixty Roman scudos at Foligno for the painting of the Madonna, which is wanted for the high altar of our cathedral! Am I too late yet, I wonder? The concession of this piece of town property has not yet been sanctioned by any formal document.

solved before broaching the question to the city council to endeavour to come to some sort of understanding with the Friars-Preachers, whereby he might be able to lay before his fellow-citizens such a solution of the subject as would reconcile the interests of all concerned. Next morning, accordingly, he came to the convent, and laid his proposals before the Prior.

The good father was quite dumb-

founded, never for a moment expecting that any such claim should be made upon him. But he was no diplomatist. He fully recognised the legal rights of the city of Fiesole. He merely reminded the Podesta that the place occupied by the convent was uncultivated and desert ground; that the benevolent silence of the authorities seemed to him tantamount to a tacit approval of their taking possession of it; and, in conclusion, he humbly said :

pitch our tents wheresoever God's blessed wind may waft us."

The Dominicans to take their departure ! The Podesta never thought for an instant of such a thing being possible. They were beloved in the city. He, himself, had nothing but respect and admiration for them; and he protested, with sincerity, that he would be very sorry indeed if any such eventuality were to occur.

"However," he added, "your Reverence must desire to possess a right of title



THE CATHEDRAL AT FIESOLE, BUILT IN THE IITH CENTURY.

"The matter will end in whatever way that shall be pleasing to God and to your lordship. You know that we are mendicants both by vow and profession; that our holy Father St. Dominic has forbidden us to hoard up treasures; that we have neither money nor coin of the smallest kind; and that if you drive us away from here, we shall have to leave you the buildings we have begun, and to

in the regular form; whilst, on the other hand, in spite of all our good will, the state of our finances does not permit us to make you a free donation in the matter. So that we must come to some arrangement regarding it."

The desired arrangement was made, and the first to hear of it was no other than the young painter, Fra Giovanni. He was standing at work, on the stage erected

for him in the chapter-room of the convent, when the Prior came and said :

"My brother, you will have to abandon your present task for a while. 'The gift of art with which God has endowed you will have to be utilized for His glory and for the salvation of our house here. The authorities of Fiesole require an important painting from you—a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Give your whole soul to this work. We are going to offer it to

Brother Sempliciano will be at your orders : to mix up the colours, and serve you in the material preparation of the work you will have in hand."

The young friar bowed, and going immediately along with the assistant into the humble room that was to form his workshop, he shut himself in.

Falling down upon his knees he prayed fervently, and as the ardour of his full and trusting faith illuminated his imagination



ST. MARK'S, FLORENCE, ENRICHED WITH FRA ANGELICO'S FRESCOS.

the city for the reredos of its cathedral ; and the city, in return, will make over to us the site on which our building now stands, which does not belong to us as yet. Will you require anyone for a model ?"

"The model is up there," was Fra Giovanni's reply, as he turned a seraphic glance towards heaven.

"Very well," rejoined the Prior ; "do not delay. From this moment forward

—the imagination of one who was an artist as well as a believer—his mental type of the Virgin gradually seemed to take actual form before him, and with his eyes fixed on the divine model, which his religious ecstasy portrayed for him, he seized his palette and brushes, and transferred to his composition on the canvas the exquisite grace, and the tender mysticism which overflowed from his heart.

Nothing terrestrial appeared in the

sweet ethereal figure which the painter, still upon his knees, now traced from the pure ideal begotten by his faith, as he copied the Madonna, whom he saw, so to speak, really present before him, and smiling down on him from amidst the starry nimbus which surrounded her.

Filled with admiration for both the painter and the portrait, which latter seemed to assume a more intense life from day to day, Sempliciano kept to his task of preparing, on the palette, the pink for the tunic, and the blue for Our Lady's mantle, a kind of religious awe taking possession of him the while, as if he were actually in the presence of the Madonna; and when he made his escape for a few moments, each evening, in order to go and water his beloved roses, his constant reply to the brothers, who questioned him as to the mysterious picture, was: "Angelico, Angelico! The painter is an angel."

Sempliciano used to talk to the picture. He began to confound the portrait with its original; or rather while looking at the canvas he forgot the picture that was painted there, and thought only of the sweet face and immaculate beauty of God's holy Mother. He grew to love it, and his feelings towards it became all the more intensified as the day drew nigh when the ecstatic artist was to lay down his brush for the last time.

That day at length arrived, and Fra Giovanni went to inform the Father Prior that the picture was finished. The brethren were all called together, and invited to enter their artist-brother's studio. Enthusiastic admiration at once filled their souls; each one felt something of the same emotion which agitated Brother Sempliciano's breast, and falling on their knees, they cried out, "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!" And the poor brother's exclamation of "Angelico, Angelico," ran from one to the other, as the most adequate expression of the general feeling of all.

"Angelico," too, was repeated by the Podesta, who had been sent for immediately; and it was decided that the picture should be solemnly borne to the cathedral on the following day.

Next day came the clergy, the city councillors, and all the people of Fiesole, to carry away the new Madonna in full civic procession, and Sempliciano, radiant with joy, flung open to them the doors of the chapter-room in which the picture had been carefully deposited in the interim.

A cry of delight, followed quickly by a roar of anger, burst from the crowd. Someone had pierced through the canvas in order to place in the Madonna's hand a rose, a real rose, culled from the garden, upon which the morning dew was still glistening in pearly drops.

It was poor Sempliciano, who did it as an act of homage, which to his simple mind was the one most befitting his beloved Madonna, and in which he lovingly sought to deck her in giving the picture a last farewell.

Even the lower classes are enthusiastic lovers of art in this part of the world. Notwithstanding, therefore, the sacredness of the place, imprecations were to be heard on every side, and poor Sempliciano would have fared badly at the hands of the people, if Fra Angelico had not run up and covered him with his cloak.

At the sight of the master, "Angelico, Angelico," rang out from every breast, and amidst the ovation accorded to the painter, Sempliciano was forgotten for the moment, and made his escape through the garden gate. *Angelico, Fra Angelico*, was the sweet name ever afterwards borne by the painter of Fiesole—a title he won for himself over and over again, first at Florence, whither his superiors sent him to decorate the priory with his masterpieces of art; then at Orvieto, where he painted the cathedral; and again at Rome, where Pope Nicholas V. confided to him

the decoration of one of the chapels of the Vatican.

After refusing the mitre, and even the purple, Fra Angelico died at Rome, and was buried in the Church of the Minerva, where the humblest of headstones marks his grave. After his death, the old Podesta, wishing to do honour to his memory, took from the chaperon, or hood, which

formed part of his robes of office, a sparkling emerald that had been given to him by his neighbour, the famous Cosmo de Medici, and had it inserted in the picture of the Madonna at Fiesole, so as to cover the rent which Sempliciano had made in it. Ever since then it has borne the strangely sounding title of "The Madonna with the Emerald."



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.



A STORY OF '98.

PART FIRST.

The facts related in this story are true, and were told to the writer nearly forty years ago by an Australian Bishop, then on a visit to Ireland, who had them from the lips of the priest, Fr. John ———. S. M. L.

ONE fair morn, early in the beginning of the present century, the glorious summer sunshine streamed in all its radiance over the Emerald Isle. God's beautiful bright sunshine knows no distinction of persons or places: its rays fell equally athwart the far-off mountains of Wicklow, the lakes of Killarney, and the walls of C—— Jail.

To all it gave a wondrous light and loveliness; but, while touching with increased softness and sweetness the rich green slopes of the hills, and the deep blue waters of the lakes, it brought out in greater relief the grim prison and the forbidding features of its strongly-barred windows and gates.

Outside the prison men, women, and children were gathered in groups together, talking in low tones, and casting anything but friendly glances at the soldiers, who, from time to time perambulated the street. Evidently they were suspicious that something was going on of which they did not approve, for it had leaked out that the men who had been condemned at the last session to penal servitude for life, because in their chivalrous enthusiasm they had taken up arms for the cause of their unhappy and suffering country, were that day to take their departure for ever from her shores.

The ship in which they were to be conveyed to their future destination was already at anchor in the bay, her sails unfurled, her decks cleared, and everything in order for departure. It needed only the presence of the unfortunate criminals to give the signal for setting off.

The little crowd watched and waited; the men with dark, lowering, sorrowful faces, the women oftentimes sobbing

audibly; while those who had not any relative or friend amongst the condemned, gave vent to their feelings in jeers or sarcastic remarks, as the soldiers passed and re-passed them, quite forgetting that the objects of their dislike had probably as little to do with the sentence of the law as they had themselves, and that any breach of discipline or duty might possibly place them side by side with the prisoners.

"Sure, it's a bad day's work you're doing this blessed morn. Your own day will come yet."

"Lave the villains alone," said an old man; "their time will come, no fear."

Such were the comments that from time to time fell upon the ears of the soldiers, who, however they may have winced under the lash of the women's tongues, took no more notice of them than to give a sardonic smile, or a peremptory order to "get out of the way," to which the bystanders paid little heed. At last the great gates of the prison were thrown back, and a cart driven by one of the soldiers, and guarded by two others, came swiftly out of the open portals. Its appearance was the signal for a wild, bitter cry, something between a wail and a shout, which proceeded from the anxious and eager spectators. But the officials had no need for alarm; there was no attempt at rescue, no interference in any way. It was only the heart-cry of men and women bidding those they loved farewell for ever in this world; for that cart contained five or six poor unfortunate youths, heavily manacled and chained, whose only fault had been that of loving their country "not wisely, but too well."

Shriek after shriek burst from the women as they recognised some face they knew amongst the convicts.

"Ah! wirra, wirra, it's yourself, Patrick Murphy, that's breaking me ould heart this blessed day!" Sure I'll niver hould up me head any more at all."

"Ah! Shaun, me darlint, and they are after puttin' the salt say between us. May

the blessed Mother of God forgive them.

"Good bye, and good luck to you, Denis aroon; sure an' it's ould Ireland will niver forget ye, me boy, nor thim that's done this on you!"

Such were the cries that rent the air, as the cart went rolling by; while the men shouted to their former comrades their adieu, mingling bitter oaths and curses on the heads of those who had condemned them. The unfortunate convicts gazed from side to side in helpless, hopeless despair, one or two holding down their heads in a sorrow too deep for words, as they recognised the voice of a father, or mother, or sister amongst the crowd.

They knew they were looking for the last time upon their country and the friends they loved. Never again would they watch the sunshine and the shadows creep up and down the mountain sides, or the moonlit skies reflected in her lakes. Never again would they wander through her valleys and her dales, singing the sweet songs of the land they loved so well, or sit by the fire in the gloaming, listening to some fairy legend of bygone days. It had all grown strangely beautiful to them now; even the peat bogs and the barren moors were invested with a loveliness which they had never perceived before, and their hearts ached with an anguish born of their terrible despair.

Transportation for life! Yes, that was the sentence passed on them by their judges. They were going to an Island as beautiful as their own loved Erin, but which man had transformed into a second hell. They were going to Norfolk Island, to one of the loveliest spots of God's most lovely creation, but which had been converted into a hot-bed of sin and iniquity, of anguish and cruelty. There, lying like a gem in the midst of the sapphire sea, bathed in the golden rays of the southern sun, with its rich vegetation, unrivalled for beauty and variety, with its flowers of

every most exquisite hue, with its gorgeously plumed birds; in a word, decked out by nature's most bountiful hand with everything that could charm the senses of man, it had become the home of vice, and the scene of the cruellest suffering. Up to the bright vaults of the cloudless sky ascended the dreadful sounds of blasphemy and malediction from the lips of many an exiled miscreant; cries of woe from many a victim of unjust laws, mingled betimes with the hissing sound of the cruel lash, floated over the tranquil sea. There, in promiscuous company, were to be found the English highwayman, the Scottish outlaw, and the liberty-loving patriot from the Green Isle; all on the same level in the eyes of an unjust government, all subjected alike to the harsh treatment of an unfeeling soldiery.

* * * * *

The prison cart jolted over the stony streets till it reached a narrow lane, in which was a small church. Just at that moment a young priest was standing on the church steps, who, having finished his Mass and his thanksgiving, was about to return to the presbytery with a little pile of prayer books in his arms. As the vehicle came rattling along, an expression of intense sorrow, mingled with compassion, settled on his countenance, for he well knew its destination, and the names of its occupants. They were principally lads of his own parish, good sons and brothers, and good Catholics also, barring their infatuation in attending those secret midnight meetings which the young minister of God had always denounced and declaimed against.

One of them, Stephen O'Connor, had never missed serving his daily Mass, and had never brought a sorrow on his home, till the police tore him from the arms of his widowed mother, and placed him as a criminal at the bar of human justice. And now she was dying of a broken heart, and her boy, branded as a felon, was going to meet his doom.

"Good bye, Father John," shouted the men; "we'll niver see your riverence again."

"Give us your blessing, Soggarth Aroon. 'Tis yourself we'll be wishing for over the say."

The priest could not speak; a great lump rose in his throat and choked his utterance; but, with an impulse he could not control, he flung the heap of prayer books he was holding right into the middle of the cart, and had just time to see one caught by the manacled hands of Stephen O'Connor, when the vehicle passed swiftly away.

"Holy Mary! Mother of Mercy! pray for them and protect them," broke at length from Father John's lips, as, overcome with his emotions, he re-entered the church, and flinging himself on his knees at the shrine of Our Lady, sobbed out his petitions to her who is never invoked in vain.

PART SECOND.

FORTY years have passed away, and again the sunshine streams over earth and sea, but this time it is eventide, and the land Australia. At the open window of a small house, overlooking the great Pacific Ocean, a house whose front is covered with lovely creepers and climbers of various hues, and shaded by magnificent tree ferns, intermixed with the lemon, the orange, and the graceful palmetto, sits Father John, no longer the young angelic-looking priest, who, in those bitter days gone by, stood on the steps of his church in Ireland, watching the prison cart drive down to the quay. He is old now, and his form is bowed with failing strength, anxiety, and over-work, but the expression of his saintly face is scarcely less beautiful than it was then, for the light of another world seems to gleam out of his earnest, thoughtful eyes, as he sits and dreams of the old, old time in the country so far away.

For he too is an exile from his native

land. He too has had to bid adieu to family and friends and home, to cast his lot amongst a strange, wild people; to toil and preach and pray in order to keep some true to their faith, to lead others into the fold.

Some years after the departure of the condemned men, he was ordered out on the Australian mission, and obeying the call of his Master, had gone forth in his youthful manhood to do battle for Christ, amidst the Australian wilds, to preach the Gospel to the convicts and the aborigines, and to travel many miles over a rough and difficult country to carry the sacraments to poor suffering souls. And so it has ever been. Wherever England, in the plenitude of her pride and power, has planted her conquering foot, there has gone the Irishman with his fervour and his faith, to uproot the seeds of heresy and heathenism, and to show forth the sanctity and beauty of the one true Church.

Father John's obedience and self-sacrifice had not been without their reward even in this life; God had prospered his work, and the "glad tidings of great joy" had spread over the barren wasted land, causing it indeed to blossom like the rose, and winning thousands to the fold of Christ. But now age was creeping on, and he felt the time was not far off when he should be called to his eternal rest, and others would reap the harvest that he had helped to sow. As he sat there by his open window, thinking and dreaming, as the old will do, of the days of their youth, and living over again the scenes of the past, a strange longing came over him to see once more the dear land of his birth, to lay his bones beneath her Emerald sod.

A hurried knock at the door disturbed the good priest's reverie, and in answer to his gentle "come in," his housekeeper entered the room. She, like her master, was a native of Erin, a tall, strongly-built Irishwoman, tidily dressed, but with an expression of perplexed anxiety on her otherwise genial face.

"Well, what is it now, Bridget?" said Father John, in a somewhat wearied voice, as she advanced to where he was sitting.

"Sure it's a stranger, your rivrence; and it's not bothering you I would be at all, but the crathur wont go away though I tould him you could not see anyone this blessed night."

"But what does he want, Bridget?" inquired the priest. "Did he not say what his business was?"

"Not he, indeed," replied the housekeeper; "if he had tould me that, I'd not been throubling you."

A slight smile flitted over Father John's face. "But he must have said something," he said; "did he give no reason?"

"Raison, is it? Musha not much; but he has a quare kind of a brown leather parcel wid him, and he sez, sez he, I want to lave this wid his rivrence; and it's spaking to him I must be if I wait all night for it."

"Well, let him come in, Bridget," said her master. But the woman threw up her hands. "Och! musha, yer rivrence," she exclaimed in tones of helpless dismay, "sure and you'll not be after seeing him to-night, fagged out and tired as you are wid thramping thim six blessed miles and more? Just give me the word, Father Aroon, and I'll sind him off wid a crack in his ear. Sure and he can come again in the morning. It's not going to 'Merica we'll be the night, and he can lave his parcel behind him, if he likes."

"Bridget! Bridget," cried the old priest, "how often have I told you that you are never to send anyone away who wishes to see me, whatever time of the day or night it is. Let him come in, my good girl; it is my Master's business."

Bridget went off, muttering her discontent in rather audible tones; but she soon returned, followed by a stout brawny man in the dress of a respectable sheep-farmer or bushman. His face was covered with a profusion of dark brown hair; but, as he doffed his hat in rever-

ence to the priest, he revealed two honest blue eyes and a countenance evidently agitated by some strong internal emotion.

"You wish to see me, my son?" inquired Father John, when he had given his benediction and the door was closed.

"Yes, Father," replied the man. "I have come a long distance, fifteen hundred miles, to do so, but was sadly afraid your housekeeper would not let me in."

"Oh! you must forgive her," laughed Father John; "I am not so young as I once was, and Bridget knew I was very tired. But those reasons weigh nothing with me."

"I will not keep you long, Father," said his visitor in slightly nervous accents, "but I had a large sum of money with me, which I was afraid to carry about so late at night. In this bag," he added, laying as he spoke a small leather satchel on the table, "you will find two thousand pounds in notes and gold; and I want you to take it towards building a church or chapel in honour of the holy Mother of God. I would like it," he continued hesitatingly, "to be, if possible, in Norfolk Island."

"In Norfolk Island!" exclaimed the priest, starting, and fixing his eyes on the bushman's face.

The man hung his head, and his lips quivered as he replied: "Yes, Father, I have been there, and know all the misery of soul and body that prevails there."

"Pardon me, my son," said Father John, hurriedly, laying his hand kindly on his visitor's arm. It was not of that I was thinking at all; I have nothing to do with your past. It was this gift, the munificence of this gift, that so startled and surprised me."

"Ah! Father, that is nothing! I wish it were ten times as much!" cried the man eagerly. "It is the least I could do for Her and for you, to whom, under God, I owe my salvation."

"To me?" exclaimed Father John, more and more surprised. "Why, my good

fellow, I do not know you; I have never to my knowledge met you before."

"Oh! Father, have you forgotten me?" cried the bushman, flinging himself on his knees beside the good priest's chair. "Have you forgotten Stephen O'Connor, the boy who used to serve your Mass in the dear old days in Ireland, the lad who was transported for life through neglecting your warnings to keep away from those midnight meetings?"

"Gracious mercy! Stephen, is that you?" exclaimed the priest, "after all these years!"

"Yes, it's myself, Father John," replied the man, down whose sunburnt face the scalding tears were raining thick and fast, "and I've come, as I've said, fifteen hundred miles just to see you, and to bring you this trifle of money, for I never knew you were in the country till about a month ago."

"God be thanked for all His mercies," murmured the aged priest, reverently clasping his hands. "But still, Stephen, my poor fellow, I cannot see how you associate me with your salvation, since by your own confession, you never even knew I was here."

"Father," said Stephen, "do you remember on that last sad day, when the soldiers were driving us all down to the quay, throwing a lot of prayer books into the cart? Well! I caught hold of one, and I never let it go, and it has never left me day or night. I used to say my prayers boldly out of it at first, but after a bit the fellows laughed and jeered at me, and I was obliged to hide it away, for they threatened to tear it up. I would not part with it, for it was my greatest treasure,—all that I had to remind me of home and mother and you. I tried to be good, but I could not close my ears to the awful language that went on, nor my eyes to the sin and crime and cruelty that was all around me in Norfolk Island. At last they brought some of us here, and after a bit I got my "ticket-of-leave," and, with a

companion, made my way into the Bush. Father, it's no use my denying it; I became as bad and as wild as the wildest of them, and I never said any prayers, for I thought there was neither God, nor devil, nor anyone to look after us in any way, but I would not part with my little book, because it was the only link between me and Ireland; and bad as I've been, my hand has never been stained with blood. We tried the diggings at first, then one thing led on to another; I went from bad to worse, and became mixed up with a gang of bushrangers, who stopped at nothing. One night my friend proposed that we should break into and rob a small sheep-farm some distance up the country, where there was only an old man in charge, whom, if he made any resistance, we could soon silence with a pistol ball. I consented to accompany him; but before doing so, found it necessary to return to my hut to fetch some things that I required. When I entered it, the moon was at her full, and the first thing my eyes fell upon was my little book, which was lying upon my bed, and its pages open at the "Memorare." How it got there, I never knew; I must have tossed it out of my bag with some other papers in the morning, but I had no recollection of doing so. Struck with horror and remorse at the crime I was about to commit, I fell upon my knees, and implored the pardon of God and His blessed Mother. I could not go, and so I told my chum, who swore at me for my cowardice. I told him I had changed my mind, and begged him to do the same. Whether he did or not, I cannot tell, for I never saw him again. That night I fled from the place up into the hills, and after a few days, took service with a well-to-do sheep farmer who wanted an able-bodied man about the farm. From that time I've never looked back, and after a year or so, I married my master's daughter, and got the farm myself after his death. God prospered us: we have

a large family of children, and riches beyond my wildest expectation. Do you wonder now, Father, if I say I owe my salvation to the Blessed Virgin and to you?"

* * * * *

Stephen returned early next morning to the good priest, and with many a sob, and many a tear, he made his confession, and afterwards received Holy Communion—the first he had made for forty years—with unfeigned devotion. The poor fellow remained for a good hour on his knees, thanking God for the mercy he had received, while the priest, kneeling a little distance off, pondered with feelings of tenderest emotion on the goodness of our Lord, so strikingly manifested towards this repentant sinner. "Here," he reflected, "here is an answer to prayer; here is a proof of Mary's loving protection." "Hail Mary," he cried out at last, "Hail! full of grace. Hail, Star of the Sea! Blessed indeed art thou in all generations, for never was it known that anyone in any age implored thy aid, or sought thy help in vain."

S. M. L.

THE SISTERS OF THE PERPETUAL ROSARY.—The new congregation, Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, is spreading rapidly in the United States. Their fifth convent is now being established at Milwaukee, and bears the name of the Fourth Joyful Mystery: The Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple.

"THE ancients said that the sage, amid the silence of the nights, could hear the music of the celestial spheres accomplishing in space the harmonious laws of creation: thus the heart of man, when its passions are silent, may hear in the midst of the world the eternal voice of truth."—*Lacordaire*.

St. Raymund of Pennafort.

FEAST, 23RD OF JANUARY.

AMONGST the most illustrious Saints of the Church during the Middle Ages must be placed, beyond doubt, St. Raymund, of the noble house of Pennafort, one of the most distinguished Spanish families of the period. To every reader of Church History his name is familiar, and students of Canon Law look up to him as their master, just as theologians bow before St. Thomas of Aquin, and acknowledge him as their patron and teacher; and yet to many readers of this magazine he will come as one of whom they had heard nothing before. We will, therefore, give in these pages a short account of his life and labours.

He was born in the year 1175. Of his early years we know but little, nor do his biographers tell us anything of his first studies. Anyway, he must have been a student of surpassing brilliancy, for we find him occupying the Chair of Philosophy in Barcelona when he was barely twenty years old. So great was his reputation for learning, even at that age, that ripe scholars had to admit his superiority, and did not shrink from consulting him in their difficulties. Whilst winning for himself a great name as a scholar, he won also the admiration of his students and fellow-professors by the sweetness of

his manners and the sanctity of his life. Ten years later he repaired to Bologna, where, having perfected himself in the study of Canon and Civil Law, he taught for fourteen years in the University. During those years he endeared himself to all by his blameless and exemplary conduct. Towards the poor he was a father, loving them, and helping them at the cost of many personal sacrifices.



ST. RAYMUND OF PENNAFORT.

We may here remark that God calls some of the Saints to works that are exceptional, and which demand the possession of more than ordinary gifts. He bestows on them high natural endowments, which He afterwards utilizes for His glory when they have been sanctified by religion and directed by grace, and employed for supernatural motives. The sphere of action marked out by Providence for them is not restricted, as in the case of other great servants of God, to one particular line of duty, nor is their work limited to any one particular district or nation. Their mission is to the Church at large, so to speak, and their influence extends itself to the universal Church, whilst its effects are abiding and permanent. Some Saints appear like bright meteors, illuminating the darkness of the moral world by the holiness of their lives and the splendour of their virtues; but they pass away, leaving behind only the reflection of their brilliancy, and the sweet odour of their sanctity. Others, like St. Raymund and St. Thomas, leave behind them lasting monuments of their genius, which through all time will serve to enlighten and aid the Church in her great apostolate of regeneration. In such Saints we are forced to admire the learning which adorns their sanctity, and the sanctity which refines and elevates their learning. Their wider and deeper knowledge instead of estranging them from God, serves only to render them more efficient workers in His vineyard..

Keeping this before our minds we take up again the brief narrative of St. Raymund's life, and shall see how his career was shaped by Providence.

In the year 1219 he was induced to return to Barcelona, where he was received with open arms by the people and clergy, and was intrusted with the highest offices by the Bishop, who revered him as a Saint, and honoured him for his scholarly attainments.

In the year 1221, when he was now in his forty-sixth year, he voluntarily gave up his ecclesiastical preferments, and seeking for a more retired life he entered the Dominican Order. Great must have been the humility of such a man when he put himself under the yoke of religious obedience, and taking his place among the youthful novices, he followed the advice of the Saviour, and became as a little child once more.

In due course he was sent, in the habit and tonsure of his Order to preach through the provinces of Spain, and everywhere he went he left behind lasting memorials of his zeal in the improved morals and more Christian lives of the people.

Nine years later he was summoned to Rome by the reigning Pontiff, Gregory IX., who made him his confessor, auditor of the causes of the Apostolic palace, and grand Penitentiary. At the command of the Pope he undertook the mighty task of collecting, classifying, and reducing into one compact and orderly body the multifold and scattered decrees of Popes and Councils. To an ordinarily gifted and hard-working man this would have been more than the labour of a life-time, but thanks to his untiring application and splendid gifts the great work was accomplished in the short space of three years. This seemed to be a superhuman effort. So thoroughly and well was the work done that it has never been equalled, not to say surpassed, and with one accord succeeding generations of the learned have conferred on him the title of "Father of Canon Law."

Various honours and dignities were offered by the Pope in recognition of his splendid achievement, but he shrank from honour and human applause, and wished to live and die a humble friar. In fact, when His Holiness desired to force on him the first archbishopric in Spain the Saint fell so ill, that fearing to lose the services of such an able counsellor the Pontiff

bade him return to his native place to regain his strength, and promised never again to try him with offers of preferment.

Once more in Barcelona he devoted himself with his wonted energy to prayer, and the service of the poor. From the midst of these works of charity and apostolic zeal he was called to rule the entire Order as its third General. He was in every sense a worthy successor to St. Dominick the first, and to Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the second Superior-General of the Order. Like them, he made his visitations to the several houses of the institute scattered through Europe on foot, and like them too he laboured successfully for its increase and general welfare. After two years the Senior Fathers yielded reluctantly to his earnest and repeated entreaties and allowed him to resign the office of which he deemed himself unworthy. Such is the true humility of the Saints.

His devotion to the Holy Mother of God was most tender and filial, and he received from Her hands most signal favours. To a great extent he must be considered as the Founder of a religious Order which, in a special manner, belonged to her, and was taken under her patronage. Among his penitents was St. Peter Nolasco, a noble and wealthy Spaniard, to whom he was affectionately attached. Acting on his advice, St. Peter devoted his ample fortune for the liberation of captives from the hands of the Moors. Shortly after this noble work of charity had been carried out, both Saints were separately visited by Our Blessed Lady in vision, and she made known to them that it would be pleasing to her and her Divine Son if an Order were founded to carry on the same project of charity. Accordingly St. Raymund confided to his saintly penitent this important undertaking. This was the origin of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, whose chief object was the redemption of captives. St. Ray-

mund wrote the rule, gave the habit to Peter, and appointed him the first General Superior of the new Order.

Besides this great Saint, with whom he was so closely associated, St. Raymund numbered amongst his friends many other contemporaneous Saints, notably St. Thomas of Aquin, who was then filling the Church with the renown of his sanctity and learning, and who was even then styled the Angelic Doctor. It was at his request that St. Thomas wrote one of his most famous works. It was an exposition of Catholic philosophy, and was intended to counteract the pernicious systems of the Arabians, who at that time had many distinguished, but false, teachers in the domain of rational science. With the same object in view he introduced into the Convents of the Order, especially into those of the Spanish province, the study of Hebrew and Arabic. His efforts in this direction were so successful that he was able to write as early as the year 1256 that 10,000 Saracens had already acknowledged the truth of the Gospel and had received Baptism.

God was pleased to manifest the sanctity of His servant, and to put the seal of His approbation on Raymund's work by bestowing on him the gift of miracles. One great miracle, among others, is related of him, which has been attested by very many and most reliable witnesses. We will relate it here for the interest and edification of our readers. King James of Arragon, who was a penitent of the Saint, took him on one occasion to the Island of Majorca, which had a short while before been recovered from the Moors by the Christian arms. Whilst there the Saint had reason to complain of the King's conduct, and having many times expostulated in vain, he at last intimated his intention of returning at once to Spain. The King would not grant permission, and strictly forbade anyone to furnish a ship for his conveyance thither.

The Saint was not to be thus prevented from carrying out his righteous purpose. Not being able to procure shipping he came to the sea-shore, and having first commended himself to God in prayer, he spread his cloak on the angry billows, and kneeling thereon he was carried safely over the sea to Barcelona, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, in six hours. Having taken up his cloak, which was not so much as moistened by the waters, he walked to his convent; but finding that the brethren had retired to rest he passed miraculously through the closed door of the church, and was found kneeling in ecstasy before the Tabernacle when the community assembled round the altar for their midnight office. This miracle appears in the process of the Saint's canonization.

The Lord gave him length of days. He

died in the year 1275, having reached the patriarchal age of one hundred years. During his last illness he was visited by the Kings of Arragon and Castile, who also assisted at his funeral with the princes and princesses of both kingdoms. All Spain was justly proud of possessing such a son, and mourned his death as a national loss. After death his tomb was rendered illustrious by many and great miracles.

His life from childhood to extreme old age was spent in the service of his Heavenly Master. There was no drawing back, there were no half measures. He was ever the faithful steward so commended in the Gospel by Our Lord. His was truly a long and glorious career, and he has deservedly been held up by the Church as a model for all.



THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

BY GUIDO RENI.

Book Notices.

"The Irish Rosary" for 1897. Vol. I.
Dublin: Office of "The Irish Rosary,"
St. Saviour's Priory.

As a suitable Christmas or New Year's gift, for young or old, or as a prize book for school or college, we can heartily recommend this pretty volume. It contains four hundred and sixty-eight pages of good healthy reading matter. Lovers of fiction will find here stories which are bright and pleasant, and equal in literary merit to the present-day novel, while the title of the volume is a sufficient warrant that they are free from anything objectionable. The work is profusely illustrated, many of the pictures being fine reproductions, on specially prepared paper, of the world's greatest masterpieces. Engraver, printer, and binder have combined their skill to make the first volume of "The Irish Rosary" one of the most popular books of the season. We may mention that both its printing and its binding are done in the city, so that its purchasers are encouraging Irish workmanship.

"Two Little Pilgrims." By M.M. London: Burns and Oates.

The "Two Little Pilgrims" are children of the upper classes in Russia: Olga, just ten years of age, and her brother, Romaldo, who is two years younger. They are living with their grandmother, the Duchess Novikoff, at Kiev, in Russia, when the story opens. Their mother had died two years before, and now the news comes of their father's death away in England. The story shows how these two children of tender years and of delicate frame, unknown to the Duchess and her household, joined the pilgrims—hence the title—from Moscow, passing through beautiful Kiev on their way to the Holy Land; how they walked those long weary miles, and how, at last, they reached the

Holy City, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, the end of their pilgrimage and of their journey on earth alike. We should like every young boy and girl to read this beautiful story, which is told with so much devotion and pathos.

"Saint Raymund of Pennafort." By Father Dyson, O.P. Dublin: Office of "The Irish Rosary."

"Saint Raymund of Pennafort" is the title of the first of a penny series of the lives of the Saints of the Dominican Order which are in course of preparation at the office of "The Irish Rosary." A booklet of thirty-two pages of well-written and well-printed matter will be welcomed by our Catholic readers. The cover is finely illustrated with a representation of Saint Raymund's miraculous voyage from Majorca to Barcelona, while a beautiful picture of the Saint absolving a penitent forms the frontispiece.

Learning, as well as sanctity, was a characteristic of Saint Raymund.

"The four characteristic marks of the true Dominican: devotion to the Blessed Virgin, consummate holiness, elevated learning and burning zeal for the salvation of souls are to be found in him in perfection."

We give an extract from the chapter on the miraculous voyage mentioned above.

"On nearing Barcelona the people who happened to be near the shore, noticed the frail vessel, and at first thought it was a stray spar from some shipwreck. But when it came nearer what was their astonishment to behold a man, robed in white, kneeling on a cloak spread on the surface of the waves, sailing along in perfect safety!"

We are sure that the demand for this beautiful life will encourage the publishers to proceed at once with the rest of the series.

"A Stout English Bowman : "Being a Story of Chivalry in the days of Henry III. By Edgar Pickering. London, Glasgow, and Dublin : Blackie and Son.

This is a book full of exciting interest and romance, written, we suppose, chiefly for boys. The story is all the more interesting as it furnishes us with an insight into real life in England and France in the ages of chivalry. While he traces the adventures of his hero from England to France and back again, the author never allows the interest in the story to flag. The book contains six page illustrations, and is admirable for its cheapness.

"The Irish Difficulty, Shall and Will." By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc. London, Glasgow, and Dublin : Blackie and Son.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Molloy, D.D., D.Sc., is a reliable witness to the modern idiom of Shall and Will. His interesting book is divided into three parts. Rules, which express very tersely and accurately the proper use of these words, are first laid down. The second part treats of such questions as, "When was the present idiom established?" "Latitude in the use of Shall and Will," "Curiosities of Shall and Will." The third part, consisting of more than eighty pages, is devoted to examples from classical writers of the English language, illustrating the use of Shall and Will. For those who, like ourselves, acquire, not by a sort of natural instinct, but only from rules or from the study of the best writers, the idiomatic use of these troublesome little words, this is an invaluable book. We should like to see it side by side with the dictionary on the desk of everyone who, on this side of the Irish Sea, would write the English language correctly.

"Adventures in Toyland." By Edith King Hall. With 8 page pictures printed in colours, and 70 black-and-white illustrations throughout the text, by Alice B. Woodward. Crown 4to, decorated cloth boards, gilt edges. London, Glasgow, and Dublin : Blackie and Son.

Beautiful stories of Toyland are told in this handsome volume, which is lying before us. A little girl who is staying with her aunt, the owner of a toyshop, makes the wonderful discovery that when night comes and the shutters are put up, the toys, in certain conditions, can speak and move like mortals. The story-teller is a little lady marionette, and she describes her gift in this way :

"Our power of talking to a mortal—a power which comes but once in the lifetime of every toy—generally lasts from a fortnight to three weeks."

The little lady marionette tells wonderful tales about Toyland, and the quaint adventures of the toys. Tales about the cunning mouse and the simple rabbit, about proud Claribelle, about the vain bicycle-man, and many others. This is a splendid gift book for young people. The letter-press is first-class, and the illustrations are capital, the whole work being worthy of the eminent publishing firm of Messrs. Blackie and Son.

"Blossoms of the Cross." New York : Benziger Bros.

This book was written by an invalid for the consolation and benefit of those in a like condition, and it has been translated from the original by a gifted religious, herself a confirmed invalid. Anything that can be done to lighten the heavy burden of long-continued illness with little, if any, hope of recovery, is assuredly a great

beon. The present volume will be, we are sure, a valuable help to those who lead a life of suffering and seclusion; for in it they will find a great deal to cheer them, and strengthen them. The original work has gone through several editions. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent, and its price is very reasonable.

“Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin.”

By the Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Bros.

As a popular life of the Blessed Virgin we recommend this work of the learned Benedictine, Father Rohner. It is a book which appeals especially to the devotion of the faithful, and is remarkable for its religious fervour and tenderness. It has been admirably translated by the late Rev. Dr. Richard Brennan. The publishers have beautified it by a number of fine half-tone full-page illustrations from original drawings made specially for this work. The price is \$1 25.

“Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass.” By the Rev. D. Lanslots, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Bros.

If the faithful understood better the full meaning of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the ornamentation of the altar, the vestments worn by the priest, the different parts of the Mass, their faith in the holy mysteries would be strengthened, and an intelligent and strong faith would develop into an active faith. This book deals with these important topics, and clearly explains the meaning of the altar, of its ornaments, the vestments, and the ceremonies performed by the celebrant and his ministers. The book is embellished with 22 full-page illustrations, printed in a rich tint, showing the priest at the several parts of the Mass. The book is handsomely

printed on fine paper, and is substantially and tastefully bound.

[We have received from Benziger Bros. several other works, which we are compelled to hold over for next month.]

“First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul: or The Story of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva and of his Four Companions in Martyrdom, of the Society of Jesus.” By Francis Goldie, of the same Society. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

To all those who admire examples of Christian heroism, though they may not be brave enough or generous enough to imitate them, this volume will strongly appeal. The three years that Blessed Rudolf spent in the midst of the brilliant court of Akbar (The Great Mogul), Emperor of Northern India, are graphically described. The primary object of the mission was not attained—the conversion of Akbar—yet the good seed that was then sown produced its own fruit. Within the year in which he left the court of Akbar, in another part of the East Indies, Salsette of Goa, Blessed Rudolf and his four companions received the grace to bear witness to the faith by their blood.

“A Short History of the Catholic Church.”

By F. Golburn Walpole. London: Burns and Oates.

This short history of the Catholic Church, which is published at a price to bring it within easy reach of the masses, will have done a good work if it leads any of its readers to pursue the subject in the larger volumes written by Catholics that are before the public. The bulk of the matter of this unpretentious history is, as one might expect, made up of dry facts, but when the author introduces his characters, such as the two most striking per-

sonalities at the Council of Nicœa, Arius and Athanasius, he shows that he possesses fine descriptive powers. There are a few blemishes which we should like to have seen avoided. In the first chapter we read, "Heresies have been the seed from which dogmatic definitions have sprung." Good fruit is not the growth of bad seed, and such heresies have ever been. The definition of an indulgence in the ninth chapter lacks precision. "An indulgence is no more than a relaxation of the temporal punishment due to sin after their guilt has been remitted by the Sacrament of Penance." The state of grace is necessary for gaining an indulgence, but this state can be regained when lost, as every Catholic knows, without the Sacrament of Penance. Notwithstanding these things this volume deserves a wide circulation.

"The Five Thrones of Divine Love upon the Earth." Translated from the French of R. P. Alexis-Louis De Saint Joseph, Discalced Carmelite, and Examiner in Theology. London: Burns and Oates.

This is a devotional work of much value turned into easy-flowing English from the French. Besides being a volume of spiritual reading of a high order, it will admirably serve as a book of meditation or mental prayer. It consists of thirty-six readings, each of which furnishes matter for one, two, and in some instances, three meditations. It is intended to assist us to know God, to study Him in Jesus Christ, that spotless mirror of the Divine Majesty. The Five Thrones of Divine Love upon the Earth are: the Womb of Mary, the Crib, the Cross, the Eucharist, and the Faithful Soul.



Echoes from the Cloister.

ON the 10th of January, commemoration is made of Blessed Gundisalvus. He was a native of Portugal. He is said to be the first who erected in that kingdom a bridge with arches of stone. During the progress of the building he performed many miracles which remind us of St. Francis and St. Antony of Padua. For instance, he drew wine from a rock to slake the thirst of the workmen, and fed them with fish which came to hand at his bidding. He lived in the 13th century.

It is not often we read in the history of the Church of a whole family of Saints. There is one celebrated instance of this

recorded in the 4th century. St. Basil the Great, who was one of the great lights of the Church at that period, and one of her greatest Bishops, had two brothers who were also Bishops, St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Peter of Sebaste. He had a sister, St. Marina. His father was St. Basil the Elder, and his mother was St. Amelia.

UP to the middle of the 7th century nearly all the churches in England were made of wood, having a straw thatch for roof. The first English monastery built of stone was erected by St. Bennet. He it was who introduced into Britain the art of making glass.

Notes and Correspondence.

OUR readers will notice that we have this month printed our pages in double columns, and we trust they will welcome the change. We were induced to make it for two reasons. First, it will increase our space by half, and thus enable us to give more reading matter. Secondly, it will render the reading of a page less troublesome to the eye—wide unbroken lines strain the eye somewhat, and there is some difficulty in passing from one line to another. Of course this will involve some additional expense. It will also increase the Editor's labours. Nevertheless, we face the one and the other in the hope that our efforts to please the public will be appreciated. When our Magazine first appeared we heard on all sides that we gave marvellous value for 3d.; what will be said when we this year substantially increase the value?

* *

LOOKING back over the year just passed we can congratulate ourselves on the success so far attained. Difficulties surrounded us at the start, and we were often tempted to doubt that our project would prove successful. We must thank our readers for the support they have given, and we trust it will not be wanting to us through the new year now opening.

* *

WE beg also to thank the daily papers, and the many magazines at home and abroad that have so favourably noticed *THE IRISH ROSARY*. They welcomed us right heartily into the field of periodical literature, and have encouraged us by their warm commendations.

* *

As it would be impossible to please everyone, we were quite prepared from the outset for unfavourable criticism. We must

confess we are surprised there was so very little of it. Even the few unfavourable remarks made, were made in a friendly spirit: one suggested that we should have more "light" matter, another thought we had too much of it; one hinted we had too much historical matter, another that we had not enough of it, and so on. But did any Editor yet succeed in pleasing all?

* *

"The EDITOR is he not here?
Say can I see him, when, and where?
Endless complaints I've got to tell:
Here is my card, so fare thee well.

Hold friend, the ED. cannot be had;
He left last week—he's turned mad,
He tried—vain task—all men to please;
From likes of thee he had no ease.
More fool he was to vex his brain
For what no man did e'er attain."

* *

WE are glad to be able to state that our Magazine has found its way through the country in all directions; it has been well received and patronized in England, America, Australia, New Zealand, South and West Africa, India and the West Indies, and has subscribers in parts of France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. We are ourselves not a little astonished at this, and we are indeed well pleased.

* *

DR. BRADLEY's articles on "Alcohol," in the November and December numbers of our Magazine, have attracted a great deal of attention. We have received many warm expressions of approval, one of which we here insert:—"Cumberclaudy, Londonderry. Rev. Sir,—In this month's (November) *IRISH ROSARY* I have read, and re-read, with unmixed delight, a powerful and, in every respect, most admirable contribution on 'Alcohol from a

medical point of view,' from the pen of Dr. William Bradley. I pray to be allowed to congratulate you most heartily on the success of your beautiful and able Magazine. May it long flourish and do good. This is the fervent wish of yours sincerely,
(Rev.) J—— M——.

* * *

SOME of our readers will be surprised to hear that New Year's Day did not always fall on the 1st of January. The ancient patriarchs began the year in the month of Tisri, which coincides with the end of September among us. Contracts among the Hebrews were dated from the first day of Tisri. Their ecclesiastical year commenced on the first day of the month Nisan, which coincides with the end of March in our present system. In early Christian times the New Year was sometimes reckoned from the 25th of March. Some times from Christmas Day. Others began with the 1st of January, which is now agreed upon by all civilized nations as the opening of the New Year.

* * *

IN connection with the Feast of the Circumcision, we may remark that in all Dominican Churches there is established a confraternity of "The Holy Name," affiliated to the Arch-Confraternity of St. Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome, the head Convent of the Order. To become a member of this confraternity it is sufficient to give one's name to a Dominican priest. No special prayers are required to be said, but members are exhorted to practise daily some devotion in honour of the Holy Name. Numerous indulgences, plenary and partial, are attached to membership.

* * *

Two of the Dominican Fathers belonging to the Convent of St. Stephen, at Jerusalem, have had a very unpleasant experience of the dangers of travelling in Pales-

tine. They had been entrusted by the Paris Institute with a fresh archæological mission in the neighbourhood of Petra, between the Dead and the Red Seas. They were returning from their expedition well satisfied with its results. They had made most important discoveries, and had obtained possession of valuable documents, inscriptions, photographs, etc. When about half the return journey had been accomplished, despite their passports and recommendations, their dragomen and an escort of soldiers provided by the Turkish Government, they were all of a sudden surrounded by a troop of Bedouins, who infest the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, and fired at. The soldiers, unable to contend against such numbers, or to check the sharp firing, advised the Fathers to fly for their lives, and to abandon their baggage and beasts of burden. They did so, and fled in the direction of Hebron, under a shower of balls, which happily did not hurt them. Yet one of these struck and carried off the head-dress (keffich) of Father Lagrange. In short, after many terrors and a wild flight through a most difficult country, the unfortunate Fathers reached Hebron and Jerusalem. Two inhabitants of Hebron who chanced to be on the road and got mixed up with the caravan, were killed. The dragoman, taking advantage of a moment of disorder amongst the assailants, managed to escape and get back to Jerusalem. Three balls penetrated his clothes, and, as a devout Mussulman, he protests that Allah (God) alone could have saved him. Complaints have been lodged with the authorities, and a squadron of soldiers has been dispatched from Hebron in pursuit of the tribe. As two Mussulmen have been killed more serious efforts may be made. It is supposed, however, that much is not to be hoped for in the way of repression and indemnity for the two Fathers.



LA VIERGE AUX CANDELABRES

THE MADONNA OF THE CANDELABRA.



Vol. II., No. 2.—FEBRUARY, 1898.

A Valiant Woman.

IN the first half of this century there lived in the aristocratic faubourg of Saint Germain, Paris, in a quiet house, 71, Rue Saint Dominique, one who has been described as a Russian lady with a thoroughly French heart, who united a masculine intellect to womanly affections, linking the mind of a Joseph de Maistre to the soul of a Fenelon, warmed with an amiable piety and a delicate charity—a woman, in short, who said of herself, “I desire to be remembered by no other epitaph than these words: ‘She who believed, who prayed, and who loved.’”^{*} This was Mdme. Swetchine, who exercised such a remarkable personal influence over many minds of light and leading in her time, who was the centre of a circle which included

within its orbit such *ames d’elite* as Montalembert, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Falloux, Xavier de Maistre, Chateaubriand, Dupanloup, Gratry, Berryer, Cuvier, de Tocqueville, Donoso Cortes, etc.

In this *fin de siecle*, when the “new woman”—that curious compound of European frivolity and American free-and-easiness pushed to extremes—confronts us, it may be well to dwell for a moment on the picture of cultivated Catholic womanhood, which Mdme. Swetchine presents. She was a true type of the valiant, strong woman, strong in the moral force and fibre of a fine character, but the obverse of what is commonly understood as “strong-minded,” an epithet which suggests something stiff and rigid, hard-headed, and aggressively self-assertive. “She drew to herself,” Jules Janin says, “great minds, men of faith and fidelity, by the invincible

^{*} Vic intime du Pere Lacordaire par Pere Chocarne.

charm and irresistible attraction of a kindly disposition, of enchanting acquaintance-ship, of a mind free from envy, ready to console, to counsel, to encourage, to save. There was a calmness, a good sense, an ineffable grace about this excellent woman. She was simple and very literary, Christian and most indulgent; she was quick to appreciate works of imagination; she loved the ancients, but did not despise the moderns; she read like a philosopher and wrote like a wit.* Her name, as well as her life and works, have long been familiar to the literary world. "Her enthusiasm," says the writer just quoted, "was mingled with good sense, her kindness had a touch of something lofty; she was affable and a great lady. Her lightest word had great weight, as it possessed a great charm. Without difficulty or astonishment one found in it an echo of great actions, noble words and poetic conversations. She loved the learned for their learning; she honoured the aged on account of their experience. She admired elegant women, young girls in the sweet adornment of their youth; she said to them out loud "You're beautiful!" in lower tones she counselled them to be careful; she wished them happy. She drew to her little children by the grace of her smile, while poor people—the poorest, the sick, the infirm, the destitute—came to her, attracted by her beneficence. It was a spirit, a soul. She had divined much, studied much, and knew all. She alone knew the name of all the wretchedness she relieved, but we know the names of all the friends she made; they'll tell you of those who died before her, and whom she has mourned, those who have seen her die and mourn for her."

She was born in the heart of Russia, in Moscow, on the 22nd of November, 1782, and was seven years old when, in 1789, her father, M. Soymanoff, Governor of St. Petersburg, returning suddenly to his apartments, observed them illuminated,

and, betraying his astonishment, his little daughter explained that it was in celebration of the taking of the Bastille and the deliverance of the French prisoners—that dramatic event which marked a turning-point in history, a parting of the ways between the old world and the new, between the world of royal absolutism and *lettres de cachet* and the modern world of liberty, equality and fraternity. Four years later the Empress Catherine, who regarded Mdle. Soymanoff as one of the ornaments of her court, died of apoplexy, and left the throne of the Romanoffs to her terrible son, Paul I.

Maria of Wurttemberg had adopted the young Sophia Soymanoff and made her one of her maids of honour. She saw Russia in its days of glory and misfortune; heard with a thrill of patriotic pride of the victories of the Emperor Alexander, and lived long enough to see her country undergo more than one humiliation. Of "thrones upset and sceptres broken," with which the rude, rough hand of Revolution had strewn western Europe, this young Russian lady had seen many a scattered fragment, for many of the dethroned royalties and ostracized aristocracies took refuge in St. Petersburg, flying from the Red Terror which spread dismay and desolation throughout France. Representatives of the oldest nobility in Europe, with pedigrees going back to the Crusaders, thronged the drawing-rooms of the Russian capital when the future Mdme. Swetchine was a girl of fourteen—the Chatillons, the De Broglies, the Crusols, the Damas, the D'Autichamps, the Rostignacs, the Torcys, the De la Tertès, the De Blacas, who but lately had trodden the crimson carpet and breathed the perfumed air in the sumptuous salons of Versailles; while others, in whose veins the same blue blood flowed, had fallen under the knife of the guillotine in that Paris which, from being the "pleasant

* Une Sainte en 1859.

place of all festivity" for them had been suddenly changed into a perfect Ramleh for mourning multitudes. St. Petersburg received the last sigh of the pious Princess de Tarente, the last offshoot of the house of Chatillon, who, after being the honour and glory of the Court of France, became the example and ornament of the society of the Muscovite metropolis. These exiles, as Jules Simon says, "brought with them the most finished elegance, the graces of former times, the true accent of that French language of which they possessed the secret, that precious gift of polite conversation, of gay and expansive courtesy." It was in the midst of these refined and refining associations that Mdme. Swetchine's girlhood and early womanhood were passed. In the thirty-five manuscript diaries or common-place books she bequeathed to her friend and biographer, M. de Falloux, all the literary names of France are found alongside those of Germany and Italy. She was a very discursive reader and in the study of these authors she had the advantage of being directed by one of the most cultivated and philosophical minds of the century, Count de Maistre, who was then a kind of exiled ambassador, at St. Petersburg; ambassador of a landless and impecunious king, the Caleb of diplomacy, as Falloux calls him, so poor that he sometimes subsisted on dry bread moistened with water. However poor his daily fare may have been in these days, his mind rose superior to it; it was a mind, Mdme. Swetchine says "nourished on Christianity." Strong royalist as he was, holding with a pertinacity almost pathetic to the old doctrine of power when it was fast losing its hold upon the crumbling system destined to speedily give place to a new order of things, he was a still stronger Christian; and of all those with whom she was brought into contact, had probably the most influence

in forming her mind and tastes. In her environment also appeared the most cultured men and women of her own nation,—Tourgenieff, the great novelist whose works reflect the influence of western ideas upon Russian civilization, which not even the ironbound system of autocracy, bureaucracy, and militarism could wholly exclude—Mdle. Stourdza, Mdle. Nesselrode, the Princess Alexis Galitzin.

But all this intellectual culture and social refinement did not satisfy the aspirations of a mind allured to higher thoughts and ideals. She calls upon God not to let her soul be submerged in the whirlpool of her thoughts; and out of the ordeal of a mental struggle, which was like the birth of a new life, she emerges a fervent Catholic, exclaiming "I believe, I see, I am a Christian!" It was in this frame of mind she arrived in Paris during the winter of 1816.

In her house in the Rue Saint Dominique she occupied a library in which a little iron bedstead was fitted up at night, something resembling a Jesuit's cell. Its chief adornments were some pictures by old masters, pieces of *bric-à-brac* such as bronzes and china brought from St. Petersburg, and flowers. There she lived modestly and retired, taking care of her soul which Janin says was one of the most beautiful souls in this nether world; treated with the greatest deference and respect by those who formed her widening circle. Her mission in life—for every one of us has assigned to him or her some sort of a mission—was a social one. "What would be the use of living," she asks "if one never heard anything but the sound of one's own voice?" So, all through her life, though reserved and prudent, she was ready to listen to the complaints, the sorrows, the troubles of every-one, and to administer relief to minds ill at ease by applying the healing balm of sympathy to hearts stricken and wounded in the battle of every-day life. "Let us

only wish for as much knowledge as is needful to be perfectly good," was one of her favourite expressions. An atmosphere of calmness, contentment, and comfort pervaded that quiet retreat on the *rive gauche*. She did not entertain largely, issue numerous invitations, give big dinners and grand evenings; a small number of friends around a table nicely served, familiar and easy conversation, a select circle of kindred spirits and the whole social *mise-en-scene* lit up with a profusion of lights in memory of Russian palatial interiors and the Empress Catherine's Hermitage.

One of her most frequent visitors was the eminent French writer and courageous Catholic combatant in the struggle for freedom of education already mentioned, M. de Falloux, her literary heir, who saw her at work, who accompanied her on her frequent journeys which had for their object the exercise of practical benevolence and charity. This intimate knowledge of her life and deeds enabled him to commence her biography with these words: "Listen to me, I'm going to speak to you of a saint, and not only shall I speak of her with an overflowing heart, but I also mean to speak of her, holding in my hands the letters she wrote in her earliest youth. She speaks to me, to me who am speaking to you; listen, I've seen her living and I've seen her die." In a letter to her sister written at the epoch Falloux refers to, she says: "I want a beautiful spot which doesn't belong to me, for property, which entails such trouble, would compel me to give up that quiet repose which I would never like to see interrupted by the shocks of life." She could not, however, in after years escape those shocks she dreaded, for the Emperor Nicholas, on his accession exiled her and her husband—she had become the wife of a Russian general under Paul I.—to an obscure corner of Russia three hundred miles from Moscow and St. Petersburg.

When Mdme. Swetchine arrived in Paris, there had been a *rapprochement* between France and Russia, such as there is now, and the fact of her being a Russian ensured her a favourable reception from the society of the French capital. It was, besides, the epoch of the Restoration when the tone was distinctly royalist; and had she not seen the great Empress Catherine, known the Emperor Alexander, and succoured more than one French prisoner in the campaign of 1812?

Pressed by her Parisian friends, solicitous for her health, which was frail, to remain in that city, she replied that she and her husband obeyed the absolute order of their sovereign, that they were not self-exiled, and would not betray their loyal principles. "I know," she said "that perhaps both our lives are at stake, that it is more than probable it will shorten what remains of them; but that is no reason not to completely obey. In the age in which we live it is above all things necessary that principles should trace the line one follows, that it be firm, invariable. It is in the enjoyment of so many graces that the good God has given me here that I have learned to leave them. I am prepared for it. I have neither doubt nor disquietude as to the means at the disposal of Providence for making up for the advantages of which it deprives me, and restoring to me what is necessary of what it has taken from me. One is everywhere under its eyes; there is no exile for those who trust in God and love Him."

In the midst of a rigorous winter she left Paris for St. Petersburg, where in person, she pleaded her husband's cause with the Emperor Nicholas, who, when he saw her in an almost dying condition at his feet, gently reproached her for doubting his goodwill, and allowed her to return to her house in the Rue Saint-Dominique. When she came back after six months of fever and insomnia, she had obtained from Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, permission to erect a domestic chapel, which

she adorned with the finest Russian marbles and the costliest metals; her own jewels being turned into altar decorations, the diamonds she had worn as maid of honour to the Empress Maria being set in the pedestal of a silver statue of the Blessed Virgin. When this oratory was finished it was consecrated by the Archbishop, who said the first Mass in it, served by the Abbe Lacordaire. Montalembert was among the favoured few present. At that time he and Lacordaire had broken with Lamennais when the editor of the *Avenir*, and author of the "Essay on Indifference" had broken with Rome, and spoken those fatal and fateful words, "*non serviam!*" It is noted that while her letters to Montalembert have something maternal in them, she assumes a more serious and more assured tone in addressing the Abbe Lacordaire. "Every kind of holocaust demands a living creature," she writes to the former, "and we seek it in vain in these extinct or blighted imaginations, those forceless and unaspiring minds which often mistake insouciance and inertia for intellectual superiority, and the last expression of philosophy." She rejoices that he accepts persecutions with such high-mindedness, and speaks of him as "a crystal which is almost a diamond."

Placed between these two great minds—the two greatest Catholic minds of an epoch when combativeness had become an element of propagandism and conviction—she played a hidden but useful part in those combats in which hatred and offensiveness had no share. Without wishing or knowing it, she was to those two courageous athletes in the Catholic arena a guide and counsellor; she followed with delight and emotion, Montalembert's career at the tribune, and Lacordaire's in the pulpit, underneath which sat a congregation composed of a strange assemblage of believers and unbelievers, who came to hear the brilliant conference preacher of Norte Dame. While she re-

cognised in the eloquent Jesuit, Pere Ravignan, a worthy compeer of the great Dominican orator, it was Lacordaire to whom she was most drawn, and who was almost equally impressed by her. She was fifty years of age when he was first introduced to her by Montalembert. It was after the condemnation of the *Avenir*. "I touched on the shore of her soul," he writes in his figurative French style, "like a wreck broken by the waves, and I remember now, after the lapse of five and twenty years, the light and the strength which she placed at the disposal of a young man, till then altogether unknown to her. Her counsels supported me at once against discouragement and elation. One day when she thought she detected in my words a certain tone of doubt and lassitude, she said to me, with a singular accent, the simple words, 'Take care!' She had a marvellous power of discovering the side to which one inclined, and where one needed help. Her mind was so perfectly proportioned, the freedom of her judgment was so remarkable, that it was long before I was able to guess what side she would embrace. And, whereas with everyone else I knew exactly before hand what they were going to say to me, I could never anticipate her views, and with no one did I ever feel more thoroughly lifted out of the atmosphere of the world."* This is a rare tribute from one who, by his own admission, was naturally of a reserved disposition, too high-minded and too sincere to stoop to flattery. Lacordaire appears to have had a kind of filial feeling towards her. "It was not a mere literary connection formed between two minds suited to understand one another," says Pere Chocarne; "to the Abbe Lacordaire it was a happy influence given to him at the critical moment of his life; and one, moreover, so amiable that it concealed its power under the veil of an almost maternal tenderness. This providence was unique in his life; he

* Mdme. Swetchine, par Pere Lacordaire.

met in course of time with other friends and other advisers; but this mixture of friendship and authority from one who had wisdom to detect and point out a danger as well as that persuasive kindness that subdues the heart, was a rare and perfect gift, he never knew but once, and it was sent

rights, and society regenerated by a baptism of faith. Both were chosen souls, resembling one another in their moral stamp, jealous above all things for the claims of truth and conscience; true, loyal, and sincere. But Madame Swetchine possessed one advantage over her younger



MADAME SWETCHINE.

him by God at a propitious moment. Nowhere could he have found one better fitted to discharge this delicate office. The Abbe Lacordaire was devoted to the cause of God, the Church, liberty, and his native land. Madame Swetchine loved all these as much as he did; like him, she desired to see the Church restored to her civil

friend in her greater knowledge of the world and the human heart; he was only travelling to the goal whence she was returning. This experience she now, with unparalleled goodness placed at the disposal of the poor shipwrecked navigator with a kindness which attached him to her as to his second mother, and which was

rendered yet more precious by the hardness and injustice he was to encounter at almost every step of his opening career. She was the good angel whom God had placed at this point of the road where every sort of obscurity and ambush seemed lying in wait for him; and what dangers did she not enable him to avoid!" Father Chocarne points out, in passing, that, however great her influence, it was not to her he owed the good fortune of dis severing himself from that unhappy victim of intellectual pride, the Abbe Lamennais. "His submission, as sincere as it was spontaneous, and his rupture with that misguided man," observes his biographer, "had both taken place before his first meeting with Madame Swetchine." He admits, nevertheless, that it was her advice which supported him against subsequent perils, and "helped him to ascend to those calmer heights where the soul, drawn up to God, breathes an atmosphere of peace and charity, and is no longer irritated by the murmurs of ill-will, to which it soon ceases to listen." "Nothing but God and conscience," she wrote him, "ought to come between us and our ideas, and we should strive to raise these ideas to their highest possible standard out of a simple love of truth, without so much as casting a glance at the assaults of malice."

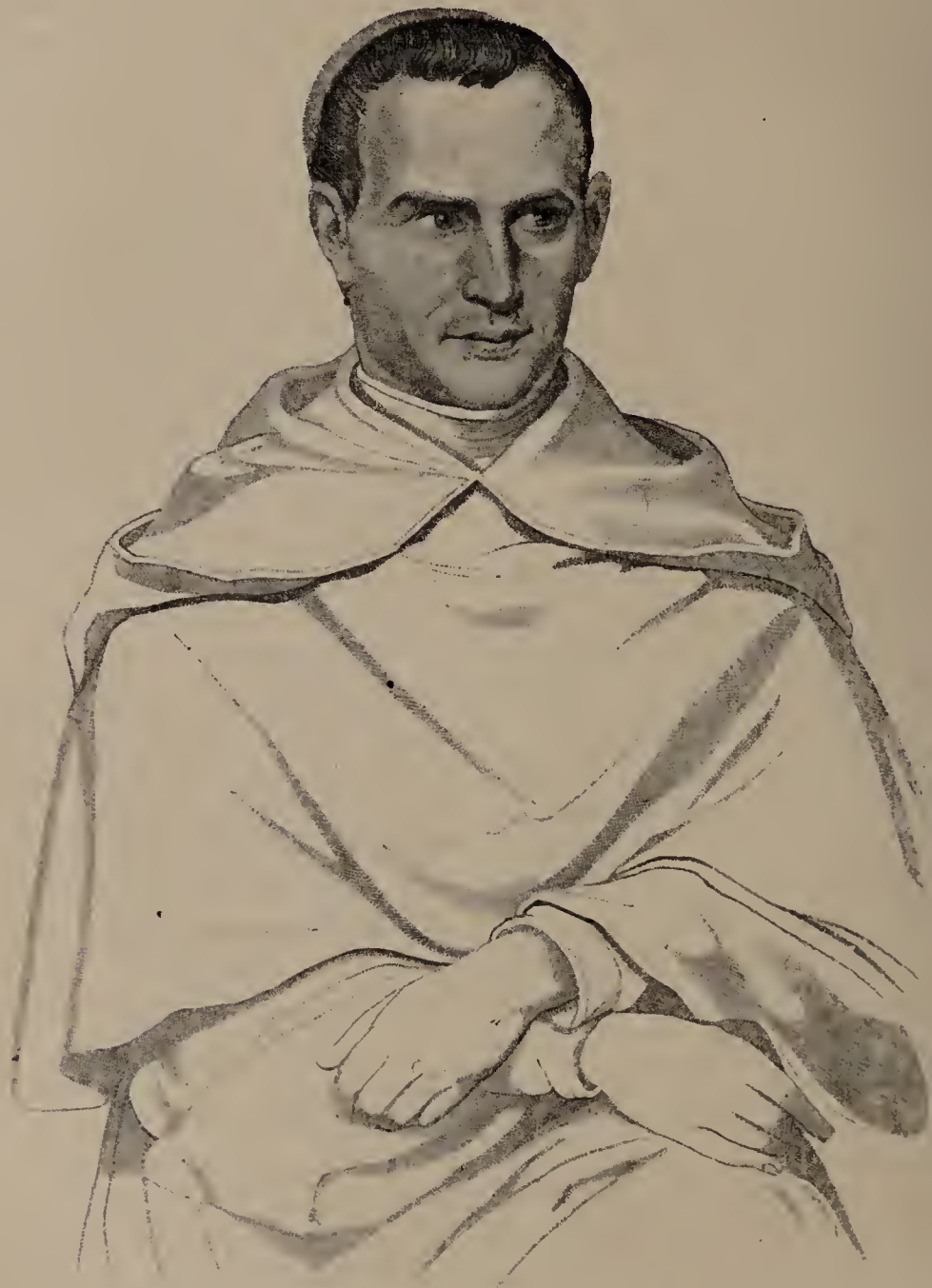
He prayed for her, and as soon as he had heard that she was dying he hurried to afford her the consolation of his presence and his ministrations. Every morning he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for her, and before her. She answered the priest, and during the whole Mass "remained kneeling and in a prayer bordering on ecstasy." "The death of this austere and valiant Christian, who, in her moments of happiness, ran to the Sisters of the Gros-Caillou to ask them for 'another poor person,' was a death worthy of her life, and that touching death has found two distinguished historians: the Abbe Lacordaire and M. de Falloux."* The last time

* Jules Janin op. cit.

Falloux revisited her after a long absence, he knew she was dying. In a letter to Montalembert he says: "She was seated on her chair near her bureau. One symptom alone betrayed her malady. Her head was resting on her chest. It pained her to raise it by an effort which seemed to cost her much, and only lasted for a moment. When one was seated sufficiently low to see her face, her smile was the same, and her voice preserved all its tones and delicate inflections. When she came to speak of her last will she said: 'I wish, as soon as my eyes are closed, to rest two days in my dear chapel. Then they shall bear me to the Church of Montmartre and I shall be deposited in the little cemetery alongside my husband.' And she said all that in the most natural voice. She would have nothing changed in her customary mode of life; that people should come to see her at the usual hours, that her nieces and nephews, and their children, and their children's teachers should come to dine with her every day. At night they read some pages from St. John Chrysostom or La Fontaine's Fables. She was smilingly attentive to everybody and everything. One would never have thought, to look at her, that she was going to die. She had a kind word for everyone, and an affable smile for all. The aged Marchioness de Lillers, then 89, called twice a day, sometimes went in, and sometimes discreetly waited in the little dining-room and shed tears, very touching at her age. She said to M. de Falloux: "Do you know the last word that saint and dear friend said to me? While I embraced her and told her I was going to pray to God for her, 'Thanks, my kind friend, thanks; but don't ask God for a day more nor a suffering the less.'" Her friend and physician, Dr. Rayer, attended her during her long illness, and, having meanwhile lost his wife, remained three days without visiting his patient. "Go there, father," urged his daughter; "my mother would be there, she would send you there herself." Re-

pressing his grief, he went to Madame Swetchine. "How is Madame Rayer?" she asked. "It is she who sends me," was the reply. Janin thinks this answer "simply sublime."

letters.' She reiterated this opinion distinctly, dwelling upon it while she spoke to me. Her little bedstead was hardly a foot higher than the floor. I was kneeling on the carpet and bent over her bed to



Fr. Henri - Dominique Lacordaire

by Fr. Duth.

"She began to talk to me of the correspondence with Father Lacordaire," relates Falloux. "I often heard her repeat 'They'll never really know Father Lacordaire until after the publication of his

hear better. She said to me, 'Get up. Open the what-not in the corner of the room; bring me a little bound volume in a case.' I found and brought the volume. It was the 'Life of St. Dominic,' all in the

handwriting of Father Lacordaire. She rested her eyes upon it with visible satisfaction, but without emotion, without tears; then, replacing the manuscript in my hands, 'Do me the favour to read to me the letter on the first page.' I at once read to her that dedication, marked by such filial affection."

"O Paris, incomparable city of the most touching dramas!" exclaims Jules Janin.

What sorrows and consolations are contained within thy walls! What unknown greatness! What hidden virtues!"

Her chapel she bequeathed to the Duchess of Chevreuse. In that simple oratory some of the greatest ecclesiastics in France in her time had spoken words of wisdom—Mgr. de Quelen, Mgr. Dupanloup, Lacordaire, Ravignan, and Gratry. Those eloquent orators, accustomed to address large congregations from the pulpit of Notre Dame, esteemed themselves happy in being privileged to speak of God and the things of God to the chosen souls who formed the *entourage* of Madame Swetchine. Though living the sacramental life of a devout Catholic, and strengthened in her resolution to persevere therein by the edifying example of those around her, many of whom were eminent as much by their holiness as by their exalted positions and deep culture of sacred science, she was not one of those devotees who regard the reception of the sacraments as an end, and not a means for the attainment of a certain end. Her piety was of a practical and unselfish character; it was not a buried talent, but a vivifying force which stimulated her to

good actions. Alms-giving with her was not simply the fulfilment of a social duty; she loved the poor for their very poverty, and liked to give pleasure to those to whom she did good: a flower pot to remind some toil-worn or bed-ridden denizen of the Paris slums that there were such things as green fields and bright flowers, though they could not go out to enjoy them; a picture to adorn the bare walls of some cheerless abode in one of the poorer faubourgs, books for those who could read and an easy chair for some aged invalid. With all this she was a woman who knew the world, who lived and moved in it, shedding the light of a keen wit, and diffusing the warmth of a sympathetic heart wherever she went; one, too, who knew the world of letters as well, and whose intelligence was on a level with the intelligences of the most lettered of those with whom she mixed. She had a turn for epigram, and her letters are full of neatly turned sentences, in which much wisdom is crystallized into a few pregnant words. She is an example of how the culture of faith—invariably associated with a superior illumination of the intelligence—and the practices of piety and devotedness to the well-being of others may be combined with a life lived out in the world, in the very heart of a great city, and in the midst of its multitudinous distractions, and be invested all the more with a human interest and attractiveness and a social worth, which even those who make little count of faith and piety will be constrained to recognise and respect.

R. F. O'CONNOR.



The Mission of a Rose.

REST thee, sweet flower, close to
Him
Who made thee delicately fair,
Flushed by the breath of
heav'n-lit fires,
And fashioned with perfection rare.
Thy petals are dew-laden still,
For while the pale moon watched last eve,
Deposited were diamond drops,
And of their wealth thou didst receive.
In thy fresh beauty thou shalt lie
Upon this mossy tuft—quite near
Thy Maker. Tiny growth of earth
How favoured thou art and how dear !
Thy golden anthers shall be as
So many tongues to whisper low
Sweet fragrance-laden breathings to
That Heart with love divine aglow.
And say how gladly I would rest
Beside the tabernacle door,
Where, fanned by Angel's fluttering wings,
Thy petals yield their fragrant store.
And, knowing how I fall so short

Of what He looks for, thou shalt be
My fair interpreter, the while
My daily tasks lay claim on me.
Some few hours hence, and thy fair head
Shall droop—thy petals one by one
Shall fall in very weariness.
And thou art dead, thy work is done.
The Master's hand culled us, sweet flow'r,
In earthly gardens, that we might
Exhale the fragrant breath of pray'r,
And bloom for ever in His sight.
Ah ! would that thro' our chequered lives
To Him our constant gaze were turned.
Too oft, alas ! we've looked elsewhere
For rest, while He so fondly yearned
To pillow our poor, aching heads
So gently on His pierced hand,
To lend a strong, supporting arm
To aid us, when too weak to stand.
Then it were surely blameless if
We envied thee thy happy hours
Of fragrant loveliness, for Death
Would garner *us* in heavenly bowers.



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER III.

AT the end of three months came Dame Dorothy Clinton, the gentlewoman already mentioned. She was a bigoted Protestant.

The first doctrine in her creed was the hatred of Papists. In her own way she was conscientious, she strove to do her duty faithfully to the little girls, and with this phrase we may dismiss the subject of her residence at Wyndham Court, for she was in character a complete nonentity.

Not so, however, was a very unexpected addition to the family circle at Wyndham. It seems that the Earl's only sister had married a Papist, one Rookwood, of Euston Hall, in Suffolk; and her misdemeanours did not end there, for after one year of married life, her father and

brother were horrified by the news that she had turned Papist. All communication was cut off with this renegade from the new religion.

Her husband was now ten years dead, and she lived very quietly in Euston Hall with her only son.

About four months after the Earl's return home, he received an urgent despatch, imploring him to come to the bedside of his dying sister. He instantly set off, and only arrived in time to receive her earnest entreaty that he would take charge of her orphan child. He promised faithfully to do so; all his brother's love returning on seeing her in such an extremity.

Poor young Charles Rookwood wept long and bitterly for his mother's death; and so well he might—he had no one now belonging to him, save Protestants; and he well knew he would have a sharp struggle to preserve the gift of faith intact.

Experience proved that he had not exaggerated his difficulties. His uncle was a good man, but a worldly one. The Catholic religion was persecuted; and, in the Earl's eyes, it was the height of folly to indulge so inconvenient a fad as that of belonging to a proscribed faith.

"Look here, Charles, my boy," said he

leading downwards to an abyss, and if I follow the latter, I surely fall into the abyss—that I do not intend to do."

The Earl determined to save his nephew from danger in spite of himself, and his first act on returning to Wyndham Court with Charles, of whom he was guardian, was to engage a Huguenot refugee as his tutor.



"LOOK HERE, CHARLES, MY BOY,"

at a convenient opportunity, "what matters it by which road you climb to heaven, provided you get there. If a man is honourable in his dealings, and keeps clean hands and heart, little recks it in the end whether he were Papist or Protestant."

"Uncle," replied Charles quietly, "if I wish to reach the mountain top and meet two roads, one narrow and thorny, going upwards, the other wide and pleasant,

Charles was just sixteen years of age—a fine, manly boy. He was not long in becoming a general favourite: he never obtruded his religious opinions, but he was most firm in living up to them. Thus when Friday came he found the table laden with goodly meats, but no fish, although her gracious Majesty had recommended eating fish on Friday, "in order," as she said, "to encourage the fishing trade, which was falling away." Charles resisted all entreaty to partake of the meat, and contented himself with bread and a cup of spiced wine.

At the private instance of her father, Maybelle, of whom Charles seemed very fond, tried to use her influence with him to do the same as the rest.

"Now, Charles," she reasoned, "how can you think you are right when you are an idolator; the Bible forbids us to adore anyone but God, and you adore the Virgin Mary.

"I don't adore the Virgin Mary, as you say; but, I pray to her. Listen, Maybelle, dearest. I loved my mother so intensely that had she asked me to beggar myself by giving away Euston Hall to a black stranger, I would have done it to please her. And do you think that God, who is Infinite in everything, will love His mother less than I would, or that He could refuse her anything she asks from Him?"

"But how can she hear you, and she in heaven?"

Charles smiled. "Don't you think, little one, that Our Lord ought to have known whether those in heaven know about us on earth or not? Nay, don't look so indignant at my question; it contains the answer to your objection, for He tells us that there shall be more joy in heaven for the conversion of one sinner than for ninety-nine just souls. So our Blessed Lady must know if you ask her to be a mother to you, and to obtain any favour for you from her Son."

"Well, I would not much mind doing that," said the child, thoughtfully. "You see, I had my own mamma, but I never, never knew her, and papa gets sad if I ask about her; once he chid me for being over-forward when I wanted to know mamma's young-girl name."

In spite of the sad look on Maybelle's face, Charles laughed at the droll phrase; then taking the child's hands and joining them, he gently repeated "Mother of God, be a mother to me."

Maybelle said it after him, and thus ended her first and last effort at proselytism.

Dame Dorothy Clinton and M. de Penre, the tutor, were much more persevering in their efforts, but at last they had to retreat from the field, leaving Charles victor in the theological tourney.

The great consolation during all this religious bickering was to go for a few days to Granite Hall. The Talbots were believed to harbour priests, though no proof could be brought against them. No additional servant or workman could be

seen, let the pursuivants watch as they would. The house was searched over and over again; the walls were sounded, but all in vain—no hollow ring was given back by the fiercest blow on wainscot, cut stone, or marble. Still, all the Catholics for many miles around were sure of performing their religious duties at Granite



HE GENTLY REPEATED, "MOTHER OF GOD, BE A MOTHER TO ME."

Hall. The river Humber washed the southern boundary of the estate, and some surmised that if it could speak it would tell tales.

Howbeit, young Rookwood's happiest days were spent with this amiable Catholic family. Maude was nearly his own age, not handsome, but high-minded, gentle, and courteous.

Lady Talbot was considered a kind of

angel by the poor people about. There was a sad look mingling with the sweet expression of her countenance; but her sympathy could be claimed by all, and was never refused, though her patience must have been sorely taxed by the importunate demands made upon it. Maybelle fairly idolized her.

* * * * *

Boyhood and girlhood, as a rule, contain but few elements of interest, and our



CECIL DEVOTED HIS ATTENTION TO ALICE AT THE BALL.

young friends shall not make the exception to prove it. The Earl invited young Cecil Penrose to join Charles in receiving M. de Penre's lessons. So the boys studied together, and had long excursions, accompanied by Maybelle and Alice, sometimes walking, but generally riding. In all disputes, Cecil and Alice invariably coincided, and it was easy to see that she was his favourite.

Five years glided away, calmly and happily. And the announcement that Charles would soon take possession of Euston Hall, amid great rejoicings, came like a

surprise. Not so, however, the news that Maude Talbot would ere long grace the ancient mansion as its mistress, for it had been an open secret that Maude and Charles Rookwood were engaged to be married.

A poet, who was just then becoming famous, wrote the oft-quoted line:

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

Shaks., *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Poor Charles's course of true love was

to share the usual fate; but a most unlikely meteor was to rouse the disturbing elements to cross his path—no other, and no less, than the mighty sovereign who ruled all England, the redoubtable Elizabeth Tudor!

CHAPTER IV.

EUSTON HALL was a goodly property, and during the young heir's minority a fair share of money had been laid by, sufficient to afford noble entertainment to gentle and simple on his coming of age; whilst many broad angles would still remain untouched. All the tenantry were bidden to the revels. Oxen were roasted whole, barrels of ale

were broached, and the rustic guests danced on the green sward, while pipe and tabor kept their lively measure.

A grand ball was announced for the evening. Lady Penrose, at the Earl of Wyndham's request, had consented to do the honours. Maybelle and Alice were in great delight at the thought of their first ball; both were now very beautiful girls. Charles was much disappointed when Sir John Talbot gave the decided answer that no one from Granite Hall could be present. He and his family were subjected to so many legal annoy-

ances on account of their religion, that they judged it more prudent to remain quietly at home; especially as the Queen had commenced her summer progress through the eastern counties, and Sir John wished to avoid the remotest danger of meeting anyone connected with her court.

The house at Euston Hall was an old rambling mansion, built at different periods, partly covered by ivy and partly with roses and eglantine. The rooms were rather small, with the exception of two immense chambers off the great hall, each of these extended the entire length of the house. They had been handsomely ornamented for this occasion, and balconies had been erected in front of them, one of which contained the minstrels.

During the ball, Cecil Penrose devoted his attention very exclusively to Alice, much to the indignation of his father, who had made up his mind that Maybelle should be his son's wife, as she was the heiress of Wyndham Court. The latter, quite innocent of the commotion she was causing in Sir Edward's mind, seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly with various partners; particularly with one, Captain Tryfern. After having danced for some time with him, she appeared to be so warm, that he asked her to come to one of the balconies to get a little air. The moon had risen, and the long shadows cast by the immense trees on the silvered ground, gave a weird beauty to the demesne.

"'Twould make one wonder at the folly of human nature, to think that the owner of all this must run the risk of losing it, and his life to boot," said Captain Tryfern.

"You allude to his religion, of course.

You have been at York; methinks some cruel deeds have been wrought there, and on these poor Papists, too."

"Aye, lady; 'twould make your blood run cold were I but to hint at the horrors I myself have witnessed in the discharge of my duty."

"Your duty! Surely no soldier is asked to torture hapless, defenceless prisoners?"

"Not to torture them, but to preside at their execution, and to keep order. It is



"YOU ALLUDE TO HIS RELIGION, OF COURSE."

surprising their infatuation; rack and scourge rend their flesh and they do but smile; they are offered life, liberty, and honours if they will but forswear their religion, and they reject the alternative with scorn."

Maybelle's colour rose, and her eyes sparkled: "Captain Tryfern, they are right——"

"Right! Lady Travers, do my ears deceive me? Right in being traitors to the Queen! Right in practising an illegal, puny superstition!"

"You mistake my meaning. My cousin Charles is a Papist, and he is no traitor. Were he such, I would scorn him. Neither do I believe him to be superstitious. I am, as you know, a Protestant. I know nought of Popish doctrines; but I say, and will maintain, that it is a noble and a heroic deed to give one's life for one's faith; and I would hold him to be a dastard and a coward who, through a despicable fear of bodily pain, would forswear his God and his soul."

Captain Tryfern shook his head.

"You know but little of pain when you speak thus. An' 'twere quick and short, your words might hold good; but too often 'tis prolonged for weeks and months, until almost the form of humanity is lost. Then the prisons—some are below the level of the river, and the unfortunate inmates can scarce defend themselves from the rats—but enough! These details are not seemly for a young and delicate lady's ears."

"Young though I be, I assert to you, Captain Tryfern, did I know my own religion to be wrong, and the Papists to be right, not one day would I hesitate to embrace that which bears the awful penalties you have described. What! Would I barter mine immortal soul for a passing pleasure? incur eternal pain to avoid that which is merely temporal? Never! Nay, you a soldier, would *you* fear to do what a weakly girl would dare?"

Captain Tryfern winced at the question, but, fortunately for him, he was spared the confusion of trying to answer it by the opportune arrival of Sir Edward Penrose, who had been in vain seeking for Maybelle. "Truant," he said, "Cecil was fruitlessly looking for you; he claims your hand in the next dance."

Greatly relieved by her departure, Captain Tryfern left the balcony to take a turn under the trees. He was greatly agitated. "One would think she knew all; could she have heard? But no; she spoke at random. She hath moved me

strangely. What if she is right! 'Not barter the eternal for the temporal,' she said. Bah! She is but a girl! And yet—— No, I dare not; I have gone too far to recede. Courage, Tryfern; don't let a woman's words unman you. Then, there again she had me: 'A dastard, and a coward,—to a soldier! What brought me here to-night!'"

Little dreaming the turmoil of conflicting thoughts her chance words had aroused in her quondam partner, Maybelle danced gaily with Cecil, and was in the act of telling him that she had never enjoyed anything so much as this evening, when Charles Rookwood approached and said in a low tone, that he would have speech of both immediately in the withdrawing-room. Maybelle looked up surprised, and was startled by the deadly pallor of Charles's countenance.

Arrived at the withdrawing-room they found the Earl of Wyndham engaged in earnest conversation with Sir Edward and Lady Penrose, whilst a royal despatch lay open before them.

"Ten days are the utmost you can have to prepare for her Majesty. Had we but known in time that she meant to honour Euston Hall by her presence, we would have spared you to-day's expenditure, Charles," said the Earl.

"Uncle, and my last acre should be sold, the Queen must be received in a manner befitting royalty; look to it that we give no cause to her courtiers to cavil at our misery."

"Is the Queen coming here?" asked Maybelle, in surprise.

"Truly she is," replied the Earl, and taking up the despatch he continued: "Her Majesty now tarries at Long Melford Hall, the seat of Sir William Cordall, Master of the Rolls; thence she proceeds to Sir William Drury's on August the fifth; some other places are mentioned, and I conclude that she will be here by the twelfth. Alice, thou comest in time to hear that a special courier has arrived

from the Court, with word that her gracious Majesty intends to honour Euston Hall by a visit."

"Oh, how enchanting! I long to see her," exclaimed Alice.

"That thou shalt not, maiden," replied her father, gravely. "I am beholden to Sir Edward Penrose for his kind offer to conduct thee and Maybelle back to Wyndham Court to-morrow. I would I could go with you, but Charles stands in need of my assistance. Mine own desires are far from Courts. Though I stay, it is, if possible, to save him from the evil results likely to follow from his recusancy."

The guests were allowed to depart without hearing aught of the grave news just received. The Earl feared much the result of this royal visit. The Queen was accustomed to invite herself to the seats of the gentry on her progresses through the kingdom. In 1561 she had staid at Smallbridge House, whilst the unfortunate owner, Mr. Waldegrave, was imprisoned in the Tower of London, with his wife, for recusancy; and no act of grace followed the royal visit. Hence there was reasonable cause to be uneasy on account of Charles's religion.

Queen could be welcomed by Robin Hood. In pursuance of this idea, great trees on the estate were cut down and firmly fixed in close proximity with the house; low shrubs covered every intervening vacant spot, and a magnificent triumphal arch of evergreens, with the words "Ave Regina" in rare exotics, was placed inside the entrance gate. Charles had a busy time of it. Neither was his uncle idle.

The German traveller, Hentzren, who



THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER ARRIVING.

CHAPTER V.

LONG after the guests had departed, Charles and his friends consulted as to the most fitting manner to receive her Majesty. To imitate the pageants prepared for her at the castles of the great nobility was out of the question. Equally so was the idea that she could be received as a simple guest. The fact that all the ground round Euston Hall was very thickly wooded, suggested the idea of emulating a miniature Sherwood forest, whilst the

visited England in 1598, and who wrote a graphic account of Hampton Court, in which he was received, mentions that the presence-chamber was "hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay."* Nevertheless, some of the great nobles caused the London merchants to import rich Turkish carpets, at fabulous prices, on the occasion of the Queen's visiting their castles.

* Rushes.

Rookwood succeeded in procuring two small, but very handsome, ones for the rooms fitted up for the Queen's bed-room and dressing room. One of these rooms was hung with crimson silk, edged by gold lace; the other with blue silk and silver fringe. A basin and ewer of solid silver, with the letters "E. R." handsomely wrought, were also bought. One

both the canopy and seat of which were covered with cloth of gold.

The house was too small to accommodate all the Queen's followers, so, whilst provision was made for the ladies to sleep in the house, tents were erected for the gentlemen of the Court. A goodly stock of venison, wild fowl, and capons was laid in, with huge pastys and rare wines.

Not only had Charles to spend every penny he possessed on these preparations, but he had to raise money by mortgaging a portion of his estate.

The Earl had rightly timed her Majesty's visit. On the morning of the twelfth a courier arrived with word that she would be at Euston Hall by four of the afternoon. The immediate preparations were then completed.

The Squires of Suffolk had formed a volunteer guard-of-honour to the Queen during her progress through their county, and escorted her from house to house of the gentry whom she wished to honour by a visit.

Between four and five o'clock, the first ranks of this guard could be descried from the clock-tower, where watch had been set.

First came two hundred of the young bachelors, all gaily dressed in light-coloured velvet; then came the senior Squires, clad in black velvet, and wearing rich gold chains. Fifteen hundred serving men, in bright liveries and on horseback, accompanied the cavalcade. When the first riders reached the gateway, they divided into two ranks, through which the Queen rode, escorted by the

Sheriff, Sir William Le Spring, of Lavenham. She was mounted on a snow-white charger, and bowed graciously in acknowledgment of the ringing cheers which



HE LAID HIS BOW AND ARROW AT HER FEET.

of the great chambers before mentioned was prepared as a banqueting hall; the other was hung with rich tapestry. At the upper end of it a throne was erected,

greeted her. The Queen wore a hunting dress of dark blue velvet, slashed with silver, and ablaze with jewels. Her ladies and her courtiers rode after her, through the grand entrance, where the Queen was met by a body of men dressed in green, to represent the merry men of Sherwood forest. They preceded her to the house, whilst little children, who were concealed in the branches of the trees, burst forth into a joyous carol of welcome, strewing the Queen's path the while with flowers.

Arrived at the mansion, the Sheriff assisted the Queen to alight. Boughs of green, on a movable frame, were before the hall-door, and from behind it the voice of Robin Hood commenced an address by the following words:

"Who so bold as to fain behold
The sylvan glade 'neath the green
woods shade,
Where Robin Hood and his merry
men
Their revels hold out of sight or
ken?"

Then the boughs parted, and Robin Hood, with his great cross-bow, seemed to believe that it was Diana herself who had deigned to visit them. He finished the address, and resigned the sovereignty of the forest into her hands, laying his bow and arrow at her feet.

Elizabeth said: "We thank thee, Master Robin Hood, but we trust that in *this* Sherwood we shall find no Friar Tuck."

The hall-door was open, and the moment the Queen reached it, a beautiful white dove was lowered, bearing in its beak a wristband of light, but pure, gold, having the word "Welcome" on it

in small but exquisite diamonds. As her Majesty took it from the bird she said, smilingly, to the Sheriff: "This is truly a *welcome* present, and it becomes not too ill its abode;" placing it on her wrist, at which she gave an admiring glance, for Elizabeth was very vain of the whiteness of her hands.

The Earl of Wyndham and Charles,



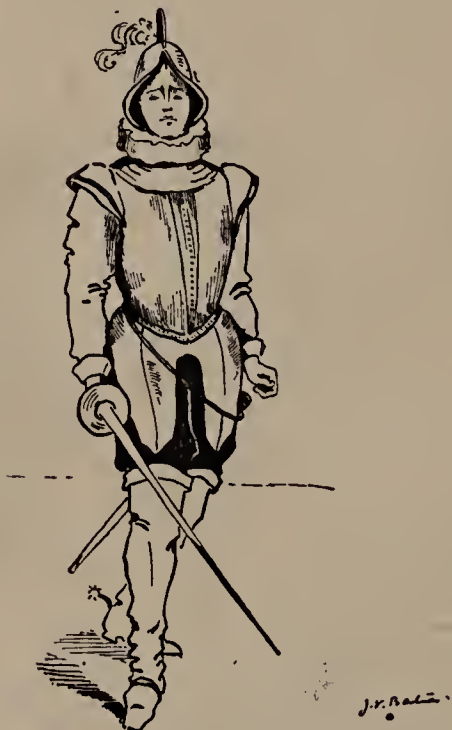
THE QUEEN LOOKED ON, WELL PLEASSED.

who had remained in the hall to allow these attempts at a fanciful reception to take place, now advanced to pay the homage of the knee, Sir William Le Spring introducing them to the Queen.

"My Lord of Wyndham, my memosy plays me false and thou were not in my Court some years ago."

"Truly, your Majesty is now, as always, right; 'twas but for a very short time ere I left with my regiment to fight against your Majesty's enemies."

"Aye, and thou did'st forget the road back to pay thy respects on return. Be-shrew me, if that was gallant behaviour, Sir Earl. And this thy nephew, we trust



TOPCLIFFE WAS ON THE SCENT.

he does not inherit thy want of courtesy. We have ample room in our Court for such as he," replied the Queen, looking with approval at the tall and handsome young man; for Elizabeth was a great admirer of beauty, and never liked to have ugly people about her. She graciously extended her hand to Charles to kiss. This was a good beginning; too good in the opinion of some of her Council, who

were present, and who looked askance at the slightest mark of favour shown to a Papist.

Sir William Le Spring was an old friend of Rookwood's father, and by his advice Charles kept as much in the background, Sir William doing his utmost to assist the Earl in entertaining her Majesty.

During the evening the Queen looked on well pleased, while the ladies of the Court gaily and gracefully danced galliards, as was the fashion of the time: she even asked the Earl of Wyndham whether he could dance the coranto well, and on receiving the reply that some years ago he could do it passing well, she smilingly bade him try with the Lady Borough whether he had forgotten the steps, and expressed herself pleased with his performance.

Everything had passed off so well, that the Earl began to think his fears were without foundation.

The Queen and her ladies having retired, he was about to look for Charles, when his attention was attracted by the sound of a low-smothered conversation, which was being carried on just outside the window near which he was standing. He was concealed by the window-drapery, but he could see distinctly the two who were speaking. One he recognised as Lord Burleigh, the other was unknown to him. As he was about to move quietly away the following words reached him, and almost froze the blood in his veins: "Remember, Topcliffe, I rely on you to undo all this."

Topcliffe! So that infamous agent of bigotry and persecution was here. Topcliffe was on the scent to hunt down his hapless nephew!

(To be continued.)

A Fruitful Life.

SKETCH OF ST. PETER FOURIER.

PETER FOURIER was born in the diocese of Toul, on the 30th November, 1565, two years before the birth of St. Francis de Sales, three before that of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and eleven years before St. Vincent de Paul. St. Pius the Fifth was about to fill the Chair of St. Peter.

A child of surprising innocence, student at the University of Pont-a-Mousson, founder of one of the first congregations of women for the free education of girls, parish priest and missionary, reformer of Canons, theologian of the first order, St. Peter Fourier offers more than one striking point of resemblance with his illustrious contemporaries we have named, and more particularly with the Saint of Annecy. Not without reason has he been called the Francis de Sales of Lorraine. Like him, Peter Fourier possessed in a heroic degree the spirit of zeal and meekness so well expressed by his motto:—"Nemini nocere, prodesse omnibus"—to harm none—to benefit all. Like Francis, he was the devoted apostle of country districts, as well as Father and Director of a congregation of Nuns. It would be even easy to trace between them a physical likeness—the same open, benevolent countenance framed in the long beard worn by churchmen of that period, the brow pure and lofty, beaming with intelligence and supernatural light.

The father of Peter was named Dominic Fourier, his mother Anne Macquart. Of five children born to them four grew up, three boys and a girl. Peter was the eldest. His family was but scantily endowed with earthly goods, but rich in virtue, and was held in deserved esteem.

It offered the spectacle, now unhappily too rare, of those Christian homes whose modest life was made up of labour, obedience, respect, piety, wholesome pleasures, and of very deep family affection. Shortly before his death, Peter was able to write of his favourite brother in the following terms: "We have naturally, and as an inheritance, a strong love for one another, after the example of our pious forefathers; but my dear brother and I had superadded to this, it seems to me, something more than nature and our ancestors had given us. In order to please God and my brother, I had to moderate the manifestation of this love." This is one of the many instances furnished by the lives of God's servants, and which go to prove that religion, well understood, develops, instead of stifling, the most exquisite affections, and knows how to cultivate the tenderest love and friendship, whilst subordinating all to the claims of duty.

Peter was destined for the Church by his parents, and as soon as he came to the use of reason he freely ratified their choice.

He was prepared for the priesthood by very serious study, and his masters soon perceived that he had an intellect which made him one of the most distinguished men of his time. Gifts of the kind are not necessary for holiness, but they greatly enhance its influence; and from the very beginning of his career his piety was no less remarkable than his intelligence.

From the earliest age he attended school in his native village; then, when thirteen years old, he became a pupil in the University College, founded some years

before at Pont-a-Mousson as a barrier to the inroads of Protestantism then threatening Lorraine.

"An instinctive innocence which recalled that of his contemporary, St. Aloysius; precocious maturity, horror of the least levity of word or action, a character meek almost to timidity, opposed to all quarrelsomeness, and more disposed to

parents. When his father learned that his son only made one meal a day, and that towards eight o'clock in the evening; that two pounds of salt meat sufficed him for five weeks; that he never tasted wine,—he set off to see him, and rebuked him sternly for his imprudent austerities, and commanded him to moderate them. It is not known how far Peter yielded; but

throughout his collegiate life he was held to be without an equal in excellence. Yet the time which he each day gave to his pious exercises, with the regularity of a monk, did not in the least interfere with his studies.

From his second class—that is at sixteen years of age (1580-81)—Greek had become like his mother tongue. He read fluently the works of St. John Chrysostom and the other Greek Fathers. Needless to add that he was equally familiar with Latin.

In 1582 he entered upon his philosophical studies, and here his open mind felt equally at ease, and during three years he devoted himself to the study of Aristotle, then the universal master.

His course of philosophy completed, he joined the Canons of the Abbey of Chamonssey, five leagues

from Mirecourt. His stay there lasted four years, at the end of which time, on the 25th of February, 1587, he was ordained priest. Like St. Ignatius and many priests of that period he did not deem himself worthy to officiate at once. It was on the 24th of June following that he said his first Mass.



ST. PETER, FOURIER.

suffer than to inflict an injury"—such is the portrait traced of the young student. His uncommon leaning to mortification he was not able to hide. He passed his nights on boards or on a bundle of sticks, wore a hair shirt, and scourged himself. Whatever care he took to hide his manner of living, some of his schoolmates came to know of it and gave the alarm to his

Ordained priest before he had followed the regular course of theology, St. Peter Fourier returned to Pont-a-Mousson, and there, during six years, in the fulness of his youth and strength, he plunged into the study of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, of Holy Scripture, and Canon Law. His favourite author and inseparable companion was St. Thomas Aquinas. Doubtless there is some exaggeration in the statement of a contemporary, that had the *Summa* of the Angelical Doctor been lost Peter Fourier would have been able to reconstruct it from memory, question by question, article by article. What cannot be denied is the unquestionable sacred learning of the parish priest of Mattaincourt. If he does not boast the title of Doctor, it is, doubtless, because, through humility, he never presented himself for the examinations.

He was satisfied with a certificate of study, and, owing to the hostility of the Canons of Chamonsey, being no longer able to remain with them, he announced to his uncle and professor, Father John Fourier, his wish to choose one of three livings offered to him. "If you seek for riches and honour," replied this eminent Jesuit, who was also his spiritual guide, "you will choose one of the two first; if you desire more trouble than reward, take Mattaincourt." Peter at once made choice of it. It was the 27th of May, 1597; and exactly three hundred years from that date, on the 27th of May, 1897, took place his solemn canonization.

Peter Fourier was in his thirty-third year when he became parish priest of Mattaincourt. He undertook the charge with the consent of the Abbot of Chamonsey, and without withdrawing from the Order of Regular Canons, into which he had entered fourteen years earlier.

Mattaincourt, to which the young priest so unhesitatingly gave the preference, is a charming village in the Department of Vosges. The railway from Epinal to

Mirecourt passes near. It is situated in a pleasant valley, watered by a river, at the foot of rising ground covered with rich crops and vineyards, and about a mile and a half from his native village Mirecourt, and some five or six leagues from Chamonsey. But sad, indeed, was the moral condition of the parish when he came there in 1597. Mass was only attended on the great feasts of the year; the Sacraments were neglected; the holidays profaned; the altars despoiled, and the church deserted; throughout the neighbourhood this hamlet was called Little Geneva. And, in truth, it was from the headquarters of Calvinism that came the misfortunes of Mattaincourt. The inhabitants depended chiefly for support upon lacemaking and some cloth manufactures. These goods were carried by them to Geneva, where, in exchange, they received not only money, but the infection of heresy, and thus had the village become the scandal of the country.

The young pastor's first care was to obtain what is called the *Status Animarum*, to draw up in writing what was the condition of every family in his parish, and of each individual member, the moral and religious state. He soon came to realise that ignorance, public licentiousness, heresy, and irreligion were even more rampant than he had supposed. Then, as in our own time, ignorance of religion was the first cause of the evil; therefore, the paramount duty of the priest was to instruct—*euntes docete*. It was against ignorance that his first efforts were directed. But how was he to instruct people who did not come to the church? Peter Fourier began with the children, whose minds are so touchingly open to the reception of truth. These he was able to gather in for catechetical instruction. Thanks to them, he was soon able to make use of a very practical way of reaching adults. He had a sort of platform erected in the church, and here he made

the best prepared children recite pieces or dialogues, which he had himself most carefully composed, and which, in a style simple and accessible to all, treated of the great truths of religion, of the charm and advantages of virtue, of the hideousness and fatal consequences of vice.

Parents could not resist the wish to come and hear their children, and the most indifferent became interested in the novelty of the thing. Crowds soon collected to hear the young preachers, whose persuasive voices found their way to the heart. The pastor followed, and, commenting on the lessons, gave instruction, always solid and betimes stern.

Often on Sunday evenings or during the week, the fathers and mothers, grown brothers or sisters, would ask the children to repeat to them what they had said in the church, and in this way was gained both edification and instruction.

Sermons, catechism, conferences, dialogues did not satisfy the holy pastor's zeal. He wished to instruct his flock individually; and his biographer relates how he was to be seen collecting three or four families under one roof when a favourable opportunity offered, and teaching them familiarly the truths most necessary for salvation. Nor would he leave one subject until he believed that he had made himself perfectly understood. He then passed on to another house, where another such group awaited him, and in this manner he visited his entire parish. When he considered them sufficiently instructed and prepared, he would earnestly exhort his parishioners to make a general confession. Many obeyed him, and from thenceforward began that marvellous transformation which in some years made the population of Mattaincourt one of the most Christian in the world. In truth, it was by means of the confessional that St. Peter Fourier achieved most. He had received from God an extraordinary gift of discernment and of touching hearts in the

sacred tribunal. In this respect, with the exception of the Cure of Ars, perhaps, there is not to be found in the history of the Church any who surpassed him.

Like the Cure of Ars, also, he well understood that the priest preaches, instructs, and converts not only by the word spoken and his ministry, but by example.

With the inflexible logic which is characteristic of saints—for saints alone are perfectly logical—he strove always, and in all things, to give the example of signal virtue.

We cannot here enter into particulars, which would lead us too far for the limits of this notice. We may only quote words which are the best praise, and which the parishioners of Mattaincourt soon came to make use of when they happened to hear other preachers. "As for them, we hear what they say, but we do not see how they live; but as for our own, we know that he does what he exhorts us to do, and very much more."

His mortifications were such that they might well be reckoned excessive, did not God at times appear to authorize such by making them compatible with the maintenance of good health, and by not allowing them to hinder the performance of duty. The saint scourged his flesh cruelly, only allowed himself three hours sleep, which he took on a bench two feet wide. For more than forty years he ate only once a day, and that towards evening. And what food for a life of overflowing activity! some vegetables, mostly boiled in water, some fruit and bread. As to wine, he only consented to taste it in the last years of his life.

It was a favourite saying of his that "Temperance was the best banker, the most generous provider." His charity was boundless. He gave without measure, yet discreetly; and, as happens to the saints, the more he gave the more he had to give.

Twice a week he assembled the poor of

his parish, and having given them instruction, he distributed a supply of bread for three days. It is matter of history how largely he assisted his own beloved province of Lorraine during the last years of his life, when it was reduced to dire distress by the double scourge of war and plague.

In these days men say, and with much reason, that the priest should not remain a stranger to social questions, but should mingle with the people, interest himself intelligently in their temporal affairs, making his spiritual ministry the more acceptable thereby, and acquiring thus an influence always useful, and, at times, necessary for the safeguard of eternal interests. But he must be simple, indeed, who can suppose that such ideas and practices are anything new in the Catholic Church. True pastors of souls have always so acted according to the measure and manner permitted by circumstances.

The saintly pastor of Mattaincourt has the merit of being, in this respect, an initiator of the first order. He devised for the good of the people some of the most fruitful applications of the great principle of association. In the village of Mattaincourt were many persons engaged in trade which is very fluctuating, and great was his compassion for those amongst his parishioners who, through some untoward circumstance, had fallen into straits. In order to help the victims of evil fortune to tide over their difficulties he created a fund, which he named the Fund of St. Evre, in honour of the patron of the parish. This was a sort of mutual assurance, and was made up of voluntary gifts, pious bequests, fines, and other stray chances. When one of the traders found himself in arrears, and that his need was pressing and manifest, a certain sum, which enabled him to hold on, was lent to him on the sole condition that he would pay it back, if by it he retrieved his position. This institution succeeded beyond

all expectation. . . . And thus, well-nigh three hundred years ago, one of God's saints, by this admirable arrangement, anticipated and worked on the lines of the best economic institutions of which our own time makes boast, the Savings Banks and Assurance Companies.—("Life of Fourier," by Abbe Chapia.)

Other facts might also be put forward to prove how far was our saint from holding the theory that the ideal of the pastor of souls should be to keep himself as much as possible to his church and sacristy, or to be exclusively concerned with the spiritual interests of his flock. He believed in the social character of the priest. He understood that side by side with the benevolence that succours by almsgiving, or rather above it, is that not less necessary and more excellent quality which by forethought, organization, and association, to a large extent prevents misery.

How fully would he applaud the movement now on foot amongst the clergy, and rejoice in the foundation of those rural banks of which he might well be chosen the patron, as they are an imitation of his Fund of St. Evre, or more correctly may be hailed as a wonderfully practical application of the principles which governed him when founding that.

In order to maintain and develop the current of religion and piety which he had soon evoked in his parish, St. Peter Fourier did not neglect any of those means suggested by the most enlightened zeal. His biographers signalize in particular three confraternities established by him—that of married women, or confraternity of the Rosary; that of men, old and young, under the patronage of St. Sebastian, then greatly venerated in Lorraine; finally, one for girls, under the protection and invocation of the Immaculate Conception. It is well to notice this latter detail. St. Peter Fourier established in his parish, and propagated wherever he

could, especially through the two religious orders directed by him, devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. By his order innumerable medals with the device, "Mary was conceived without sin," were struck, and worn by hundreds and thousands in Lorraine, two centuries before the medal of Our Lady of Victories was produced in Paris.

There is one work to which in particular we wish to call attention, because throughout the life of this holy man it was his chief solicitude, as it remains his great glory—the work, as necessary now as it was then, of Christian schools for the education of poor children.

From the beginning he realized that it was impossible to do any lasting good amongst a people without schools; and he well knew the priceless services which could be rendered to the cause of primary teaching by religious orders. Scarcely had he been many weeks settled at Mattaincourt before he had drawn together several young men of good will, whom he sought to imbue with the same views. This little group, which he looked upon as the germ of a future teaching congregation, was soon scattered without having grasped the ideas so clear to his mind.

Providence did not allow him, in spite of repeated efforts to found a religious order of men devoting their life to the hard task of teaching. The very year of his first failure, in 1597, another saint succeeded in Italy—St. Joseph Calasantius opened, in Rome, his schools for the children of the poor. But in France the hour had not yet come. Another century had to pass over before the great idea conceived by St. Peter Fourier was carried out. It likewise was the work of a holy priest, Blessed John Baptist de la Salle.

What the saint had not been able to do for boys, God gave him the grace to accomplish for girls. He founded the teaching congregation of the Nuns of Notre Dame.

Here he was truly, in the best sense of the word, a pioneer, for his foundation dates from the end of the 16th century; whilst others, like that of the Ursulines, arose in the beginning of the 17th century. "Is it not striking that this 'good Father' should have the glory of thus realizing, in his own province, in the midst of a country parish, the great need of the period? Is it not worthy of all praise that a poor village pastor should dare, and have been able to carry out, so great an undertaking, and in such times as those in which he lived?" So writes the Abbé Chapia.

The work entrusted to him by Divine Providence was, in truth, a most urgent need. The instruction within the reach of boys was far from being sufficient, but there were many schools for them. Decrees of General Councils, like that of Lyons, for instance, ordained, in 1245, that to every church should be attached a school for gratuitous teaching of poor boys. But for girls there was little or no provision. They were, for the greater part, forced to remain in a state of ignorance which, according to contemporary authors, helped, in a quite extraordinary degree, the spread of heresy; or else to attend mixed schools, where they were admitted along with boys.

No one understood better than our saint both the dangers arising from this ignorance and the drawbacks attendant on mixed schools. None better than he could estimate the advantages that follow from the proper education of girls. Are they not destined later on as mistresses of households, and first instructresses of their children, to fill a yet more important office than is assigned to men?

God had prepared souls capable of accepting these high views. In the very outset of his pastoral career, two young girls admirably suited to carry out his projects, were directed to him, Alix le Clerc and Marguerite Andre. Some months later they numbered five.

At Poussay, a league from Mattaincourt, they began the exercises of a religious life ; and towards the middle of the year 1588, at the close of their first retreat, St. Peter Fourier preached a sermon to them, which may be considered the act of foundation of the new congregation of Notre Dame, and which ended with words which might well be pondered over by all who, in religious life, devote themselves to education :—

“ Being religious, you could rest satisfied with saving your souls ; but as you would please God more by helping to save others, you must try to do so. And, inasmuch as there is no better means for you of saving souls than by instructing young girls, it seems to me that if you wish to take the trouble you must resolve to teach them, and so manage that, by getting hold of them in their innocence, as they are after baptism, you strive to preserve them in this throughout their lives. And as God holds in more account such an engagement to this as hinders the putting it aside, teaching one day and ceasing the next, we must see if we cannot formally and irrevocably bind ourselves to it. Lastly, as it will please God more to teach without reward, and out of love for Him, rich and poor must be taught gratuitously.” (Petits Bollandistes, etc.)

Some days later the first classes were opened at Poussay. One year from that, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1589, Mattaincourt was in possession of a Congregational and Free School for Girls.

Foundations now followed uninterruptedly, and at the blessed man's death his congregation counted fifty houses.

It was not without difficulty that he obtained the approbation of the Holy See, for his work was a new departure in the Church—nuns devoted to the active life of teaching, yet combining inclosure with the education of extern pupils.

The teaching method adopted by him was likewise novel ; and it would be in-

structive, as well as interesting, to note in his letters and writings how precise and fixed were his views on the subject. He had his system, drew out his programme, and entered into most practical details. His nuns had not diplomas, but he meant to have them carefully instructed.

A regular inspectress is charged with the supervision of the schools. She is to go into the class-rooms, listen to the lessons being given, and to question the pupils. These are received from their fourth year, and divided into three classes, a system which has been followed in our own day for primary teaching.

He wished to form enlightened Christians, and also good housekeepers, industrious and economical, knowing how to keep accounts, and how to earn an honest livelihood. His best teaching title, as regards method, is that of being the first known promoter of simultaneous teaching, instead of individual. Before his time each child was taught in turn. St. Peter Fourier managed his new system by means of object lessons and uniform class books. (*Etudes des Peres Jesuites*, 1897.)

These pages are far from giving an adequate portrait of St. Peter Fourier ; of his extraordinary virtues, his gift of miracles, the diabolical persecutions—like to those of the Cure of Ars—from which he suffered ; the Order of Canons, into which he entered, and which, with incredible difficulty he succeeded in reforming under the name of Congregation of the Holy Saviour. Mention should also be made of the paramount influence he exercised in Lorraine ; the succour of all kinds which he procured for that unhappy province when ravaged by war, famine, and plague ; his patriotism and inviolable attachment to his native sovereigns, and which was the cause of his ending his days in exile in the town of Gray (Haute Saone), where he died on the 9th of December, 1640.

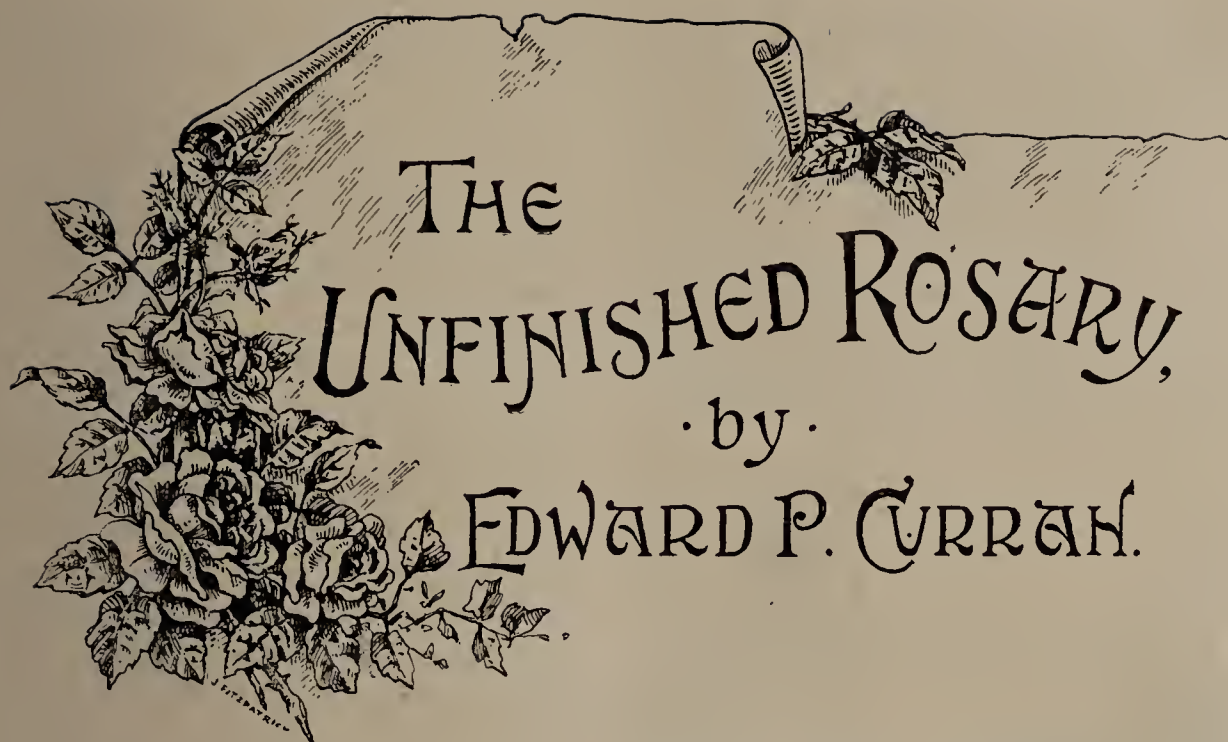
Attention has been chiefly drawn to his

admirable initiative in regard to the Christian education of the children of the poor, and the Christian application of the great principles of association and solidarity. Under this point of view does he not offer one of the most striking types which the

history of the Church or the lives of the saints furnish? Rightly may he be invoked by all, whether laymen or priests, who look to religion for the practical solution of social questions, and who struggle to maintain Christian schools.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.
Fourth Mystery of the Rosary.



“THE Bessie is due !” was the news that spread through the village of Bulon. A stir of gladness goes through the crowd of fishermen on the beach, as this good and cheering news is told by one of their number.

The Bessie was a fishing schooner of the superior class, and one of the most successful of the fishing fleet that yearly lay moored on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. She was owned by a very old and respectable family of the village—the Fitzgeralds. As year after year came round, the old skipper, the owner, procured his quantity of supplies for the fishery; got his vessel ready, overhauling her throughout, finishing up by painting her, not a very artistic performance, as it consisted only of a good coat of tar and a yellow ochre line drawn around the gunwale. Nevertheless, when ready for the Banks, the Bessie was as prim a little schooner as one would wish to see. The time had now almost come when the whole fleet, made up of vessels from different parts of the coast, should arrive home from the Banks. But, as usual, by a

stroke of good luck, the Bessie had been very successful at the fishery, and the skipper had determined to leave for home a week earlier than the date of other years. The news had reached the village that the schooner had passed a point down the shore, and, allowing for the distance, the fishermen knew she should arrive in a few hours.

Bulon was one of those thriving little villages frequently met with, where industry is the topic of the hour; where everyone works hard during the long hours of day, and in the evening discuss the incidents and experiences of many years, comparing the success of one year with the failure of another. The village lay sheltered in a very beautiful valley; the hills on either side stretching far out to sea, thus forming a very sheltered harbour where the fishing boats could, with safety, lie moored. Like so many fishing villages, the houses were grouped, and grouped very irregularly, near the shore. On the beach small huts were erected to receive the fish from the boats, and alongside these huts large stages, or, as they are called, “flakes,” were built, and on these the fish was dried and made ready for market. Conspicuous among the houses of the village was the

Fitzgeralds: a clean whitewashed cottage, having a little plot of ground in front of it ornamented with fine round beach-stones; a few wall-flowers in a bed on the right of the entrance, and on the left, attached to the side of the cottage, was a bench where the old skipper used to have his pipe every evening when at home from the Banks, and where all the old "salts" of the village assembled around him and chatted out the evening till nightfall, when they retired to



MRS. FITZGERALD AND EILEEN.

the big kitchen fire and there shared a "drop" with him.

Whilst the *Bessie* was at sea the only inmates of the cottage were the wife and daughter, Eileen, a girl of nineteen. When the news of the passing of the *Bessie* was brought to the cottage, the poor wife sobbed with joy, for, as we may well expect, the life of uncertainty on sea is in many cases the whole thought of the sailor's family, and the news of arrival unburdens the mind of the dread of accident. Eileen had double reason to be happy, as she expected someone to accompany her

father; one very dear to her. On the night before the departure of the *Bessie* for the Banks, Joe Williams, who, since childhood, had paid the greatest attention to Eileen, had obtained a promise from her that they would be married when he returned from the fishery, and now the news that he is to return, brings a flush of happiness to her face. Busy preparations are made. Everything is brushed up; the skipper's big chair is moved to its place near the big fire, mother and daughter spare nothing to make the little home as cheerful as possible for the coming of its cheerful owner.

"Mother, won't it be grand to have Joe here this evening!" was the first exclamation of Eileen.

"Oh, Eily! Joe, Joe, and no mention of father; are you forgetting poor father?"

"No, mother; I was just going to say, 'Father, also,' when you interrupted me," and then turning quickly away she went to work tidying up the cottage.

The *Bessie* was scudding through the waters of the Atlantic, making for her destination, whilst these preparations were being made on shore. It was about eleven o'clock on the morning of the first Saturday in October as she passed the point where the signal station was situated, nearing it as much as possible to enable the keeper to detect her name painted on her bows. This was customary among vessels of her size, so that the news of their passing should be wired along the shore, and thus have the villages prepared for the landing of the cargoes.

"A few hours more, lads, and we are at home," said Skipper Jim, as the vessel put off the land and headed for Bulon.

"We ought to reach in about seven to-night, Skipper Jim," said one of the crew.

"You know, Wat, we are very low over water, and I says no Bulon till ten o'clock," said another of the crew.

"Put on all sail, my lads," said the skipper to Joe, "we must reach home before dusk."

"All right, Skipper Jim."

Away troop the crew, and in a short time up goes the foresail. Then to work at the deck, washing off the refuse of fish that remained after the last few loads of fish had been put aboard. After stowing away the dories in two lines, one on each side of the deck, the men loll about till dinner-time. It must not be thought that fishing schooners require as much manipulation as a brig or an Atlantic liner. A "hand" at the wheel, when there is such a thing; a "hand" perched on the windlass, as a look-out, and one or two to look after the sails, constitutes the active duties of the crew. The men take their turn at these duties, and when off duty sit on the low wooden rail of the vessel and converse about the "bills" they will make by their cargo. Thus they sat on the *Bessie*, discussing the good sum that each would receive, for an immense catch had been made, and it was to the fact of overloading that the fisherman had referred, when saying the schooner was very low above water. On they talked until a head popped out of the entrance to the fore-castle, and the cook cried out:

"Now, boys, everything is ready; come down right away."

Off they go. One by one they disappear down the fore-castle, and there continue their chat for the remainder of the evening.

"Come up, lads, we are going to have some dirty weather."

This was a great surprise to all. When they went below, the sea, except for the long swell which the Atlantic is never free from, was like an immense sheet of glass; now, when they come on deck, they be-

hold the flying rack clouds, the forerunner of danger; the horizon dull and dangerous looking; the short foaming surges that token a strong shifting wind.

"We are but an hour's run from Bulon, so to work, lads, with a good heart."

"Ay, that we will, Skipper Jim."

"This b'aint the first storm the good old *Bess* weathered, Skipper Jim," said one of the crew.

"Now to the sails, my lads, and reef tightly."



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

In a few moments the sailors have dispersed, and now are sitting across the booms reefing. The mainsail is settled. The foresail is but half reefed, when a heavy squall of wind strikes the vessel, and she reels under the shock.

"Extra hands on the foresail! quick, lads, quick! The wind is rising fast. Look to the starboard! Look at that big black cloud rising up over our heads; quick, boys!" This the skipper gives out in one breath, and immediately there is a hurrying of feet along the deck.

The foresail is finished.

Along scuds the *Bessie*: the darkness increases; the wind is getting stronger, still stronger; the waves are lashed into foam, but still she scuds along. An hour—two hours pass, still the tempest increases. The underlay of dark clouds

suddenly shifts and is borne rapidly away, leaving in their place the dull, leaden, continuous cloud so feared by the mariner.

"A nasty night; a very nasty night," mutters the skipper.

On the Bessie scuds. It is now dark night. The seas rise in fury and dash over the frail schooner, as if wishing to engulf her: still she scuds on. A cry from the look-out:



"QUICK, LADS, QUICK!"

"Light on the larboard bow!"

"Ay! ay!" answers the crew.

But all is dark; no light there; a mistake of—oh! there it is, but gone again; again seen, gone again.

"That's Bulon, lads, two flashes to the minute," said the skipper.

On scuds the Bessie. The seas continue to rise; the wind has increased until there is now a hurricane blowing. The good little ship is tossed about like a cork; the roar of the seas and the wind's

terrible, but still she scuds on. Now, the crew can almost detect in the darkness the headland of Bulon; a flash of lightning and they see plainly the outlines of both heads.

"Do you Bill, and John, and three others, stand by to give a hand, and let the rest come below till we say our beads."

"Don't forget us, Skipper Jim."

The Bessie scuds on. The wind whistling through the rigging, seems to cry with sorrow; it moans, it sighs, it seems to be uttering a death cry; but the Bessie scuds on, still she scuds on.

Below, the skipper has taken down a well-thumbed prayer book from his locker, and kneeling at the head of the cabin table, with the men grouped on each side of him, begins the five sorrowful mysteries.

"Let us offer up this beads, that the Holy Will of God be done."

Then, with that piety, for which the Newfoundland fisherman is noted, the men respond to their skipper, as he recites each "Hail Mary" of the decades.

The Bessie still scuds on. The lightning has become almost continuous; the thunder is terrible; the men have reached the fifth mystery, when suddenly comes a frightful glare, a grating cry, and—

All this time there is great excitement on shore. The fishermen know well what it is to be out on the sea in such a night, but they are consoled by the fact that the Bessie is manned by the best sailors of Bulon. As the storm increases they get some of the long fishing-boats ready to give help in case of necessity.

During the past forty years they have not seen the sea rise to such a height as it does on this dreadful night of the first Saturday of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The south head of the entrance to the harbour is, at times, covered with foam, as the wind lashes the sea up the steep cliffs. The lighthouse perched on the north side is shining dull, being

covered by the mist that rises from the foaming waters. It is now midnight, still the storm increases. The fishermen remain on the shore to give help, but they know that outside those two lofty headlands, it is an impossibility to get any boat. They look at the little cottage of the skipper; there it is, two windows dark, whilst from the third shines the brilliant light of a lamp placed in it by Eileen.

"When they see the lamp, mother, they will know we are waiting for them," she said, as she placed it on the window frame.

the rocks; out, and around, and in, and out, it comes and goes, moaning as if bewailing some awful calamity. Suddenly it rises in terrible fury. A vivid flash of lightning; a crashing peal of thunder; a cry comes over the waters—the Bessie has struck a sunken rock. A few minutes and she disappears below the waves never to rise again.

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In the morning when the storm had ceased, the boats from the shore are



EACH HAD CLASPED IN HIS HANDS THE ROSARY BEADS.

Shortly after midnight, an exclamation comes from the group of fishermen.

"There is a craft! It must be the Bess. Look! to about two points from the sou' head."

All eyes are on the vessel.

"Yes, that's the Bess! Good old craft, she'll be in all right!"

There she is, indeed, weathering the storm; tossing to and fro; now up, now hidden in the waves, but still safe. How she beats against the wind! She is now turning to make for the opening in the cliffs! The storm still increases; the winds shriek, and groan, and moan among

manned to search for the lost ship, but no trace. After hours of weary rowing and searching, they search the rocks along the shore, and as they come near the entrance to the harbour, they find, in a cove, the bodies of three men; the skipper, Joe, and an old fisherman. Each had clasped in his hands the Rosary beads. The call of the Most High had come before they had finished their Rosary.

The village still continue to this day to say: "Poor Skipper Jim and his men finished their Rosary in heaven, with the Blessed Virgin; for they were lost on the morning of Rosary Sunday."

An Old Garden.

INOW an old garden, no matter where. Sometimes I wander there in imagination, especially when I am in a dreamy, listless, pensive mood, attuned only to twilight, the deep shades of the woods, the lonely bog-land, or my dear garden. There I wander when I fain would be away from all business and the hurry and rush of life. When I am in this mood I roam about my garden all day long. Other things occupy me, other interests surround me, but while, from my office stool I look up and stare through the window at the passers-by, or my pen lazily scratches over deeds and documents, my mind is on the green sward, nigh a hundred miles away. And when, at evening, I sit watching the rain come down on the flagged pathway, and hear the sharp patter of feet hurrying on, till the little street is deserted, my dreams carry me back to where the pigeons and the birds are settling to roost, breaking the stillness with their last songs of night.

I am there now, and there is a noisy fellow of a black and white speckled pigeon making a great "coo" just over my head in his hole in the wall. Apparently he is not comfortable, or perhaps he is rebellious that the night has fallen so fast and that his little mate will go to bed and not keep him company on the house-top. At any rate he grumbles finely, and a thrush in the trees on the other side of the garden wall, will keep on gurgling, and trilling, and whistling, just as if it were morning, instead of putting his head under his wing like a sensible bird, and leaving the world "to darkness and to me." Ha ! now he is silent. No, there he goes again ; a delicious, maddening trill, carrying the soul out of one, up, up, beyond the skies ; beyond the dross of earth, beyond its cares

and lowly aspirations ; up, up, like the Peri to heaven's gate. Can the angels have a sweeter song ? All that we know of beauty, all that we know of pathos, or of soul-stirring joy, is embodied in the thrush's song. And yet—"ear hath not heard."

Once I remember a song, a human song, that took my heart and held it still, so still that I could hardly breathe until the last notes died away. It was in one of our great cathedrals. The tenor sang a low wailing anthem, as of a soul in pain, fettered in darkness, crying to be free, mourning for the light. And then there was a pause. The organ ceased, and suddenly there broke forth a voice, the voice of a little boy, in a clear recitative, ringing through the aisles, echoing through the vaulted roof, piercing our hearts like the voice of an angel. It was as if an angel had descended to that lonely soul in anguish. "The night is past ; the day is at hand." And up the sounds ascended, bearing as if on wings, our hearts beyond the skies, till the gates of Heaven seemed open, and we caught one glimpse of that Paradise, more beautiful than the mind can conceive. And then, as the notes died away in the distance, the organ burst forth, and a multitude of voices took up the boy's song. "The night is past ; the day is at hand ;" and it ended in a chorus of triumph. And so I dream in sweet content, till the song of the thrush is over, and though the night has fallen, I rise with a lighter heart, for I know that the day will come.

Let me describe my garden. It is not kept for show ; it is kept for pleasure. The owner does not disdain *herself* to tend the plants, the fruits, and even the vegetables that seem to delight to grow

therein—for it is not a mere flower garden; all the children of the soil, from the queenly rose to the common edible, are to be found here. It is made of three terraces of velvety turf that springs beneath one's foot, and oh, the treasures in those green, oblong swards when they have been given a chance of springing up, before the lawn-mower has ruthlessly cut them down! I shall tell you of them later on, but first, turn to the right, and walk with me up the garden from the old house, which runs along the length of the central terrace. Here, as we close the door with glass panels behind us, which looks into the long music room with its polished oaken floor, we find ourselves in a three-walled space reserved for a future greenhouse, and open on one side to the garden. Let us walk up between the highest terrace on our left, and the rosery on our right, containing every rose from the old "cabbage" to the queenly "Malmaison" and the dainty "La France." They are of all shades and colours, and of all sizes; some of the standards can hardly bear the weight of the immense blossoms. They hang over, as if inviting a shears and a plunge into cold water. Some raise their dainty heads as if to challenge competition, and indeed they excite our wonder and admiration. The difficulty is to choose the fairest among them. We think this blooming maid in white, blushing with the faintest pink, perfection, till we catch a glimpse of her sister decked in palest yellow, and beyond, another beauty garbed in pink, and then a crimson, and then pure white, till we turn, bewildered with so much beauty, and waive the question—wanting them all, everyone of them. And here, behind them, nestling in close to the wall, under the stiff, nailed-up pear trees that in the spring delight us with their blossom, and later on yield goodly fruit, is the simple, spotless lily-of-the-valley. Who does not love it, with its waxen bells yield-

ing such sweet perfume, by which it lets us know that it is there hiding, and that we must look for it? Gladly we do so, and bear it off for our prisoner. And holding it in our hands, we look up to the ivy peeping over the old wall, and nod back to an inquisitive sparrow that makes a noisy chatter at us, as if to warn us off his premises. So we leave him alone and betake ourselves to the walk again, up to the corner where the old wrought-iron gate set in its Gothic arch, crowned with creeping jessamine, and with three steps leading up to it, gives us a view of the sloping ground outside, and of the old ruined Castle of De Clare in days gone by, with the blue mountains far beyond, making a pleasant background. The soft, gentle summer haze is over it all, and the myriad flying denizens of the air are buzzing lazily around us, making us feel a bit lazy too, so that we are glad to turn awhile and look down upon this fair garden while we rest.

We are at right angles to another walk, leading to the long high wall opposite, which shuts off the garden from the wood where the tall trees give shelter to noisy rooks, whose flights and martial drill in different battalions, afford us endless interest and amusement of a summer evening. And how often in the winter have we not watched the sun set behind these trees, the branches of which, interlacing, formed patterns across the red and golden background like the finest Valenciennes, being mostly elms and beeches; and how the background of sky would change as we watched it, and turn from red to yellow, and then to faintest blue with streaks of fleecy clouds, till the patterns against it grew fainter and fainter in the fading light, showing out distinctly only the large black patches of the rooks' nests. And how we hailed the first approach of spring through these tall trees when the evenings grew longer and the sunsets more various, showing a faint green or purple, and when bars of misty, grey, feathery clouds lay across,

or the "mackerel" sky gave promise of a fine morrow, or the "mare's tails" betokened wind—how we always went, before the curtains were drawn, for a last peep at day, and to see what guarantee of weather he gave us. But look across now on the terrace, under the boughs of that tall Florencecourt, so stately and dark, to the branches of that fine Deodara sweeping the ground beyond. Down the centre of the garden, leading to each slope, is another walk, and on the far side from here you can catch a glimpse of an old sun-dial, half-hidden by rose-trees, for the roses are everywhere, bordering each walk, and making the gayest picture with their lively colours that you can conceive.

Now let us go along this walk across the top of the garden to the wall where the rookery trees are. We pass between huge box-hedges, three feet high, not high enough to hide a cool frame in the corner near the gate, where we see the young salad being nursed, and may be young violets too. We shall not stop to gather any, for I want to take you to the old sun-dial and the lime walk at the foot of the garden. This large plot running all along to the wall, bordered by the box-hedge, is given up to useful purposes, to the new potatoes (which we enjoy in anticipation), the purple flowers of which are not to be despised, if closely examined. But here is an obtrusive little bush containing numbers of long, drooping pink flowers—the *Dielytra Spectabilis*, commonly known as the Bleeding Heart, for each little flowret is heart-shaped, and well it looks, though it is but an intruder among its ruder cousins. Note the tall ferns springing in huge tufts from the ground under the box. They will not be denied, for the ground is damp, and a soft moss gathers near them, while the box affords them shelter from the sun. Here is the central walk, looking down the three terraces to the huge limes, but we shall not go down it yet, for

I want to show you a pretty view of the house from this corner under the wall opposite the gate. There it is, an old stone mansion, dating nearly three hundred years back, with the same narrow windows in stone casements that look so cosy and homelike. The pigeons are fond of coming to these windows, and in the winter will hardly be kept out if they find one open. One of them, our little saint we call her, nearly a pure white, will walk upon the old stone sills and coo away, sunning herself, and having a brisk conversation with the whole world the while. And when you come with bread to her she does not fly away, but waits for it as her right. Do you see those two fine copper beeches at the left side of the house? What a pretty bit of colour they make among all the green! And there on the right is a small gap showing the blue hills in the distance. Some day I will show you the view from the front of the house, and you will say that nature has indeed favoured this charming spot. We are under an arbour made of the branching ivy, which is to be seen everywhere, so that even in winter the place looks green. It was at this corner one day long ago I stood with the little maiden who is the sunshine of this old house, a little, fairy-like girl, with the silkiest golden hair that ever was seen—the gold that Titians loved to paint; but on this occasion something had disturbed our serenity, and I begged old Tom, the gardener, who was digging there, to dig me up a good little girl, thinking this would have the effect of making my little fairy mend her ways, but she became so interested in the digging, expecting every moment to see another little one like herself appear that we had to beat a hasty and ignominious retreat.

Now let us step on to the grass and get on to the central walk. It is impossible not to notice the ground teeming with life beneath our feet. I have said that my garden is not kept for show, and so the

grass is of such a soft, springy nature as to afford comfort when we choose to lie on it under the shade of the trees at mid-day, or in the cool of the summer evening, but I like it best when one can distinguish the little wild flowers and study the mighty works of God—mighty, indeed, although they seem so tiny when gathered into our hand. How every atom of ground is crowded, and what a hot contest goes on for possession of every grain of earth, between the red-tipped daisies, sweet blue veronica, the tiny forget-me-not, the yellow vetch, the little eye-bright, and here and there a patch of red or white clover, sweetest of the wild flowers, not to mention some of their other sisters, that in a model garden ought, of course, to get the cold shoulder. But here they are, making, with the fairy grass, a pleasant swish as we pass them by. Here is a rowan, thought to be dead, but actually sprouting again from the top in reddish curling fronds. I do not think anything could die in my garden. Stand beside this magnificent Scotch fir, with its needles sweeping the ground, and listen to the robins singing. The place is full of them. One is quite close, but he hardly notices us as he warbles away, answering the many songs around him. It is a veritable chorus of voices, all harmonizing one with the other.

Now let us walk down the centre of my garden, between a gay border on either side, brilliant with old-fashioned flowers, and at intervals beautiful standard roses. Here are Canterbury bells, Sweet William, fuschias, carnations and pinks in profusion, lilies, and a host of others, but we must not overlook among them the mignonette, which is here of a size I never remarked elsewhere. We are very proud of it in my old garden, nearly as proud as we are of our roses, and how well they look together in a bouquet! Here is a little blue flower, the lupin, and I remember once asking our little golden-hair what it was? "Oh," said she, "it's something

they make sauce of—at least, I don't know, but it's a saucy thing." See the sun-dial now. It is only in very old gardens we find one, and what a difference it makes! It is a miniature Greek column, and time has coloured it with lichen. Who can tell what scenes this old sun-dial has witnessed in the days when this ancient family took the Stuart side against the Roundheads—the wrong side for them, for they lost much in the Royal cause, and only an old picture of Prince Charles Edward, given by him after all was lost, testifies to their ancient loyalty. It hangs on the great oak staircase, and is an object of interest and admiration to all. Well, I photographed little golden-locks here at this old sun-dial, when she was only half its height, and she looked so pretty standing beside the old stone, where her ancestors must have stood many times, in troublous and peaceful days, and we may be sure that if this old sun-dial could speak, it would tell us many things not recorded in history, when the priests had to hide themselves from persecution, for this old family is proud of its Catholic ancestry, and loyalty to the old cause. And now, look at those fine strawberries on the slope, the very best situation for them, where they get every bit of sun, and not too much rain. Each of the three slopes is covered with them, and the full baskets given away, still leaving more than enough for the house, would astonish you. Those old apple trees, too, standing on each side of the second terrace, are wonders for bearing fruit, and those lower down are new ones, and shut off from here the useful part of my garden. But have a look at those two gigantic cypresses before we go down to the third terrace. We are right opposite the house now, and my young friend is tugging at me, and will take no denial, but that I must go and have a look at her own particular garden, which she has made outside the music-room windows. "I sowed them all myself," she

says, and insists upon gathering her treasures for us, virginia stock and other little annuals. She is especially proud of the border of twisted rushes which Larry, the present gardener, has made for it. And then, having given high praise to her skill, and duly admired the fruits of her labours, we pass on to the lowest terrace, where the tall asparagus, and the celery, than which I have never seen finer or whiter, and the peas and scarlet runners grow. Many are the donations which this plot has bestowed on the country round; aye, and on friends far away, too.

Take one turn under the tall limes which branch overhead and make a veritable cloister. In the spring, the light sun comes through their fresh green leaves in

patches here and there, falling in golden showers. In summer they form a cool retreat, resting the eyes with their dark shadows, while all outside is in brilliant sunshine; and in autumn, we walk on a carpet of gorgeous leaves, tipped with red and yellow, yet not one inharmonious shade. And when the winter winds rustle through the branches, they afford protection from cold and rain, and are beautiful in their strength or in their falling grace. And so, look out from this peep-hole and say that my garden is fair, and that the hand of the Creator never fashioned anything more beautiful or more wonderful than the things which He commanded the earth to produce for our use and pleasure.

Blessed Bernard Scammacca, O.P.



(Feast, February 9th.)

BLESSED BERNARD SCAMMACCA

THIS holy man died the death of the just in the year 1486, and was beatified by Pope Leo. XII. Like St. Augustine, he had forgotten God in his early years, but touched at length by grace, he put aside "the ways of the Old Man," and, entering the Dominican Order, became a great Saint. He atoned for the

mistakes and follies of his youth by long and severe penance, and had from God the assurance of His favour in the many visions and other extraordinary favours bestowed on him. Each one that has wandered away from God can repair the errors of the past by sincere repentance, which God will most surely accept.



CHAPTER. XIII.

"I saw God sitting above me, but I, . . . I
sat among men ;
And I have loved these."

E. B. BROWNING.

IT was a depressingly wet day when Ethel Radcliffe again set foot on her native shores, but her mood was completely out of harmony with the leaden atmosphere around her. It was her opinion, and it must be confessed she had some grounds for her belief, that, in the case of Jack Enderby, propinquity was half the battle, and that now he was removed from the personal presence of Elvira Graham, she herself would be able to resume her old dominion over him, such as it was.

The day after her arrival, therefore, she put on her most becoming gown, and sallied forth to pay a visit of condolence to Mrs. Rutherford, who, she was told, had not yet left the Rectory. That lady she found at home, and willing to receive her, but for some time the Curate's name was left entirely out of the conversation. Presently, however, Mrs. Radcliffe felt she had done her duty in the line of consoling platitudes, so skilfully put out a feeler in a new direction.

"I suppose you will soon be leaving this part of the world, dear Mrs. Rutherford, or are you going to stay and keep house for Mr. Enderby? I know what an opinion he has of your administrative powers."

The softened look which had been visible on Mrs. Rutherford's face when speaking of her dead husband vanished like magic, and her usual expression of uncompromising determination regained the mastery over her features.

"Keep house for Mr. Enderby, indeed! Why, do you mean to tell me you have not heard about him?"

Her listener hesitated a moment before replying. What did the woman mean, and how much did she know? Was she alluding to his idiotic infatuation for that Graham girl, or had any fresh developments occurred since she left the "Eternal City?"

"I heard that by the poor dead rector's will the living was left to Mr. Enderby," she answered, "and I naturally concluded that you would remain here, at any rate," with a little laugh, "until he takes to himself a wife."

Mrs. Rutherford uttered a word of indignation.

"Wife, indeed! It is far more likely that he will shut himself up in a

monastery with a lot of nasty celibates, or become a Vatican spy, or something of that sort. Have you not heard that he has decided to become a Papist?"

"A Papist!" exclaimed Ethel Radcliffe. "The Rector of Wetherly! *What* a complication!"

To do her justice, it must be acknowledged that in expressing her views on the subject to Elvira, the Curate's penitent had fully anticipated that the flesh-pots of Egypt would prove far too palatable a dish to be lightly relinquished, and she had never really believed in the depth of his attraction to the Catholic Church. "Is he here now?" she inquired, after a short pause, during which Mrs. Rutherford, who had discovered an element of piquancy in the situation, had been contemplating her with a smile of grim amusement.

"Oh, dear no," was the reply. "He would not stay a moment longer than he could help in what, I suppose, he would call an 'heretical atmosphere.' He went to London directly the funeral was over, and starts for Rome, I believe, to-night."

"Rome!" repeated Ethel, faintly. She felt incapable of uttering more than a single exclamation at a time, and was too bewildered to notice her informant's steady scrutiny.

"Rome, sure enough. He imbibed his pernicious doctrines there, and, I suppose, he has to return to finish the dose, and carry out the whole prescription. You are not going yet?" she continued, as Ethel rose and held out her hand. "Won't you wait for a cup of tea?"

"Thanks, no; I have some people coming to me soon after five; but," with a return to her old suave manner, "I could not let another day pass without coming to see you, dear Mrs. Rutherford."

"See *me*, indeed," soliloquized the rector's widow, as she watched her visitor out of sight. "She could not let another day pass without trying to see Jack Enderby, for she fully expected to find him here. I

could see that plainly enough. If that young man had had a grain of sense in his head he would have stayed quietly in the Church of his fathers, and married that pink and white-cheeked woman, silly as she is, and her money would have been very useful for the new wing."

Mrs. Rutherford was not alone in her unflattering comments upon the Curate's conduct. Wetherly had been shaken in its social foundations by the announcement of his change of religion. The men had scoffed, and many of the women had wept, but on no one perhaps did the blow descend so crushingly as on Ethel Radcliffe, for in it she read the downfall of her dearest hopes.

It was all over now, she told herself, as she waited in her pretty flower-scented dining-room for the arrival of her expected but most undesired guests. He would find the Grahams at Rome, and all obstacles being removed he would marry Elvira, and probably, by means of his ready tongue and personal imagination, bring innumerable converts into the Church which he had joined. Had it not been for Elvira, his desertion of the Protestant religion would have seemed but a small matter in her eyes, and at his bidding, she would have cheerfully abandoned her ancient beliefs, had there been the slightest hope of an earthly reward. Judging him by herself therefore, as is the wont of humanity in general, she assumed his affection for Miss Graham to be the primary motive of his actions, and gave him no credit whatsoever for the honest convictions which were in reality leading the popular curate into the one true Church. She had played a losing game from first to last, but it was just possible that there might be balm in Gilead. Jack Enderby was not the only man in the world, and no one should have it in their power to say that she, the rich and handsome widow, was breaking her heart over a defaulting admirer. A little judiciously administered

encouragement would, she reflected, bring Colonel Graham to the point, and she smiled maliciously at the idea of enacting the role of mother-in-law to her quondam director.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A man must have a great and a long conflict within himself before he can learn fully to overcome himself, and to direct his whole affection towards God."—*Imitation of Christ*.

MORE than a fortnight had elapsed since the Curate's departure from Rome, and no news of his welfare had as yet reached Elvira.

"I told you so," remarked the Colonel in a cheerful tone one morning at breakfast. "That young Enderby is figuring away as the 'Boss' of Wetherly now, and confessing all the women in the place."

Greatly to his surprise, this statement did not meet with the contradiction he expected, and his daughter merely answered quickly:

"It is quite possible you may be right, Dad:" and she turned the conversation into another channel.

In these days her father's solution of the problem appeared to her too to be the only one. She felt convinced that Jack's affection for her remained unchanged, but she had begun to fear that, as everyone had predicted, the temptations of wealth and position had proved too strong to be resisted. Pride prevented her from asking whether the Prior of San Clemente had received any tidings of him, and now Mrs. Radcliffe had returned to England there was no chance of obtaining any information from that quarter.

Nothing could exceed Colonel Graham's satisfaction with the turn affairs had taken, and he half wished he had acted the part of an indulgent parent, instead of launching out into violent invectives against the match. It would have been quite safe, as

it happened, and this was the first time he had refused any request made by his dearly loved daughter.

"Don't you think we have had about enough of sight-seeing?" he said presently. "I do not know how you feel about it, but I am sick for a sight of the old country, and we have had a long spell abroad this time."

Elvira hesitated. Rome was very dear to her, both for its own sake, as well as for its associations, but on the other hand, Jack Enderby was in England, and, yes—she *would* like to see him again once more before their final parting, for she and the Rector of Wetherly could have nothing in common with each other.

"I am quite ready, Dad," she replied. "When shall we start?"

Colonel Graham heaved a sigh of relief.

"Heaven be praised!" was his pious ejaculation. "I was afraid you wanted to poke about in these mouldy old ruins for another month or two. We will be off as soon as you can get your gowns packed, my girl, and make straight for London."

"She is a good one," reflected the Colonel as he paused in the hall to light a cigar. "She will forget all about that fellow in less than no time, I will be bound. A beggarly young jackanapes, who could not even be true to her for a fortnight."

Meanwhile the object of these unflattering encomiums had been homewards as fast as steamer and trains could carry him, and at the very moment of Colonel Graham's self-congratulations, he was confiding the trials and temptations of the past two weeks into the sympathizing ears of Father Dominic.

The Prior of San Clemente was most agreeably surprised at the Curate's return, and frankly acknowledged his former suspicions.

"Everyone seems to put me down as a weak idiot," remarked Jack, somewhat ruefully. "But," he added reproachfully,

"I should have thought *you* had too much discernment to think I should waver in such a matter."

Father Dominic's brown eyes twinkled with amusement. "Ah! my young friend, you think that appeal to my 'discernment' will 'fetch' me, do you? Well, you can afford to pardon my rash judgment now, and let me tell you that nine out of ten men, situated as you were, *would* have wavered. By God's grace, however, you have resisted the temptations manfully, but the sacrifices you have made are as nothing to the reward you will gain."

"I know that, father," replied Jack Enderby humbly.

A distinct change had come over the ex-curate's demeanour since he had left Rome. He had lately been brought face to face with the realities of life, and the capabilities for good and evil, which existed in his own nature.

There had been moments—and it was this fact which rendered the Prior's suspicions a bitterer pill to swallow than would otherwise have been the case—when notwithstanding his love for Elvira, he had sighed at the idea of relinquishing the spiritual governorship of Wetherly, and the remembrance of this weakness, brought in its train a new and salutary feeling of humility.

From the hour in which he had bidden his late parishioners farewell, however, these regrets had faded away into nothingness, and now, as he stood once more in the venerable Basilica of San Clemente, his whole being was penetrated with a sense of ardent gratitude to the all-merciful Hand which had led him into the one true fold.

What joy on earth can surpass that experienced by a convert to the Catholic Church on his baptismal morning? The past, with its sins, its follies, and its countless rebellions, is cancelled for ever, and the future, gladdened by the sacraments, brightened by the intercession of the

saints, and illumined by Mary's smile, stretches itself out in an interminable vista of happiness. There may be, and probably are, numerous trials in store for the soul who has renounced the chains and errors of heresy, but the compensations immeasurably outweigh the loss of either friends or riches, and in those dark hours which occur in every life he knows that there, on the altars, beats the human Heart of Jesus, filled with infinite compassion for the sorrowing sons of men.

A week later, on a bright May morning, Jack Enderby received conditional baptism, within the hallowed walls of San Clemente, and at the hands of the Friar whom God had made the instrument of his conversion. In his case, Father Dominic had not deemed it necessary to prolong his course of instruction. His Ritualistic training had grounded him in all essential matters, and for the rest, he brought a lively and childlike faith which embraced every detail taught by the Church of Christ. On the following day, the Feast of St. Pius, the great Dominican Pontiff, the ex-curate received for the first time the Bread of Life, and was afterwards confirmed by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome. Then, when his reception into the Catholic Church was an accomplished fact, he allowed his thoughts, which he had hitherto kept in strict control, to stray in the direction of Elvira Graham, and without any further delay he turned his steps towards the Pension. As he walked rapidly through the streets, his imagination ran riot, and over and over again he pictured to himself the light of happiness shining in the eyes of the girl he loved, as she listened to the news he had to tell. The memory of Mrs. Radcliffe's insinuations had for the moment vanished into the background, and even Elvira's neglect in answering his letter seemed but a small matter, and one which might be easily explained, now that he was so near her.

The balmy breath of Spring fanned him

as he walked along. The city of palaces and fountains glittered in the bright May sunshine, the nameless magic of holy Italy intoxicated his senses, and above all, there was that feeling of spirit and joy, of utter peace and thankfulness, which falls to the lot of the newly-received convert.

"I hope she is at home," he said to himself as he reached the well-remembered Pension. "It would be an awful nuisance if she were out." Then a waiter made his appearance, and Jack inquired whether Colonel Graham was in.

The man stared blankly at him.

"But," he said, "the Colonel is no longer here. He left a week ago for England and the signora with him."

For a moment earth and sky mingled themselves in inextricable confusion before Jack Enderby's eyes, until he commanded himself sufficiently to make further inquiries.

"What address had they left, and were they going straight through to England?"

The waiter informed him that they intended to travel straight through to London, and that all letters were to be forwarded to the Army and Navy Club.

A shadow had come over the bright May morning as Jack retraced his steps through the self-same streets he had trodden so gladly a short time ago. The whole affair was inexplicable to him. Why had she not answered his ardent appeal from Genoa, or else if she had meant to have nothing more to do with him why did she not check his presumption on the night of their parting. She was not a flirt. He had seen too much of the genus to be mistaken, and surely Ethel Radcliffe's poisoned darts could have had no lasting effect on the calm, quiet dignity of her armour. That afternoon he carried his disappointment and perplexity to San Clemente, but even Father Louis was at a loss to explain the problem.

"I won't be beaten like this without hearing the reason," said Jack, his face

wearing the old masterful expression with which he was wont to subdue unruly penitents. "I shall follow them to London." And with his usual promptitude in such matters, he bade the Prior a cordial farewell, and set off by the night train to England.

CHAPTER XV.

"But because this human love, tho' true and sweet,

Yours and mine,

Has been sent by love more tender, more complete,

More divine;

That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven

Far above you,

Do I take you as a gift that God has given,

And I love you."

"MAY I introduce Mr. Enderby, Miss Graham?"

It was three weeks later, and the ex-curate of Wetherly was elbowing his way through a fashionable mob at an "At Home" in Hyde Park Square, when he was seized upon by his hostess, and presented to the girl he had come to England for the express purpose of meeting.

"We have met before," said Elvira quietly, as she held out her hand.

"Oh! that is all right then," remarked the lady, who had involuntarily enacted the part of the god in the machine. "Now you can amuse each other."

And she rustled away in an opposite direction to speed a parting guest.

"Have you been long in England?" inquired Miss Graham in a matter-of-fact manner, as she made room for him on the low couch by her side.

"Yes—no—I don't know," he answered incoherently; and then with a sudden change of tone—"What is the use of our talking commonplaces to each other? Have you nothing else to say to me?"

Elvira glanced up at him with an air of well-assumed surprise. She was completely on her guard on this occasion, and,

woman-like, had summoned all her self-control to carry her through the awkwardness of the situation.

"What do you want me to say? That I congratulate you upon being Rector of Wetherly? We saw that fact in the papers."

Jack stared at her in bewilderment, and then gave a short laugh at his own perplexity.

"Of course! What a fool I am," he exclaimed. "How could you know, unless the Prior told you," he added as an afterthought.

"Are we playing at cross questions and crooked answers?" asked Elvira, with a faint tone of irritation in her voice. "What had Father Dominic to tell me, and why are you a fool, if I might inquire?"

"Don't talk like that, Elvira," he said quickly, under cover of one of Grieg's sonatas, thundered on the piano by an energetic Pole. "I am *not* Rector of Wetherly. I am no longer a parson even. I am a Catholic, and I love you more than ever."

The rosy colour rushed into the girl's usually pale cheeks as she listened to his breathless words.

"Why did you never answer my letter from Genoa?" he went on, "and how could you leave Rome without letting me know? I have called half a dozen times at least at the "Army and Navy" in hopes of finding your father, but hearing nothing from him I naturally concluded that you wanted to have nothing more to do with me."

Elvira listened in silence to his breathless words, their real meaning dawning but gradually upon her bewildered senses.

"I received no letter from Genoa," she said at last. "It must have been lost. Dad and I thought you had forgotten all about us." And then, all other feelings swept away by her intense joy and gratitude at his conversion, she whispered, "Thank God you are a Catholic, Jack; that's the best news of all!"

Louder and louder swelled the notes of Grieg's sonata, and louder in proportion to its volume waxed the babel of tongues at that smart "At Home." Many were the curious eyes directed towards the corner where Jack and Elvira sat apart, lost in a crowd, and oblivious of everything except their own happiness, and the fact that they were once more together, while the tide of gossip and scandal ebbed and flowed around them.

"That is the last pervert, an ex-parson; good-looking chap, ain't he?" remarked a member of the "Golden Youth," as he handed his companion an ice. "Chucked up the living of Wetherly to become a Papist. And yet he don't look weak in the head, does he?"

The lady addressed put up her pince-nez and scrutinized Jack's well-cut features with an air of distinct approval.

"He's all there, I should say," was her decision; "but, of course, it was on that girl's account he did it. She is a red-hot Papist, a regular bigot, don't-you-know?"

It was not until they parted an hour later that the remembrance of Colonel Graham's objections to her lover recurred to Elvira in a sudden and unpleasant manner.

"When shall I find you at home?" inquired Jack, as he wished her good-bye.

"I must speak to Dad first," she faltered. "I can't say for certain. I will write and fix a day," and before he could expostulate, she left him in obedience to a peremptory signal from her chaperone.

As Elvira drove home to their flat in Kensington she mentally rehearsed the touching appeal she intended to make to her father concerning Jack; but, as so frequently happens, Providence had arranged the matter without her intervention. As she entered the house, Colonel Graham met her with a black-edged letter in his hand, "Your Aunt Lucy is dead," he said in a resigned tone, for there had been little love lost between him and his wife's sister,

"and I have heard from her lawyer as well, and it seems that everything is left to you."

"Poor Aunt Lucy," exclaimed Elvira. The news was no great shock to her, for Lady Dacres had been an invalid for years, and she and the Grahams had seen very little of each other. She was a childless widow, and the fact of Elvira being her only Catholic relation had influenced her in the distribution of her property.

"You will be quite an heiress, little one," remarked the Colonel that evening as he and his daughter were lingering over their dessert.

"Yes," returned Elvira, smiling up at him from her strawberries. "And—Dad I may marry when I like now—may I not?"

For a moment her father looked over at her with a bewildered expression. Then, as the meaning underlying her playful words dawned upon him, he threw himself back in his chair with a hearty laugh. "Trust a woman to take advantage of a favourable opportunity," he chuckled. "Well—you are rich enough now to be able to make a fool of yourself, if it pleases

you; and personally, I have no objections to your ex-parson."

The freshness of autumnal breezes were tempering the ardent heat of summer when Jack and Elvira were married by Father Louis in the grey old church of San Clemente.

It was a quiet wedding, but, as Mrs. Radcliffe—who was one of the very few guests invited, remarked "an eminently picturesque one, with the white habits of those dear Dominicans forming a background."

Mr. and Mrs. Enderby spent their honeymoon among the purple hills of Umbria—the fairest province in Italy—but the bridegroom's late penitent remained for a week or so in Rome to console Colonel Graham for his daughter's absence. It sometimes happens that the obvious occurs as frequently as the unexpected, and before the Christmas bells were pealing on the frosty air, Ethel Radcliffe was in Manchester in the role of Jack's mother-in-law.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



Book Notices.

Songs of Sion. By Mother Stanislaus MacCarthy, O.S.D., Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Limited.

It is with singular gratification that we welcome a collection of poems of genuine beauty and poetic power, styled "Songs of Sion," from the pen of the gifted nun whose early demise we noticed so recently in our pages. We have only words of praise for this beautiful volume. Even a cursory glance at these poems shows that they breathe the spirit of one who lived near God from her gentle maidenhood till her death in the atmosphere of holy contemplation. The themes are principally inspired by the life of the cloister. A deep religious spirit underlies them all, like the following lines from a touching poem, "The Homeless One:"

"He stands now, weary and oppressed;
'Neath heaven's fast-darkening dome;
'Foxes have holes, and birds their nests,'
But Jesus has no home!"

We give one of the pieces in the volume, "An Orange Leaf," not as a specimen of the best effort of our authoress, but as harmonizing with the trend of this Magazine:

"An Orange leaf.

"An orange leaf! Six hundred years and more
Since Dominick, our great patriarch and chief,
First set the ancient, hallowed tree that bore
That orange leaf.

"So through the ages, spite of unbelief,
And waning love and persecution's roar,
Stands the great Order that he set of yore
In Augustinian soil:—and so in brief

A type art thou of us and many more—
Dear orange leaf!"

Among the collection is the very last poem of Mother Stanislaus, "Roses, White, Crimson, and Gold," which was composed for the first number of THE IRISH ROSARY, and which was so deservedly praised when it appeared.

This handsome volume, which has been presented to the public in a manner worthy of the high repute of the publishers, Messrs. Browne and Nolan, will, we are sure, be lovingly prized by those who

knew the worth and talent of the accomplished daughter of one of Ireland's sweetest singers, Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Saint Catharine de Ricci, of the Order of Saint Dominic. By a Member of the same Order. Dublin: Office of THE IRISH ROSARY.

When we noticed in the January number the first of the penny series of the lives of the Dominican Saints, we had no notion that a second would issue from the press so soon. But the welcome accorded to the Life of St. Raymond of Pennafort satisfied the publishers that they would be safe in venturing with another. Accordingly we have now the pleasing duty to notice the life of St. Catharine de Ricci, with an advance copy of which we have been favoured. It is uniform with the first. The cover is handsomely illustrated with a picture of the Saint. Within there are two illustrations, one of Florence, the birthplace of Saint Catharine, and one of the famous Savonarola, to whom she was greatly devoted. Saint Catharine was born in the early part of the 16th century. She was of a noble family, and received at baptism the name of Alexandrina Lucrezia Romola, but when she was clothed in the white habit of the daughters of Saint Dominic she took the name of Catharine. She is a striking example of the triumph of Divine grace at a time when an almost universal corruption of morals was rampant in the brilliant capital of the Medici. The reading of this short life of this great mystic will prove helpful and elevating.

Life of Saint Catherine of Sienna. By Edward L. Aymé, M.D. New York: Benziger Bros.

We welcome this new Life of the great Saint. It has been undertaken as a labour of love by a medical man, who counts himself among her devoted clients. It is written in an easy familiar style, and tells in simple language the chief events

of the Saint's life. The author writes in the preface: "The principal object of this little volume is to present the facts of her life in so simple a manner that they will of themselves appeal to the mind and heart of the readers, and arouse the spirit of devotion that Saint Catherine so earnestly strove, during her whole life, to excite in the souls of men." St. Catherine alone will then speak, and tell again of how she lived for God, and how she loved Him. The pious writer has admirably succeeded in his task. We earnestly recommend this latest contribution to religious biography.

Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan.
By Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce,
of the Order of Friars Preachers.
With a preface by the late Cardinal
Manning. New Edition. London:
Art and Book Company. London:
Catholic Truth Society. 1897.

The highest encomium which we can pass upon "Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan" is in the words of His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, who wrote the preface to the work: "This beautiful little book gives a noble picture of the supernatural power, unity, and authority of the Church."

There is nothing, in our estimation, which bears more convincing testimony to the important part the great religious families in the Church play in the world of God's grace than the multitudes they have sent to swell the ranks of the white-robed martyrs in heaven. In one only century, that is from 1234 to 1334, of the Order of Saint Dominic alone, 13,370 received the crown of martyrdom.

At a time when the attention of all nations is directed to the East, to China and Japan, this new edition of Father Wilberforce's work should be eagerly read. Some of the passages are written with great force, such as the following from the "Great Martyrdom:"

"A procession of Christian martyrs issued from the city gate, and began slowly to ascend the hill. No martyrdom, even

in the early days of the Church, could have presented a scene more touchingly beautiful. It was a solemn procession of the Rosary, to end at the feet of Mary; a triumphal progress, through the portal of death, into the kingdom of light."

Of the "Great Martyrdom" itself the author says:

"Such was the 'Great Martyrdom' which will ever render the 10th of September, 1622, a memorable day in the Church. This name it well deserves on account of the number, dignity, and illustrious virtue of the victims, and the atrocious torments many of them endured. All the Orders in Japan shared the triumph, but that of Saint Dominic was most numerous represented, losing on that day the finest of its missionaries in Japan."

We have one feeling in closing this little book of less than 200 pages, and that is one of regret that the learned author has not written at greater length on a land, every foot of whose soil has been purpled by the blood of the martyred sons of Saint Dominic, Saint Francis, Saint Augustine, and of Saint Ignatius.

Happy Hearts and Pleasant Faces. By
Margaret E. Jordan. Educational
Series for Home and Schools. No.
1. New York: Rosary Publication
Company, 871, Lexington Avenue.

The talented authoress of this dainty volume of prose and poetry for the use of children who are learning to read, deserves the heartfelt thanks of all who are interested in the instruction of the young. Too many books of this class repel rather than attract children. There is too much sameness about them. This little volume is altogether different. The pictorial cover, not to speak of the title, "Happy Hearts and Pleasant Faces," is sure to excite the curiosity of those for whose use the book is intended; for children are not like those very wise people who tell us not to take the book by the cover. Nearly every page is illustrated, while the subjects are just such catching ones as suit children, such as stories about great men, about animals, and about the plays of children.

Notes and Correspondence.

WE have received the following gracious and gratifying letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Logue :

Ara Coeli, Armagh,
Dec. 18th, 1897.

Rev. Dear Father,

I am very grateful for your kindness in sending me the first volume of *THE IRISH ROSARY*. Though I have already read most of the papers as the periodical appeared, I am very glad to have them in a collected form.

I congratulate you sincerely on the completion of the first volume ; and I earnestly hope it may be the first of a long series of such volumes. It makes a very handsome book, both as to type and binding, and I am sure numbers who have not taken the periodical as it appeared will be glad to secure the volume.

I am, Rev. dear Father,
Yours gratefully,

✠ MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

* *

BESIDES this letter from His Eminence, we have received from bishops and priests throughout the country many kind letters of congratulation on the appearance of our first bound volume.

* *

It will be welcome news to our many readers that we have taken steps to secure for each issue "Foreign Letters." We have experienced considerable difficulty in getting our foreign friends to write, but we hope to have better success in future. From all quarters we hear that our "Foreign Letters" have been read with great interest.

* *

WE learn with great satisfaction that our efforts for the spread of sound Catholic

literature have been duly appreciated in high quarters. The General of the Order, in a recent letter, addressed to the *Rosario*, expresses the pleasure and consolation he experiences in the fact that during his term of office several magazines have been established in various Provinces of the Order. He makes honourable mention of *THE IRISH ROSARY*. He has presented a beautifully bound volume of our Magazine to the Holy Father, who very gladly received it, and sent his Apostolic Blessing to the fathers who have charge of its publication. This approval of the Pope encourages us to hope that the success of the past year will continue, and even increase, during the years to come.

* *

To many of our patrons we owe a word of apology for our delay in supplying them with the first bound volume of *THE IRISH ROSARY*. We thought we should be able to meet the wants of them all, but to our amazement, within two days, the first edition of a thousand copies was exhausted, and as often as the postman came to our office, fresh orders came from his bag. We are, to be sure, pleased and encouraged by such a practical expression of congratulation and good wishes for 1898. To meet the demand for our first volume we have been obliged to have back numbers reprinted, and a second edition of one thousand copies has already, in a great part, gone the way of the first. With such evidence before our eyes of the popularity of our Magazine we will spare no trouble or expense to make *THE IRISH ROSARY* for the current year worthy of its name and of the generous support it has met with from the public.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

LODOVICO CARACCI PINX.

(In the Galleria Brignole Sale, Genoa.)



Vol. II., No. 3.—MARCH, 1898.

The Feast of the Annunciation.

THE Incarnation of the Uncreated Word of God, mysterious in itself, and encircling within its limits, and leading up to so many other mysteries, is the grandest work of God. Decreed in the Councils of the Holy Trinity from eternity, promised to the world from the dawn of its history, foretold by prophets, sighed for by patriarchs, and looked forward to through so many centuries and by so many generations, it is accomplished on the day of Annunciation.

When it is considered how supremely great this work is, and how intimately it affected the most important interests of the human race, we should have expected, according to our views and the estimate we form of the appropriateness of ways and means, that it would be made known to the world in some very striking and

emphatic manner. We might have thought that the great princes of the earth would have been apprized of it, and commissioned to declare it to their subjects; or we might have looked for some extraordinary signs from heaven proclaiming to each individual man with unmistakable and overpowering sensible evidence, the accomplishment of this Divine purpose. Here, as in so many other instances, human wisdom estimates falsely the fitness of things. It was not in Cæsar's imperial palace, nor even in the regal City of Jerusalem, nor surrounded by the glare of unwonted phenomena, that this supreme work of God was to be effected. In the seclusion of a very humble home, in an obscure country town, unknown to, and unnoticed by, neighbours, friends, and even her own spouse, a very poor maiden receives the announcement that she has

been selected from amongst all the daughters of Eve to be the instrument for carrying out this mysterious work. In this one very striking fact alone we find much matter for serious reflection. What is more clear than that the "ways of God are not our ways," and that the folly of the Gospel is wisdom with Him? How far mere human wisdom wanders from the

praying. She was adoring her Maker, and humbling herself before Him, unconscious of her acceptableness, and little dreaming of dignities and honours, when suddenly the brightness of Heaven seemed to fill her little dwelling, and the presence of an angel, bowing down before her, and declaring her praises, troubled the calm serenity of her soul. Angels many times



THE ANNUNCIATION.

(After a Fresco by Fra Angelico.)

path! And yet human pride will continue to match man's weak intelligence against Divine Wisdom; will measure God by the standard of human judgment, and will boldly assert that human reason alone is capable of discerning how far Divine Revelation may be accepted or rejected, or altogether ignored.

In the little house of Nazareth Mary was

before came to earth; they came in the majesty of their splendour, in the high dignity of their office, in the awfulness of their superiority, but Gabriel willingly bent low before one whom he recognised as his superior in the dazzling brilliancy of her purity, in the plenitude of her graces, in the height of her sanctity, and in her favour with Heaven. He delivered

his message with reverent authority, and quieted all Mary's doubts. She was now the mother of God. There was silence again: the glorious messenger had departed, the brightness had faded away; but who can tell the ecstasy of that kneeling virgin?

There was jubilee in heaven: round that small, poor, earthly home, where Joseph and Mary lived, angels hovered in silence and unseen—Mary was now the living tabernacle in which their God abode. Here we must again pause and reflect, which of the two is the greater? Mary, obscure, and unknown to the great ones of earth, or Cæsar's wife on the Imperial throne, honoured, applauded, and revelling on the very summit of human greatness? Which of the two is the greater, or the more to be envied—the tattered beggar who has God in his heart, or the haughty king on his throne, who is as a stranger to God? Is not the friendship of God the one most desirable of all things? Can any advantage conceivable compensate a man for the absence of God from his heart?

In becoming Mary's child God debased Himself beyond what our minds can conceive. Dear as she was to God, spotless and lovely as she was in His sight, worthy, as far as it was possible for her, to be the mother of the Lord, yet His assuming of our flesh involved such a lowering of Himself as human words cannot express. St. Paul can only describe it as an "emptying of Himself," as an act scarcely differing from self-annihilation. Yet the Father decreed it, the Son accepted it, the Holy Ghost accomplished it, and all through love of man. This reveals at once how precious in the sight of God is the human soul. And if God Himself set such a value on man's soul, how can any man think lightly of it, or prize anything before its welfare?

The virtues of Mary shone resplendent on that day, and one can linger over their

consideration with spiritual pleasure, and profit. Her admirable purity beams forth with transcendent brightness. The angel found not amongst his heavenly companions one so pure as she, and astonished apparently at seeing on earth such an excellence of this heavenly virtue he burst forth with the salutation, "Hail, full of grace." It was as though a dweller in tropical climes should express his surprise at finding in our cold northern countries a rare blooming plant which was supposed to thrive only in his own. It pleased Heaven too, to will that on that solemn occasion she should, with her own lips, not only proclaim her spotlessness, but should use words which would seem to indicate, as some of the Holy Fathers remark, that not even for the dignity of the Divine motherhood was she willing to sacrifice aught of her virginal purity. The angel, marvelling at her words, declared that she was espoused to the Holy Spirit of God Himself, and that her sinlessness was now to be enhanced by espousal with the Holy Ghost. Gabriel was pure by nature, she was pure by a higher gift, namely, by the fulness of grace.

Her humility was not less wonderful. The highest dignity the mind of man can conceive was bestowed on her, and the heavenly ambassador had declared she was not unworthy of it. No words can describe the sublimity of her self-abasement. No one but God's mother could have pronounced the grand words, as she did, "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord." There was no self-elation, no vain feeling of gratification. So silent was she over the immense privilege accorded her, that even her holy spouse, St. Joseph, would have remained in ignorance of it had not an angel revealed it to him.

Mary, therefore, comes before us in this mystery of the Annunciation as the very exemplar of the two brightest and most supernatural virtues, purity and humility. In the Christian life they are as important as

they are difficult of attainment. The pure only can see God, the proud are rejected by Him. The one lifts us to the level of the angels, the other keeps in subjection the pride that would hurl us down. Purity is the brightest ornament of the soul, humility preserves untarnished the brilliancy of purity.

The angel found Mary in the privacy and seclusion of her home, away from the gaieties and distractions of the world. We cannot even try to imagine how this mystery could be accomplished under different conditions, nor can we allow the thought to rest upon our minds for a moment that she, who was to be the mother of her God, could have shared never so little in the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the world. Holiness of life needs a goodly measure of retirement, just as sin thrives luxuriantly on dissipation of mind. Whoever wishes to cultivate devotion, and to keep alive the spirit of piety, must also in spirit keep aloof, as far as may be, from needless distraction. Yet how many there are who always seem to be ill at ease in their homes, and who gladly catch at every passing pretext for spending their time outside their safe protection! Hence the wide-spread frivolity of the young, the decadence of family affection, the multiplied dangers to youth, and the too frequent evidences of domestic unhappiness. There is a healthy tone in the sentiment that prompted the old song, "The dearest spot on earth to me, is home, sweet home."

The great mystery has been accomplished, all the prophecies regarding it have been fulfilled, and yet there is no stir abroad, nor can change be noticed among men. All outside the house of Nazareth went on as before—the great world knew nothing about it. Joseph, as we have said, received the tidings from an angel, Elizabeth came to know of it by special revelation, but beyond that it re-

mained shrouded in silence, until the events at Bethlehem made it known to some extent, and then silence ruled once more. As a bright meteor, seen by few, flits above the horizon for a moment, and then disappears, so was it with the mystery of the Incarnation in the beginning, as far as the knowledge of it amongst men was concerned; and yet it was the most wonderful thing that had ever taken place, and was bound up inseparably with the eternal weal of all nations that were or shall be. God works in silence: so ought we. There is assuredly another criterion of the importance of things besides the clamour and applause of men. The mightiest works of omnipotence, as we see, are done quietly, unobtrusively. Round about us to-day, while foolish men are magnifying their deeds, and the great ones of the earth are labouring over their state-policies, and rumours of war fill the air, and nations are convulsed, and ancient dynasties disappear, and the world throbs under the importance of its passing interests, greater and mightier and more important things are being accomplished in silence and unobserved—humble souls are being sanctified, God is making His resting place in faithful hearts, and is pouring out upon willing spirits the graces of the Incarnation.

T. E.

WHEN Millet's famous picture, "L'Angelus," was on exhibition in America, two men, unheeding the crowd and seeing only the picture, stood before it in admiration.

"But what," asked one, "would that picture be after all without the Angelus? Just two peasants in a potato field."

"What would the world be without the Angelus?" said the other. "Just a whirling globe with hopeless toilers crawling on it."



S AINT PATRICK was born in
the vale of Strathclyde,
Where the rock of Dumbarton
o'er shadows the tide.

He grew up in strength, and in beauty
and grace,

And the goodness of God brightly beamed
on his face ;

But sadness and woe greet the babe
newly born,

As clouds that o'er cast the gold gates of
the morn.

Calpurn and Conchesse, with their angel-
watched child—

The heaven-sent flower of Caledon wild—
From the winter of war, like the swallows,
take flight

To the home of their youth, which was
shining so bright,

'Mid the wood by Armorica's sea-beaten
shore,

Where the door idly swings on the moss-
covered floor.

The ship swiftly sails before the brisk
gale,

Which upheaves the blue sea and swells
the white sail.

From daybreak to noontide she rapidly
flew,

Till Alba's bleak mountains have vanished
from view.

They sail onwards, and soon their eager
eyes fall

On the hillsides and green smiling
meadows of Gaul.

The harbour is reached, and they wistfully
gaze

On the homestead that gleams in the
sun's early rays ;

And they wander once more mid the
scenes of their youth,

Amid bowers, and meads, and rich
clusters of fruit.

Their beautiful boys slowly bloom, like a rose
That with sweet-scented breath by the
river bank grows.

And the first happy years of his youth
wear away

Like green and gold birds that flash
through the shade,

Chasing each other adown the green glade.

One soft, stilly eve of a bright summer day,

Whilst he strayed on the beach with his
sisters at play,

And watched o'er the wavelets the dark
shadows creep,

And the ripples with melody break at
his feet,

And mingled his song with the chant of
the sea,

As it danced 'mong the rocks with
laughter and glee,

He saw o'er the waters a stately ship glide,
 Arrayed with the white gleaming dress of
 a bride—
 Its swift moving oars all sparkling as
 gold—
 And a vision of peace seemed before him
 unrolled.
 But this beautiful barque, as a fell
 lightning flash,
 Will uproot all his day-dreams and hopes
 with a crash;
 For it bears on its deck a wild, pitiless
 band
 Of Irish sea-rovers from Cambria's
 strand.
 The screams of the children and cries of
 despair,
 And heartrending shrieks and shrill yells
 fill the air,
 As when the fierce wolves on the sheep-
 fold descend,
 And their innocent victims un pitying rend.
 Calpurn, and Conchesse, and their
 kinsmen are slain;
 But Patrick and his two lovely sisters
 remain.
 To the ship they are hurried, and fettered
 and bound,
 As they piteously cried, but no pity they
 found.
 The sails are unfurled, and they steer to
 the west,
 Whilst the breeze gently heaves the
 ocean's soft breast.
 From landward the zephyr's breath fills
 the white sail,
 And the barque bounds along as she stoops
 to the gale.
 O'er the Iccian ocean she flies, and mean-
 while,
 On sky and on sea there beams a bright
 smile.
 But Patrick, alone with Tigris and
 Lupait,
 Clasped together like trefoil, bewail their
 sad fate.

There is brightness around, but dark night
 in their heart,
 For they know that full soon they'll be
 torn apart;
 But hope soothes their sore-stricken souls
 as they sung
 A sad hymn in the strains of their smooth
 Latin tongue—

"O God, who made both night and
 day,
 The darksome night and gleaming
 day,
 For pity hearken to our prayer,
 Arise, and in Thy mercy spare,
 O God, we know that Thou art
 near,
 Through pity haste our cry to hear.
 The foe laid waste our happy home,
 The pathless sea, forlorn, we roam.
 Our lot is hard, our hearts are sad,
 Dispel the gloom, and make us
 glad.
 To Thee, our King and God, we cry,
 For pity hear us from on high.
 Asleep, awake, to Thee we pray,
 For pity be our shield and stay,
 And make us bear our burden well,
 That we with Thee may ever dwell,
 And safely reach th' eternal shore,
 And dwell in bliss for evermore.
 Our sighs and sorrows then will
 cease,
 And we shall be in endless peace.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And Holy Ghost, the Three in
 One,
 Be honour, glory, love, and praise,
 Through heaven's never-ending
 days."

Four mornings and evenings they sail o'er
 the deep,
 Where Britain's grey headlands their
 lonely watch keep,
 They silently sail by Anderida's shore,
 And the green sunny island of Whit-gara-
 Borh,

The ship keeping time to the wind's
 gentle song,
 With her crew of wild seamen and slaves
 glides along
 Through the waters that bathe the famed
 land of Dynaint,
 That boasts for its lord the great Chieftain
 Geraint.
 When daybreak had gilded the wave they
 behold
 The cliffs of Pendinas all purple and gold,
 And when noontide had come, like an
 eagle that soars
 In the sky, the fair ship swiftly flies by the
 shores
 Where the Cymry of Cleddan and Dyved
 abode,
 And the roofs of Glen Rosyn in summer-
 time glowed.
 The ship wears about, and stands out to
 sea,
 And leaves Inis Dowell far away on the
 lee.
 And they steer for lone Mona, that
 smilingly mocks
 The wrath of the billows that dash on her
 rocks.
 Three days the bright sunshine has gilded
 the deep,
 For three darksome nights it was shrouded
 in sleep.
 The fourth morning has dawned, and
 they see far away
 Ben Boirche's bold peak fling its shade
 o'er the bay ;
 And soon one by one they behold with
 delight
 Brené and Magh-inis creep out into sight ;
 And crowding all sail, and with fast-
 moving oars
 They gaily sweep on by Lough Cuan's
 green shores.
 Now quickly they make for a smooth
 pebbly reach,
 And their captives lead out o'er the soft
 sandy beach.

And fathers and mothers their sons gladly
 greet,
 And brothers and sisters joyfully meet ;
 And a "Caed mille failthe," full, warm,
 and true,
 Was the answer sent back to the shout
 of the crew.
 But Patrick, and Lupait, and Tigris in tears,
 Overwhelmed with sorrow and heart-
 breaking fears :
 Alone on the greensward their heads
 sadly hung,
 And, as ivy entwined, to each other they
 clung.
 Tigris was as fair as a rose-bud in May,
 Lupait as a lily in the midsummer's ray.
 Tigris bending low laid her sad brow to
 rest
 On her sister's upheaving and tear-stained
 breast,
 As she stood by her side like a young
 startled fawn ;
 Whilst Patrick, most graceful and meek
 like the dawn
 Of a morning in springtime on both
 fondly gazed,
 And told how in sorrows the Lord must
 be praised :
 "'Twas the Lord who erst gave, and hath
 now ta'en away ;
 May His name still be blessed for ever
 and aye."
 The women and maidens draw near to
 behold
 The three timid captives about to be sold ;
 And with pitying whispers around them
 converse
 In the musical sounds of their own
 mellow Erse.
 'Mid wrangling and shouting the boy has
 been sold
 To Miluic of Dal'Araidhe for a handful
 of gold.
 Like Joseph of yore he is sold as a slave
 In the land he is destined from famine
 to save ;

For the seed of the Word by no teacher
 was sown,
 In the beautiful island of Eire in the west,
 With meadows and woodlands and stream-
 lets so blest,
 With laughter and blows he is roughly
 dragged off,
 Whilst the wail of his sisters is heard with
 a scoff.
 With sobs from his arms they are torn away
 As when a wild beast swiftly bounds on
 its prey;
 And they sail to the south, and are sold
 where the Dee,
 Like a child to its mother runs into the sea:
 In Conaille Muirthemmé they droop day
 by day

Pining for home and for friends far away.
 But Patrick is led to the vale of Arcuil,
 Where the uplands are green, and the
 hills often smile,
 And mighty Sleive Mish proudly raises
 his head
 'Mid the flower-sprinkled meadows around
 him outspread.
 Six summers already have passed o'er his
 head,
 And the hopes of his boyhood are withered
 and dead;
 But his soul is in peace, though the
 stormy wind raves,
 Like an emerald island amid the wild
 waves.

A. B.



THE FINDING OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

Fifth Mystery of the Rosary.

"And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions."—ST. LUKE ii. 46.



MEMOIR OF LEO XIII.

NEXT to St. Pius V., the Dominican Pope, one of the historical glories of whose ever-memorable Pontificate was the great victory of Lepanto—a victory of the Cross over the Crescent, of Christianity over Mohammedanism, achieved by the wonder-working power of the prayer of faith and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, “Auxilium Christianorum”—the present illustrious Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., happily reigning, may be justly called the Pope of the Rosary. It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that a memoir of Our Holy Father should find a place in a periodical with whose title are identified two associations so near and dear to the mind and heart of Leo XIII.—the Rosary and Ireland. That tiny chaplet is the symbol of a devotion

which he has greatly helped to propagate, and to which he ascribes many things that have caused him to rejoice—harbingers of the future triumph of the Church; and that little green isle in the distant north reminds him of a faithful race—the most faithful of all that recognise his world-ruling authority—who have never in all the ages that have lapsed since they became a Christian nation swerved from their allegiance to the Holy See.

Gioacchino Vincenzo Raffaele Lodovico Pecci, son of Count Domenico Lodovico Pecci and Anna Prosperi Buzi, was born on March 2nd, 1810, at Carpineto, a town situated in a cleft of Monte Lepini, part of the Volscian range nearest to Velletri, which in mediæval times had been a feudal possession of the Aldobrandini, and where Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew

of Pope Clement VIII. (1592-1605) had built a convent for the Observantine Franciscans. It derived its name from the Carpinus, a species of cypress which grew there. The Pecci family are of Siennese origin. Under the Pontificate of Clement VII. (1523-1534) a branch of the Pecci migrated into the States of the Church and settled at Carpineto. Several of the Peccis became distinguished in the learned professions. Ferdinand Pecci was a famous lawyer under the Pontificate of Benedict XIV. (1740-1758). John Baptist Pecci, vicar-general of the diocese of Anagni, was nominated Bishop of Segni, but died before he could take possession of his See. Mgr. Joseph Pecci enjoyed a high reputation in the Roman law-courts, and Pius VII. made him Commissary-General of the Apostolic Chamber.

The Pope's mother belonged to a noble family of Cori (the ancient Volscian city of Cora), on the western crest of the Monte Lepini, not far from Carpineto, and was a descendant of the celebrated Cola di Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes. The Countess, besides an increase of property, brought to her husband, who had been a Colonel under Napoleon I., a still richer inheritance of Christian virtues. As became a devout Franciscan tertiary, she had a tender love of the poor to whom her son, the late Cardinal Pecci, said she was most devoted. She was always working for them and was solicitous for their corporal as well as their spiritual wants. In seasons of acute distress she had daily supplies of bread baked for them, taking care that the sick poor, who could not leave their homes, should have their supply sent to them, and that the bashful poor, who could not bear to have their distress known, should receive assistance in such a delicate way as would not hurt their feelings. She was the soul of every good work of piety and beneficence organized in the town, and herself started many of them. But all this outside charitable

work never made her neglect her home duties. "She lavished on all of us," added the Cardinal, "all a mother's most devoted tenderness." It is little wonder then that the son of such a mother, reared under the shadow of a Franciscan monastery, early imbued with the spirit of St. Francis, of which she was a living example, brought into such close contact in his earliest years with a reformed branch of the Order to which he himself likewise became affiliated, should, when seated in the Chair of Peter, signalise his Pontificate by the issue of an encyclical letter in promotion of the Third Order to which he gave a new Constitution, modifying its Rule in accordance with the changes in the times. In this document he recalled how he had been accustomed from his youth to admire Francis of Assisi, and to pay him a particular veneration, how he gloried in being on the roll of the Franciscan family, and how, more than once, out of devotion, he had climbed with eagerness and joy the sacred heights of Alvernia, when the image of that great man presented itself to him wherever he trod, and that solitude, teeming with memories, held his spirit rapt in silent contemplation. He was baptized by Canon Caltoni, his godfather being Mgr. Gioacchino Fossi, Bishop of Anagni, a great friend of the Pecci family, and his godmother Signora Caldarossi. The name of Vincenzo, or Vincent, was given to him at the instance of his mother, who had a special devotion to the great Dominican wonder-worker, St. Vincent Ferrer; she never called him by any other name; it was by that for some years he was generally known, and it was only after her death he assumed and retained that of Gioacchino, or Joachim.

They were stormy times on the European Continent when the infancy and childhood of Gioacchino Pecci were being quietly passed in the safe seclusion of his father's castle amid the lofty Volscian hills. The political world was shaken to its base

by the clash of arms and the crash of tottering thrones and crumbling dynasties. The boundless ambition of Napoleon had not yet received a decisive check on the field of Waterloo, and his conquering legions were marching from victory to victory—facile instruments in his hands for the realisation of his dreams of an empire as vast as Charlemagne's, dominated and directed by his powerful personality. He had taken Pius VII. a captive to Fontain-

against all authority which still characterise the epoch.

It was to the Jesuits, who had been restored by Pius VII., that the Count and Countess entrusted the education of their sons, Joseph and Joachim, when the former was in his tenth and the latter in his eighth year. In the autumn of 1817 she took them to Rome, and left them for some months with their uncle, Antonio. The Jesuits had just opened a college at



A VIEW OF CARPINETO, BIRTHPLACE OF LEO XIII.

bleau, where he subjected that gentle Pontiff to insult and outrage in the very room in which he himself afterwards was constrained to sign his own abdication. The party of disorder, or that conglomerate of parties designated by Continental writers as "the Revolution," had taken advantage of the Pope's absence from Rome to scatter broadcast the seeds of discontent which have borne bad fruit in the irreligion and scepticism, and chafing

Viterbo, which was soon frequented by the children of the best families in Italy. To this the young Pecci were sent in 1818, and remained there for six years. The impression Joachim made upon all around him is conveyed in the terse tribute which his director, Father Ubaldini, paid to this model student: "He was an angel." His teachers cultivated in him an attraction for the ancient language of his native Latium, used for the polished periods which dis-

tinguished the classics of the golden age of Augustus; and, as one of his biographers says, ever since the schoolboy of Viterbo has become the teacher of the Christian world, European and American scholars have been able to admire the classic taste and exquisite finish of the productions of his pen, in prose and verse.* He gave early indications of the possession of literary faculties of a high order, and, as all the world knows, his encyclicals have been as much characterized by beauty of style as depth of thought and intellectual grasp. In this respect, to use a trite saying, the boy was father of the man. Just as he had completed his twelfth year a college festival was got up to welcome the Jesuit Provincial, Father Vincent Pavani, an event which afforded him the first opportunity of displaying his precocious proficiency in the composition of Latin verse, as shown in the following neat epigram:

"*Nomine Vincentii, quo tu, Pavane, vocaris,
Parvulus atque infans Peccius ipse vocor,
Quas es virtutes magnas, Pavane, secutus,
Oh! utinam possem Peccius ipse sequi!*"

A severe attack of gastric fever in 1821, during which his life seemed to hang on a thread, somewhat impaired his health, which was restored during a vacation spent in his ancestral home at Carpineto. His mother lived most of her time in Rome, so as to be near her sons, and, when away, frequently corresponded with them. She inspired them with great affection and reverence for the much-persecuted Franciscan friars of Carpineto, whose monastery had not escaped the vandalism of the first French invasion of 1797-98. The Pecci family extended a helping hand to the Franciscans, to whom, as already noted, the Countess was affiliated as a tertiary. She was what is known as a chapter tertiary, and was a most attentive attendant at the monthly congregational

meetings of the Third Order, always taking her children with her to the services held in the Franciscan Church, where they were early familiarized with the tonsure, habit and sandals of the followers of the Saint of Assisi, the story of whose life they often heard from the lips of the friars or from their mother. If it was not permitted to her to witness her son's elevation to the highest dignity in the Church, she at least had some share in bringing it about, in laying deep and solid the foundations of his future greatness in holiness of life, of which she afforded so striking an example, and which she practically inculcated. In 1823, after her sons went back to Viterbo, a fatal illness seized her, and her husband decided that they should go to Rome to be within reach of the best physicians. But it was too late; her case afforded no hopes of recovery. Her sons hastened to the bedside of their dying mother, who passed calmly away. Her honoured remains, arrayed in the brown habit and white cord of the Franciscan tertiary, were conveyed to the Franciscan Church of the Forty Martyrs, where they were buried amidst the tears and prayers of her family and of the poor to whom she was such a benefactress. The future Pope was full of filial affection for her, and touching stories are told of the tenderness with which the aged Pontiff has impressed upon children presented to him the inestimable advantage of possessing a mother's love and care.

When the famous Jesuit College, the Collegio Romano, founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, was restored in 1825 to the Order, Gioacchino Pecci was one of the fourteen students who first entered its halls. The aptitude for literature, developed at Viterbo by Father Leonardo Giribaldi, was still further cultivated and matured by Father Ferdinando Minimi and Father Giuseppe Bonvicini, under whom he completed his humanities and rhetoric. He selected as the subject of the Latin

* *Life of Leo XIII.*, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D. (Laval). London: 1887.

oration he was chosen to deliver before the assembled students and faculty at the end of his year of rhetoric, "Pagan Rome as compared with Christian Rome." The honour of delivering this oration was due to the fact of his having won the prize for excellence in Latin prose composition. A Latin poem of one hundred and twenty hexameters on Belshazzar's feast, took the prize for excellence in Latin verse, unanimously awarded to him. He also took first honours in Greek. These academic distinctions were gained at the close of the sessions of 1825. His name also figures in the prize list of the Collegio Romano for 1828. Among the professors there were John Baptist Pianciani and Andrea Carafa, scientists of European reputation. At the close of the curriculum in 1829 his acknowledged superiority caused him to be selected to publicly defend against all objectors theses chosen from the subject matter of three years, covering the entire field of philosophy. This was the very highest scholastic distinction that could be conferred upon the young student, then in his twentieth year. It re-

quired both uncommon ability and uncommon nerve in a young man, observes Dr. O'Reilly, to face a public audience and reply during six consecutive hours to the most formidable and unforeseen objections urged by men thoroughly versed in dialectics. He worked so hard in preparing for this contest that he endangered his health, and the family physicians would not

hear of his exposing himself to the ordeal. The heads of the College, however, formally placed on record their estimate of their pupil's efficiency and ability to engage in this intellectual combat, were he not debarred for the reason stated. One of his fellow-students describes him at this time in the following words, written in



COUNT DOMINIC LOUIS PECCI, FATHER OF LEO XIII.

February, 1878, immediately after his elevation to the Papacy: "I can bear witness to the fact that, while yet at Viterbo, he won our admiration, not only by his quick intelligence, but still more by the singular purity of his life. During our humanities course we were rivals, and there each time I saw him he impressed me as being all life and intelligence. All through his

studies in Rome he never sought social gatherings, conversazioni, diversions, or games. His work-table was his world; it was paradise to him to be plunged in the study of science. From twelve and thirteen years upwards, he wrote Latin prose and verse with a facility and an elegance that were wonderful in one so young." During his university career he resided with his uncle Antonio, in the Muti Palace.

A noteworthy incident, which is linked with his after life, occurred about this time. The young collegian appears to have been singularly drawn towards Pope Leo XII., whose name he afterwards assumed when the votes of the Conclave assigned him the succession to Pius IX. of holy memory. Just as he was completing his course of physics at the Collegio Romano, Leo XII. promulgated a jubilee for the entire Christian world, and among the throng of pilgrims who followed his Holiness in his penitential visits to the privileged churches in Rome to supplicate the Divine mercy and protection in that hour of trial, was young Pecci, who accompanied him from church to church, and hospital to hospital, as, with bare feet and in penitential garb, the successor of the Prince of the Apostles taught the faithful how to avert the Divine wrath from the world, rent by revolutionary convulsions, and desolated by pestilence. The students of the Collegio Romano, led by their professors, followed the Pope's example, and made the pilgrimage of the seven basilicas in like manner, ending with St. Peter's where thousands of the youth of all nations were ushered into the Belvidere Court of the Vatican, where Leo XII., from the middle balcony above, blessed them solemnly. Pecci, young as he was, was unanimously selected to head a students' deputation and present to the Sovereign Pontiff an address of thanks in Latin. This incident, connecting him personally with a Pope for whom he always entertained the deepest veneration, culminating

in the adoption of his title when he himself became Supreme Pontiff, was one of the most cherished recollections of his later years.

Having made up his mind on the important subject of his vocation, in 1825 he decided to join the ranks of the secular clergy, and matriculated at the Gregorian University in 1830, when the theological chairs were filled by such masters of sacred science as Perrone and Patrizi. His first year as a divinity student was signalled by his selection to take part in a public disputation, or theological act, as it was called, embracing questions on all the subjects taught. This event is thus recorded in the College Register: "Vincent Pecci held a disputation in the great hall of the College on selected questions on indulgences and the sacraments of Extreme Unction and Order. There was a large attendance of prelates and other distinguished men, who were allowed, after the three regular objectors had done, to present their objections. The young disputant gave such evidence of his ability that one may easily divine to what distinction he is sure to attain."

In addition to this the *Annuary* praises his great talents and his no less great industry. He was appointed to repeat the lectures on philosophy to the pupils of the German College, and to expound the doctrines of Revelation and refute all possible objections at two solemn disputations in the University Hall in connection with an academia of theological students, founded by Perrone. In 1832 he took his D.D., and ever after invariably signed himself Gioacchino instead of Vincenzo. The same year he entered the College for Noble Ecclesiastics—that is, levites belonging to noble families—in which are specially trained all who are destined for a diplomatic or administrative career under the Pontifical government. In 1835 he won the prize at the Sapienza for the best essay from among one hundred given

theses, the subject he selected being "Immediate Appeals to the Roman Pontiff in Person." The degree of Doctor in Civil and Canon Law was conferred upon him in due course. "All these successive academic triumphs, achieved under the eyes of the highest dignitaries and the most learned men in Rome," says his biographer, Dr. B. O'Reilly, "spread the young doctor's fame among all classes of Roman society, and brought him under the favourable notice of the reigning sovereigns themselves. More than one even among the Cardinals, attracted to him by his unaffected piety, his modesty, and gentle courtesy and by the solid and general knowledge, which was so rare in one of his years, foresaw that he would render great service to the Holy See, and bestowed not a little pains in counselling and directing him."

Leo XII. passed away in 1829, and was succeeded by Pius VIII., who was succeeded in turn by Gregory XVI., to whom Cardinal Pacca warmly recommended young Pecci, in whom his experienced eye had discovered uncommon merits, and the promise of a great career. He had quitted the college in 1828 and gone to reside once more with his uncle Antonio in the Palazzo Muti, near Ara Cœli. In January, 1837, the Pope made him a domestic prelate, and on March 16th, referendary to the Court of the Segnatura, on account of the administrative talents he was already known

to possess. Soon after he was numbered among the prelates of the Congregation di Buongoverno, specially charged with the financial administration of all the communes of the Papal States. During the terrible visitation of Asiatic cholera he showed that his moral qualities were on a



THE COUNTESS ANNA PECCI, MOTHER OF LEO XIII.

par with his intellectual gifts, and displayed heroic zeal and courage in the assistance he rendered to Cardinal Sala, appointed to superintend all the cholera hospitals in the city.

On November 13th, 1837, he received the sub-deaconate and deaconate at the hands of Cardinal Odescalchi, the Pope's vicar, in the little chapel of St. Stanislaus Kotska, in the Church of St. Andrew, on

the Quirinal, Via Venti Settembre, and on the last day of December the priesthood in the private chapel of the Vicariate. His first Mass was said in St. Andrew's on December 31st, 1837.

And now was to begin his public career. The first administrative office in which he brought into active use these brilliant qualities which, in his riper years made him one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, was that of Apostolic Delegate, or Governor of Benevento, to which he was appointed in February, 1838. Benevento was a small principality of about 46 geographical square miles, which had been donated to the Papacy like other temporal possessions, which it owed to the piety of a bye-gone age. It was situated in what was once the Kingdom of Naples, which Napoleon I. had given to a Churchman of a very different type indeed, the celebrated Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun. It was a small stage, but Pecci played a part thereon which foreshadowed the greater part he was destined to fill as the ruler, not of a petty principality, but of the world-wide Christian empire, called the Church. It was here he first struck that note which was the keynote of his whole action and influence throughout his eventful career—the note of peace and order. At Benevento his genius—the genius of a born ruler of men—evolved order out of a moral chaos. The growth of Carbonarism, Jacobinism, Brigandism, and general lawlessness had rendered very difficult the government of a population demoralized by secret societies. It was the happy hunting-ground of brigands and smugglers and a retreat for outlaws. There was perpetual risk of conflict between Neapolitan and Papal authorities, and a growing disregard of law and order among the Beneventini. Such was the somewhat anarchical condition of things to which a young priest of twenty-eight was sent to apply a remedy. The remedy, though delayed by

a serious illness which brought him nigh to death's doors, and from which he was almost miraculously brought back to life through prayers to Our Lady of Grace, was promptly and efficaciously applied. The secret plotters and law-breakers were soon made to know that they had to count with a firm ruler, who was the personification of pure justice. He put down brigandage, that chronic crime of rural Italy, with a vigorous hand, and in doing so showed that he was no believer in class privilege; and there was not to be one law for the rich and another for the poor, meting out impartial justice to low class brigands, and the broken-down nobles and impecunious landlords who connived at it for gain, receiving blackmail from the bandit for the illegal protection they accorded to him. Peace and order soon reigned over a province where hitherto turbulence and disorder held sway, so that "all men went about their business without fear of midnight violence or outrage committed in the open day." Agriculture and industry flourished under his fostering care; the burden of taxation, which pressed heavily upon the people, was lightened; and in less than three years of wise statesmanship and sound political economy, this "still strong man" had wrought a transformation as rapid as it was surprising. Rattazzi, who recognised in him "a man of indisputable worth, of great force of will, and of rare severity in the exercise of his functions," says that "during his sojourn at Benevento he displayed great capacity, together with decisive and inflexible character." He was also instrumental in preventing the separation of the legation from the Papal States when the King of Naples offered to exchange a larger territory for it. The Pontifical Government, acting on his advice, broke off the negotiations.

His father died meanwhile, on March 8, 1838, and in May, 1841, he was recalled to Rome and appointed delegate of

Spoletto, and shortly after of Perugia, then the hot-bed of Carbonarism, and other secret societies pledged to the destruction of the Church, as the only barrier which opposed the realisation of a red republic. Perugia, that home of art, "when art was still religion," was visited that year by Gregory XVI., who was accompanied by Mgr. Pecci in his tour through the principal cities of Umbria. The religious, as well as artistic associations of that Umbrian valley must have appealed strongly to the cultured mind of one who had been, so to speak, intellectually nurtured by the Franciscans, and who must have trodden with emotion a land consecrated by the footprints of the Saint of Assisi, and rendered classic by the genius of a Perugino and a Raphael. Before leaving Perugia the Pope said significantly, "Before long, Monsignore, I shall remember you also." He did the same work in Spoleto and Perugia that he had done in Benevento. Beneficial changes were made in every department of the public administration; the secret societies were repressed, if not eradicated; taxes diminished; agriculture, industry, and commerce promoted, laws enforced, the causes of public discontent removed, until "lapped in universal law" the prisons of Perugia did not hold a single criminal.

Like Hildebrand, Mgr. Pecci was a great lover of justice. His impartiality in its administration has already been referred to. Many characteristic incidents are recorded of this. One of them is thus related in Mr. Justin McCarthy's gracefully written sketch-life of the Pope: "A great noble of the province (Benevento) once stormed in upon the young delegate, and furiously complained that the delegate's agents, and the delegate's police, had interfered with and over-ridden his seignorial rights, and made arrests within the limits of his own domain. The delegate answered blandly that offenders against the law must be arrested where-

ever they could be found. The noble—he was a Marquis—declared that the law did not apply to his territory. Pecci blandly observed that he did not know how in these days of civilization any man, however high his position, could put himself above the law, or even outside the law. Then the wrath of the noble Marquis boiled over, and he declared that he would go off at once to Rome, and would return with an order from the Pope for the dismissal of the delegate. 'Go, by all means,' said the imperturbable delegate. 'But please to remember that in order to go to the Vatican you will have to pass the Castle of St. Angelo.' The reply of Pecci contained a distinct threat. The Castle of St. Angelo holds a famous prison. The words of the delegate made it clear enough to the noble Marquis that the delegate knew him to have made himself responsible for acts more distinctly criminal than a claim to exercise exclusive rights within his own domains. The Marquis did not go to Rome. The delegate soon after got evidence which warranted him in having the castle of the Marquis broken into and captured by the Pontifical troops, and the band of brigands who had sheltered themselves there given over to trial and justice."

But much more than the administration of the common law came within Mgr. Pecci's purview. "Even then, at the very outset of his career," observed Dr. O'Reilly, "the young statesman, who sought to grasp the whole problem of Italy's unrest and aspirations, clearly discerned the fact that there could be for the peoples of the peninsula neither true political unity nor real and stable social progress and prosperity without a thorough moral renovation, accomplished by true religion. One of the most potent means of regenerating Italy he believed was the education of the higher classes, from whom enlightenment would descend downward into society, helping the clergy and the

most popular teaching Orders to co-operate in thoroughly educating the children of the lower and middle classes." He, therefore, opened schools wherever there were none, and encouraged and improved others, exerting himself to give a new life to the College Rosi of Spello, of which the Pope appointed him Apostolic Visitor.

In January, 1843, he was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Brussels.

On the 27th of that month he was nominated titular Archbishop of Damietta, a title which is suggestively linked with memories of the primitive Franciscans, and the days of Christian chivalry, for it was to Damietta St. Francis went when on his way to the Sultan of Egypt, while the Crusaders, under John of Brienne, were encamped on the eve of their attack upon the Saracens, on August 29th, 1216. On February 19th he was consecrated in the Church of San Lorenzo-in-Panisperna, by Cardinal Lambruschini, Pontifical Secretary of State, who took a fatherly interest in him. A month afterwards he set out for the Belgian capital, where he was received by Mgr. (afterwards Cardinal) Fornari, who had been his professor of Canon

Law in the College of Nobles, and who had just been promoted to the Nunciature of Paris. The Sovereign to whom he presented his credentials, was King Leopold, uncle of Queen Victoria, and a near relative of the late Prince Albert. On his first appearance at Court, we are told, he made a most favourable impression. He was recognised as an accomplished scholar whose conversation took a wide range,

passing with facility from grave to gay, for he had a vein of choice wit, and some of his "bons mots" are still remembered. Belgium was then the battle-ground of a fight for the schools, similar, in some respects, to what we have been witnesses to in England. The separation of Belgium from Holland in 1830 was mainly brought about by the struggle for religious liberty



THE HOUSE AT CARPINETO IN WHICH LEO XIII. WAS BORN.

on the part of the Catholic population, to whom the House of Orange obstinately refused to allow that freedom of conscience stipulated by the Congress of Vienna. The King threw the whole weight of his influence from the beginning into the scale against denominational education. The great majority wanted to be left free to have their children educated according to their conscientious belief, resisting the

intolerable strain of a school system imposed upon them by a dominant minority. As with us, the issue was between the upholders of Christian education and the religious indifferentism of secularists. The Catholic party profited much by the wise counsels of the Nuncio, who visited all the great Catholic centres of education in that country, including the University of Louvain, where he addressed an academical session, held on July 27th, 1843, for the purpose of conferring degrees in theology and canon law. The King formed a very high opinion of the Nuncio, frequently invited him to court, and wanted to make him a councillor. He entered into familiar conversation, and took pleasure in propounding a series of difficult questions. The Nuncio was never put out, and the genial monarch would end by saying, "Really, Monsignore, you are as clever a politician as you are an excellent Churchman." The Queen Louisa Maria had a great veneration for the Nuncio, and never missed an opportunity of obtaining his blessing for herself and her children. To a Belgian priest who, when in Perugia, went to pay his respects to him, he said: "I knew well the father of your present King as well as his pious mother. I was often admitted to the cordial intimacy of the royal family, and I have often had in my arms the little Leopold, Duke of Brabant. I remember, too, when Queen Louisa Maria, who was so good a Christian, used to ask me to bless this, her eldest child, in order that he might be a good King; and I have often blessed him with the hope that he would." Contem-

poraries have descanted on the superior intelligence, delicate grace, and practical tact with which he conducted everything appertaining to the business of the Nunciature. He was a welcome guest in the family of Count Felix de Merode, whose son Frederick, quitting the army for the Church, afterwards became, as Mgr. de Merode, War Minister to Pius IX. When he received his appointment to Brussels he had scarcely any knowledge of French, but the Italians appear to have a facility in acquiring languages, and Mgr. Pecci, far from being an exception to the rule, was a striking confirmation of it. *Solvitur ambulando*. He got over this preliminary difficulty *en route*, and devoted so much time to the study during a fortnight's sojourn at Nîmes that when he reached Brussels he was able to understand the language and to make himself intelligible. He took greatly to the Belgians, and they took to him. In after years he made every Belgian citizen at home in his house in Perugia, and there, too, in vacation time, he welcomed the students of the Belgian College in Rome, of which he himself had been practically the founder, and where he used to put up when any business required his presence in the Eternal City.

O MARY! vessel of purest gold, ornamented with pearls and sapphires, filled with grace and virtue! O ravishing bouquet of roses and lilies! thou art dearer in the eyes of Eternal Wisdom than all other created things.—Blessed Henry Suso, O.P.



SASSOFERRATO, PINX.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH holds a very striking position among the privileged ones who immediately surrounded the Saviour during His mortal life; and accordingly, with a special fitness, devotion to him has been gradually developed, until it has entered into the every-day life of pious Catholics, and has set upon it the seal of highest approval in his being declared Patron of the Universal Church. After Mary, no one came nearer to Jesus, Who willed to be called and to be considered his Son.

St. Joseph has been called the last of the Patriarchs, and, if we consider this appellation and its meaning, we cannot hesitate to say that he was the greatest of them all. A little reflection will be sufficient to demonstrate this truth. If we compare him with Abraham—to whom heavenly revelations were made, to whom angels spoke, and with whom angels supped—we can see how much more highly honoured was St. Joseph. To Joseph in clear detail, and in tangible form, was revealed what was only dimly foreshown to Abraham: he was in intimate and unbroken communication with the Lord of Angels for thirty years; he spoke to Him, lived with Him, ate with Him, bore Him in his arms, and fondled Him to his bosom. If we compare him with the older Joseph we find a no less striking contrast. The latter fed a sinful people, and saved them from the pangs of hunger; St. Joseph provided material food for sustaining the corporal life of the Incarnate Word. Then again, Moses delivered his people from bondage, and them from the wrath of Pharaoh, and

gave them the commandments received on Sinai, whereas St. Joseph, by a transcendent privilege, saved the life of the Infant God from the machinations of Herod, and possessed the unique and mysterious honour of claiming respect and obedience from Mary and Jesus.

Head of the Holy Family! Here is a title which further reveals, and more clearly points out, the true position of Joseph. We cannot conceive any higher dignity than this, the Divine Maternity alone excepted. Mary loved him with the tender affection of a spouse. Jesus loved him with the filial love of a son. All that was dearest to God on earth, and all that concerned most nearly the best interests of man, was committed to his care and we dare not doubt that God bestowed on him graces commensurate with his immense office. In this way we glean something of his wonderful sanctity.

Enlightened piety will, therefore, recognise its duty as well as its prerogative. It is certainly our duty to honour him whom God so highly honoured, and it is clearly right and befitting that he who truly loves Jesus and Mary should also love him whom they loved above all others.

St. Joseph, moreover, is a model of every virtue. His humble submission in the time of most painful anxiety is commended in the Gospel, and it commemorates no less lovingly his uncomplaining obedience. His silent diligent labour for God, his loving and continual prayer, his spotless purity, his childlike trust, his happy death, are all so many beautiful patterns held up for our example and imitation.

A Legend of Provence: Brother and Sister.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY A CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART.

WHILST the great Saint Honoratus, the Father of the Monks of Lerins, lived in his Isle, Saint Margaret, his sister, came to reside in a neighbouring one, which to-day bears her name. She held her brother, Saint Honoratus, in great esteem, and visited him as often as she could, but having no boat she was obliged to throw her mantle on the sea, and so trust herself to the winds and waves—a trust they never betrayed.

Saint Honoratus, however, soon made Saint Margaret understand that she would do well to make her visits less frequent.

“Au revoir,” said he; “winter is coming, crossing the sea will become more difficult and dangerous. Do not trouble yourself about visiting me. I will pray for you. Be at ease. My blessing, though coming from afar, will lose nothing of its efficaciousness. Adieu, Sister Margaret; take care of yourself. We shall see one another when the mimosa flowers.”

So Margaret left; her eyes full of tears. Her brother was to her the hand-rail of the stairs to heaven. When the feast of her brother Honoratus drew near, the poor thing could hold out no longer.

One night, being too troubled to sleep, she rose, and taking a lighted candle in her hand, ran to the chapel. There, throwing herself on her knees at the foot of the altar, her eyes raised to heaven and her arms extended, she cried:

“My Lord God, I come to tell Thee my trouble. Thou art more powerful than the greatest Saints, than the greatest emperors, and nevertheless, while they make

great work about listening to our petitions, Thou art always ready to hear us. I wish very much to go to heaven by the straightest road. I swear to Thee, in order to arrive there, the advice of my brother Honoratus is very necessary. He thinks me braver than I am. My brother Honoratus said to me, ‘Adieu, Sister Margaret, take care of yourself; come back and see me when the mimosa flowers.’ O Thou! who made Aaron’s rod flower and Joshua’s stick, it is not too much to ask of Thee to make the mimosa of my island blossom a little before its time. I will bring a sweet smelling branch to my brother, whose feast is on the twenty-second. He will then see that Thou approvest of my visits, for it is only Thou that can make the flowers blossom.” This prayer said, Saint Margaret ran to her garden.

There had been hoar frost all night; the mistral, which blew strong, gave her a numbness in her finger tips, and drew the tears from her eyes.

She was very discouraged.

When she arrived, shivering, on the sea shore, where she knew she would find a thicket of mimosa, she felt, when within a few paces of the thicket, a light, spring breeze surrounding her, and the warm air was full of strong perfume. The branches which were flexible and green, bent under the weight of the golden berries.

Saint Margaret took an armful, and after thanking God with all her heart, she threw her mantle on the sea, sprang on it, radiant and confident.

It was morning, about six o’clock. The breaking day clouded the foam of the waves. The Saint glided on the waters, leaving behind her one might say a ridge

of perfume. She was as if surrounded by Spring. Honoratus was praying; his face turned towards the east, when he saw a white figure come out of the mist and approach him.

"Good day, brother Honoratus. It is I! Margaret! I bring you for your feast an armful of mimosa blossoms. By the goodness of God I come to confess to you. Do not refuse to hear me."

You can well guess I suppose the welcome that the messenger of our Lord received from the great St. Honoratus. She returned home that evening comforted, immaculate like a lily. Every month a gust of Spring blew on the garden of Sister Margaret, and every month the Saint brought Honoratus an armful of mimosa blossoms in exchange for the pious advice which led her to heaven.



ONE of our American Fathers tells the following fact, which he heard some time ago from the venerable pastor of Tuckahoe: "When I had charge of the parish of St. Joseph's in New York, years ago, there was in the parish a certain Protestant gentleman who had in his house a Catholic servant. One day she lost her Rosary beads, and the master finding it, put it aside into a drawer as a curiosity, and an object of Catholic superstition. A week passed and the poor girl was still disconsolate at not finding her beads, for it was one she prized very much, having been blessed by the Pope. The gentleman, hearing of her affliction, showed her the beads he had laid aside, and asked if it belonged to her. She declared it did, and, at his request, she explained to him its use and meaning. The pious girl's words frequently crossed his mind, and one day passing a shop where pious objects were sold, he went in and purchased a beads through some sudden impulse. Almost immediately he repented of what he considered an act of sinful folly, but he kept the Rosary all the same. However, the words of the girl recurred again and again to his memory. Some weeks after he was again passing the same shop, and this time he bought a book, 'The Use of the Beads.' Having read the simple explanation of the Fifteen Mysteries, he was greatly struck by the beauty of the devotion. From time to

time he would, with great satisfaction, try to recite the Rosary as best he could. It so happened that one day he mislaid his beads, and the same servant maid finding it, was filled with astonishment, and said, 'Oh, Sir, are you a Catholic?' 'No, indeed I am not, but I am seriously thinking of becoming one.' Very soon after he was received into the Church with his wife and family, and to-day there is not a better, nor a more edifying family in the whole parish."

THE ROSARY AND THE GREAT FIRE IN PARIS.—On the morning of the 4th of May—the day of the great fire at the Charity Bazaar in Paris—a gentleman said to his wife, "Do not forget to go up to the bazaar to-day; there will be a great gathering, for the Apostolic Nuncio is to be present." "I will be there certainly," said his wife, "but this is the day appointed for my annual Rosary hour. I would not like to miss it; but when I shall have kept my hour of guard I will go." Accordingly the pious lady went to the church at three o'clock, the hour appointed, and on leaving shortly after four o'clock, she was scarcely outside the church door when she heard the dreadful cry, "Fire! Fire!" and beheld numbers of terrified people running towards the bazaar. She needed no one to tell her that her fidelity to the Perpetual Rosary saved her from a terrible death.



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Queen had a bad night. Do what he would, Charles Rookwood could not make small rooms large, and the rooms in Euston Hall were undeniably small. During the night, her Majesty desired one of her women to open the window; nevertheless, what with the heat, and the trees so close around, she seemed to lie in an oven. Her temper was consequently not at the sweetest point when she appeared to her followers next day at ten of the clock in one of the great chambers. She had arranged to leave at about eleven o'clock, but was now anxious to get away as soon as possible from such undesirable quarters. However, a delay had been arranged without her knowledge or consent.

During the Queen's residence in any

dwelling, the yeomen of the guard had entire charge of guarding all the surroundings and every entrance to the dwelling; and at earliest dawn on that morning a cadaverous-looking individual in the dress of a yeoman had taken charge of the entrance gate, and had despatched in various directions some ruffianly-looking men, who had appeared, no one knew whence.

Gradually a large crowd collected in the lawn, all having been admitted by the new porter, though a number bore unmistakable tokens of being "roughs."

Charles was looking in amazement from one of the windows at the strange and motley gathering, when word was brought that the Queen wanted him.

"How now, Sir Squire, art such a lag-gard that thy Sovereign must needs attend thy pleasure?"

"Pardon me, your Majesty. I had not

deemed myself so honoured as to have speech of your Grace this morning," as he bent the knee.

"What ! are we so lacking in manners as not to tender thanks to our host ? I wot not that such has been our custom : not that our comfort has been over great here in our sleeping apartment—however, we thank thee for thy bad house, such as it is." Perceiving a look of mortification on his face, the Queen extended her hand to him to kiss.

This was too much. Burleigh stepped forward, and looking angrily at the youth, exclaimed, "So, sirrah, you tamely pretend loyalty to the Queen, whilst your allegiance is given to a foreign potentate."

Charles, flushing, started to his feet. Involuntarily his hand clutched his sword-hilt as he answered : "He who would dare to question my loyalty to her Majesty, out of this august presence, would have to answer sharply and speedily for his words"

"Oh, yes, fine cavilling ; loyalty forsooth ! and if your Pope bade you take the Queen's life, you would doubtless feel bound to obey."

"Never, so help me God ! And never, my Lord, would any Pope issue such a command."

The Queen's brow grew dark at the mention of the Pope.

"We would have you know, Master Rookwood," she said, "that we acknowledge *no* Pope in this realm, nor shall we tolerate that our subjects recognise one."

"Madam, all that I have, even my life, is at your command—all is yours and for your service—save my soul."

The Queen's eyes flashed fire.

"Out upon him, out upon him, the unmannerly varlet ; his soul indeed ! He will serve the Queen but not with his soul," burst from Burleigh and several of the courtiers. Then Burleigh pursued : "You, sir, an excommunicated Papist, are unfit to associate with any Christian person, much less to contaminate her Ma-



"HOW NOW, SIR SQUIRE, ART THOU SUCH A LAGGARD."

esty's presence—you who are fitter for the stocks—leave the royal presence at once, and attend the account to which the royal council shall call your contumacious conduct."*

The moment he ended, Charles was ignominiously hustled from the room.

At the same instant a grave-looking individual, rather plainly dressed, entered.

* These are the exact words used by Burleigh on this occasion.—See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, vol. ii., 112-121.

"Master Topcliffe craveth speech with your Majesty," said Burleigh.

"Let him be brief," was the curt rejoinder.

"Most gracious Majesty," said Topcliffe, kneeling down, "you are in a felon's and a traitor's house; a silver goblet has been stolen from your Majesty's belongings, and I doubt not will be applied to idolatrous purposes against your Grace's weal."

"By —," swearing her usual terrible oath—said Elizabeth, stamping her foot: "What kind of servants have I that they must needs leave my goods for every light finger to close on? Beshrew me, if I will not have him hung by the heels who lost it, an it be not quickly recovered—or mayhap," looking shrewdly at Topcliffe and suspecting his real purpose, "'twas but mislaid. Look yon, Master Topcliffe, accompany those who make diligent search for it, and if aught saving of Popery comes to light, let us know."

Armed with the royal authority, Topcliffe and his myrmidons burst into every room on their nefarious search; tapestry and hangings were torn down, mirrors smashed, drawers and cabinets broken open, and every article of value that could be stolen was privately made away with: the beds were prodded, and even the oil paintings representing Rookwood's venerable ancestors were wantonly scarred by sword-thrusts. Nothing so far had been found that could be made use of against the unfortunate master of the house.

"The out-houses," was Topcliffe's brief command.

For some time their search here was equally unavailing. At last they came to the granary, they tossed all the corn aside, and underneath found a most beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady, of Spanish workmanship.

Hurriedly it was brought to the Queen in great triumph, for she had been parti-

cularly severe in her edicts against images and pictures of the Virgin and Saints.

Elizabeth testified great horror at the sight of the statue, which was of great size and beautifully carved and painted.

By this time, the whole space before the mansion, and the broad avenue leading to it, were completely filled by the rough-looking crowd before mentioned. As the Queen was expressing her indignation at the Popish idol (so she called it), lusty shouts were raised outside: "Long live the Queen! long live the Queen!" She went to the window, bowed, and said: "I thank you, my good people." Then, as if the sight of the crowd suggested a good means of showing her horror of Popery, she ordered the statue to be brought out to them, treated with public contumely and afterwards burned.

Then ensued a scene which baffles description. All the rough, bad element in that mass of human beings, came to the surface: whilst some ran to tear down the branches of trees to make the fire, others pelted the statue with stones and any missile that came to hand. Then they danced round it—anon spitting at it—then turning their backs to it with gestures of contempt—finally, with yells and shouts of derision, it was burned to ashes, the Queen looking on the whole time.

There were hearts even in that crowd which were bursting with grief at the insult shown to the Mother of God by this treatment of her image, though they dared not let their feelings be seen, for well it was surmised that Topcliffe's underlings were in their midst.

But who can portray the feelings of unfortunate Charles Rookwood as he experienced *this* return for all the trouble and expense he had gone to for the Royal visitor! Certainly, he felt that no insult to himself could move him to half the indignation he felt on seeing the indignities heaped on the statue of Our Blessed

Lady. He cared comparatively little for his own losses, yet, they were far from slight; for when the royal cavalcade rode away, and he went to survey what damage had been done to his house by the ruffians who were pretending to seek the royal goblet, he found a perfect wreck. With the exception of the room in which the Queen had remained during the search, there was not a single apartment in which everything that could not be rifled had not been wantonly destroyed as far as possible.

But the worst was yet to come.*

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES had remained for a considerable time buried in deep thought, when a hand laid kindly on his shoulder caused him to start, and look up.

"Uncle, pardon me. Musing on all the untoward events that have occurred since morning, has made me somewhat forgetful of the duties of hospitality: though, indeed, no hospitality befitting an Earl can be shown amid the wreck left after the visit of her *gracious* Majesty," he added bitterly.

"My dear boy, forget me altogether. I can rough it: I wish to confer with you about your own affairs. I would I could remain with you for some weeks to help to restore this chaos to order. That is impossible on account of an important communication I received early this morning, ere her Majesty had arisen."

"No one sick at Wyndham, I hope?"

"No, no; the girls are well, but matters of importance require my early return. Let us to business. Your estate is so heavily mortgaged that it can bear no further strain: to repair the damages done to-day will require some thousands of pounds, and whatever sum is necessary to

restore Euston Hall perfectly you must accept from me."

"No, Uncle; a thousand times no. I have made my bed and I shall lie on it. It is useless to press me," as he saw his Uncle about to interpose. "Your money is fully required elsewhere. Wyndham Court descends to Maybelle as your eldest child, but the second daughter of an Earl must have a large, a noble dowry. No; when I elected to remain a Catholic, I did so with my eyes open; knowing full well, that at any moment I might be called on



CHARLES HAD REMAINED A CONSIDERABLE TIME BURIED IN DEEP THOUGHT.

to give up estates, liberty, and life itself for my Faith. I am willing to suffer myself, but I shall allow no one to suffer with me, or for me. I shall face my trouble alone—alone."

There was a ring of inconceivable sorrow in his voice as he pronounced the last words; the Earl knew well what he meant.

"Then, Charles, for Maude's sake, if not for your own, accept my offer—as a loan if you will."

* We have changed the date of the above, as the Royal visit to Euston Hall, with the subsequent outrage, really took place in 1578. A full account of it will be found in Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. iii., p. 315.

"Maude Talbot shall never be brought by me as a bride to the house which I cannot call mine own. My resolve is fixed, Uncle. I know not yet what is to come, nor how I shall manage matters, but I feel that God will help me. If I be but left in liberty ! However, even in that, God's will be done ! He alone knows what is best for us all."

Finding that he could not change Charles's noble resolve, the Earl left for

told that he wished to speak to her alone in the library, she wondered ; and her surprise was increased when on her arrival the Earl locked the door before he spoke to her.

He motioned her to a seat, and after a few moments' silence, he asked abruptly : "I wish to know, Maybelle, are your affections engaged ?"

Mute from surprise, she could not at first answer, but recovering from her astonishment, she replied : "I do not quite know what you mean. I love you and Alice very intensely ; I love my dear old nurse, Norah ; I love Lady Tal——"

"Pshaw, child ! You know well *that* is not what I mean. To be plain with you : I have received a formal request for your hand from my old friend, Sir Edward Penrose, on behalf of his son, Cecil. Nay, be silent a few moments, Maybelle, until I explain. A special courier arrived at Euston Hall early on the morning of the Queen's stay there, with directions to see me at once with the packet. Sir Edward acted kindly. Knowing my extreme dislike that either of you should go to Court, he wished to give me a plausible excuse for refusing her Majesty if she made the request, as she would not court unpopularity by forcing away an affi-

anced bride ; but for the unpleasant turn affairs took, it was more than probable the Queen would have invited you—and a Sovereign's request is a command."

"And, Father," burst in Maybelle, unable to control herself any longer, "Sir Edward asked my hand for his son, knowing well that, though Alice is not much more than a child, she and Cecil love each other—making no more account of my darling sister's happiness than of that of his



"I SHALL NEVER MARRY CECIL PENROSE."

Wyndham Court early on the following morning.

News travelled but slowly in those days, and so the Earl was the first to bring Maybelle and Alice the sad news of all that had occurred in Euston Hall. Both were deeply grieved, for they looked on Charles Rookwood as a brother. They were not surprised that their father was very silent and pre-occupied during the day. However, in the evening, when Maybelle was

own son—and all because I am the heiress of Wyndham Court; making no more account of me individually than of a piece of furniture, to pass as a chattel of the property to the future possessor of Egmont Castle! No; Sir Edward Penrose does not know Maybelle Travers! My hand shall never go without my heart. I shall never marry Cecil Penrose."

An expression, partly of relief, partly of perplexity, crossed the Earl's brow. He walked to the window, where he remained a few minutes: returning, he seated himself beside Maybelle, and taking her hand in his, he said: "Maybelle, I believe you to have a firm and a noble character. Can you bear a shock—a terrible shock?"

"Speak, Father!"

"Then, Maybelle, know YOU ARE NOT the heiress of Wyndham Court. Yes (answering the word she essayed to speak, but could not), Alice is your sister, your half-sister I should say. You are both the children of my darling wife, but you are not my child. Your father was an Irish Chieftain, and Alice is my only child. Listen whilst I tell you all.

"When I was a young officer in the army, and my father still alive, my regiment was ordered to Ireland to assist in quelling the disturbances of that country. Shortly after my arrival there we were worsted in a fray with the natives, and I was left for dead on the field. How long I lay there unconscious I do not know, but I was restored by someone bathing my face and brow with cold water. On opening my eyes, I saw an elderly man in the dress of an Irish chief, with a firm but kind face, standing beside me. He was giving directions to some attendants in an unknown tongue. They tried to lift me when I again swooned away.

"The next time I awoke I was in what seemed to be a turret chamber of a castle; it was plainly, but comfortably, furnished. The Chief I had already seen soon came to me. He kindly inquired how I felt, and enjoined complete rest and quiet.

"My wounds were not serious, and in three months' time I was perfectly restored to health, thanks to the great kindness and care I had received from my kind host, Fergus O'Donnell, Lord of Athmoy. I had gone to Ireland filled with prejudice against what we called the "Irishry," but as the summer sun melts and thaws the snows of winter, so did the courtesy and hospitality I received in Athmoy Castle dissolve every fragment of prejudice I had felt against the natives of Ireland. I



LEFT FOR DEAD ON THE FIELD.

had looked on them as ignorant, but my Oxford learning seemed very poor indeed as I listened to my host and a certain Father MacGeoghegan holding learned discussions concerning the deepest points of philosophy. Not alone the classics of Greece and Rome were familiar to them as their alphabet, but the soft and graceful tongues of Spain and Italy seemed familiar to them as their mother-tongue.

"This priest had been Prior of a Dominican Convent which was suppressed towards the close of Henry the Eighth's reign. Since then, he had lived in Athmoy Castle, where he now superintended the education of the Lady Kathleen, a beautiful girl of about fourteen years of age, the heiress of Athmoy with all its broad lands.

"The old Chieftain conceived an af-

fection for me, and confided to me his great care and sorrow. Next to his only child, Lady Kathleen, the nearest heir of Athmoy was a certain Stephen MacMurragh, a man so notorious for crime, that he was surnamed "Black Stephen." He was bent on obtaining the hand of the Lady Kathleen in order to possess himself of her lands, and her father feared lest he should die before she should be of an age to marry, as he would prefer to see her dead at his feet rather than have her united to such a monster as MacMurragh. I faithfully promised him that if ever I could serve him or his I would do so, were it to cost me my life.

"At the end of three months I left Athmoy Castle to return to my duty, regretting the kind friends I left there.

"For two years I heard no more about them, and then I received a letter from the Lord of Athmoy, telling me that, to

his great joy, his child had just been married to a near relative of the Northern Chief, O'Neill.

"Soon after this I met a man of most repulsive aspect in Dublin Castle. On hearing his name, Stephen MacMurragh, I started, fearing no good boded to my kind friends from his presence in Dublin, and I was right.

"About six months later, Lady Kathleen's husband was arrested on a charge of treason, and slain by MacMurragh as he defended himself from the arrest.

"One representation after another was laid against the noble Chief, Fergus O'Donnell: he was accused of participating in the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, and his lands were declared forfeited, and transferred to MacMurragh.

"But O'Donnell was not a man to submit tamely to such injustice—he armed his followers and resisted."

(*To be continued.*)



Shrines of Mary.

PAST griefs are perished and over,
 Past joys have vanished and died,
 Past loves are fled and forgotten,
 Past hopes have been laid aside,
 Past fears have faded in daylight,
 Past sins have melted in tears—

One love and remembrance only
 Seems alive in those dead old years.
 So, whenever I look in the distance,
 And whenever I turn to the past,
 There is always a shrine of Mary,
 Each brighter still than the last.

St. Thomas, Patron of Catholic Schools.

IT is not our intention to write a life of Saint Thomas, nor, indeed, to give even a sketch of it; but to bring before the readers of THE IRISH ROSARY a new glory which the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., has added to those that already deck the brow of the Angelic Doctor. The name of Saint Thomas is generally associated with learned volumes, which only the few are privileged to open; and some persons may fancy that the well-springs of his spiritual life must have been dried up by his continued application to study and teaching. Those who hold such an opinion are not conversant with the life of Saint Thomas; nor do they reflect that he who wrote so deeply and solidly of things divine, has told us that he gained more knowledge at the foot of the Cross, than his forty years of ceaseless toil and unremitting application enabled him to acquire. If he is a light on the mountain-top that shines with unparalleled brilliancy in the domain of intellect, he is also a graceful figure kneeling by the Cross, full of humility, gentleness and charity, whom the clinging image addresses in tones of infinite love and tenderness: "Thomas, thou hast written well of me; what reward wilt thou have?" "As a theologian," says one of his biographers, "Saint Thomas stands forth as some giant warrior, not unwieldy for his weight, or unskilful from his power of form, but exquisitely perfected in the use of his weapon. He confronted and wrestled with, and he slew the adversaries of sound philosophy and religion; he stood superior to, and he mastered the age in which his lot was cast, and his pre-eminence in the Christian schools from then to now has never been dimmed by a brighter light or been rivalled by a more victorious champion." Another biographer of the Saint

draws the following picture of his sanctity: "He was lowly in his own opinion, most pure in body and mind, devout in prayer, prudent in counsel, calm in conversation, boundless in charity, clear of intellect, unerring in judgment, of retentive memory, ecstatic in contemplation, despising all temporal things and endowed with all virtues." Such was the Saint whom Leo XIII. has chosen as Patron of all Catholic Schools.

In 1879, when the Pope addressed his memorable encyclical—*Aeterni Patris*—to the Universal Church on the Philosophy of Saint Thomas, he exhorted his children to be faithful to the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, as being the most solid and secure for the defence of faith and the extirpation of error. The so-called reformation of the sixteenth century and the systems for which it was responsible, the humanistic spirit that had crept even into the Church, and the rivalries of antagonistic schools, had effected the ruin of sound philosophy: but as the luminous writings of the Angel of the Schools advanced the cause of truth, and right, and order, in the thirteenth century, so was he to effect again the salvation of science six hundred years later. The prediction of Albertus Magnus was fulfilled to the very letter: "You call this man a dumb ox, but so loud will be his bellowing in doctrine that it will resound throughout the entire world." The doctrine of Saint Thomas has been the doctrine of the Church these six hundred years, and we cannot foresee that it shall not be so till the very end. When the Fathers assembled for the Council of Trent, the three books that were laid on the table for consultation were, the Sacred Scriptures, the Canons of the Church, and the *Summa* of Saint Thomas. The Pope, in order the better to foster the teaching of Saint Thomas,

commanded a complete edition of the works of the Saint to be published, at his own expense, with the commentaries of Cajetan and Ferrariensis, his two most eminent disciples, themselves Dominicans, and the preparation of this edition has been entrusted to the Dominican Order. Whatever irresponsible individuals may think of Saint Thomas's teaching or of its true interpretation, there can be no doubt

Schools, in which he says: "We, for the glory of the Omnipotent God, and the honour of the Angelic Doctor, for the increase of science and the benefit of society, do, by Our Supreme Authority, constitute Saint Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, Patron of the studies of Universities, of Academies, of Lyceums, and of Catholic Schools; and it is Our wish that he is to be considered as such, invoked as such,

and honoured as such by all." There is a certain fitness, as the Pope points out in his letter, that Saint Thomas should be accorded an honour that has been conferred on no other. True it is that Catholic schools have selected patrons among the Saints and reverence them with special honour; but for one only has been reserved the special honour of being constituted universal Patron by the supreme authority of the Church. We look upon our Patron as an exemplar; we try to imitate him, and by his aid to realise in ourselves some of the virtues for which he was conspicuous. The student who toils along the difficult path of science is to look to Saint Thomas, who, in the words of the Pope, "was pre-eminent among all writers in the several branches of



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS: "THE ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS."

of the mind of the Pope. Saint Thomas was a Dominican, and the Supreme Head of the Church considers that his teaching has come down to us through the writers of the Order, pure and uncorrupted.

Not satisfied with his efforts on behalf of Thomistic philosophy, the Pope, in 1880, issued an Apostolic brief, constituting Saint Thomas Patron of Catholic

sacred science, and is to be regarded by all Catholics as their guide and exemplar." Saint Thomas has all the qualifications to command the respect, esteem, and love of his clients. In doctrine he was the Prince of theologians and philosophers; in respectful adherence to tradition and canons of the Church, he was second to no other writer; and the Church has numbered

him among her Saints and Doctors. He was, to quote the words of a great Pope, "the most learned of the saints, and the most saintly of the learned."

"His doctrine is so embracing," says the Apostolic Brief, "that it contains, as a sea, all the wisdom that is found in ancient writers. Whatever has been written or expounded, in accordance with truth, by the Pagan philosophers, by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, by the distinguished scholars that preceded him, Saint Thomas fully understood, amplified, perfected, and discussed with such clearness of grasp, with such accuracy of expression that he has but left to posterity the power of imitation, not the power of surpassing or superseding him. But the fact is more wonderful still, that the doctrine of Saint Thomas, since it is built and constructed on the broadest principles, is calculated to supply not only the requirements of one age, but of all time." The Pope then proceeds to show the loving reverence Saint Thomas entertained for the doctrines of the Church. His colossal mind embraced all truth as a whole, and since truth proceeds from, and has its foundations in, God; between revealed truth and that which the mind acquires by its own efforts, there can be no antagonism. His reason was ever subordinated to his faith, and the absurd imputation that faith means the slavery of the intellect, vanishes before the clear expositions of the Angelical. "The Holy Doctor," says the Pope, "clearly shows that natural truth cannot be opposed to revealed religion, and hence to subject our minds to the truths of faith can be no base slavery, but a noble submission, by which the mind itself is perfected and led to the knowledge of the most sublime truths."

The Angelic Doctor was no less distinguished for science than for sanctity. Anyone who reads his life must conclude that he was a great saint. His boundless knowledge opened up to his mind the sub-

lime mysteries of God, and he understood them as far as they can be known in this life, and hence his power of contemplation. He seemed to have ever dwelt in the presence of God. His first question while he was still a child was, "What is God?" and when asked how one might live without offending God he replied: "Be certain that he who walks in the presence of God, and is always ready to give Him an account of his actions, will never be separated from Him by sin." The marvellous science of the Saint, says his companion, Blessed Reginald, "was due far less to the power of his genius than to the efficacy of his prayer. Before studying, entering on a discussion, reading, writing, or dictating he always gave himself to prayer. He prayed with tears to obtain from God the understanding of His mysteries, and abundant light was granted to his mind."

"Virtue," says the Papal Brief, "is the best preparation for disposing the powers of the mind in the acquisition of solid science, and if virtue is neglected true science and wisdom can never be acquired; since the Scripture tells us that, 'wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins.' This preparation which is based upon virtue, always held a prominent place in the life of Saint Thomas, and was worthy of receiving the sanction of Divine approbation. When he had come out victorious from that trying ordeal to which his virtue was subjected, this most pure youth had his loins girt about with a girdle, and the concupiscence of the flesh was extinguished in him for ever. Henceforth, he lived the life of an angel, and could be compared to those pure spirits, not only in the innocence of his life, but in his intellectual powers."

What was the secret of the Angelical's intellectual triumphs? We have no hesitation in answering that it was the great purity of his life. This is a truth we are

too often inclined to overlook. Wisdom comes from God and the more nearly we are united to Him, the more surely shall we advance in it. Saint Thomas pondered deeply on this fact, and when he overcame his great temptation, he asked one gift from God, the gift of purity. His passions were stilled; he was raised above the objects of sense; the tumultuous conflicts of which the human heart is the theatre, no longer raged in his bosom. He lived in peace, in subjection to God, his lower nature obedient to the commands of his heavenly illumined reason, and in this perennial calm wisdom whispered to his soul. He had renounced for God's sake, the world, losing friends and a brilliant future, and his nature was too generous to look back upon the sacrifice. Fortified by Divine grace, strengthened by his submission to God, confirmed in purity, he dwelt in an atmosphere of light, and the tranquil streams of wisdom flowed upon his mind, unsullied by the turbulence of passion, undefiled by the dross of worldly attachment. He was like Saint John in purity, and like the beloved disciple, he was privileged to come near to God and rest by the unfailing fountain of Divine light. He was not elated by success, nor discouraged by reverse; he abhorred distinction, for one who is so near to God as Saint Thomas

was cannot stoop to earthly praise. He lived in the flesh, but his thoughts were in heaven. We shall make no apology for quoting here the words of the Saint, when receiving the viaticum, as they show the purity of intention that inspired all his labours. "I receive Thee, the price of my soul's ransom. I receive Thee, the viaticum of my soul's pilgrimage, for whose love I have studied, watched and laboured, preached and taught. I have written much and have often disputed on the mysteries of Thy law. O my God, Thou knowest I have desired to teach nothing save what I have learned from Thee. If what I have written be true, accept it as a homage to Thy infinite majesty; if it be false, pardon my ignorance. I consecrate all I have ever done to Thee, and submit all to the infallible judgment of Thy Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I am about to die."

These are some of the reasons which induced the Holy Father to select Saint Thomas as Patron of Schools. He was an angel in his life, by his purity; he was an angel in his mind, by the extraordinary gifts God had given him; he was an angel in his mission, because, in the designs of Providence, he was to teach man the hidden mysteries of faith. He is now the constituted model of Catholic youth, and the guardian spirit of Catholic science.

A Grand Act of Faith.

A GERMAN journal has quite recently recounted the following most edifying incident:—At Bonn a poor countryman was under treatment for cancer in the tongue. The frightful disease had made such headway that the surgeon at last determined to remove the affected member, which, of course, would deprive the patient once and for ever of the power of speech. On the day fixed for the operation, a large number of students had assembled in the ward, and when the surgeon arrived he addressed the sufferer in these words: "My poor

man, if you have any request to make, or if you have anything special to say, now is your last opportunity. After the operation you can no longer speak." The patient, resting his head on his hand, reflected for a few minutes, and then pronounced, with great fervour, the words, "Praised be Jesus Christ." All the bystanders were deeply moved, while the surgeon himself could not restrain his tears. Great must have been the faith that prompted these blessed words.

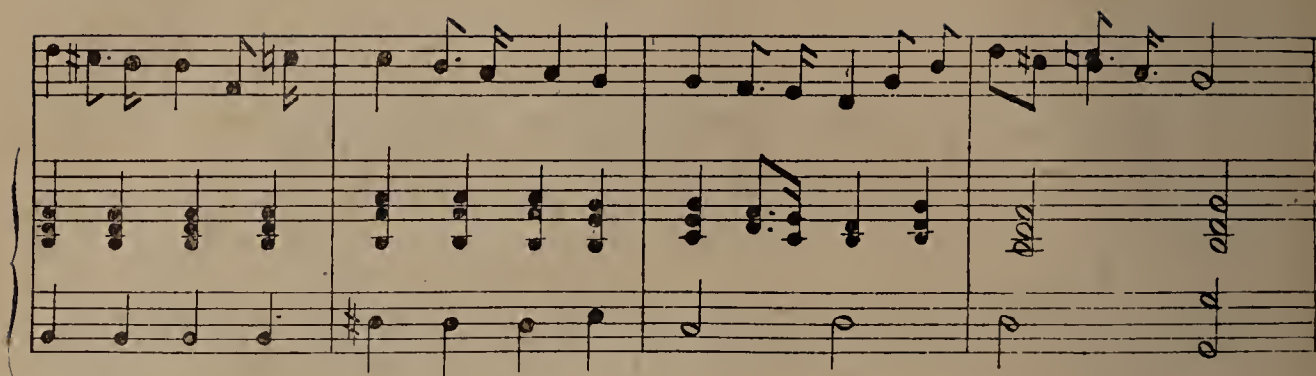
Hymn to St. Thomas Aquinas.

Chorus.

The Chorus section consists of two systems of music. Each system is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written on two staves (right and left hands). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

Solo

The Solo section consists of three systems of music. Each system is written for a solo voice part (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written on two staves (right and left hands). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The section concludes with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.



CHORUS—Gentlest of Saints and Sublimest of Doctors,
 Light of the Church, and the Patron of Youth,
 Take us and keep as thine ardent disciples,
 Shine on our way as the Star of the Truth.

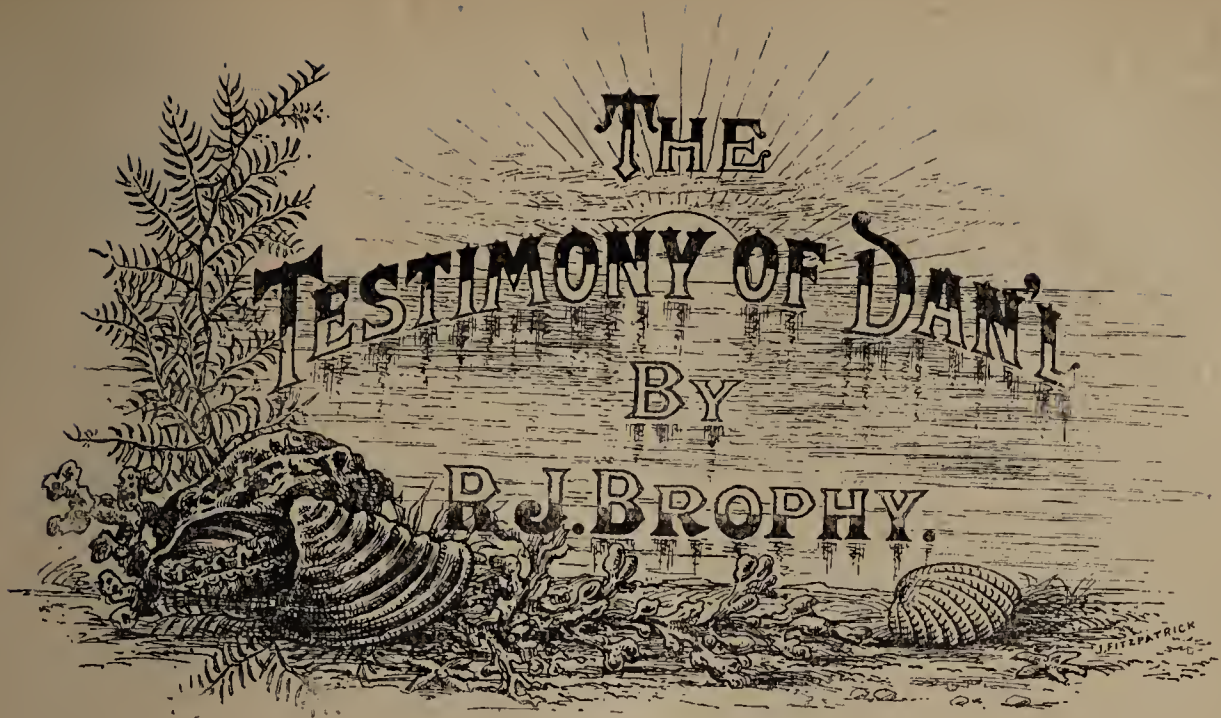
“Angel of Schools” at the bidding of
 Peter
 Thousands to-day are saluting thee
 thus,
 We, too, are claiming thy care and thy
 counsel,
 Angel of Schools, be an angel to us.
 Oh! by that gift of the Girdle Angelic,
 Keeping thee ever as pure as a child,
 Gird us with strength in the days of
 temptation,
 Keep us in mind and in heart
 undefiled.

Get us the gifts that we need in our
 labours,
 Minds that are eager to seek for the
 True,
 Keen to perceive it, and strong to embrace
 it,
 Wills that are patient and valiant to do,
 Come to our aid when thou hearest us
 calling,
 Light up the dark, make the rough
 places plain,
 Bring to our thoughts the unknown or
 forgotten,
 Give us the words that we seek for in
 vain.

Be thou our Father both here and here-
 after,
 Be thou our Master in all that we learn,
 Be thou our Doctor when we too are
 teaching,
 Be thou the Helper to whom we can
 turn.
 Watch, dearest Saint, lest a toil that is
 irksome
 Dry up our heart till its love burneth
 dim,
 Give us thy child-like devotion to Jesus,
 Teach us to cast all our care upon Him.

Let us, like thee, at the foot of the Altar
 Seek all our light, all our peace, all our
 grace,
 Gazing with thee on the veils of the
 Godhead,
 Bring us at last to the bliss of His
 Face.
 May we, like thee, if success be our
 portion,
 Render all praise to the Giver and
 Lord,
 May we, like thee, earn the praises of
 Jesus,
 May we, like thee, seek but Him as
 reward.

By the Author of *To-day*.



YOUTH is apt to make merry over the infirmities of age, and to find a malicious delight in selecting names for physical defects which excite the sympathy or pity of adults. This juvenile propensity accounts for the name of "Old Hunchy," by which Dan'l Brady, of Gortnabeg, was generally known. He was undoubtedly the oldest inhabitant in the locality. When many a mother and father there were toddling children his hair was gray, his figure was bent; and now when their children had come, he was still more bent and his hair had whitened to the colour of flax. Time was slaying him slowly; would, no doubt, have slain him quickly, but found him a tough piece of humanity. No one knew his exact age, but there was a consensus of opinion that he had seen a century and the better part of a decade come and go. Think of it! To have lived one hundred and—almost—ten years; and still to be blinking through wrinkled eyes, with the sight dull; with a crooked figure, and a voice that croaked hoarsely. The middle-aged, when they looked upon him, could almost deem themselves in the first flush of manhood.

For at least three decades he had found a seeming pleasure in wandering at uncer-

tain hours in the daytime through the graveyard of Gortnabeg. Reflections of a sombre kind were awakened in the mind of the spectator who watched him make the circuit of God's acre with slow hesitating steps. At odd moments he would pause in his walk and face the graves, while his glance went from headstone to headstone; then his journey would be resumed, and when the end of the path was reached he would seat himself on some flat stone slab and, apparently, give himself up to contemplation.

In the graveyard he sometimes found the man with whom he had formed a close friendship: this was the grave digger, one Mikeen Leary, who was approaching his fiftieth year. Mikeen was not social, but he not only tolerated Dan'l, he also appreciated him.

It happened on a certain day, when the sun shone in an almost cloudless sky, that Mikeen came to dig a grave. Long practice had made him expert with pick and shovel, and he steadily disappeared from view till his shoulders were on a level with the surface. At odd moments he looked around him, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. It was seldom that anyone came to the place at noon-day, but in all probability he expected the approach of

Dan'l. He was not disappointed. In one of his scanning glances he saw the bent form of the old man coming towards him. He avoided stepping on graves, but allowed his left hand—in his right he carried a stick—to rest on the edge of the tombstones which the neglect of years had caused to slope. Mikeen spat with ardour on his hands, swung his pick and loosened the soil till Dan'l was near: then he paused.

"Good mornin', Dan'l," he said. "A nice mornin'."



DAN'L IN THE GRAVEYARD.

"Good mornin', Mikeen; good mornin'. 'Tis a nice mornin', glory be to God. Who is it, Mikeen?"

"You'll be surprised t' hear, Dan'l. It's Mrs. Pat Doolan, from the Glen."

"Ah-h!" muttered Dan'l, seating himself on a large green sod. "Pat Doolan's wife, did you say, Mikeen?"

"Aye, indeed, hers'l: Bridget Delany that was."

"Dear, dear; poor young woman."

"Young!" exclaimed Mikeen. "Why she was fifty an' more."

"See that now; poor young woman."

Mikeen looked amazement, sent his pick into the soil, and said:

"I'd say she was middlin' ould meself."

"An' what happened her, Mikeen?"

"A could that got on her lungs carried her off. I believe if she was a younger woman"—he looked at Dan'l—"she might have got better. You'd better not be sittin' on that could sod."

"There's no fear iv me," said Dan'l.

"Upon me conscience," muttered Mikeen from the depths of the grave, "I believe there's not."

He continued to use pick and shovel for some minutes, Dan'l watching him intently. With a morbid curiosity he would now and again stretch out his stick and turn over some of the bones thrown up; then would come relapses into watchfulness.

"Well if this isn't quar."

Mikeen was on his knees in the grave.

"Did y' spake, Mikeen?" asked Dan'l.

"Look at that," said Mikeen, suddenly standing upright.

In the palm of his right hand he held a cross, which was partially encrusted with clay. Around the cross was wound the remains of a rosary beads.

"What is it?" queried Dan'l, peering into the face of Mikeen.

"'Tis a cross an' a rosary," said the grave-digger. "It's strange I never come on it afore: I must have gone a bit into the next grave."

"A cross an' a rosary?" muttered Dan'l. "A big cross is it?"

"Well, it is," said Mikeen. "Take it in y'r hand."

The fingers of Dan'l closed over the

cross for one brief moment; in the next it fell with a clatter on some bones.

Mikeen saw that the eyes of Dan'l had brightened: the cross had brought some incident of the past before his mind. In the passing seconds Mikeen saw the aged eyes close and the aged form quiver. He became frightened.

"Dan'l!" he cried; "Dan'l?"

"I remimber," muttered Dan'l; "I remimber. That was——. Mikeen?"

"Well, Dan'l?" said Mikeen, whose hands grasped the side of the grave.

"D' y' remimber whin the wooden cross was put near the holy well?"

"Me remimber it? Why I wasn't born thin, Dan'l."

Dan'l opened his eyes, and stared.

"You're right," he said. "You couldn't remember it. Shure, I was at your christenin', wasn't I?"

"Shure, y' wor," assented Mikeen, readily.

"I'm gettin' foolish," said Dan'l, in an apclogetic tone. "I'm forgettin' I'm an' ould man, an' you're a young man."

Mikeen was going to utter a contradiction, but judiciously refrained, and said:

"But the cross I'm afther findin', Dan'l: do y' know anythin' about the cross?"

The wrinkles in the face of Dan'l formed in close array; his lips tightened, and his eyes half closed, meditatively. It required an extraordinary effort for him to project himself into the past, and to try and piece a particular incident together. At length he spoke. The words fell from his lips in a steady monotone:

"I mind the time," he said, "whin I was young, an' lived wid me father an' mother at the far end of the Glen. The holy well av Gortnabeg was a bit off the road, an' about wan hundhred yards from our house. It was a short time before what I'm goin' to tell you happened that the wooden cross was put up, an' as there was nothin' in front of the well—no fence or ditch—anyone comin' the road could

aisley see thim that was prayin' there. An', an',——"

His voice ceased. The wrinkles on his face seemed, if possible, to stand out in greater relief. His memory had failed him.

"The cross," he said suddenly; "where's the cross?"

Mikeen, who had picked it up, placed it in his hand.

With trembling fingers he clutched it, and began to speak again.

"I mind the time whin I was a young man an' lived wid me father an' mother at the far end iv the Glen——"

"Dan'l?" said Mikeen. "Dan'l?"

"Yes, Mikeen?"

"Y' wor sayin' that anyone comin' the road could aisley see thim that was prayin' at the cross."

"Thank y', Mikeen. I was forgettin'. An' wan that used t' go t' the well a'most every day was the purtiest girleen in the whole countryside, wan Mary Conner. Indeed, Father Dominic used t' say too, she was fit to be a nun, an' I think she might h' been too, oney she wasn't over strong. In thim days, Mikeen, the tinentry had a couple of bad landlords, an' the people iv Gortnabeg was often sad enough. Wan iv the landlords was called Chinnery, an' whin he died, which he did sudden, his wife come in for it all. No one cared for her, be raison av her havin' turned an' become a Protestant when she married Chinnery. It's well bekknown that them that turn is worse agin Catholics than the rale Protestants; but, spakin' in fair play, it was said she might come back to the ould faith if oney the grace come to her rightly. She was somthin' iv a hard woman, hard on the servants, an' hard on the tenants whin she got the property. Anyway, a couple ov bad seasons come; the rent couldn't be met, an' what does she do but sarve the tinants wid eviction notices, an' among thim was Mary Conner's father. Oh! Mikeen, that act wint like a knife to

their hearts, because they always done their best, an' if she wor to put thim on the wide world, they wor done for evermore.

"A bit afther the notices wor sarved I was comin' along the road, an' near the holy well, right at the foot iv the cross, there was purty Mary Conner prayin' on her knees, an' between her hands she was houldin' the cross an' beads you're afther

"The house iv Mrs. Chinnery was a fine wan, wid a walk to it, an' a short cut could be made be passin' close to wan side av the house. Wan evenin' afther dark I come that way, an' was just goin' by whin I looked up at the windy. I stopped on the minit an' crep' undher a bush. I'll tell you what I see, Mikeen. I see Mrs. Chinnery standin' in the middle iv the

room, an' I see Mary Corner standin' a bit off, fominst her. They wor lookin' at wan another, an' I heard Mrs. Chinnery sayin':

"'Now that you've got in, what do you want?'"

"Mary begin to redden an' stammer out somethin', an' thin she become calm, an' in two minits she was talkin' so quick I could hardly folly her. She was askin' Mrs. Chinnery not to be hard on the tinants, an', oh! Mikeen, the way her eyes shone, an' the blushes kep' goin' an' comin' med me heart (I was young thin) lep up. Mrs. Chinnery kep' lookin' at her an' sayin' nothin'; oney lookin', lookin', an' whin Mary was done spakin' she—Mrs. Chinnery, I mane—made a step to a rope hangin' near the fire, but Mary come for-



PLEADING FOR THE TENANTS.

diggin' up. I could hear the words she was sayin'. She was callin' on the Blessed Virgin an' Saint Anthony, that Father Dominic tould her all about, to soften the heart iv a cruel woman, an' not lave unfortunate people widout a home. I passed on, an' was forgettin' all about it in a week, whin it was brought afore me all iv a sudden.

ninst her agin, an' stopped her. Mrs. Chinnery said somethin', I don't know what, an' thin Mary wint down on her knees.

"I niver knelt to anyone but God afore," she said, "'an' now I kneel to you, an' I ax you, in the name of God, not to turn out thim you have known so well, an' who always ped whin they could.

There's fathers an' mothers an' their children; it i'd be cruel, cruel. In the name of God spare thim, give thim a chance.'

"Afther lookin' at her a bit, Mrs. Chinnery said:

"'Get up off your knees. I don't know who sent you here, but you're a foolish girl. Get up an' go away!'

"But Mary wouldn't go; she clung close to Mrs. Chinnery, an' caught hold iv her dress. An' then she did what I considhered a foolish thing at the time, an' wid the woman she was dalin' wid—she dhrew from her bosom a cross, wid a rosary round it—the wan I have in me hand—an' cried out:

"Blessed Virgin an' Saint Anthony, don't forsake me now! don't forsake me now!

"Thim words struck Mrs. Chinnery. She shut her mouth hard, run to the rope, gave it a vicious pull, an' whin a sarvent come in, she pointed to Mary an' tould him to take her out iv the room; an' poor Mary, sobbin' an' cryin', was dragged out.

"I stood watchin', Mikeen, watchin' like a cat, the cruel hard woman inside. Whin she was by herself she turned to the windy, an' stared out, an' kep' starin' away into the darkness. Afther a bit she wint

an' sat on a chair, an' buried her head in her hands, as if she wor cryin'. But she wasn't, Mikeen. She ruz her head in a minit, an' said in a whisper like:

"A cross! a cross! The Blessed Virgin! Saint Anthony! I thought I had

forgotten all those things. I have. I hate them! No! no! What is this feelin' that smothers my anger to that girl? I used to have that feeling when I was a girl, and prayed like that girl, but now—now that time seems coming back. My God, is it Thou that speakest to me?



SHE KEPT STARING AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS.

Thou!"

"She wint down on her knees, Mikeen.

"Whin she stood up again, the light was shinin' in her eyes, an' I thought I noticed somethin' like tears, but I suppose I was mistaken. In a couple iv minutes

she wint out iv the room an' I cum away.

'I med up me mind not to spake to anyone av what I seen. A fortnight wint by, an' I heard Mary Conner was sick, rale bad, an'—an' in a week she was dead. She had a big wake: the townland was there, comin' an' goin', an' in the evenin' a crowd iv the neighbours was gethered in the room where poor Mary was lyin' with the cross an' rosary clasped in her hands. The talk begin to run on Mrs. Chinnery, an' to me surprise I heard the evictions was stopped. An' while I heeded the talkin' I looked at the dead face iv Mary Connor. There was thim who said Mrs. Chinnery was comin' back to the ould faith, an' for this an' the stoppin' iv the evictions the raison was given that it was her brother from abroad had come round her, an' won her back to goodness agin. An' lookin' at the dead face of the purty girleen I couldnt stand it any longer. So I wint over to where a group iv thim was talkin'.

" 'Well, Dan'l,' says wan av thim—Jamsey Regan, that's ded this fifty year—'an' wasn't he a good man to save us from eviction?'

" 'He niver saved ye,' says I, 'niver!'

" They all opened their mouths and eyes an' looked at me.

" 'An' iv he didn't, who did?' says Jamsey Regan; 'who?'

" 'She did.'

" 'Mary Conner!' says they, 'an' stared at her, an' clusthered together.

" Aye! Mary Conner, that's lyin' dead there. I, Dan'l Brady, bear witness that she saved ye from eviction: I bear witness! I saw her plead for ye with that cross an' rosary in her hand on her knees afore Mrs. Chinnery, an' I saw,—an' thin I wint on an' tould thim everything."

Dan'l for a moment ceased to speak: he raised the cross and pressed it to his lips.

"An' now," he murmured, "after the passin' iv the years, I hould the cross in me hand. An' them that Mary saved: where are they now? Dead an' gone, dead an' gone, an' I oney remain iv them all to bear witness of what she done."

Mikeen spoke no word. He watched Dan'l relapse into silence. With pick and shovel he busied himself in completing the grave. This done, he came out and placed his head on the old man's shoulder.

"Dan'l," he said, "Dan'l."

"I bear witness. I—"

"I'm ready to go, Dan'l; maybe you'd be comin'?"

"Shure, Mikeen," said Dan'l, "shure."

The cross had fallen from his hands and rested close to the remains of a skull. He seemed to have forgotten it.

Together they made their way amongst the tombs, the old man supported by the grave-digger.

R. J. BROPHY.





The Sodality of the Living Rosary.

INTRODUCTORY.

YIELDING to the wishes of several priests who seek fuller information on the subject which forms the title of these articles, and to convey accurate information to any of our readers who feel an interest in it, we have consented to publish in the columns of this magazine, as plainly and as briefly as possible, all that is necessary to be known concerning the Sodality of the Living Rosary. As the supreme control of the Living Rosary has been entrusted by the Apostolic Authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, of happy memory, to the Master General of the Order of Friars Preachers, it is fitting that the legislation of the Church and of the Order on this matter should be transferred to these pages, especially as the Sodality has been so long and so widely known in Ireland. We need not say that to avoid the danger of the indulgences and other spiritual blessings being lost, with which the Sodality has been enriched, it is necessary that it should be validly established in a place and its essential rules observed in its working.

HISTORICAL.

If we trace back the history of the Living Rosary, and consider the circum-

stances which led to its institution, we shall learn why it was so named, and we shall also learn why a devotion which, to use a phrase that is consecrated in an Apostolical Brief, belongs by hereditary right to the Order of Saint Dominic, sprang into being in its new form, and flourished for a time without the nourishing care of its natural protection.

Early in the present century a wave of unbelief swept over Southern France, leaving for many a long day traces of the destruction it wrought on the Church and its practices. With the suppression of the religious houses and the dispersion of their inmates, among them being the sons of the Order whose richest heirloom is the Rosary of Mary, the Confraternity of the Rosary collapsed, and the devotion itself ceased to be practised as of old. Then it was that a pious Frenchwoman, Madame Marie Pauline Jaricot, living at Lyons, conceived the happy idea of restoring the Rosary, but in a form before unknown. The ancient Rosary showed no signs of life. It was *dead* apparently, but from the old trunk came forth a living branch. This was the *living* Rosary. Those who still believed in the efficacy of prayer, and in the Virgin Mother's intercession, might be got to say one decade of the ancient Rosary daily in her honour, and fifteen of such, to distribute the fifteen mysteries among them,

so that each one saying a decade and meditating on a separate mystery, the whole Rosary, in the spirit of its founder, might become a living actuality. The idea was a novel one. It took; and lo! the devotion of the Rosary is restored.

The association so beautifully conceived received the approbation of the Holy See, but there were no Dominicans to take charge of its government, so two priests, John Francis Bétemps, Canon of Lyons, and Benedict Marduel, Vicar of St. Roch, in Paris, were entrusted with the task, under the title of Directors General. It rapidly spread among the faithful in Italy, France, Germany, and other countries. But in course of time, through various causes, the governing power became weakened, while in many places the living Rosary was relapsing into the nature of a private devotion, and where it still retained the semblance of a society there was great reason to fear that the indulgences were lost through some radical defect in its working.

The restoration of the Dominican Order in France was now effected, and the provincials of the three provinces into which France was divided, to save the young association from becoming extinct, petitioned the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., to transfer its government to the Master-General of the Order of Preachers, and to direct that its sodalities might be managed by the local authorities of the great Rosary Confraternity. By a Brief, dated August 17, 1877, the Holy Father granted the prayer of the petition. Under the care of its new authority the Sodality of the Living Rosary has entered upon a career of extended usefulness.

ITS OBJECT.

The Sodality of the Living Rosary has a two-fold object, namely, in the first instance, to keep its members or associates faithful to the practice of prayer every day of their lives, and, in the next in-

stance, to prepare them for admission into the great Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary. This two-fold end is not always attained. Many remain satisfied with the Sodality of the Living Rosary without aspiring to be enrolled in the Confraternity of the Rosary, with its richer fruits. They are like travellers who leave the dusty road on a sultry day to enjoy the shade and beauty of a garden on the way, but linger near the gate, though more striking beauty and deeper shade lie beyond. Why the second object of the Sodality is not more frequently attained, it is often difficult to say. We have a suspicion that in many cases the reason is a want of knowledge or of appreciation of the more abundant fruits of prayer, and the more plentiful indulgences that members of the great Confraternity may enjoy. Some persons, and we speak from experience, think that the associates of the Living Rosary individually derive the same benefit from saying one decade as from the whole Rosary, because, the fifteen associates form a circle and combine to say the fifteen decades. One of the aims of these articles will be to correct this impression, while giving, at the same time, due prominence to the advantage of being a member of the Sodality of the Living Rosary. But even if one end only is attained, that of daily prayer, it is a distinct gain to belong to this Sodality.

The second article will deal with the organisation of the Sodality of the Living Rosary and its working.

QUESTIONS REGARDING THE LIVING ROSARY.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Director Dubitans," writes:—"Availing myself of the permission kindly offered to the readers of your deservedly popular magazine, I shall trouble you for the solution of the following questions:

1. Is a priest, from the fact of his suc-

ceeding to the office of one who had been a director (say of P.P.), thereby constituted director of the Sodality in his parish ?

2. If not, to whom must he look for authority to appoint him to the office of director ?

3. Do members of the Sodality gain the indulgences conceded by the Holy See should the appointment of director, or "zelator," be from any cause invalid ?

4. Do members gain the indulgences conceded to their Sodality even though the "great Confraternity" be established in another church in the same town or district ?

5. Does the decade of the Rosary appointed to be recited daily by members of the Sodality of the Apostleship of Prayer

satisfy in order to the gaining of the indulgences of the Living Rosary ?

6. Where can one find authentic information as to the Sodality of the Living Rosary, together with an elenchus of indulgences conceded by the Holy See to members of the said Sodality.

To our correspondent's first question we reply: No.

To the second: To the Master General of the Dominican Order, or in Ireland to the Very Rev. Father Provincial.

To the third: No.

To the fourth: Yes.

To the fifth: No.

To the sixth: In the *Acta Sanctae Sedis*, published by the authority of the Dominican Order.



Notes

IN our April number will appear a most interesting article entitled "The Convict Priest of '98." It will give an account of the arrest, trial, scourging, and transportation of Father Harrold, O.P. Whilst having all the attractiveness of a well-told story, it will be a strictly historical narrative of facts which have been vouched for by most trustworthy witnesses. A reduced photo-gravure will be given of the original writ issued for the arrest and transportation to Botany Bay of the venerable confessor, with the original signatures, etc.

* *

WE intend to publish as soon as possible in the pages of our Magazine a serial narrative of the thrilling adventures of a Dominican missionary among the savage tribes of Ecuador, which will be copiously illustrated, and will present a striking picture of that interesting, but little known, country, and its wild inhabitants.

IN the present day, when engineers in various countries are more than ever engaged on solving the difficult problem of aerial navigation, it will be interesting to our readers to learn that the first well-authenticated work written on the subject was from the pen of a distinguished French Dominican, Pere Gallien, in the middle of the last century. He was a well-known mathematician and scientific scholar, and wrote several treatises on electricity, which, if not of practical use in the present day, are useful as illustrating this most important branch of modern science. Pere Gallien's work was published at Avignon in 1757, and is entitled "The Art of Navigation in the Air." It was written 30 years before the book of the Brothers Montgolfier, who for a long time were considered the earliest writers on the subject.



Our Foreign Letters.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE.

THIS is an age of centenary celebrations. We have heard in Florence that you are preparing to hold a celebration in the Emerald Isle to honour the memory of the

brave soldiers who fought and died for Ireland in 1798.

It may interest many of the readers of your magazine to know that we, too, shall have our '98 celebration, though for a different object—the fourth centenary of the death of Savonarola.

His life, as some of your readers may know, has been greatly misunderstood by many, even among Catholics, in every part of the world; and here in the city of his work and preaching we mean to do all in our power to vindicate his memory.

Protestant historians have described him as a forerunner of the so-called reformation, and free-masons and revolutionists (we use the word in its bad sense) have inscribed his name on the standard of their revolt against the authority of our Holy Father, the Pope.

But if this profanation of the name of Savonarola has for the past four hundred years cast a dark shadow on his memory in the minds of many Catholics, there have not been wanting great saints like Saint



FR. JEROME SAVONAROLA.

Philip Neri and Saint Catharine de Ricci, and learned historians, and deep thinkers, who have at all times honoured him as a great and loyal son of the Holy Catholic Church.

Several men of extensive learning have of late made a deep study of the history of Savonarola, and by their researches have proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that he was not only thoroughly Catholic in his teaching and saintly in his private life (which was never called into question), but that he never by word or act rebelled against the authority of the Vicar of Christ. "For Christ and the Roman Church" was the motto of this great Friar; and he used to say, "The Roman Pontiff holds the place of God on earth."

You can understand, therefore, why Catholic Florence is enthusiastically preparing to celebrate his fourth centenary. We mean to honour in him a fearless Ca-

tholic, a great Dominican, burning with zeal for the house of God, a faithful disciple of Saint Thomas of Aquin, and a true reformer of morals, who by the force of his eloquence and bright example converted the Florence of the Libertines into the City of Christ and of Mary. As Italians, we shall honour him as one of the greatest, and undoubtedly the boldest, of all Italian orators, and the inspirer of reform in Italian art.

We shall feel glad if you will join with us in honouring the memory of Savonarola in this centenary year by publishing an account of his magnificent career in *THE IRISH ROSARY*, such an account as will show him to Irishmen in his true character.

C. M.

FOR want of space we have been compelled to hold over a very interesting Roman letter.—ED.



Book Notices.

Life of Saint Patrick. By Muirchir Mac-cu Mactheni. Translated and edited by Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.

We think this short *Life of Saint Patrick* well worthy of notice, and will amply repay a careful perusal. Those who are desirous of knowing who Saint Patrick really was, and what were his labours, would do well to read it, for it is "the first and best life of the Saint that has been written." It was written in the 7th century, when the memory of the Saint was still comparatively fresh, and before the undignified legends of more modern times had disfigured and obscured the story of his life. It has, therefore, great weight as an historical testimony, and may be regarded as the most authentic record of the glorious career of our great apostle.

The Saints of the Rosary: No. 3, Saint Thomas Aquinas. Dublin: Office of *THE IRISH ROSARY*. Price One Penny.

The editors of this series have already published lives of Saint Raymund Pennafort and Saint Catherine de Ricci. Encouraged by the reception these have met with, they have lost no time in bringing out the third of the series. This is the life of the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas of Aquin. In this small volume we are given a very accurate and interesting sketch of the career of this great Saint; of his genius, his learning, the heavenly favours he received, the miracles he wrought, and the unspeakable services he rendered to the Universal Church. We are sure that this popular publication will greatly assist to make Saint Thomas better known and loved.

ECHOES FROM THE CLOISTER



SAINT VINCENT FERRER, O.P., introduced the custom of reciting the "Ave Maria" before the sermon. This pious usage is still universal in France, Spain, and Italy.

* *

AMONG the people of Valencia, in Kerry, there is a tradition that the above-named Saint Vincent landed there in the course of his missionary travels. Dominican writers of the period make no mention of his coming to Ireland, though they are agreed that he preached in London.

* *

THE beautiful words, "now and at the hour of our death, amen," were added to the "Ave Maria" by Pope Pius V., of the Dominican Order, and introduced into the Breviary in the year 1566.

* *

BLESSED JOHN OF VICENZA, of the Dominican Order, introduced the pious custom which still survives among the faithful in Austria and other countries, of saluting one another with the words, "Let Jesus Christ be praised," to which the reply is made "For ever and ever."

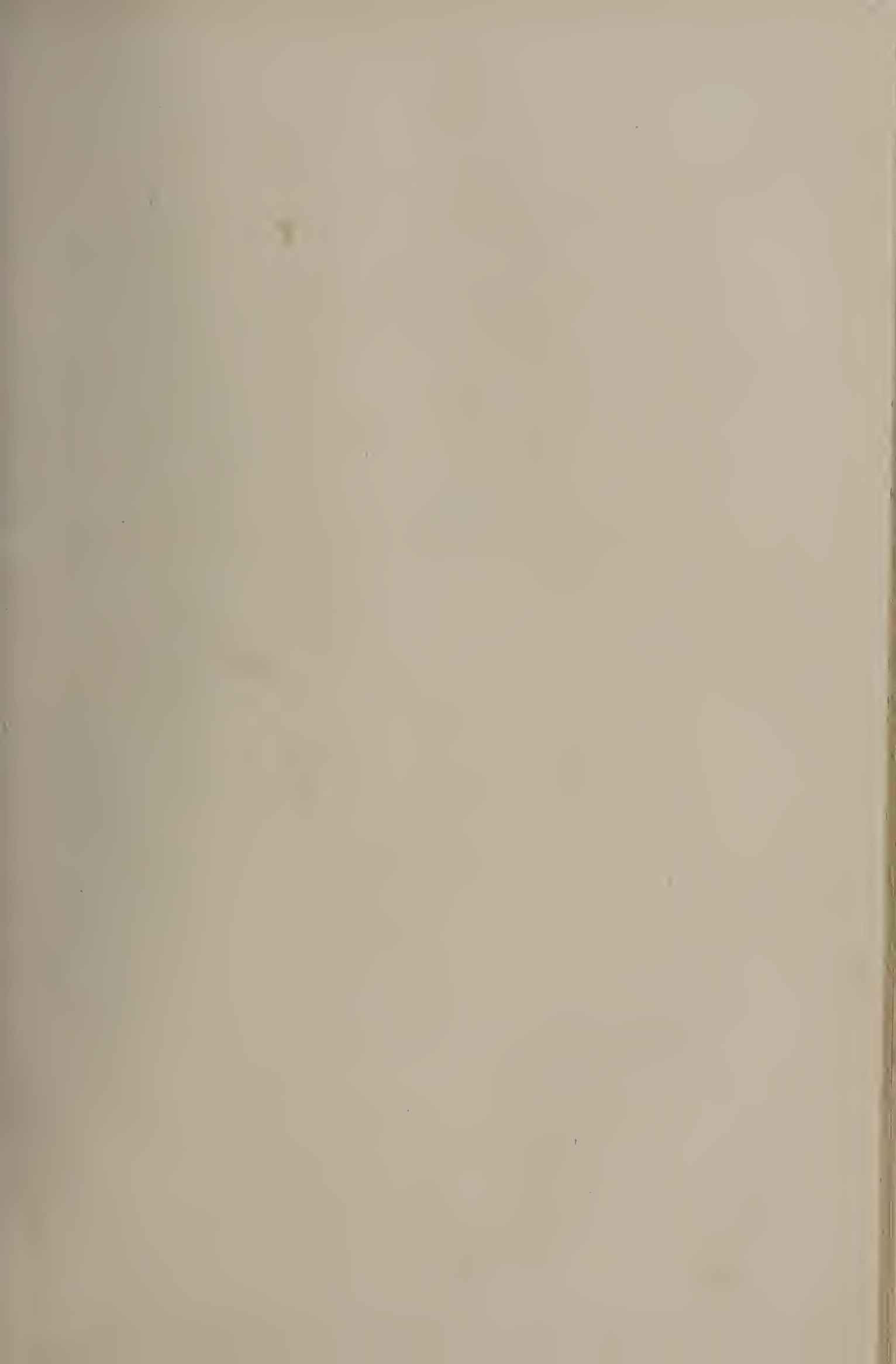
IN Italy, and parts of France, and in all Dominican convents, a pious custom exists of ringing the church bell after sunset every evening. It is called the "De profundis" bell, for this psalm is then recited for the repose of "those that died in the Lord." Pope Paul V. sanctioned its introduction into all the Roman Churches. The custom owes its origin to the zeal and piety of Padre Brandi, Prior of the Dominican Convent of the Minerva, in Rome.

* *

IN the earlier ages of the Church, the "ashes" were given only to the public penitents, who had to appear before the church doors, on the first day of Lent in bare feet, and in the garb of penance.

* *

UP to the close of the 6th century, and perhaps to a much later date, Ash Wednesday, and the three days that follow, were not included in the penitential season of Lent. They were afterwards included, in order that by making, with the weekdays of the six weeks, forty complete days, our Lent should correspond with the forty days fast of Elias and Our Lord.





OUR LADY.

(From a painting by Raphael, in the Patti Palace, Florence.)



Vol. II., No. 4.—APRIL, 1898.

Saint Catharine of Siena.

THE children of Saint Dominic may feel justly proud that their religious family produced such a glorious member as Saint Catharine of Siena, whose feast is celebrated on the 30th of April. Her life was a short one of thirty-three years, and yet it was one full of labours, and of labours, too, which seem quite outside the domain of woman. Her mission was an exceptional one. Unlike any other female saint we know of, she became a counsellor even to the Supreme Pontiff himself, and took a prominent part in the highest affairs of the Church at a very critical period. She was commissioned by the Pope to negotiate the most important Church affairs; she became his ambassador to princes; she preached in the streets and public squares of the cities;

she received the Sacred Stigmata; she wrote treatises and letters remarkable for the sublimity of her doctrine, and for the purity of her style, which even to this day has been held in the highest admiration by litterateurs; and over all her words and actions she left the sweet and undying odour of the rarest sanctity. Few, if any, even of the greatest saints received from Heaven such extraordinary spiritual favours as were vouchsafed to her. In fact, it may be said with truth that, in a sense, she stands alone among the saints. Our readers can, therefore, easily understand how impossible it is for us to do anything like justice to this wonderful woman in a short article—we can only touch on her life.

Like the summer sky of her own beautiful Tuscan country, no cloud ever

dimmed or obscured the day of her spiritual life. From the opening dawn to the glorious sunset of her career, the sunshine of grace shone upon her; and like some exquisite flower that unfolds day after day some new beauty, her growing years witnessed fresh developments of the marvellous gifts with which she was enriched.



ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

At an age when other children have nothing to commend them beyond the loveliness of unreflecting innocence, Catharine seemed to be already a mature saint. When only six years old, she received her first extraordinary favour, in the shape of a vision which ravished her out of her senses; and on returning to herself again she dedicated herself unreservedly to God,

by a vow of virginity. With the advanced virtue of a proficient in holiness, the little child uttered not so much as a word even to her mother of that heavenly visitation.

So great was the purity of her soul that the greatest fault she could accuse herself of during the course of her life was an act of condescension to her sister in

which ordinary persons would fail to trace aught that was in the least blame-worthy. She yielded one day to the importunities of her sister and consented to dress a little genteely. This she always regarded as an act of treachery to God, and all through her life she ceased not to bewail it with tears. Yet people may ask, where was there fault in this? From this one instance we can form some idea of her extreme delicacy of conscience.

To the afflictions of terrible penances voluntarily undertaken were added those of domestic persecution from her own family, who sought, but in vain, to turn her thoughts to the world; but "our Lord had taught her to build in her soul a little cell, strongly vaulted

with the Divine Providence, and to keep herself always close and retired there: He assured her that by this means she should find peace and perpetual repose in her soul, which no storm or tribulation could interrupt or disturb"—these are Saint Catharine's own words.

There are some foolish people who think that a saint reaches the heights of

holiness without a struggle, that they are borne aloft, almost in spite of themselves, on the wings of grace without difficulty, and almost without effort. The study of the life of Saint Catharine dissipates this absurd notion. For a lengthened period she was molested by most terrible temptations, against which she had to pray and strive like any ordinary Christian. This long season of temptation was followed by one of spiritual dryness, during which God seemed to have withdrawn Himself entirely from her. It was a time of most severe trial; but with the generosity which saints only possess she fought her way to God, and proved by her unshaken fidelity the constancy of her love, and the thoroughness of her virtue. Then came the suspicions of even good men, the petty jealousies of the unworthy, the calumnies of the bad; but like a gallant ship that bears the brunt of the tempest, and rides safely over the stormy billows, she triumphed over all her enemies, and sped on her way victoriously to the goal of her affections. She attained to supereminent sanctity, but it cost her many a hard struggle and many a sore trial.

God bore witness to her sanctity by bestowing on her the gift of miracles, and rewarded her for her fidelity under temptation by showering upon her wonderful spiritual favours. Her visions were many, her ecstasies frequent. Our Lord in bodily form deigned repeatedly to recite

the Divine office of the Church with her. Once, from Ash Wednesday to Ascension Thursday—a period of eighty days—she subsisted on no other food than the life-giving Bread of the Tabernacle. She was the first female saint who received the Sacred Stigmata. All the while she was the humblest and most obedient of God's



ST CATHARINE MEDITATING ON THE PASSION.

servants, devoted to prayer and works of charity, simple, mortified and utterly oblivious of self. Such is a mere outline of her interior or private life. The white habit of Saint Dominic never covered a purer heart, his mantle never enveloped a more worthy child.

Tried by temptation, proved by adversity, enlightened by contemplation, united to Christ by spiritual espousals, transcendently holy by the practice of the most

exalted virtues, Saint Catharine comes before us now in a new character. She was to be an Apostle, and was to speak with authority, even to the Vicar of Christ. Acting under inspiration, and with the approval and sanction of her spiritual guides and ecclesiastical superiors, she went through the cities of Northern Italy to preach peace and amendment of life. So wonderful were the effects of her words

the name of "liberty" invaded the patrimony of Peter, and, after many attempts, succeeded in wrenching from the hands of the Pope the civil authority which was his by inalienable right, so in the days of Saint Catharine, the most powerful cities of Tuscany and the Romagna rose in revolt against the Pontiff Gregory, and in the same name of "liberty" sought to accomplish the same wicked designs; but

they were thwarted in their purposes, and brought to a sense of duty chiefly through the instrumentality of this saintly virgin. Her prayers for the welfare of the Church, her penances and tears, and her letters to the discontented and revolted cities had a magic effect. Florence, the most turbulent and powerful of them all, sent for her. At her approach the magistrates and great functionaries of state went forth to meet her, and left to her discretion the manner and carrying out of their submission to the Pope, and appointed ambassadors to follow her to the Papal court, who were commanded to subscribe to whatever conditions she should lay down. The Pope on this



ST. CATHARINE EXHORTING POPE GREGORY XI. TO RETURN TO ROME.

that Pope Gregory XI. appointed a number of Dominican Friars to accompany her on her journeys in order to administer the Sacraments to the vast numbers who owed their conversion to her prayers and discourses. "These priests," writes one of her biographers, "were occupied night and day in hearing the confessions of many who had never confessed before."

As in our own day, intriguing men, in

the following remarkable words: "I desire nothing but peace. I put the affair entirely into your hands. I only recommend to you the honour of the Church." Nothing more is needed to show in what esteem Catharine was held. She was then only twenty-nine years of age.

Later on in the same year she accomplished another great work which had a direct bearing on the welfare of the entire

Church. For seventy-four years successive Pontiffs had resided at Avignon, far away from Peter's See, with results the most lamentable. Saint Catharine was the instrument used by Heaven to heal this gaping wound in the Bride of Christ. She presented herself at the feet of Pope Gregory XI., and exhorted him, in God's name to return to Rome. "Fulfil," she said, "without delay what you have promised to God." In spite of many obstacles, and difficulties, which seemed insurmountable, the Pontiff returned to Rome in the September of the same year.

Two years after this event, all Christendom was disturbed and scandalized by the pretensions of an anti-Pope. Once more Saint Catharine championed successfully the cause of God. By her letters she brought about peace and unity. She won from his side the pretender's staunchest supporters, and brought them in submission to the feet of the real Pope, Urban VI. She was summoned to Rome by the Pontiff, and here again a most remarkable thing occurred—a thing, perhaps, unique in the history of the Church. "The Sovereign Pontiff," says Blessed Raymond of Capua, her confessor, "commanded me to write to her, and beseech her to come to Rome, for he desired her presence and support in the midst of the troubles which surrounded him." On her arrival in Rome she received the Pope's command "to go to the Consistory of Cardinals" which he was then holding, "and to address them on the subject of the Church, its troubles and its needs." This she did in such wise as to astonish, by her wisdom, all those as-

sembled to hear her. "My Lord Cardinals," said the Pope, "this humble virgin confounds us. Does she not put us all to shame?" Soon after he gave her a Brief empowering her to invite to Rome in his name any persons she deemed fit to act as his counsellors in the government of the Church.

The year following this extraordinary incident she died in her little room close



ECSTASY OF ST. CATHARINE AFTER RECEIVING
THE STIGMATA.

to the Dominican Church of the Minerva in Rome. She suffered great darkness of soul for a time on the last day of her life, and passed through a terrible scene of temptations. It would seem that the devil attempted to frighten her by representing to her that she had been actuated in her labours for the Church by vanity, and the desire of applause. Those who knelt by her hard couch looked on in silent awe. When this conflict had con-

tinued for several hours, she became quite calm and her wonted serene smile once more returned to her countenance, and then, as if unconscious of the presence of others, she cried aloud: "No, never! never for human praise, all for the honour and glory of God. Thou callest me, O Lord; I go to Thee. I do not rely on my merits, I trust entirely on Thy mercy. Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit." These were her last words.

We have made passing allusion to her letters. Several hundreds of them have been collected, and each one of them is worthy of a saint. They were addressed to Popes, Kings, Cardinals, secular magnates of all ranks, and to the poor and humble. We give one, which may serve as a fair specimen of the rest. It is a recent translation from the Latin by Mrs. Butler, and is addressed to a certain abbot who showed reluctance in receiving into his monastery one of her disciples. "I pray you, dear Father, never to regard anyone in the light of any outward circumstances, or of any greatness or baseness of birth which he may possess. The Son of God, in whose steps

"you are bound to follow, never discarded any one on account of his outward condition, were he a just man or a criminal; but every reasonable creature desiring to flee from sin was and is acceptable to Him. Let this youth be born as he may, God no more despises the soul of one born in sin, than He does the soul of one born in wedlock. It is good and sincere desires alone which are regarded by our God; and, therefore, I pray and demand that you receive kindly this tender plant, who desires to be planted in your garden, for he has a good will and holy desires. I have wondered exceedingly at your refusal of him. Perhaps he who brought the message made some mistake. But now I pray you, in the name of Christ crucified, to dispose yourself to receive him heartily, for he is a good boy; if he had not been so, I would not have sent him to you."

The whole world has heard of this glorious Saint, Rome invokes her as Patroness of the Eternal City, the Order of Saint Dominic salutes her as its Seraphic Mother.

J. M.



The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

IN the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read that Saint Paul's preaching at Ephesus was opposed by the silversmiths and others who made religious objects for persons visiting the famous Temple of Diana in that city. This remarkable building was considered one of the "nine wonders of the world." It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred in breadth, and was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven marble pillars, each seventy feet high. It

was built on a marsh, which had to be drained by means of huge sewers. The foundations were immense. It took as many as two hundred and twenty years to complete this historic structure. The chief object of attraction it possessed was a small black wooden statue, or idol, of Diana. It was held in great veneration by the Pagan nations of North-Western Asia. Hence the cry against Saint Paul: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."



The Pater Noster.

OUR FATHER, who enthroned in light,
Surrounded by Thy legions bright,
Who cast their radiant crowns before
Thee,

In rapturous ecstasy adore Thee
Holy, Holy, Holy, Thou
From dim eternities to now!
Be morn and eve our vows the same,
Hallowed be Thy holy name!
Tho' it bring woe, alas! to some,
The kingdom of Thy glory come.
When marshalled at Thy high command
Obedient heavenly cohorts stand,
All honours shall be seen to be
Mere shadows of Thy royalty.
In us, in all, we humbly pray
Thy blessed will be done alway.
The earth with beauty Thou hast decked,
The starry heavens Thy power reflect;
Their splendour to our senses tell
Thy wisdom hath done all things well.
These Thou hast made for us, and they

All do Thy will, shall we gainsay?
Thou, who observest hearts and deeds,
Knowest what each one daily needs,
And cloth'st the flower with loveliness,
Canst Thou behold Thy child's distress?
Father, we say (no Ruler dread),
Give us this day our daily bread.
Ten thousand talents was our debt,
This Thou didst pardon and forget
In Thy most bounteous love, and thence
Shall we enforce our hundred pence?
As in Thy gracious light we live,
And hope Thou wilt our sins forgive.
Grant to us meekness, so may we
Forgive a brother's injury.
When Satan spreads the shining snare
Thy Spirit have us in His care!
Thou who allow'st that evil be,
Yet canst therein Thy glory see,
Canst from the serpent snatch his
sting,
Deliver us from the Evil thing.

S. V. P.



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.

“JUST three years and a half after I had left Athmoy Castle, I was ordered with my regiment to join the troops sent to lay siege to it. My first impulse was to resign my commission rather than draw a sword against those who had been so kind to me; but, on consideration, I knew that that would be useless; my resignation, when ordered on active service, would not be accepted. And then I trusted I would be able to protect my old friends if I were on the spot when the Castle would be taken. Some unexpected delay caused me to arrive at Athmoy just as its valiant chieftain was slain. Whispering to my faithful servant, William Weston, to keep close to me, I rushed in front of the soldiers who were forcing their way into the Castle. We hurried by a private staircase

to the family apartments, at the entrance of which we were met by the faithful Norah Gray, whom I had known as the Lady Kathleen's attendant. She told me that if I could succeed in keeping a door which seemed built in the wall from being opened for one quarter of an hour, the Lady Kathleen and her infant would have escaped. We did so: and as I saw the rage of MacMurragh when he found that his victims had escaped I could easily see that the Lady Kathleen would have had short shrift and speedy end had he found her.

“For many days I was uneasy about her fate, as the most diligent search was being made for her. I suspected that she had taken refuge in one of the almost inaccessible caves that nature had formed for many miles in the mountain on the side of which the Castle was built. If, so, would she not be starved to death! Night after night my faithful William and I sallied

forth from our camp; he bearing provisions under his military cloak.

"On the fourth night we went in a completely different direction from heretofore, and when at a great distance from the camp, I thought of whistling softly an air that the Lady Kathleen had been in the habit of singing as a child. After a while I saw, in the moonlight, a figure descending the sheer cliff, where I had thought that a roe could scarce find footing. I waited, and found, to my amazement, that it was the aged Prior, Father MacGeoghegan. He informed us that the faithful Norah had her mistress safely concealed towards the heart of the mountain, whilst he kept guard in these outer caves, but that truly provisions were exhausted, and the supply we brought was none too soon.

"Night by night William renewed the supply, but this could not go on. And in Ireland, Lady Kathleen would never be safe. Yet, how could she escape?"

"One morning a packet was handed to me, informing me that my father was dead, and that I was now Earl of Wyndham. My father had been long an invalid, and though I grieved sincerely for him, the thought entered my mind that now I could save Lady Kathleen O'Neill. If she would but accept my hand I could have no difficulty, as an English Earl, in resigning my commission and getting permission to travel with passports for myself and suite.

"In order to save your life, Maybelle—for you were her infant child—she consented. With no witnesses, save the faithful Norah and my servant William, the venerable Prior united our hands in holy wedlock.

"Our troops were soon ordered back to Dublin, whither I accompanied them; and, as I anticipated, I found no difficulty in getting all the requisite papers, whilst William procured the necessary disguises, for my wife and her attendant.

"By this time it was believed that the Lady Kathleen and her child had been

drowned in one of the numerous loughs of the mountain, so the search for her was relaxed. Nevertheless, we deemed it prudent to travel only by night, and by the most unfrequented roads, until we reached the coast of the south-east, where a vessel lay in wait to convey us to friendly Portugal. I tried to induce Father MacGeoghegan to accompany us, but he replied, with a smile, 'At seventy years of age, one does not flee from danger. The duty of a good shepherd is to stay with his flock, and, if need be, to die for it. I shall never leave my faithful people.' Every care that love could devise was bestowed upon your darling mother. I trusted that the balmy air of Portugal would restore her failing strength, but all was in vain; the terrible trials she had undergone were too much for her frail system. She lived but one month after the birth of Alice ere she went to the eternal life she had so well merited, for if ever I believe in saints, I would say that she, the gentle, the heroic, the noble Kathleen was one. My love was buried in her grave, never again to be bestowed on other, save the two children she left after her."

* * * * *

Maybelle wept very quietly, and after a short silence the Earl resumed:

"You may wonder why I left you so long in ignorance of all this! Not only the possession of my estates, but, mayhap, of my life depended on the strict secrecy which should be observed about the wife whom I had married. Inquiry about that subject was hushed up by my remaining long in Portugal; but were it known that you were not my child, the name of your real father should come to the fore; and the fact of my marrying the daughter and widow of attainted rebels would be fraught with dire consequences to me. As it is, your very near kinsman, Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, is in arms against the English Government.

"Remember, my dear child, all is to

remain unchanged in our relations. You are still to act as the mistress of Wyndham Court. That Alice and Cecil are attached simplifies matters for me, as I can easily make Sir Edward believe that you have resigned Wyndham to Alice in order to have the long-desired union of the two estates effected. For you, Maybelle, I have laid by a princely fortune, one worthy of the descendant of kings."

"My Lord, I cannot."

"How now, Maybelle! My Lord! to one who has ever acted as your most loving father. What have I done to forfeit that title?"

"Oh, my father, my father! I always loved you so intensely. And to find that you are not my father! It is hard, oh, so hard!"

And the poor child burst into uncontrollable weeping.

The Earl soothed her with loving words and gentle caresses, assuring her that his heart had never made any difference between her and Alice. After a while she grew calm. He sent for the faithful Norah, to whose care he consigned her, promising that he would tell Alice that she was not to be disturbed that evening as her head ached.

Yes, head and heart truly ached. She longed to be away somewhere, anywhere!

Late that evening, Norah brought the Earl a note from Maybelle, entreating permission to go at break of day to Lady Talbot, at Granite Hall, who had long invited her. She declared that she never could act as mistress of Wyndham Court, once she knew she had no claim to be it. She begged of him to tell Alice all, and she asked leave to speak freely to Lady Talbot, who was as true as steel. She thanked him with all her heart for his love and goodness to her and to her mother, but, for the present, she believed it better to be away.

This request fell in with the Earl's own wishes; for, knowing Maybelle's high spirit, he had been full of fears lest she

should excite suspicion by her changed demeanour, for Maybelle could not dissemble: so he granted the two permissions, feeling that for a while it would be as well that she should be absent.

Sending for William Weston, the Earl desired him to be ready with two armed servants in the early morning, to escort his young mistress and Norah Gray to Granite Hall, for he wished Maybelle to have with her the faithful nurse who had been so true to her mother and to herself.

Leaving a loving line for Alice, May-



A MAN WHO HAD BEEN SLEEPING BY THE
ROADSIDE STARTED UP.

belle rode forth from what had been to her, her father's home. The early dew danced in the morning sunbeams like flashing diamonds. The surprised lark rose in the air, singing to greet the early traveller; the sun broke through the morning mist, flooding the beauteous scene with brightness and warmth, and all breathed peace.

At a little eninence Maybelle reined in her steed, and took what was to be her last look at the home of her childhood. As she did so, a man who had been sleeping by the roadside, started up, uttering

a muttered exclamation of surprise, and crouched down at once until the party had started on its way. We have seen him lately, marshalling the rough rabble who wrecked Euston Hall, and, therefore, it gives us an undefined feeling of dread when we see him start at a swinging pace to follow our young friend, never losing sight of her until the great gates at the entrance of the demesne at Granite Hall close behind her.

CHAPTER IX.

A WARM welcome greeted Maybelle, for she was a general favourite. There was some surprise that Alice had not accompanied her, but good-breeding forbade its being expressed. Lady Talbot's quick eye detected the signs of suffering on Maybelle's countenance, and she insisted on taking possession of the young girl, to give her a good rest, as she said.

Bringing her guest to her own boudoir, she took off Maybelle's wraps, and getting a dish of soup, forced her young friend to swallow it before any conversation took place. Then a quiet "Now, what is it, my own Maybelle?" unlocked the young girl's overburdened heart.

When she had ended, Lady Talbot said quietly: "I think you make too much of it, my dear child. How many hundreds of young widows have married again, and the children of their first marriage considered their step-fathers with the same feelings of love and respect as if these had been their real fathers. When was a father more loving to a child than the Earl of Wyndham has ever been to you? Why should this new knowledge change your feelings towards him or lessen your love for him?"

"Oh, no, no, it does not in the least diminish my love for him. On the contrary, that has been increased, if possible, by hearing of his love and devotedness to my poor mother. But, if you can under-

stand me, when one whom you have always looked on as your nearest and dearest, round whom the fibres of your heart have clung, whom you have regarded as your dearest and only surviving parent, when such a one is found to be nothing whatever to you, it is a wrench; a terrible heart wrench."

Heaving a deep sigh, Lady Talbot said in a low tone: "The real heart-wrench is, when your nearest and dearest, round whom your heart has twined, proves to be unworthy of that love, the mention of whose name brings the blush of shame to your brow, that is the crushing heart-pain."

Maybelle looked up in amazement and saw that Lady Talbot's eyes were suffused with tears.

Quickly controlling her emotion, the latter spoke to her young friend at some length. Then Maybelle drew forth a beautifully carved cedar-wood case, inlaid with silver, containing a mother-of-pearl rosary. "Norah gave me this last night. She told me it belonged to my mother; that it came from Rome, and that the Pope blessed it, whatever that means."

Lady Talbot smiled. "For your mother's sake, at all events, you will always carry it about you."

"I mean always to wear it round my neck inside my dress. I only kept it in the case to show it to you. But I intend to learn all about my mother's religion. Norah says I am a baptized Catholic. She considers that her lips are now unlocked, and that she can speak freely to me. I heard such terrible things about the Catholic religion from my governess, Dame Dorothy Clinton, that I do not yet know if I shall profess it."

"God will give you light, if you only ask Him. Do you pray, Maybelle?"

"Not much, indeed. Sometimes I am too tired to say night-prayers, but every day I say a little prayer that Charles Rookwood taught me as a child: 'Mother of God, be a mother to me.'"

"And she will, my child; there is no fear of you. But let us come downstairs now, the young people will be waxing impatient at my so long detaining their favourite friend."

Comforted and cheered by Lady Talbot, Maybelle appeared in the drawing-room with her usual bright and winning smile.

The joy of all was great on hearing that she would stay with them for some time.

Before a week had elapsed, however, all the inmates of Granite Hall were cast into deep grief by the unexpected news that Charles Rookwood had been thrown into prison as a recusant, by an order of



CHARLES ROOKWOOD IN PRISON.

the Privy Council. The Earl of Wyndham was not surprised to hear of this, as he had half feared that such would be the case. He hastened to Granite Hall with Alice, whom he left there, whilst he and Sir John Talbot went to Norwich to see what could be done for the relief of the unfortunate Charles, who was confined in the prison there.

We will not shock our readers by detailing the state in which this prison was

kept, we merely refer them to a letter written by the infamous Topcliffe to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he describes the loathsome condition of the prisoners in Norwich.* When the Earl of Wyndham begged to be allowed to see his nephew he was advised not to attempt to descend to the noisome dungeon, unless he wished to bring away a fever with him. Nothing daunted, he persevered, but one interview was the most he could obtain, and neither entreaties nor bribery could succeed in obtaining a mitigation of Charles's sufferings.

Finding these efforts ineffectual, he directed his attention to remedying the damages wrought in Euston Hall, Charles being no longer at hand to oppose him. He paid off the heaviest mortgages, and gave such orders as were necessary to restore the ancient manor to the good order in which it stood previous to her Majesty's visit.

Returning to Granite Hall, he and Alice begged of Maybelle to return to Wyndham, Alice declaring that life was not worth living without her darling Maybelle. But the latter so sweetly and earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain where she was until after Christmas, that she could not be refused.

Yes, until after Christmas, when she would have been received back into the true Church from which she had so long unconsciously strayed; for the faith she had inherited from her fathers sprang into life at the first touch of the ray of knowledge. Belief in the truths of our holy religion came intuitively as soon as those truths were presented to her mind. She had not been one week in Granite Hall before she was in belief an ardent Catholic, longing to pronounce her abjuration of heresy. But she knew that a certain amount of prudence was necessary. Did the Earl but gain the faintest inkling of how affairs stood, he would have insisted

* Lodge's *Illustrations of Brit. Hist.* vol. 11

on her immediate return to Wyndham Court. So she wished to be first received back into that true fold from which she had been an unconscious wanderer since infancy; and then, when her soul would have been strengthened by the life-giving Sacraments she could return to the home of her childhood prepared to meet any suffering in defence of her faith. She held frequent converse about religious matters with her nurse, Norah Gray, and with Lady Talbot: the latter lent her many good books to read. Maybelle loved to wander alone through the devious walks of the beautiful demesne, book in hand, reading partly from it, and partly from God's own Book, writ by His own hand—the book of nature. It came to be generally understood that she did not wish to be disturbed when thus engaged, so she was left alone; but James or Lionel Talbot, Sir John's sons used, at a certain distance, keep an eye to her safety, as a man of very suspicious appearance was seen frequently lurking about the grounds and dogging the steps of their guest. He might be a priest-hunter, and to use energetic measures towards him would, perhaps, be attended with serious consequence.

The autumn passed by, and winter came with its howling blasts and murky skies. No matter how bad the weather might be, the young Talbots frequently went out boating, much to Maybelle's surprise, until she understood the reason. One day Lady Talbot called her to tell her the joyful news that a priest was daily expected.

"Would you like to see the priest's hiding place before he comes, *Bella mia*?" Lady Talbot asked. On receiving a joyful affirmative she brought her young friend with Maude, James, and Lionel to visit the secret chamber.

Granite Hall had been built in the time of the Plantagenets, and for purposes of defence the walls were of immense size, no less than ten feet in thickness. About

thirty years previously a wing had been added to the east side, and where this wing joined the main building its wall was about six feet thick. This left sixteen feet of solid masonry going right through the building. No wonder, indeed, that hapless priest-hunters were reprov'd and punished time out of mind for never discovering a priest in Granite Hall. How could they hear a hollow ring in walls which could have three feet and a half of masonry at each side, and yet leave space for a chamber nine feet wide between them.



MAYBELLE LOVED TO WANDER ALONE BOOK
IN HAND.

At the top storey of the new wing there was an immense "ball-room," as it was called for greater safety. The walls of this room were covered with beautiful tapestry but no wainscoting, the cut and polished stones with which it was built were directly inside the tapestry.

"Now, Maybelle, you shall see our secret, into which no one save the members of our own family is ever initiated," said Lady Talbot. "Count ten large blocks of stone from the east windows. Good; now count three upwards. Lionel, James, touch the springs." And to May-

belle's amazement, as one young man gave a sudden short knock with a small hammer to the north angle at the right, whilst at the same instant the other did the same to the south angle at the left, the great block revolved, disclosing a very narrow winding stone staircase, which led them to two chambers fairly long, and nine feet in width. One was fitted up for the priest's dwelling-chamber, the other contained vestments and everything necessary for the holy sacrifice. Air-tubes leading to the roof ventilated both chambers, but no light from outside could ever penetrate either, they had to be always lighted by a lamp, which could, however, be freely used, as there was no danger of even the faintest ray of light being seen from outside. This staircase led down to a subterranean passage, which worked its

way completely under the demesne to the river Humber. There it was closed by an iron gate which had stones fastened to its outer surface to hide its existence from those sailing up and down the river; frequently, the priest had escaped by this passage, and as a boat was always at hand, flight was easy.

When Lady Talbot brought Maybelle back to the great room, she explained to her that this was their private chapel, in which Mass was celebrated. She added that during Mass, the opening to the hiding place was always left open to facilitate rapid escape, the tapestry outside the opening hiding it from those present. The fact of the double spring requiring to be struck at the same instant had preserved the secret from being discovered by the pursuivants.

(To be continued.)



Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

I HAVE gathered flowers for my Queen
to-day,
Roses fair to behold;
My angel will bear them far away
To realms of joy untold.
Five, I found by the Holy Child,
All white with His purity;
Five, I plucked on the darkened way

Which ended in Calvary.
Five are bathed in the golden light
That shines from eternity.
Roses fair to behold,
White, and crimson, and gold.
Mother, I offer them trustingly,
Take thou the roses and pray for me.

A Pathetic Incident.

AN intelligent old man gave me some time ago an account of the touching incident which is described below. He told it to me in his own fashion, after lamenting over the "change of the times," which all old people are so hard on. Changes have come, no doubt, but we could all wish that many of the old customs of our people had remained unchanged. I give the very words of our old friend as well as I can remember them. Nor must my readers be surprised at his fluency. Many old people of the peasant class can "talk" with a fluency simply wonderful. Their words seem to come spontaneously; and their limited vocabulary dispenses them from the trouble of choosing, as others would, between a multiplicity of words and phrases.

"I'm an ould man now, nigh on to four score years. I was a brave lump of a boy in the days when Dan, the great Dan, carried the cause of the ould land almost to victory. Ah, them wor the days! happier days than ever happen now. Hearts wor lighter, and so wor the feet; the boys and the girls could laugh and dance in them days as they never do now. Them were the days when the girls sang to the music of the spinning-wheels, and the strong arms of the men bate out the corn with the mighty flail. Gone are the days of the reel and the jig on a summer's evening at the cross-roads when the day's work was done. Where now are the pipes and the pipers who made such music with the chanter, and the drones as would coax an ould cow to dance? Where are the apples, sweet and rosy as summer sun? And where are the flowery praties? Praties wor praties in them days, and split their sides laughin' afore they left the pot; and then how good they did taste with a graineen of salt. But the praties that's goin' now are as small as marvils,

with no taste at all in them. They never were the same since the dreadful famine year.

"Ochone! them days are gone never to come agin. Well, well, I'm not repinin'. Glory be to God! He's been very good to me; but my heart feels broke and sad for the days gone by, and the friends all gathered home this many a day. And often of an evenin' when I'm sthrollin' and thinkin' wid miself, the smell of the turf smoke, as it rises blue and fragrant, carries my mind back to things like these. I have kind friends still; but when one is among strangers he must take the thick with the thin. And what are they now compared wid thim that's gone. Mary, my darlint! I was the proud and happy man the day we wor wed. That was in the year of the big wind, as I well remember. And then the childer, all swep from me in the year of the great famine. That was when my heart broke. The fayver and famine swep the counthry, and the best of those remainin' rushed to Amerikay. 'To the West, to the West,' as they used to sing in the ilivation of their spirits at the thought of going away. It's few of them who went that ever returned good, bad, or indifferent, or were ever heard of agin for that matther. Still my ould heart has much to warm it still. When I was chilled and cowl'd after losin' me darlin' an' the childer, life was of small account to me; so when I took the fayver some years later on, shure it matthered little how it ended.

"But, as luck would have it, this same fayver brought me new friends, which helped to put the life into me agin. The docthor done all he could for me night and day; the poor man was kep' busy enough them times; and then his wife, God bless her, it was she was the kind lady! What would many a one have done but for her in them hard times? Food

and cakes and things med wid her own hands, and often brought by herself, though it was to a fayver-house! Any how, I got well, but was so wake and shuck, I wasn't fit for work, so she gave me odd jobs about the house and gardin', and her two lovely childer and meself became the greatest friends. I med little gardins for them, and many was the talks we had together up the glen, watchin' the strame as it came rollin' by. Them wor the kind and happy childer. I knew they wor too good to live, and so they wor; first one and then th' other died. The mother's grief broke down her health, and the docthor and her left the neighbourhood, but afore layvin she kem to me, and she says, 'Barney,' says she, 'won't you mind the graves when I am gone?' And then she cried, and left me.

"Agin I was alone, and wid a fresh sorrow. My only care and pleasure now was lookin' afther the graves of my own darlins, and the docthor's little ones, and keepin' flowers growin' neat and tidy on them, for now I was gettin' too wake an' ould for work.

"We hear now that our village is in a beautiful counthry; it took them long enough to find that out—shure the country was lovelier by far years ago. Anyhow, now-a-days strangers come from far and nare to see it; but though I like a talk wid an ould neighbour well enough, still I don't like to be meetin' strangers. Many's the year has slipped away since my two little pets died, and still I nivir missed a-goin' to their graves and my own Mary's. Whin the days are fine I go an' sit, and loose myself in thought, and agin the happy days are back wid me; agin I hear her voice, and am met wid her sweet smile; agin the childer climb me knee after the day's work is done; but cruel memory a'most kills me, and wid sorrow I awakes and finds 'twas all a dhrame. A week, come next Thursday, I had trimmed the graves, and had said my bades for the souls

av them that's gone, and was taking a look along the glin and out to say, when I sees a fine stylish sthranger comin' along towards me. I touched me hat and bid her the time of day, and she stopped to spake. I saw she wanted to say somethin', but she seemed put out.

"'It's a fine view from here, ma'am,' says I, 'and a lovely spot.'

"'It is,' says she; and then she axes me if I lived here long.

"'All me life, ma'am,' says I.

"She was still confused like, and looked quare. I couldn't tell what ailed her.

"'Did you know Mrs. So-and-so?' says she.

"'Troth and its me that did, ma'am,' says I—'God bless her.'

"Then says she: 'Didn't she loose two here?'

"'She did, indeed, ma'am,' says I; 'an' if you like I'll show you the darlints' graves.'

"Wid that she up, and bursts out cryin': 'O Barney, Barney, don't you know me? O my darlin', darlin' childer,' says she. And shure enough, there was the docthor's lady grown fine an' sthrong an' grand.

"So afther prayin' on her childhren's grave and gatherin' some flowers, she fell to thankin' and praisin' me! *me!* for what I don't know.

Howsumdever, we walked back, chattin' av ould times, and she tould me she had now many other sthrong and happy childer, but that the deep love in the mother's heart had made her journey here to have a peep at the little grave which holds all that remains of her two first ones.

"She has gone, leavin' one more bright spot for an ould man to think over."

Independently of the old man's testimony, I had come to learn the truth of what he narrated; but, in any case, I would not for a moment have questioned his veracity.

W. B.



MEMOIR OF LEO XIII.

By R. F. O'CONNOR.

AFTER settling many delicate and difficult questions in Belgium, he was recalled in 1845, when he was nominated Bishop of Perugia, where he was to remain for thirty-two years. The "vox populi," which so often in the course of Church history has proved to be the "vox Dei," was the cause of this unexpected break in what promised to be a brilliant diplomatic career; for it was in response to the petitions of the Perugians that the Pope put him over that See. To all outward seeming it looked like shelving him, but it was not so in reality, and was, as the Holy Father assured him, a promotion. Regret at his departure from Brussels was universal, and was shared by rich and poor. The King decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Order which he had founded, and wrote an autograph letter to Gregory XVI., in which he said he had seldom seen more uncommon de-

votion to duty, more upright intentions, and straightforward conduct. "His stay in this country," said Leopold I., "must have enabled him to do your Holiness good service. I beg you to require him to give you an exact account of the impressions he takes away with him on Church matters in Belgium. His judgment of such things is very sound, and your Holiness can trust him completely." At the instance of the King and Baron von Stockmar, he visited London, and was cordially received by the Queen and the Prince Consort, and on his way to Rome spent several weeks in Paris, as the guest of Mgr. Fornari; while Louis Philippe and his family, to whom he had been warmly eulogised by the King of the Belgians, received him as a personage of distinction. When he reached Rome on May 22nd, 1846, Gregory XVI. was dying, and could neither read nor receive King Leopold's letter; but his suc-

cessor, Pius IX., in the first audience he gave him, said: "We know you well, and we wish to re-affirm the pleasure we expressed to you on a former occasion about what you have accomplished in Belgium for the good of the Church."

After a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Francis of Assisi, the new bishop entered Perugia on July 26th, and was the recipient of a popular ovation. The story of his long episcopate, which was coincident with the Pontificate of Pius IX., would be too long to recount here, and we can only glance at a few of its leading features. His first thoughts and his first care were bestowed upon education, which he rightly regarded as one of the most potent and effective defensive weapons against the aggressive irreligious propagandism of the secret societies. Frequent missions, spiritual retreats and Christian doctrine societies were utilised to impart religious knowledge and awaken religious fervour; mindful that "the lips of the priests keep knowledge," and that such as the priests are so the people will be, he devoted special attention to the education and spiritual forming of candidates for the priesthood, expending between 1846 and 1850 a sum of 6,000 Roman crowns on changes and improvements in the diocesan seminary, selecting the best qualified professors. From the Jesuits—past masters in the art of educating, which they have thoroughly systematized and carried to the highest attainable perfection—he borrowed the practice of having the students of philosophy and divinity sustain yearly a great public act, embracing all matters taught, to which he imparted the utmost solemnity and "eclat," inviting the neighbouring bishops, Roman prelates famed for their learning, the foremost theologians and scientists to encourage the students by their presence. It was then he began of his own motion to direct attention to the writings of the Angelic Doctor. His philosophical and theological training in the Collegio Romano, where,

as the Jesuits are enjoined by their founder, the works and methods of Saint Thomas of Aquin are made the basis of the entire curriculum of philosophy and divinity, had inspired him with a great admiration for the first and greatest of all the grand theologians. To promote the study of Christian philosophy to its depths he drew up in 1858 a constitution and rules for an Academia of Saint Thomas of Aquin, which was to extend its benefits to the whole of Umbria; but the events which convulsed all Italy in 1859, and the Piedmontese invasion of 1860 delayed the carrying out of this design until 1872, when it was instituted, but limited to the diocese of Perugia. It was described by its founder as "a union of priests, having for its purpose the study of the works of the Angelic Doctor." The precedent was followed in Spain, Italy, and other countries, and one of the earliest acts of his Pontificate was to place the coping stone on this intellectual edifice by his encyclical making the philosophical method of Saint Thomas the guide for all Catholic professors. The sixth centenary of the saint in 1874 had already given another impetus to the intellectual movement, which gave birth to the Academia in Perugia, which that year issued the first volume of its "Transactions," giving evidence of the high culture which the illustrious bishop's initiative had introduced among the clergy. "It may be said," observes one of his biographers, "that his long episcopate of upwards of thirty-one years in Perugia was one continuous effort to elevate his priests up to the sublime height of intellectual and spiritual perfection demanded by their calling, and more particularly demanded by the crisis through which are passing at the present time all the institutions of Christianity."

Meanwhile he was raised to the Cardinalate, being preconised in the Consistory of December 19th, 1853, and assigned the presbyteral title of Saint Chry-

segonus. It is said that he had been reserved "in petto," at the close of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., but that some sinister influence had been brought to bear upon Pius IX. to prevent him giving effect to the contemplated act of his predecessor. From the time of his recall from Brussels it is stated to have been the intention of Gregory XVI. to have invested him with the sacred purple, for he said to Cardinal Bianchi that he was so pleased with his prompt acquiesc-

upon strong shoulders, and that a firm hand grasped the crozier in the troubled times of 1859 and 1860, when a wave of the revolutionary torrent which swept over Italy at that epoch broke in upon the city. The bishop, always desirous of promoting peace and conciliation, strove to dissuade the leaders of the insurrectionary movement from the perpetration of those acts which led up to the fatal conflict of June 20th, 1859, described as "the massacre of Perugia." But his voice was unheeded.



CHURCH OF SAINT AUGUSTINE AT CARPINETO.

ence in accepting the bishopric of Perugia that he was thinking of promoting him to the Sacred College at the next Consistory. The event, when it did take place, was celebrated with great popular rejoicing in that ancient mediæval free city, which was the creation of the Catholic labour guilds, and had protected and been protected in turn by the Popes.

The pastoral charge of Perugia was no light burden, and it is well it was laid

and he was grieved at his ineffectual efforts to prevent bloodshed. One of the city rectors, Father Baldassari Santi, was falsely accused of having borne arms in the effort to repulse the Piedmontese, and the Archbishop's intervention was powerless to save him. The Piedmontese, however, soon found out that Cardinal Pecci was not to be intimidated or circumvented, and, as one of his biographers says, learned the wisdom of letting him

alone. They gave him trouble enough for a long time by a petty, harrasing, vexatious species of subaltern tyranny.

On February 12th, 1860, he wrote a vigorous pastoral on the temporal power, protesting against the invasion of a right consecrated by seven centuries of possession of the most ancient and venerated of European monarchies, and the open robbery of what the piety of the people and of princes had bestowed on the Roman Pontiff. "It is false," he says emphatically, "that any Catholic holds the temporal dominion of the Pope a dogma of his faith; such an assertion can only come from the ignorance or wickedness of the enemies of the Church. But it is most true and must be evident to any intelligent mind that there is a very close connection between this temporal power and the spiritual primacy, whether we consider the latter in the very conception of its nature or in its necessary exercise."

The Sardinian Commissary, Marquis Pepoli, who had jurisdiction over Umbria, made himself very offensive and officious, a fitting instrument of the anti-clericals who held the reins of power. A decree of his, dated October 31st, 1860, imposed civil marriage upon the entire population, which drew forth from the Archbishops and bishops of the Marches a strong remonstrance. An eloquent defence of Christian marriage was drawn up by Cardinal Pecci, who followed it up by a personal protest addressed to the King. He had previously written, in September 30th, 1860, to the Commissary against the decree taking away from ecclesiastical edifices their sacred character, and from the clergy all control and jurisdiction over educational establishments. Another protest was sent to the same functionary against the suppression of the monastic orders of men and women, and the confiscation of their property, even to the dowry nuns had brought with them to their respective convents, and another ineffectual letter to Victor Emmanuel. No

less than nine of these remonstrances in his own name were addressed to the Piedmontese authorities, and in nine others his name is found along with those of his episcopal brethren.

Not content with compelling seminary students and priests to serve in the army or navy like laymen, and sequestering Church property and revenues, they sued the archbishop in the law courts for opposing established institutions because he had officially admonished some of his priests who had put their names to an address to Padre Passaglia. The Piedmontese Minister of Public Worship, Signor Miglietti, having failed to frighten, bribe, or seduce the bishops from their allegiance to the Holy See, and to renounce the temporal power and declare for New Italy—the Minister's circular being answered by a joint declaration of loyalty to the Pope sent to the Holy Father—Victor Emmanuel put the climax on their attempts to get the upper hand of the Church by the institution of the "exequatur," the Holy See in the royal edict being spoken of with cool effrontery as "a foreign power." Again, the bishops of Umbria had recourse to Cardinal Pecci, who addressed another indignant remonstrance to the King on June 8th, 1863. In fact, Cardinal Pecci was the moving spirit and mouthpiece of the hierarchy of Central Italy all through those troubled times.

External action, however, was not allowed to interfere with the internal administration of his See or the needs of his flock. When there was a dearth of food, amounting almost to a famine, in 1854, he established "monti frumentari," or granaries, in every parish and organised a commission for charitable relief under his personal supervision. The confiscation by the State of ecclesiastical property and revenues having reduced a number of priests to great poverty, he founded the Society of Saint Joachim, a mutual relief association for the benefit of indigent and

infirm clergymen. He also established a commission for the redemption or buying out of clerical students brought within the provisions of the law of military conscription. There was a pressing need of filling up the gaps in the ranks of the Umbrian clergy, owing to the suppression of the monastic orders and banishment of regulars, the drafting off of others as conscripts and the paucity of vocations. The Archbishop described the conscription law as "a pitiless axe laid at the roots of our young trees in the nursery of the Church." From 1857 to 1869 the number of deaths among the Perugian clergy exceeded by thirty the number of ordinations. Earnestly did he plead with the authorities the cause of his persecuted and imprisoned clergy and cloistered nuns, doing his best to prevent the closing and profanation of churches and the opening of heretical places of worship. Notwithstanding all these dangers, difficulties, and distractions good works increased and multiplied; conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul, a pious union of preachers for missions and retreats, Magdalen asylums, foundling hospitals, orphanages, asylums of various kinds, convents, protectory and night schools, *monti di pieta*, savings banks, etc. He enriched and partly restored the *Duomo*, built churches and provided priests. During his administration no less than thirty-six church edifices were built from the foundations, and six already in course of erection completed. Religious functions were carried out with a reverent regard for rubrical prescriptions, and the decorum, dignity

and splendour befitting to sacred ceremonies, while special attention was devoted to sacred music, which Pergolese had made so soul-stirring, as well as that solemn and sonorous Gregorian chant which, when efficiently rendered, harmonises as nothing else can harmonise with the Church's sublime liturgy. Among the latest and most remarkable of his episcopal utterances were his Lenten pas-



TYPES OF CARPINETO PEASANTRY.

torals in 1876, 1877, and 1878, when he unfolded his views on the Church and civilization in the nineteenth century, grasping his subject in a masterful manner, and portraying in bold relief "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." They attracted attention far beyond the limits of his diocese or even of Italy, and, quoted into several leading European journals, gave the world

to know that there was a master mind beyond the Alps, of whom it would yet hear more. They showed that clear insight into the condition of modern society which only one of his singularly luminous intelligence could possess, and at once gave one the intellectual measure of the man, foreshadowing those famous encyclicals in which he has since developed the

addressing, on that occasion, a large assemblage of tertiaries. During the celebration of the golden jubilee of Pius IX. in June, 1877, he drew up and delivered in the name of the Cardinals, Archbishops and bishops of the former States of the Church an address to the Pope, who some months afterwards proclaimed him Cardinal Camerlengo. He left Perugia and

took up his residence at the Falconieri Palace, as the duties of his new office obliged him to reside in Rome. In appointing him to this high office the Pope practically pointed him out as the fittest among the Cardinals to be his successor.

A Camerlengo is, on the Pope's decease, a kind of "ad interim" Pontiff, occupying in relation to the Supreme Pontificate a position of authority analogous to that of a vicar capitular during a vacancy in an episcopal See. He acts as temporary head of the Church, and directs all the arrangements for the Conclave. So, on the 7th of January, 1878, when pallid death, whose impartial summons is heard betimes in the palaces of Pontiffs and

Princes as well as in the hovels of the poor, visited the Vatican, and the "one clear call," which all men must answer, sounded in the ears of the dying Pope, Cardinal Pecci was conspicuous among the group of ecclesiastical dignitaries who stood by his bedside; and, when the voice which had made itself so often heard to the uttermost ends of the earth was stilled for ever, and the eyes, which



THE CATHEDRAL BENEVENTO.
(Built in the 12th Century.)

same theme with increased power, authority, and effect.

Appreciating his learning and zeal, Pius IX. appointed him apostolic visitor of the University of Perugia and the Collegio Pio della Sapienza. He was a member of six of the Roman Congregations and Protector of the Third Order of Saint Francis, taking formal possession of the latter office at Assisi on November 26th, 1875,

had looked so kindly and benignantly on people of all nations who came to pay their homage to the visible Head of the Church, were closed, Pecci's was the hand which performed the antique ceremonial of tapping with a silver hammer the clay cold forehead of the lifeless form which had enshrined the soul of the saintly Pontiff, and his the voice that called three times upon Mastai Ferretti to make assurance that he had ceased to live, and was to be numbered among the dead. Having formally announced that Pius IX. was no more, he ordered his remains to be laid in state in Saint Peter's, and when the successor of him who had insultingly referred to the Holy See as "a foreign power," requested from the Cardinal Camerlengo permission to be present at the last solemn rites in the Sistine Chapel, replied that King Humbert might certainly assist at the obsequies of the Holy Father "as a tribune would be reserved in Saint Peter's for foreign princes passing through Rome."

It was first considered doubtful whether the Quirinal authorities would allow the Conclave to be held in Rome, and even dark hints about the election of an Anti-Pope were thrown out. Cardinal Pecci, however, set all doubts at rest by assembling the Conclave as speedily as possible. Sixty-one Cardinals composed it. In less than forty-eight hours their deliberations were ended, and the Christian world hailed the two hundredth and sixty-third successor of Saint Peter. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, whose seat in the Sistine was next to Cardinal Pecci's, describes how, when the Camerlengo heard his name mentioned so often, everything pointing to him as the successor of Pius IX., great tears rolled down his cheeks, and his hand shook so violently that the pen it held fell to the ground. Cardinal Donnet picked it up, and gave it to him, saying, "Courage! There's no question here of you; it is the Church and the future of the world that are in

question." He made no reply, only lifted his eyes to heaven to implore the divine assistance. Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, relates that Cardinal Pecci, to whom a majority of the votes were given on the afternoon of the first day, looked pale and frightened the next morning, and, just before the voting began, went to one of the most revered members of the Sacred College, and said, "I cannot control myself; I must address the Sacred College. I fear that they are about to commit a sad mistake. People think I am a learned man; they credit me with possessing wisdom, but I am neither learned nor wise. They suppose I have the necessary qualities for a Pope; I have nothing of the kind. This is what I want to say to the Cardinals." Cardinal de Bonnechose replied: "As to your learning we, next to you, can best judge of that. As to your qualifications for the Pontifical office, God knows what they are; leave it all to Him." The Cardinals went into Conclave at four o'clock on the 18th of February, 1878, and the election took place at half-past twelve on the afternoon of the 20th. As the final balloting proceeded, and his name was announced with significant frequency, until forty-four votes, more than the necessary two-thirds, were recorded for him, he sat calm, resigned, and prayerful. Then the sub-dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Amat, approached him, and said: "Do you accept the election canonically made of you as Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church?" There was a stillness so painful that one could almost hear his heart beat. Cardinal Pecci rose, his whole frame shaken with uncontrollable emotion. With a quivering voice, but steadily and distinctly, he first affirmed his own unworthiness, but seeing them all determined and of one mind, he bowed to the Divine will. The sub-dean thereupon knelt before him, the Master of Ceremonies clapped hands, and at the signal all the Cardinals rose and remained standing in homage to the

new Sovereign Pontiff. Instantly all the canopies above the seats were lowered, except that above the seat of the newly-elected Pope. Asked by the sub-dean by what name he would wish to be called, he promptly replied, "By the name of Leo XIII." Divested of his Cardinalatial robes and clad in the traditional white vesture of the Supreme Pontificate, he was borne on the *sedia gestatoria* to receive the homage of the whole Sacred College, after which Cardinal Catterini announced to the waiting multitude outside in the great square the joyful tidings "*Habemus Papam.*" An exultant peal, rung on the bells of Saint Peter's, was quickly taken up and re-echoed by all the church bells in Rome, but no salvo was fired from the Castle of Saint Angelo, over which the flag of the House of Savoy floated, and no general illumination at night took place. The majority of the Roman nobility, however, and very many citizens braved the anger of the Quirinal and the lodges, and illuminated. Quickly the news was flashed over the wires to all parts of the civilised world. An official telegram was sent to Perugia, announcing the elevation of its bishop to the highest position in the Church, and a circular letter of the assistant bishop, Mgr. Laurenzi, having conveyed the glad intelligence to the whole diocese, special thanksgiving services were held in all the churches on Sunday, the 24th. Meanwhile, on the afternoon of February 20th, a tall, erect, white figure, with a face almost as white as the robes he wore, appeared in the interior balcony above the great nave of Saint Peter's, and in a clear and distinct voice, trumpeted, Leo XIII., for the first time, gave his Apostolic blessing to the kneeling multitude, who, with upward gaze, beheld those fine features which have since become so familiarised to us through the agency of the photographer's or limner's art. Then, like the noise of many waters, surged up from heart to lips, the greeting and the prayer "Long live Leo XIII."

until swelling into a volume of sound, it reverberated along the nave and up to the roof of that majestic edifice, which has witnessed so many similar scenes.

The first letter he wrote after his election, which is dated, "The Vatican, February 20th, 1878," and which is framed and hung in his room at Carpineto, was addressed to his brothers. It ran thus: "My Dearest Brothers,—I have to announce to you that in the scrutiny this morning, the Sacred College was agreed to elevate my humble person to the Chair of Saint Peter. My first letter is this which I address to my family, for whom I implore every sort of happiness, and to whom I affectionately send the apostolic benediction. Pray much to the Lord for me. Leo P.P. XIII." On the 3rd of March, the triple crown was placed on his head in the loggia of Saint Peter's, and at night there was a spontaneous illumination, the palaces of the nobles being conspicuously brilliant.

His first Pontifical act on the day after his coronation was to complete the work which Pius IX. had been prevented by death from finishing, and by the Bull, "*Ex Supremo Apostolatus Apice,*" restored the Hierarchy in Scotland, which he designates "a happy omen with which to begin the exercise of the supreme pastorate which we have taken on ourselves with fear and trembling, amid the calamities of the present times." However calamitous those times may have been on the Continent, they were auspicious for the Church in these countries, as evidenced by the greatly altered tone of public feeling towards Catholic forward movements. The reception accorded to the Bull restoring the Scotch hierarchy was in remarkable contrast to that given to the Bull of Pius IX. in 1850, restoring that of England, when the Durham letter of Lord John Russell fanned into white heat the flame of anti-Papal bigotry. Save for a passing and harmless expression of gloomy Calvinistic Papaphobia in Glasgow, the

work of ecclesiastical reconstruction was effected without let or hindrance. In 1877 during the celebration of the episcopal jubilee of Pius IX. Dr. Strain, at the head of a distinguished deputation of Scotch Catholics, had petitioned for the restoration of the ancient Catholic hierarchy. In his first Papal allocution, on the 28th of March, 1878, the Pope again alluded to it, trusting "that the work thus brought to an end by the Holy See shall be productive of abundant fruit, and that through the intercession of the patron saints of Scotland, the mountains in that country shall be 'a peace for the people and the hills righteousness.'" He specially invoked Saint Margaret, "the glory and bulwark of the realm, to extend to this Church in its newness of life, a loving and continual favour."

That his mind was early directed to the condition of the toiling masses, long before he gave the world of workers a new Labour Charter in his great Encyclical, "*Rerum Novarum*," is abundantly evidenced. A week after his coronation he replied sympathetically to the address of a society for the protection and encouragement of young artisans, founded in Paris by Pere Olivaint. A month later he wrote to Prince Eugene de Caraman-Chimay, who along with several others, was founding societies in aid of Belgian working men, and praised and blessed efforts in the same direction being made in France.

On the 21st of April, 1878, he issued his first Encyclical letter, "*Inscrutabili*." In all lives there are moments when the weight of personal responsibility is felt,

and realised more than at other times, when some decisive step has to be taken, some important work begun. But what must be the sense of responsibility which weighs upon the mind of the Supreme Pontiff, the spiritual guide and ruler of two hundred and forty millions of subjects, of a great world-embracing Church, when, for the first time, from the summit of the Vatican, he projects his mind



THE ARCH OF TRAJAN NEAR BENEVENTO.
(Built A.D. 114.)

over all that vast kingdom which, like the "*turba magna*" the evangelist saw in apocalyptic vision, includes within its boundaries every nation under heaven—"ex omni natione quæ sub cœlo est!" It reaches to the sublime. There is nothing comparable to it. To every individual in that vast multitude he has a relationship and responsibility. Nothing is too great and nothing too little to be comprehended

in his purview, which takes into its cognisance interests both human and divine. And what a spectacle the modern world presented to the mind's eye of Leo XIII. on those opening days of his memorable Pontificate! Every aspect of it is reflected with crystal clearness in the pictured pages of his encyclical "*Inscrutabili*," in that concise and lucid Latin of which he possesses so great a mastery. Mr. Justin McCarthy has well described its effect upon what may be called outsiders, upon the general public, men of all creeds and no creeds, men whose minds on the subject of religion are a blank, or a jumble of confused and clashing ideas without any logical cohesion or sequence; people who look upon the Church from a merely human point of view, and regard the Pope as a magnified Archbishop of Canterbury, or an astute politician. Astute Leo XIII. certainly is, and more than the compeer at that of the astutest men of his time; but a mere politician, no. "People," writes Mr. McCarthy, "had expected something in the nature of a polemic—something controversial—something self-assertive—perhaps even something in the form of a defiance and a challenge to the new movements that were going on. The Pope, it was fully expected, would take up the cause of the Papacy against the Italian Government, and against the rulers and the populations, who favoured and applauded the Italian Government. The Pope did nothing of the kind. For that reason alone his encyclical letter was a direct disappointment to many." It was a diagnosis of the moral maladies which afflicted human society, pointing out their causes and remedies. The world, or that portion of it which had turned aside from the Church and was hungering for the "*panem et circenses*" of neo-Paganism, had forgotten the first principles of Christian civilization and needed to be reminded of them. The peoples—those eternal children, as Donoso Cortes calls them—had

wandered far from home, and it was the affectionate voice of a father that was calling them back. When all is said, the encyclical was simply a homily on the familiar text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you." People had grown tired of the old civilization as children weary of a toy, and wanted to take it to pieces in order to put it together again on some theoretical plan of their own. He showed them clearly that it was not reconstruction but reformation that was needed. His successive encyclicals hinged upon this, which struck the keynote or ground tone of his whole social policy, and has governed his action and influence upon the age.

On December 28th, 1878, was issued the encyclical on socialism, "*Quod Apostolici muneris*." If the first created a feeling of disappointment in those who do not look beneath the surface of things, this important pronouncement upon the burning question of the day made a deep and lasting impression, both upon rulers and peoples. It went to the very root of the wide-spread and cancerous evils which were sapping the strength of the body social, threatening the very foundations of society. Cardinal Donnet's words to him in the Conclave, that it was the future of the world that was in question in the selection of a successor to Pius IX., were prophetic. Sovereigns and statesmen, startled by the alarming growth of socialism, looked towards the future with dismay. The encyclical gave them to understand that mere physical force was an insufficient safeguard against the excesses of ultra-socialistic movements exploited by revolutionary fanatics. The two attempts upon the life of the German Emperor earlier in the year, had already borne in upon the mind of William I. the truth of this, when he said to those who congratulated him upon his having escaped on both occasions: "This only shows us how we must take care that the people shall

not lose their religious principles." Those religious principles would doubtless not have been so easily lost and supplanted by others, were it not for the false philosophy with which people had been indoctrinated since the eighteenth century, and which, permeating downwards from the higher to the lower strata of society, had produced a series of revolutionary upheavals of the masses against the classes. No doubt it was partly with this before his mind, and in order to promote the better understanding and acceptance of dogmatic truth, that on August 4th, 1879, he issued his encyclical on the restoration of Christian philosophy, as taught by the greatest of all the mediæval schoolmen, and of all the Church's great theologians, Saint Thomas of Aquin. With licence of thought, is naturally associated licence of morals, and one of its most baneful effects in the social order is seen in the grotesque and gruesome revelations, of the divorce courts in every country from Norway to New York, where the anti-Christian code of laws that called them into existence obtains. To recall the world to the institution and sanctification of the nuptial tie, he issued on February 10th, 1880, an encyclical on Christian marriage. As it is the flesh warring against the spirit that generates heresies, and as the primal promise that the seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head was fulfilled in her who "destroyeth all heresies in all the world," he issued his first encyclical on the holy Rosary on September 1st, 1883, consecrating the month of October specially to that devotion which enabled Saint Dominic and his preaching friars to successfully combat the Albigensians with the weapons of prayer, more powerful than all the forces of De Montfort. As the growth too, of large cities with their attendant

temptations to vice and free living, and the accumulation of wealth, begetting luxury, had affected manners as well as morals, he pointed in another encyclical on September 17th, 1882, to the Third Order of Saint Francis of Assisi, which in the thirteenth century, had wrought a vast social reform in restoring the simplicity of life of the early Christians; re-casting the tertiary rule in such a way as to render its observance easy to every one. The social, as well as religious and political influence of foreign Freemasonry has found in him as vigorous and vigilant a combatant as any of his predecessors, witness his encyclical of April 20th, 1884. The encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, enforcing the application of the spirit and precepts of the Gospel to the government of human society, issued on November 1st, 1885, preceded one on the cognate subject of human liberty on June 20th, 1888, directed against what is known on the Continent as "liberalism," not to be confounded with the political policy which is recognised by the same name in this country. He pointed out the necessary limitations to human authority and human liberty, without which the one would degenerate into tyranny, and the other into licence, emphasizing the existence of a higher law governing the actions of ruler and ruled than mere human enactments. On May 15th, 1891, he gave to the world that famous encyclical which will for ever keep his memory green in the souls of the toilers of all climes as the "People's Pontiff," the encyclical, "*Rerum Novarum*." As already said, it gave labour a new charter. In defining what constitutes a living wage, he put his finger upon the pivotal point of the whole controversy.

(To be continued.)



FRA ANGELICO PINX.

"HE IS NOT HERE: FOR HE IS RISEN."

At The Tomb.

"Lo! Christ is risen; He is not here!"
All empty is His sepulchre—
Unthinking world, at length ye see
He was indeed the Deity.

Ye mocked Him in your council place,
Ye spat upon His holy face,
Ye scourged Him, and ye crowned His
head
With crown of thorns, until the red
Blood stained His brow. Ye made Him bear
His cross up Calvary, and there
This Man of Woes ye crucified,
And left Him naked till He died.
Vain, silly men, ye little knew,
In all your malice could invent,
Ye were but helping God to do
The work for which His Son He sent.

With mountain rock ye closed His tomb,
And sealed it with a seal;

Ye set your guards lest friends might
come

And Jesu's body steal.

But here your purpose clashed with His,
Who holds creation's destinies.—

Did ye not know that Christ had said
He'd rise in triumph from the dead,
Glorious and all immortal still
As when He shone on Thabor's hill?

And did ye think, forsooth, to thwart
His purposes with your puny art;
Or measure strength with Him who
holds

Within the hallow of His hand
The mighty universe, and moulds
The destinies of sea and land?

Go! purge ye of your senseless pride,
Go! weep ye for your deicide,
He is not here, the Crucified.

W. P. H.



The Irish Convict Priests of '98.

BY CARDINAL MORAN.

PROLOGUE.

THE following account of the Irish Convict Priests of '98, which will prove of peculiar interest owing to the '98 centenary celebrations, is taken bodily from Cardinal Moran's "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," published some three or four years ago, yet rarely met with and almost unknown, in fact, in this country. This learned work, comprehensive in its general plan and clear in detail, has been written amid all the labours and distractions consequent on his elevated position as Archbishop of Sydney, and is a fitting complement to those works on Irish Church History, to which he devoted so many years of his life, and which have placed him in the first rank of Irish historians. It is to be hoped that the perusal of this highly interesting part of the work relating to the convict priests will awaken among the priests and laity of this country an interest in the general history of the Church of Australia, the most distinctively Irish Church, outside Ireland, in the whole world. The centenary of the humble and sorrowful foundation of that Church coincides with the centenary we are celebrating this year, for it was the convict exiles of the Rebellion, priests and

laymen, who first carried religion to that far distant land.

And thus, also, the '98 celebration appeals with more than usual force to the Australian Catholics. No doubt there were in the colony before '98 many Irish Catholics, but there was no public worship practised by anybody, vice of every kind was rampant, the observance of Sunday was disregarded, and the population, nearly all belonging to the criminal classes, did not even pretend to a semblance of religion. But '98 introduced a different element into the colony; it brought numbers of men who had led virtuous and religious lives and had occupied, many of them, highly respectable positions in their own country, but who had been transported as criminals for the part they had borne, or were supposed to have borne, in the Rebellion. It also introduced the first priests into the colony at a critical time, when there was absolutely no minister of religion to be found there, and no church or regular place of worship. It was by these priests, branded at the time as criminals, though afterwards acknowledged to be guiltless of the crimes alleged against them, that the sacraments were first administered, sometimes in secret and sometimes openly with the reluctant permission of the Protestant Governor. It is not unlikely that those secret conferences and whisperings between Father Harold and the Irish convicts, which we read of in the Cardinal's

account of his life and which excited such grave suspicions of conspiracy in the minds of the officials, that they were brought to a close by the cruel flogging of the convicts and his own banishment to Norfolk Island, meant nothing more or less than that the priest was hearing their confessions, a boon which they naturally would desire to receive, and which he, despite prohibitions of every kind, could not in conscience refuse them.

Though the convict priests did not remain many years in the colony, and all of them returned home, their influence in the formation of the Australian Church was not confined to the time they spent in exile. The memory of their sufferings and labours, and the dearth of religious consolation felt on their departure, induced the Irish exiles to agitate for the appointment of regularly constituted chaplains, who came a few years afterwards, and continued, under slightly better auspices, the work which the convict priests had begun. What adds a heightened interest to these new pioneers of religion is that among them, almost all of them Irish to a man, were to be found not only secular priests, but also representatives of the Capuchin, Dominican, and Franciscan Orders, and, later on, members of the Jesuit, Marist, and Benedictine Orders as well.

It is, doubtless, true that even if no priests had come out as convicts at the time of the Rebellion, Australia, in time, would have been supplied with priests, but how great a delay there would have been, and in the meantime, how many thousands of souls would have been lost to the Church in a country which the officials of the Crown were trying by every means in their power to make a purely English colony, and where the grossest cruelties were practised on poor, unoffending Catholic prisoners in the endeavour to make them attend the Protestant service. This persecuting spirit existed far into the present century, and for many

years after all persecution for conscience' sake had died a natural death at home, owing to the fact that the officials of the Crown in the Colonies were far removed from the supervision of the Home Government, and were not under the restraint of public opinion. Another great reason of the slow growth of the Australian Church, and which would have operated still more detrimentally under the circumstances we are contemplating, is that the home mission in the early years of the present century was suffering more from want of priests than at any previous period in history, the Catholic population in Ireland was growing by leaps and bounds, and bishops and priests, having more than enough to do in attending to their own flocks, were naturally unwilling to abandon their work for a field of labour in a distant colony. We are thus able to appreciate the influence of the convict priests, for not only were these new workers in the field petitioned for by the Catholic exiles, but of the few priests who went out as chaplains to the large Catholic population so eager to receive them, one at least declared that it was the account of the sufferings of the priests who went before, which actuated him in his resolve.

We, during the '98 centenary celebrations, will not be so absorbed in our own affairs as to forget to hail our Catholic kinsmen of the Australian Church. Cradled in dire captivity, brought up stealthily under the jealous and watchful eyes of a Protestant ascendancy party, that Church has now reached its maturity, presenting to the Christian world a fair and complete picture, with its hierarchy and clergy, and religious Orders, with its churches and superb cathedrals, with its schools, colleges, and seminaries. But while at the present day, it is justly conscious of its strength, and proud of the foremost position it holds in the Australian Continent, let it this year look back to the days when it had no bishops, and

no cathedrals or churches, and pay a golden tribute to the memory of the men of '98, priests and laymen alike, who laid in sorrow and blood and tears, the foundations of that edifice which has attained in our generation to such graceful and noble proportions.

Turning now to the document which we reproduce in the pages of the Magazine, it is the original writ issued by Lord Kilwarden for the apprehension and detention on board the ship "Lively" of Father Harold, the first convict priest who set his foot in Australia. As it is not easily decipherable, we give it here again for the benefit of our readers in plain print :

"George the Third, by the Grace of God,
"of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,
"King. Defender of the Faith and so-
"forth. To the Commander of the
"ship called the 'Lively,' now lying in
"the Harbour of Cork or elsewhere,
"greeting. We command you that you
"have the body of James Harold de-
"tained in your custody, as it is said,
"under safe and secure conduct, or by
"whatsoever other Name, addition of
"Name, or Sir Name, the said James
"Harold is called in the same before
"the Honble. Robert Day, fourth Jus-
"tice of our Court of Chief Place in
"Ireland, or in his absence, before any
"of his Brethren Justices of said Court,
"in Dublin, Immediately on sight or
"receipt hereof, together with the day
"and cause of his being the said James
"Harold so taken and detained, to do
"and receive what shall then and there
"be considered concerning him, and
"have you then there this Writt. Wit-
"ness, Arthur Lord Kilwarden, at the
"King's Courts, the 12th day of Feb-
"ruary, in the 39th year of our Reign.

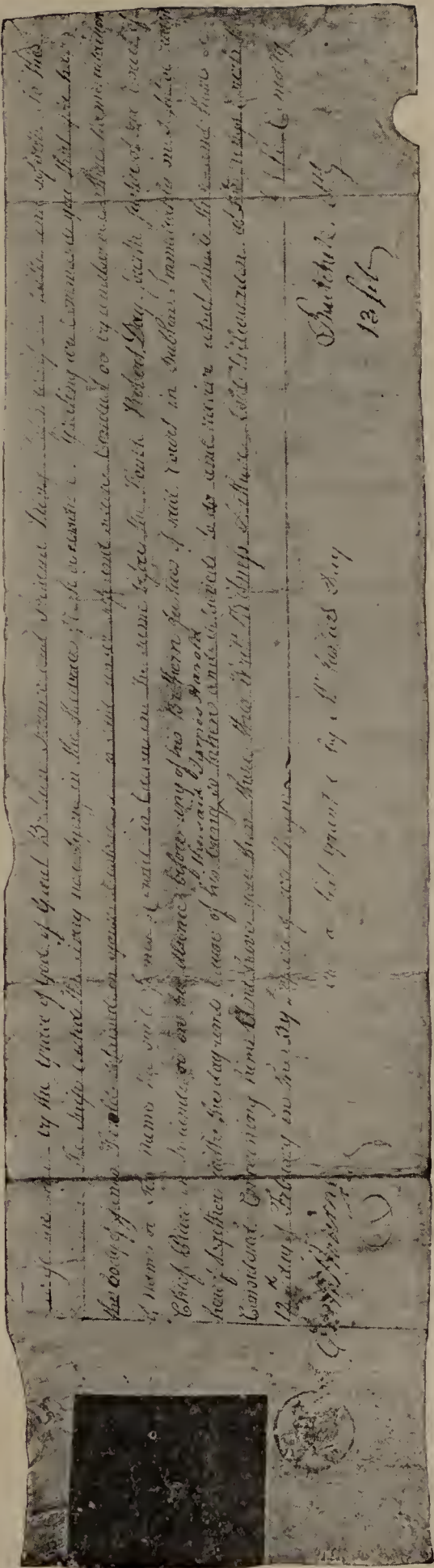
"H. & R. Convoy.

"Ecc. W. Nourne.

D.M. Brutchell M.G.

13 feb

"On a fiat granted by
"Mr. Justice Day."



THE WRIT

It will be noticed that there is an apparent discrepancy between this document and the Cardinal's account of Father Harold. The Cardinal says he was transported in the "Minerva," and this document gives the "Lively" as the ship on which he was placed in the Cove of Cork. However, it is probable that he was transferred from one ship to the other. The document was, for many years, in the possession of the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O.P., who was indefatigable in collecting documents bearing on the past, and was placed

tutor. Father Harold at this time had been home several years, and was still a robust old man, though almost in his dotage. Dr. Russell heard him relate an anecdote which will be of special interest to the people of Cork. Mr. Timothy Mahony, of Blackpool, smuggled or obtained leave to put on board the vessel which was leaving Cork for Botany Bay a "vestment box," containing chalice, vestments, and a supply of altar linen. This gentleman several years afterwards lost his life by his self-sacrificing zeal for the poor

Allowed

*By the Statute of the twenty second
year of the Reign of King George
the third six pence per Mile
to be paid On bringing up the
prisoner*

J. Day

THE ENDORSEMENT.

by him in the archives of the Irish Dominican Province, where it still remains. On the envelope which contains it, Dr. Russell wrote a few notes relating to Father Harold. He says that when he was a student in Lisbon in 1820, Father Harold paid a visit there to his nephew, Father Vincent Harold, about whom there is more than one reference in the Cardinal's account, and who was professor of theology at the time, and Dr. Russell's

in the typhus fever epidemic in Cork. Dr. Russell also met Father O'Neill, of whom we shall also give an account, and who was publicly flogged in Youghal before his transportation. When Dr. Russell met him he inquired very earnestly about "old Harold," his companion in exile. Dr. Harold, the Dominican and nephew of the old man, lived till 1856, and was Provincial from 1840 to 1844. It may be also of interest to state that Father Harold, the

late parish priest of Glasthule, Co. Dublin, was also belonging to the same family.

We now proceed to give the Cardinal's account, which we have taken bodily from his work. It would be impossible to take even large extracts from it, leaving out parts, without seriously diminishing its interest, and it would be also impossible to write an original account of our own without borrowing largely from his narrative, as we have not the historical materials at hand, which he evidently possessed in abundance.

The Rev. James Harold was the first convict priest who landed on the shores of Port Jackson. Appointed to the parochial charge of Kilcullen, in the year 1789, by the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, he was thence transferred, in 1794, to the parish of Saggart, which, in those days, still retained its ancient name of Rathwole. Father Harold was indefatigable in the performance of the sacred duties of his ministry. Amid the terrible scenes of cruelty and violence, which marked the summer months of the year 1798, he exhorted his faithful flock to forbearance and peace. On the very Sunday preceding the outburst of the rebellion he preached two impressive sermons, urging his flock to shun all disorder and discord. He did not fail, however, to administer the consolations of religion to his suffering people, and he fearlessly rebuked some of the yeomanry and military for the reckless barbarity which they displayed. Such earnestness, in those days, sufficed to justify the suspicion of his being hostile to the Government, and a military order was issued for his arrest. For a time he lay concealed in the house of a friendly Pro-

testant at Hazelhatch, but when he at length ventured from his retreat to say Mass for his flock, he was seized at the very altar, and led off a prisoner. The only favour that he asked on that occasion was to be permitted to complete the Holy Sacrifice, and that favour was granted to him. He was detained several months in gaol, and was then, without further trial, shipped on board the convict vessel, the

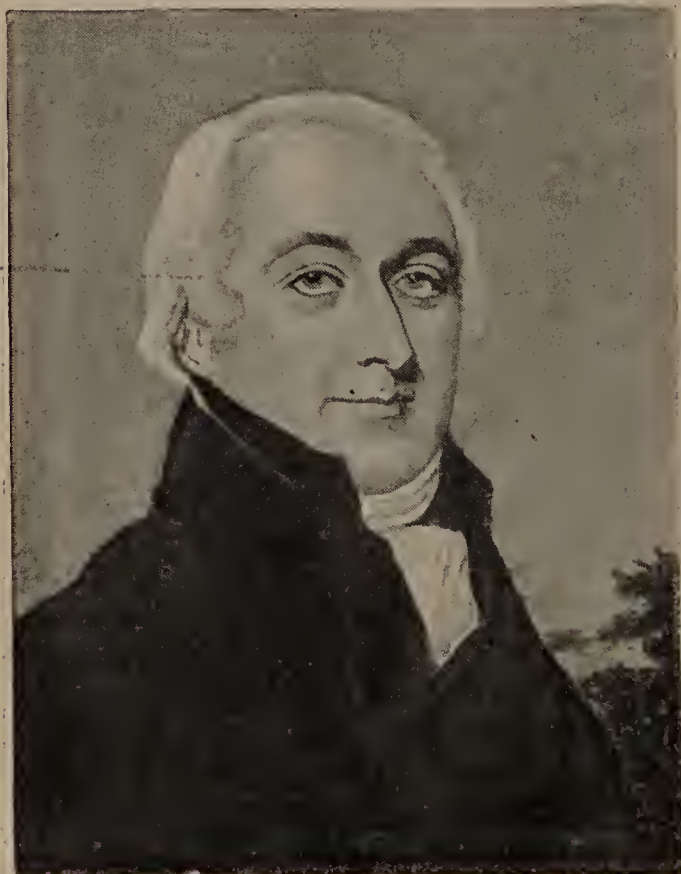


HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MORAN.

"Minerva," for Botany Bay.

As a rule, the treatment of the convicts on board the ships during their long sea voyage to the Antipodes was severe and harsh, but such treatment should be considered mild when compared with the hardships they endured on the hulks whilst being transferred from Dublin, and the other ports, to await transhipment in the convict vessel. General Holt, who had

taken a prominent part in the County of Wicklow as a leader of the rebel troops, and had surrendered on promise of pardon, was transported to Botany Bay, together with Father Harold, on board the "Minerva." In his "Memoirs" he has left an account of his sufferings whilst being conducted from Dublin to join that transport vessel at Cove. "A bundle of hay," he says, "shared by another convict, was his pillow; a plank was his berth by day, and his bed at night." Some of the details he gives are too harrowing to be



FATHER HAROLD, O.P.
(From a Miniature in St. Mary's Priory, Cork)

even mentioned. A scanty allowance of food was allowed to each convict, but even that was measured out with light weights, and anyone who ventured to make complaint was instantly chained to the deck of the vessel. They suffered much from thirst, as only one pint of water was allowed in the twenty-four hours. "I often saw struggles," he says, "between the unfortunate wretches on board, for the possession of small pieces of ice, which adhered to the sails and other parts of the

ship, to quench the burning of their parched mouths, so much were they distressed by thirst, and one man I actually saw expire, crying out, with his very last breath, 'Water! water!'"

He subsequently describes the vessel as "a floating dungeon of disgusting filth," under a "cruel and unfeeling monster, in the shape of a man, who commanded it." He adds that "many of the poor wretches on board had been eight months on the water without a change of clothes, in a state of inexpressible torment, and covered with vermin," and he concludes: "It would have been much better, and much more humane to have ordered us to have been shot on the strand, than to doom us to linger out such a wretched existence of miseries."

With Father Harold and Genl. Holt, there was on board the "Minerva," a Protestant minister, named Fulton, who was also transported for complicity in the rebellion. Another priest, named Father Barry, was under sentence of transportation, and was to have accompanied them, but he died in port before embarking. The "Minerva" sailed from the Cove of Cork on the 24th of August, 1799, arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 22nd of October following, and entered the harbour of Sydney on the 11th of January, 1800. Father Harold, however, did not land till the 13th, the Octave of the Festival of the Epiphany.

There was at this time a young student in the College of the Dominican Order of Corpo Santo, at Lisbon, in Portugal, named William Vincent Harold, a nephew of our convict priest, who at a later period was highly distinguished among the sons of Saint Dominic. Father Harold addressed to this young religious two letters, from Cork and Rio Janeiro; and although, unfortunately, these letters have been lost, the substance of the correspondence was

forwarded to Father Harold's brother, resident in Dublin, in the following letter, which, though written in schoolboy style, will be found interesting in many respects. It tells us of the sentence of transportation being accepted by Father Harold as a missionary apostolate among the wholly neglected Catholic convicts, and it makes known the sentiments that prevailed in those days as to the disgrace brought by transportation on the family name, and the opinion prevalent on the Continent re-

"time desired to commence a correspond-
 "ence with you, the near ties of kindred
 "between us seemed to demand it. The
 "opinion I had formed (though young and
 "inexperienced) of your judgment made
 "me wish it; and the disagreeable events
 "that happened in Ireland since my ab-
 "sence from that dear, though wretched,
 "country, to one equally beloved by both
 "of us renders it at present particularly
 "interesting. Previous to my uncle's ap-
 "prehension, he corresponded with me



THE CONVICT SHIP.

garding the unhappy disturbances in Ireland:—

"Lisbon, Corpo Santo,
 October 26th, 1800.

"My Dear Uncle,

"In vain would I describe the emotions I felt at the reception of your letter. It had a long delay, as it was dated on the 11th September. I received it on the 23rd October. I had for a long

"regularly. Since that period I have re-
 "ceived two letters from him, one from
 "the transport in the Cove of Cork, the
 "second from Rio Janeiro, in Brazil, when
 "on his way to New South Wales. In
 "both he paints his sufferings in the most
 "moving manner, yet through the whole
 "he showed a resolution which could have
 "originated in no human motives. He re-
 "joiced at the prospect of his future labours in Botany Bay. He went not as

"a convict, but as an apostle, and the
 "spirit of the latter seemed to animate
 "every line he wrote. He not only for-
 "gave his persecutors, but considered
 "them instruments in the hands of Pro-
 "vidence for the best of ends. I am so
 "far from considering his situation miser-
 "able that, were I to leave Portugal, and
 "my native country needed not my la-
 "bours, I would not for a moment hesi-
 "tate to join him by the first opportunity,
 "for, if we seriously reflect on the short
 "time we have to remain on earth, and our
 "real interest during this short period,
 "we will be convinced that the place
 "where we can do most for the glory of
 "God and good of our fellow-creatures,
 "should be our choice. . . . It was
 "proposed to me by a gentleman in Dub-
 "lin, whom I shall mention in some future
 "letter, to change my name. He told me
 "it became a matter of prudential neces-
 "sity. Prudence forbade me to answer
 "his letter, as I could not have answered
 "it with temper, and he is such a person

"as I would not willingly offend. I would
 "reject the offer with the most marked
 "contempt and indignation, were it made
 "to me by the first man in Ireland. No,
 "I will keep that name for the very reason
 "that others think I should change it, for
 "his sake who is now unjustly exiled from
 "his friends and country. . . ."

On the arrival of the "Minerva" in
 Sydney considerable indulgence was
 shown to the Protestant convict clergy-
 man, Rev. Mr. Fulton. He was not only
 allowed to exercise his religious functions,
 but was very soon invested with magis-
 terial authority, with all the privileges and
 emoluments which were connected in
 those days with the position of magistrate.
 The Catholic convicts hoped that some
 like indulgence might be extended to
 Father Harold, but bitter was their dis-
 appointment when they saw scornfully re-
 jected every petition of the zealous priest
 to be allowed to administer the consolations
 of religion to his Catholic fellow-
 sufferers.

. (To be continued.)



THE SCYTALE.—The ancient Greeks had
 a very curious and ingenious method of
 transmitting secret messages. When an
 officer of state, or other important person-
 age, was setting out to the scene of his
 labours he was provided with a slender
 piece of wood, carefully rounded: the
 magistrates kept another piece exactly
 similar in all respects. When a communi-
 cation was to be made a narrow strip of
 parchment was cut (something like a nar-
 row ribbon), and was wound round the
 wood spirally, commencing at one end.
 The message was then written lengthwise
 across the joinings of the parchment,
 which, when unwound, presented nothing
 but a series of confused signs and broken

letters. This parchment having arrived
 at its destination was wound, as before,
 round the wood in the recipient's posses-
 sion, when the different parts of the words
 and letters were so nicely fitted to one
 another that the message could be easily
 read. This system of writing was called
 "the scytale."

ON two occasions words almost equally
 sublime were addressed to woman in the
 Gospel: on one occasion they were heard
 by Mary the Virgin, on the other by Mary
 the penitent. To the one was said, "Hail
 full of grace;" to the other, "Many sins
 are forgiven her, because she hath loved
 much."—Lacordaire.

A Saintly Ragpicker.

SOME years ago in the Latin quarter of Paris, in a wretched hole, there lived, or rather lingered in a long agony, a poor old man, whose body was one great wound. While quite young he had met with an accident which compelled him to beg for his subsistence. It was after forty years of such a life that cruel infirmities fastened him to a bed of suffering. His children, poor honest ragpickers, as he had been, fed him as best they could, but very little could they provide for him.

This state of affairs coming to the knowledge of the religious Sisters of the quarter they offered their services, knowing how necessary assistance was in such a case. They were very gratefully accepted. Every day henceforward the Sisters came and dressed the sores of the bed-ridden man, and brought him soothing drinks, while they comforted him with kind words.

These did not fall on ungrateful soil. Never was a murmur heard to escape from the lips of the poor old man; his serenity was altogether remarkable, it seemed to light up the tortured face.

In spite of the terrible ulcers that eat into his flesh, and the fever which set his blood on fire and parched him, he was unalterably peaceful. Something like a nimbus seemed to encircle the disfigured countenance, and one perceived in his eyes, notwithstanding the livid blotches, rays, as it were, of heavenly joy.

One detail alone puzzled the Sisters.

The poor old man was, without any doubt, of all their patients the most resigned and edifying. Everything about

him, his words, gestures, his very looks interested them. Yet they failed not to remark that each time they entered the miserable den, the sick man so admirable in every respect greeted them briefly, and never lifted the cap he wore constantly on his head. What was it that hindered him from showing this mark of respect? Both hands were free.

Many a time one of the Sisters was on the point of making some remark to him about this peculiarity, yet each time the courage to do so failed her. She felt disarmed by the resignation and heroic patience. At last came the hour of release. He died like a saint, a hymn of adoration and love on his lips. The joy of the predestined shone in his eyes and gave a heavenly expression to the poor bruised face.

The Sisters asked to be allowed to lay out the corpse, and while doing so, they suddenly recalled to mind the peculiarity which had been such a puzzle to them. Why did not the old man uncover his head?

A Sister, therefore, proceeded to lift the cap that had reached down almost to the eyebrows, and it did not readily yield. She uses some effort and—what is it that meets her gaze?

A crown of thorns, pressed into the bleeding flesh!

To all his other sufferings the poor ragpicker had wished to add that which would make him still more like his Divine Master, and this he had accomplished without allowing anyone to suspect his heroism.



The Living Rosary.

ITS ORGANISATION.

THE supreme control of the Living Rosary Sodality is now vested in the Master-General of the Order of Preachers, but, as has been explained in the first article in last month's issue of this Magazine, it was not so from the beginning. We shall, therefore, first briefly point out how this Sodality was originally organised, and next mark how its organisation is affected by present legislation.

The Sodality in the beginning received its approval by letters apostolic of Pope Gregory XVI., dated February 2nd, 1832. Fifteen persons formed a Sodality. Each Sodality, or company of fifteen, was managed by one of its number, who was called the "Zelator," if a man, or the "Zelatrice," if a woman. These we need not say, are French terms, and betray the origin of the Association. As each of the members, instead of undertaking to say the whole Rosary, bound himself but to say a single decade, the duty of the Zelator was to distribute the fifteen Mysteries among them, and re-arrange the Mysteries monthly, according to one or other of the methods which will be pointed out later on, so that everyone might thus regularly change his decade, and the whole Rosary be recited every day. Fifteen members formed what was also called a "Circle,"

because among them, and united together, they completed the Rosary. The duty of the Zelator, or, as he is called in common language, the Head of the Circle, did not end with the proper distribution of the Mysteries among the members of his Circle. He was also charged with filling up the vacancies in the Circle when members left, or died, or were otherwise incapacitated, so that the whole Rosary might be said daily in accordance with the plan.

In order to preserve the remembrance of the ancient form of the Rosary as it was instituted by Saint Dominic, it was arranged that a Counsellor should be placed over every hundred and fifty associates, as the whole Rosary consisted of a connected chain comprising one hundred and fifty Hail Marys. We see, therefore, how eager the founders of this association were to preserve the recollection of the Rosary in its original form. The same arrangement tends to keep in view the secondary object of the Sodality, which, as has been said, is to form its members for admission into the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary, properly so called.

The Zelators and Counsellors were to be appointed by a Diocesan Director, to whom they were subject. The Diocesan Director was always a priest, himself chosen by two Directors-General, with the consent and approbation of the Bishop.

The Directors-General themselves were nominated by the Holy See.

However complex this scheme may appear on paper, it, as well as the present organisation of the Living Rosary Sodality, to the description of which we now come, is simplicity itself in practice. The chief thing to be noted is that the Zelators receive their appointment from lawfully appointed Directors, who themselves can trace their authority back to its legitimate source, for otherwise the members that form the Circles will be deprived of the indulgences which are among the fruits of the Sodality.

By a Brief, dated August 17th, 1877, the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., committed the Living Rosary to the care of the Dominicans. From that time henceforth the Supreme Moderator has been the Master-General of the Order. We shall now note the changes that have been made in the organisation of the Sodality.

The Directors who were in existence on the 15th day of November, 1877, were confirmed in their office for life, with the power of choosing new Zelators to be appointed even over new circles of fifteen. The same applies to the general or diocesan Director. But such Directors, even those diocesan, thus confirmed, were not in future to choose, as formerly, new Directors. They can discharge the duties of their office in every place, and in the same manner as formerly, even in places where Confraternities of the Most Sacred Rosary or Convents of the Dominican Order are established. In like manner, all Zelators and Zelatrices in existence on the above-mentioned date, were confirmed in their offices for life. All members hitherto received, or in future to be received into the Sodality by such Zelators, were to be reckoned as lawfully admitted, and capable of partaking in all its graces and indulgences.

Since November 15th, 1877, new Directors are appointed by the Master-General of the Dominican Order, or by

his delegation, by the Provincials, each one within the limits of his own province. They can appoint "local" Directors, but not those termed "general" or "diocesan." If any necessity is found to exist for the appointment of a general or diocesan Director recourse must always be had to the General of the Order. If a Director receive an appointment to any particular place, as, for instance, a priest, to a parish as curate or parish priest, and afterwards be transferred elsewhere, the faculty granted him expires with his change, even though he goes to a place where the Sodality of the Living Rosary is established and takes the place of its Director. All Directors of Confraternities of the Most Sacred Rosary which have been canonically erected in any place through the Master-General of the Dominican Order with the consent of the Bishop, or which will be erected in future, are to be considered at the same time the legitimate Directors of the Living Rosary. Hence it follows that if the Confraternity of the Rosary be erected in a place where any Director or President of the Living Rosary is in office, to which he has been appointed since November 15th, 1877, then from the very fact of the erection of the Confraternity the faculties of such a particular Director or President, whether granted by the General or the Provincial, cease, and the Director of the Rosary Confraternity succeeds to all the powers which formerly belonged to the Sodality of the Living Rosary. If at any time, through a special cause, it is desirable to have a Director different from the Director of the Confraternity of the Rosary, application must always be made to the General of the Order.

As the Sodality is not properly and strictly a Confraternity, for the names of the members are not inscribed in a Confraternity register, nor have they any public exercises, it is not to be bound by the common laws of Confraternities, so that many Sodalities may lawfully maintain

themselves in the same place, under different legitimate rulers.

Local Directors, though they can no longer appoint other Directors, can appoint one or more men or women with the name of President, or Zelator President, whose office it will be to preside over the several Zelators of the locality, under the authority of the Director.

The Zelators should, if possible, hold a monthly meeting of the associates, in order that the Mysteries be distributed to everyone by lot for daily recitation during the month. If, however, this meeting with the associates cannot be held, then the Zelator or Zelatrice, with two associates may proceed to the drawing of lots for the Mysteries, and send them to the absent members. Besides the accustomed

method of changing the Mysteries by means of lots, another method is admitted according to which the Mysteries once assigned by lot may be changed privately, if the associates agree together each to take the next Mystery monthly to the one before recited, according to the natural order of the decades. When the Mysteries are changed by the usual method of lots, if any reasonable cause be adduced—for example, some feast day—it is allowable to delay the usual change fifteen days after the completion of a month from the last change.

Next month's article will treat principally of the indulgences with which the Sodality of the Living Rosary has been enriched, and other fruits of membership.



Wonderful Development of the Mustard Seed.

A SIMPLE country girl, Catharine Casper, born in 1824, in the village of Dernbach, formerly included in the ecclesiastical electorate of Treves, but ceded to the House of Nassau by the Congress of Vienna, gathered into her modest village home a few Catholic girls. They bound themselves by vow to the service of the poor and sick of the village and neighbourhood. Two years later they drew up a rule, which was approved by the Bishop of their diocese, Limburg. This same Bishop, Dr. Blum, on the 15th August of the following year, 1851, gave the religious habit to Catherine and her companions. They took the name of "Poor Servants of Christ," and only made simple vows.

These humble women, by their devotedness, endeared themselves to the Catholic population of the district. Voluntary gifts poured in upon them, and, thanks to Herr Leiber, the father of the present leader of the German Centre, the Poor Sisters of Christ were enabled to make a foundation in another village of

Nassau, Canberg. The following year a new house was opened at Poppendorf, a village not far from Coblenz. At the end of ten years there were sixty houses with two hundred and seventy sisters, distributed throughout the dioceses of Rhineland and of Holland, and even in the distant diocese of Breslau. At the present time the congregation possesses one hundred and ninety houses in Austria, Germany, Holland, England, America. There are 27 houses in the United States.

In 1890 the Pope definitely ratified their constitutions, and acknowledged them to be a religious congregation. The foundress, Catherine Casper, who had remained at the head of the congregation from the 15th August, 1851, and who had taken the name of Sister Mary, has only quite recently passed to her reward. Her death took place early on the morning of the Purification, 2nd February, 1898. The example of this humble woman is a proof that even in our evil times Christian charity and the spirit of sacrifice can accomplish great things.



Our Foreign Letters.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR,

It will not be uninteresting to the readers of your Magazine if I put together a few facts I have collected in the busy world of Rome.

Rome is a busy world just now, and, I may say, a turbulent world, too. Those whose privilege it has been to know it before the introduction of the new order of things in '70, would scarcely recognise the happy Italians whom they knew in the palmy days of the Pontiff, in the down-trodden and miserable population which now inhabits the City of the seven hills. It is not my intention to thrust upon your readers the facts, with which they are already acquainted, but to allow them to glance at the once happy city, and the misery which has banished all its fairest charms.

The continual rush of troops, the clangour of arms, and the cries for bread have taken the place of the ringing laugh, the joyous song, and the festive strains, that once gave Rome a character all its own. An abiding fear and a perpetual anxiety seem to have settled on the populace. There is no man who can be trusted in the Government. The discussions in Parliament end in chaos and confusion; secret societies are at work, and the first signs of revolution are beginning to ap-

pear. The people are crying out against the excessive taxation, and the Government is running into debt by thousands every day. The taxes are, we may say, collected at the point of the bayonet, and starvation is almost universal. The disastrous effect of the occupation of the Piedmontese has dawned upon the people with a horrible clearness, and they are now, when it is too late, contrasting the gentleness of the Papal rule with the hard fate that is meted out to them by the emissaries of an irreligious and hostile Government. Rome is already filled with soldiers, and many an English and Irish visitor has been disturbed, when contemplating the grandeur of a pagan civilization, in the colossal ruins of the Coliseum, by the blare of their trumpets, and the unintelligible jargon of their drill-sergeants. But for those who are now in power this was not enough; the garrison of Rome has now been increased by 7,000 soldiers, 400 carbinieri, and the unpicturesque enlargement of 150 police. Our movements are now impeded everywhere by regiments of half-starved, half-drilled weaklings, who, I am sure, wish those who command them anywhere you please. The embassies are surrounded by soldiers. The Quirinal, the dwelling-place of the usurper, is guarded by a fence of bayonets; the banks, which contain tons of valueless notes, are strictly watched—in a word, the whole aspect of affairs

gives one the idea that the place is in a state of siege. When will it all end? we are continually asking. For Italy under the present regime there is no remedy. The country is bankrupt, and sliding every day into absolute ruin. There is but one thing that cheers us amidst the gloomy desolation—Italy is becoming more Catholic; it is turning every day to that source of consolation that it once loved. That has been its glory in the past, and that promises to be its salvation in the future—the Catholic Church. The priests have come together and organized the people into societies, which have now spread throughout the whole Peninsula. Each parish has its committee, based upon elastic principles that can be stretched to meet the exigencies of the moment. The Parish Priest is at the head of the parish committee, and the broad lines of an irresistible policy are forming, so that in a few months the Catholics of Italy will present a disciplined power of public opinion that the Government dare not despise. It has done its part, however, in counteracting this scheme for the salvation of the country, and in spite of the protests of the Holy Father, joined to those of the Italian nobles, the pseudo-rulers of Italy are leaving no means untried to break up the Catholic organization. Nothing daunted by the menaces of Government, the work goes on and promises to prosper.

The journals most noted for their hostility to the Church, and for their sympathy with the Italian revolution, are forced to acknowledge the reality of the Catholic movement in Italy. Writing from here to the leading French paper, "Le Journal des Debats," the correspondent observes that "Government officials are, no doubt, impressed by this state of things, but more especially that class of liberals whose ire is aroused by the sight of a soutane. It is indisputable that Catholic influence is extending: proofs of

this are evident in nearly every district of Italy."

The recent Italian pilgrimage to the Pope emphasizes one significant incident. More than twenty thousand pilgrims had come to pay homage to the Pope. They were all Italians, and represented every part of the kingdom. A large group of University students among them attracted particular notice, as they wore the traditional University cap. Hence there was an undoubted demonstration on the part of the colleges; the caps were raised, and the cry "Long live the Pope-King" was shouted lustily. This is the first occasion since '70 that the Universities have openly taken part in a Catholic manifestation. Of course the authorities have tried to minimize the fact, but in vain.

Another event has taken place within the last few weeks, that is calculated to disconcert the most sanguine hope for the conservation of a united Italy. The recent Pontifical reception proves beyond doubt that the Roman nobility are returning *en masse* to their former allegiance to the Pope. The Orsini and the Colonna have disputed the title of Prince-Assistant at the Pontifical throne for centuries, and within the last few weeks the representative of the Colonna family has renounced all connection with the Quirinal, resigned his post of gentleman-in-waiting to the Queen, and seated himself once again on the steps of the throne of the Fisherman. The Chigi, another noble family, forgetful of its obligations to the Vatican, threw in its lot with the new rulers of Italy; but recent events have brought them to a better mind, and they are now the strong defenders of "The Temporal Power." We might mention other noble families who have deserted King Humbert and his Court; but enough of these gloomy thoughts, begotten of the misery of a noble, though ungrateful race, unmindful of its duty to God and His supreme representative on earth.

While the misery we have been describing is silently doing its work, science, under the peaceful and fostering care of the Church, is adding to the store of Christian knowledge. Those who have visited the museum of the Roman College will remember to have seen a *graffito* which represents the crucifixion. It has no pretensions to artistic merit, and is undoubtedly the work of a pagan soldier in mockery of man's redemption. The figure on the cross has an ass's head, and underneath are written in Greek the words: "This is the God whom Alexander adores." The eminent archæologist, Marucchi, has discovered, almost on the same spot, on the Palatine, in the form of an inscription, an answer to that delineated by the pagan. The inscription is also in Greek characters, and was without doubt composed by a Christian soldier: "Would that the God whom the author of the design mocks should open his eyes to the one and only truth." The *graffiti* belong to the third century of the Christian era, and are a valuable addition to Christian archæology.

The most startling announcement among those for which the German Emperor is responsible, is his intended visit to the Holy Land. People here are at their wits' end to know what it means. The Sultan of Turkey is going to give him a royal reception, at any rate, and that is what our German ally particularly desires. Fifteen thousand troops, the flower of the Persian army, are to be despatched to Jerusalem to do honour to the Emperor of the Germans. There is a report that the Sultan is to give the "Supper Room" to the Emperor William, who has designs on the French, and is anxious to displace them in the protection of the Holy Places. It is not his intention, however, to hand over to the Protestants the places sanctified by the presence of Our Lord, but to give them to the German Catholics, who have already obtained a footing in the Holy City.

The hostile article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* against the Life of Savonarola by Professor Luotto, has raised a storm among the admirers of the great Dominican. It is hard to understand why the *Civiltà* came out so hard on the Florentine reformer; but whatever its motives may have been, it has been beneficial at least in this, that the life of the Friar is reviewed in a clearer light, and proofs are forthcoming that will establish him in the position among good and holy men, to which he is deservedly entitled.

The first number of a periodical—"IV. Centenario di Fra Girolamo Savonarola"—has just issued from the press, edited by a distinguished Florentine gentleman, and he has gathered around him a noble band of sympathisers, in whose hands, we are sure, the cause of Savonarola will not suffer. As many as five Cardinals have already signified their intention of joining in the centenary movement: Cardinal Bausa, O.P., Archbishop of Florence, Cardinals Capecelatro, Galeati, Svampa, and Agliardi. Quite a number of Archbishops, Bishops, and other distinguished ecclesiastics have also given it their support. Florence, and I may say Italy, is proud of the great Dominican, and the distinguished defenders of the 15th century friar will leave nothing undone to defend his reputation.

A new periodical—"The Rosa Mystica"—has just been published by the Polish Dominicans, in honour of the Queen of the Rosary. The Rosary has, since the days of Saint Hyacinth, been the popular devotion of the Poles, and they, like the faithful Irish, owe the preservation of their faith to their unswerving devotion to the Holy Rosary.

I was glad to see in our English paper some weeks ago that THE IRISH ROSARY is the best value for threepence in the whole range of magazine literature. Out here we endorse that opinion.

K. O.

CORRESPONDENCE

WE have received recently from Rome two very gratifying communications relative to THE IRISH ROSARY. One is a copy of a letter addressed to Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to His Holiness, by the Master-General of the Dominican Order, the other is the Cardinal's reply. We give them here.

The Pope and "The Irish Rosary."

"Most Eminent Prince,

"Mindful of the esteemed regard
"your Eminence has ever had for the
"Order of Preachers, and its unworthy
"Master-General, I make so bold as to
"present to you five volumes recently
"published by our dear father, Father
"Denifle. To these works I add two
"copies of the first volume of THE
"IRISH ROSARY, which is published
"monthly by the fathers of our Irish
"Province. One of these is for your
"Eminence: the other I would wish to
"be offered to the Pope of the Rosary.
"His Holiness will, I think, be all the
"more gratified if the presentation be
"made by Your Eminence. I trust
"Your Eminence will do me this fresh
"favour which I humbly ask. My satis-
"faction will be complete if you re-
"quest *a special Apostolic Blessing for*
"*the compilers, subscribers, and readers*
"*of this Magazine.*"

"I beg to renew my feelings of deep
"gratitude, and to offer you my most
"dutiful respects,

"Your Eminence's most devoted
"and humble servant,

"Fr. Andrea Früwirth,

"Mast-Gen. of the Ord. of
"Preachers."

The Cardinal's Reply.

"Most Reverend Father,

"In reply to your Most Reverend
"Paternity's esteemed letter, I must, in
"the first place, return you my warmest
"thanks for the new publications you
"presented to me, and for the cordial
"greetings which accompanied the gift.
"Your thoughtfulness, and the praise-
"worthy labours of your religious chil-
"dren, afford me new motives for appre-
"ciating still more fully the illustrious
"Order of Preachers.

"I have not failed to present to the
"Holy Father the volume of the perio-
"dical, THE IRISH ROSARY. His Holi-
"ness has graciously accepted this of-
"fering with very particular pleasure,
"and rejoices to find that zeal and piety
"and earnestness in promoting sound
"literature are flourishing so healthfully
"in the holy Dominican Order.

"In making known to you that the
"Supreme Pontiff has, with all his
"heart *bestowed the Blessing* you
"asked for, I gladly seize the oppor-
"tunity for expressing to you my own
"very great esteem, and remain

"Your Most Revd. Paternity's

"Most affectionately in the Lord,
"M. Cardinal Rampolla."



“WHOSOEVER will proudly dispute or contradict will always stand outside the door. Christ, the Master of humility, manifests Himself to the humble only, and hides Himself from the proud.”—Saint Vincent Ferrer.

* * *

SAINT MONICA’S husband was a man of very violent temper. Some of her friends one day asked her why it was she never bore any marks of his anger on her face, whereas they themselves were often harshly treated by their husbands. She replied: “You may blame yourselves and your tongues for the disfigurement of your faces.”

* * *

IN the days of Saint Augustine, Saturday was observed as a fast day in Rome and other places, but not at Milan. Saint Monica, coming to Milan, was perplexed as to how she was to act, and consulted Saint Ambrose, who said to her: “When I am here I do not fast on Saturdays, but I fast when I am in Rome. Do you the same; and follow always the customs and discipline of the churches where you are.”

* * *

THE custom of placing a statue of the Blessed Virgin over the doors of houses,

and at the corners of streets, which is so common on the Continent, was introduced by Saint Peter, Martyr, O.P. Lamps are lighted before these statues every evening.

* * *

FROM time immemorial a statue of the Blessed Virgin has been in a niche in one of the fortifications at Malta. Even to this day as many as five lamps are burning continually before it. The oil is supplied by some of the pious people in the neighbourhood. Our readers will be surprised to hear that this niche is in a wall within what is now an English barrack.

* * *

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites had under consideration, on March the 7th, the beatification of Pope Innocent V., the first Pope taken from the Dominican Order. This holy Pontiff has been honoured by the faithful, and reputed as a Saint, ever since his death. The promoter of the cause is Cardinal Pierrotti, O.P., and we hope to see Innocent V. raised to the altar like his saintly successors, Blessed Benedict XI., and Saint Pius V., both Dominicans.

* * *

THE ancient Province of Andalusia has also been restored; and the eminent preacher,

Father Lombardo, is by degrees taking possession of the suppressed convents of Sicily.

* *

THE first University of America was founded in the City of Lima by Spanish Dominicans. It was called the Regia-Pontificia University, because it had its diplomas from the Pope and King of Spain. To this centre were affiliated twenty-four colleges and sixty lesser schools.

* *

ATTACHED to, and forming part of, the famous monastery of the White Fathers, near Tunis, is a very valuable museum of Pagan and early Christian remains. Amongst other objects that attract the notice of visitors is a great number of

small crosses, made of various metals, and which closely resemble in shape and size the badge usually adopted by the League of the Cross. They are of very ancient date, belonging probably to the second or third century. It would appear that the early Christians were accustomed to carry about their persons the sacred symbol of Redemption.

* *

THE Dominican Province of Peru, founded in 1531, has been restored. It gave to the Church the gentle Patroness of America, Saint Rose of Lima, as well as two saintly lay-brothers, Blessed Martin Porres and Blessed John Messias, and another still, who, though not raised to the dignity of beatification, is eminent for his heroic sanctity, the Ven. Francis Vega.



Notes.

WE learn with great satisfaction that the English "Rosary" is to be enlarged, and that illustrations are to be introduced into its pages. We congratulate our brethren on this new and desirable departure.

* *

It will be seen from our "Correspondence" column how the Pope graciously gave the Apostolic Blessing not only to the promoters, but even to the readers, of THE IRISH ROSARY. This is encouraging to us.

* *

THE centenary movement in honour of Savonarola at Florence will serve to clear away from the memory of this remarkable man the clouds with which Protestant bigotry and falsehood sought to encircle it.

* *

As promoters of good literature we must condemn those newspapers which publish the shocking details of the divorce courts. No modern novel of the most shady cha-

racter can compare for gross impropriety with these journals. The bad novel has a narrow circulation; the bad newspaper finds its way everywhere. If it is wrong to read a bad book, it is far worse to read such newspapers.

* *

THE question of giving a Catholic University to Ireland has elicited the expression of many plain-spoken truths. Two Tory, and Protestant, Lords have recently written to the Chief Government organ in the following strain:—Hitherto it was usual for Protestants to cry down the Catholic Church for narrow-mindedness and bigotry, but now they must change their tune: it is the Protestant Church that now shows, by the action of so many of her representatives, how narrow and bigoted are her views. This is a plain truth, told plainly by fair-minded Protestant gentlemen.

Book Notices.

Mellifont Abbey, Co. Louth: Its Ruins and Associations. A Guide and Popular History. Published by Duffy and Co.

This little book ought to be gladly welcomed by all who take an interest in the monastic history of Ireland, and should be in the hands of every tourist who pays a visit to the far-famed ruins of Mellifont. It is not merely a guide-book; the author gives an elaborate history of the monastery and devotes an interesting chapter to an explanation of the rule of the Cistercian Order.

The combined archæological and historical knowledge showed in the compilation of this unpretentious volume, makes it a most useful addition to the larger historical works published on the history of our country. It is well illustrated, and contains two plans and a valuable appendix.

Life of the Blessed John of Avila. Secular Priest, called the Apostle of Andalusia. By Father Longaro degli Oddi, of the Society of Jesus. Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J.. Translated from the Italian. London: Burns and Oates.

This beautiful life of a secular priest who, in the present Pontificate has been raised to our altars, has, as the preface informs us, been drawn from that written by the celebrated Father Louis of Granada, of the Order of Preachers, the intimate friend of Blessed John. Those who by their office are bound to help souls along the path that leads to Christian perfection, and those who themselves are bound to aspire to perfection, will learn much from this little work. Whether as preacher, or as confessor, or as labouring for the training of perfect ministers for the service of the Church, Blessed John of Avila sheds lustre on the priesthood, and raises its dignity in the estimation of the world.

Moral Principles and Medical Practice. By Father Coppens, S.J. Price, 1 dollar 50 cents.

This book is a valuable and much required addition to Medical Jurisprudence. It is intended principally for medical students, but most priests will also be benefitted by its perusal. Those who intend to qualify for the medical profession will find in these pages of the distinguished Jesuit a sure guide in the practice of their noble profession. The supreme criterion of morality is too often overlooked, disregarded or ignored, but we are sure a careful study of this solid work will efface the stain that sometimes blots the fair fame of the beneficent science of medicine. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Saint Catharine of Siena. Saints of the Rosary. No. 4.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the fourth of the excellent series of the "Saints of the Rosary" is ready. This is the life of the Seraphic Saint Catharine of Siena, the great patroness of Dominican tertiaries, who was proclaimed by Pius IX. patroness of the Eternal City. As Saint Catharine was one of the most extraordinary women the world ever saw, and one of the greatest saints canonized by the Church, any faithful record of her life must be both interesting and instructive. Father Faber says: "Nowhere in the Church does the Incarnate Word show His delight at being with the children of men, in more touching simplicity, with more unearthly sweetness, or more spouselike familiarity than in the favours He has lavished on the daughters of Saint Dominic." Amongst those so favoured daughters of Saint Dominic, Saint Catharine holds the first place.

The Dominican Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. J. Procter, O.P. London : Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

Il Domenicano Savonarola e la Riforma, Milano.

It is a far cry to the century in which the eventful life of Savonarola was cast, the fifteenth ; yet the fierce and bitter controversy on the character and the acts of the famous Dominican has not even now ceased to rage. Luther, Mosheim, and Meir have classed him as a pioneer of their "blessed Reformation," while saints like Saint Philip Neri and Saint Catharine de Ricci have honoured him as a great and loyal son of the Holy Catholic Church. Dean Farrar, not long ago, lecturing on the "Leaders of the Reformation," "with unwarranted and unwarrantable assurance, instances Savonarola as one of these," while Father Procter's reply, which has been published in pamphlet form, shows the character of Savonarola in its true light. "Even Bayle," says the author, "Calvinist first and Free-thinker afterwards," remarks "that it is very strange that Protestants should number among their martyrs a friar who, during his lifetime, had always celebrated Mass, and invoked the saints, and who at the hour of death went to confession and communion, made an act of faith in the Real Presence, and humbly accepted a plenary indulgence granted him by the Pope." It has been translated into Italian.

Life of Don Bosco. Translated from the French. By Lady Martin. Third Edition. London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

Rarely have we read with such unqualified satisfaction any memoir as Lady Martin's admirable translation of the life of Don Bosco, the Apostle of Youth. The third edition, which has just been issued, contains letters addressed to the translator after the reading of Don Bosco's life in its English garb.

Saint Anne d'Auray. By a Benedictine. London : Burns and Oates.

In the ten short chapters of which this booklet consists, we have a really beautiful sketch given of Saint Anne, the Blessed Mother of Mary, of her shrine at Auray, in Brittany, and of cures effected by pilgrimages to the miraculous statue.

Aid to Public Worship. Published by Dollard, Printing-house, Dublin.

This will prove a very useful little book to the priest on the mission. It contains the Devotions of the Rosary, Stations of the Cross, Benediction Service, etc. The publisher has done his work well, and has realized the intention of the compiler. It will indeed be a boon in the dimly-lighted sanctuary.

Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle. By Rev. Francis Xavier Lasance. New York : Benziger Bros.

This is a really useful book. We recommend it to all who wish to cultivate devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament. It is full of pious and beautiful thoughts, and is one of the best books of its kind we have seen.

The Catholic Father. By the Right Rev. Dr. Augustine Egger, Bishop of Saint Gall. New York : Benziger Bros.

In this little book, the dignity, duties, cares and joys of a father are illustrated. There are chapters on the training of the child, and most useful hints are given on the temperament and character of children. Instructions on all these important matters are sorely needed—they are to be found here. A learned, holy, and experienced bishop is the author.

News has just reached us from Rome that His Holiness the Pope has approved of the cultus of Blessed Innocent V., the first Pope of the Dominican Order.



THE MADONNA

(From a painting by Guido Reni.)



Vol. II., No. 5.—MAY, 1898.

Strength in Weakness.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER SEEWEL had arrived, but his arrival had been seen and noted by one who had been for months past watching for such an event.

It had been a rough, wild morning as James and Lionel Talbot put off in their little boat for a row. During the day it cleared up, and Maybelle, filled with a desire to see, if possible, the exact place where the underground passage led into the river, walked down to it, and

examined all round it carefully—watched all the time unawares. She knelt at the verge of the bank, beneath which was the gate of the subterranean passage. She leaned over and traced the exact spot with a long rod found near at hand. As she arose she fancied she heard a rustle close by, but ere she turned round to look for the cause, the man who had been carefully watching her disappeared, joyful at the discovery of the secret which he had long suspected, but which Maybelle had now inadvertently disclosed to him.

He returned at nightfall to resume his

watch, and some hours after dark he saw three persons land from the boat, two of whom he knew as Sir John Talbot's sons, the third was a stranger—a priest, as Blint well knew—for this man was no other than the nefarious Blint, who had taken to the odious calling of a priest-hunter.

The Earl of Huntingdon, the President of the North, who was so noted for his bigotry and persecution of Catholics, was

as to the best means to effect the capture. Ecclesfield was at that time on the scent after a famous priest, Father Best (whom he afterwards succeeded in apprehending*); therefore he could not undertake this business; but he advised that a certain Buckley, a well-known pursuivant from London, should be put in charge of it.

He considered the night of Christmas

Eve to be the best time to invade the Hall, and sent a large detachment of soldiers, as there would surely be a good number of guests assembled who might resist if only a few men were to attempt to make the arrest.

Father Christmas came clad in storm-clouds and snowy wreaths; far and wide an expanse of dazzling whiteness met the eye. Nothing daunted, numbers of the leading Catholic families in Yorkshire arrived on Christmas Eve—of course, to have a "right merrie Christmas."

Strange-looking crowds, clad as mendicants (but whose bearing and carriage rather indicated the sturdy yeoman class) arrived, presumably to get a Christmas dole, and remained.

Maybelle's heart beat fast as the mystic midnight hour approached. She had been received into the Church, but that night, when her Lord



STRANGE-LOOKING CROWDS ARRIVED.

just then at York. To him Blint hastened with the welcome news that a priest had just gone to Granite Hall.

Several times had the Talbots balked the President in his efforts to arrest a priest, and he was determined to be wary this time. He sent for Francis Ecclesfield, a notorious pervert, to get his advice

and Master had first appeared in the guise of a tender Infant so many centuries before—at the same hour of the same night He was to visit her heart by His real Presence for the first time. She could not account for the extraordinary feelings of love and tender devotion with which she was overwhelmed. She could hardly

answer Maude Talbot when the latter asked her some question about the dress she wished to wear on this the night of her First Communion. If God would only take her young life as an earnest of her love! If He would only grant her the martyr's crown! "Oh, God, regard not my unworthiness, but the earnestness of my desire, and give it to me, no matter by what death, by what suffering!" Such was her prayer on this, the eve of her First Communion.

The midnight hour tolled. Some seventy worshippers knelt in that Yorkshire upper chamber, to participate in the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary.

All had received Holy Communion. No one had been left in the watch-tower on account of the extreme solemnity of the Feast—an unwonted omission.

At the end of Mass two servants hastened to see that all was safe, whilst Father Seewel addressed a few burning words about the great solemnity to the little band of worshippers. The servants rushed back with blanched cheeks to tell that the house was surrounded by the military. At the same instant, violent knocking and shouts of "Open, in the Queen's name," were heard. All rapidly dispersed through the two entrances to the room, and spread through various parts of the house, as they had been previously instructed to do; whilst the priest and the sacred vessels were hurriedly concealed. Maude and Maybelle were the last to leave the room—but as the latter was at the door she looked back, and saw that in the great haste, the maniple had been dropped just outside the secret door in the wall. Calling to Maude to hurry down, and that she would follow her in an instant, the heroic girl ran back for it, and was just thrusting

it into her pocket when a man rushed in and seized her by the arm. Looking up she saw the leer of triumphant hate on Blint's face, for it was he who held her.

"Ah, ha! Lady Travers; old scores 'ill now be paid off in good coin. I'll have my sweet revenge for the wrongs I suffered by your means." (Blint spoke in the broad Yorkshire dialect, which, for our readers' convenience, we shall translate into ordinary English.)

Looking at him in amazement, Maybelle said: "What meanest thou, my man? I never saw thee before."



AT THE MIDNIGHT SERMON IN GRANITE HALL.

"Aye, but you did, Lady; and my flesh tingled well under the horse-whipping your Father ordered me for your tales. Do you forget Blint, whom you called a wretch, because he stole a few spoons and beat that miserable Jake you wished to protect? I don't forget it, and never shall until I get my revenge. Give out of your pocket the Popish rag you were stuffing into it when we caught you."

Maybelle held her hand tightly over her pocket, but made no reply.

The room was now filled with men, one of whom said to her in a smooth, quiet voice: "You may as well hand it out quietly, young lady, and not oblige us to use force."

A new thought flashed through her mind. She had made this very maniple, so she could pass it off as a piece of needlework.

"And what, my masters, makes you so anxious to see a piece of needlework;

it. Just tell us for what it has been used, and by whom, and you go free," said Buckley, the man who had previously spoken.

A look of unutterable scorn was the only reply vouchsafed by Maybelle to this speech.

"Hold her fast, my men; maybe we can gain our knowledge without her help; if not, she goes with us, and it goes hard if I do not find a means to make her speak or squeak," pursued the pursuivant, with a horrid attempt at pleasantry.

Knock at the walls as they would, no tell-tale sound betrayed the hiding-place.

Blint, drawing Buckley aside, promised him one-half of his year's gains if he would bring the Lady Maybelle Travers to prison.

Buckley's god was gold. Little recked he whether Protestant or Papist reigned, provided his coffers were well filled, and Blint's proposal just chimed in with his own thoughts. Some of the principal families in Yorkshire would be heavily implicated, besides Sir John Talbot and his family, if this young girl could only be got to give the information that Mass had been said that night in their presence. Whether the priest were found or not, heavy fines would be imposed on all, a large portion of which would fall to his share as leader; and he, Buckley, had such arguments to force speech as no frail young girl would have strength to resist.

But Master Buckley little knew the strength that lay hidden in the weakness of that fragile girl.

Consternation prevailed when it was found that Maybelle did not descend with the others. Sir John and his sons went to look for her, but found her guarded by soldiers, who refused to release her.



LOOKING BACK SHE SAW THAT THE MANIPLE HAD BEEN DROPPED.

wrought by the hands of an unskilful girl? I made this, and I think I have a right to keep my own handiwork," drawing it forth at the same time.

"With your permission, young lady, we will relieve you of the burden of carrying

The entire house was thoroughly searched for the priest, but without success, and Buckley gave orders that Maybelle should be brought to the prison in York. In vain did Sir John and other members of his family implore to be allowed to take her place. It was all of no avail—Buckley had the one whom he thought he could force to speak; and the finding of the maniple on her person, proved to him that she had been present at the Mass, though it could not be used as a legal proof that Mass had been said, not having been found in the room.

The utmost Sir John could obtain for her was that she should be borne in a litter suitable to her rank, whilst he and his sons rode beside it.

Arrived at the prison, they were forced sorrowfully to part with her.

The Governor of the prison happened to be absent that night, as he had gone to spend Christmas with his family; so it devolved on Maybelle's captor to give orders about her quarters. Unscrupulous as the man undoubtedly was, he had a faint spark of compassion for the poor young girl so suddenly and so ruthlessly torn from a happy home, and he was about to order her a separate cell in the upper part of the prison, where she would at least have cleanliness and a rough pallet to lie on; but again the nefarious Blint interfered, reminding Buckley that his best and speediest hope of success lay in frightening her thoroughly and at once,

and that nothing would effect this better than confining her in the lowest dungeon.

Self-interest conquered the better feelings of the wretched pursuivant and so, on that cold Christmas night, when the snow lay two feet upon the ground, the noble girl was cast into the dungeon below the level of the river, with not so much as a handful of straw on which to rest.



A MAN RUSHED IN AND SEIZED HER BY THE ARM.

Round the walls of this dungeon ran a low ledge of stone, the only seat—and the only bed—and this was reeking with damp and covered with creeping things.

In spite of her heroism, Maybelle felt a chill as of despair run through her frame when first struck by the cold, fetid atmos-

phere of the prison. Would she be able to keep up bravely? Quickly recovering herself, she remembered her longing for martyrdom, and kneeling down she thanked God fervently for having granted her prayer by allowing her to suffer something for His sake. She prayed long and

CHAPTER XI.

SENDING his sons back to Granite Hall, Sir John Talbot rode on directly to Wyndham Court to bring the Earl the sad news of what had happened to his child (as Sir John supposed Maybelle to be).

It would not be easy to depict the Earl's grief and anger on learning that Maybelle had become a Papist. At first he was so annoyed that he declared that she was only rightly served by being cast into prison. Soon, however, his love for her gained the mastery of his passion. How could he save her? He had failed so completely when he tried to alleviate Charles Rookwood's sufferings, that he had small hope of succeeding now.

It was late on Christmas Day when he arrived at York prison. On learning the place of her confinement, his fury knew no bounds. He so terrified the gaoler in charge that the young girl was immediately removed to an upper cell. More than this the man dared not do, as he had been stringently ordered to allow no one see the Lady Maybelle, and he declared it would cost him his place if he disobeyed.

The Earl hastened to the Lord President of the North. The utmost he could obtain from the latter was that a paper should be presented privately to the Lady Maybelle in prison,



SHE WAS CAST INTO THE DUNGEON BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE RIVER

earnestly, and then, half kneeling, half sitting, a calm, peaceful slumber came over her, burying for a time in merciful oblivion the horrors of her present situation.

son, containing questions as to whether Mass was said in Granite Hall on Christmas night? by whom? and in presence of whom? On those questions being fully answered in writing Lady Maybelle would

be at once set at liberty. In the meantime, no one could be permitted to see her. Only the Earl was admitted. He tried to induce her to give up the faith, but she would not listen to his arguments and entreaties. She answered the questions by tearing the paper on which they were written into atoms, and desiring the fragments to be returned as her reply.

No time was lost in bringing her to trial after this attempt had failed, as they wished to force the information from her before the priest would have escaped, careful watch having been meantime kept day and night by the River Humber, at the place where Elint had seen Maybelle examining.

At the trial, Maybelle considered that the safest means to avoid committing herself when answering to cross-questioning, would be to refuse to plead, as many lives might be lost, and numbers of families impoverished by one slip in her answers.

Beyond the one sentence, "I refuse to plead," not another word could be extracted from her. Furious at her silence, the Earl of Huntingdon ordered her back to prison, there to be put to the "question" by Buckley. As our readers well know, this meant that she was to be put to the torture, and whilst undergoing it, to be plied with questions.

Dame Margery Hutch, the gaoler's wife, was a rough, callous woman, in general, used to seeing suffering quite unmoved; but Maybelle's youth, beauty, and unvarying courtesy of manner had won her heart. The Earl of Wyndham had bribed the gaoler handsomely to induce him to grant the Lady Maybelle every indulgence

in his power. Therefore, Dame Margery was frequently in attendance on the fair prisoner.

When the good woman received orders to prepare the Lady Travers for the torture, she broke down completely, and entered weeping into the prisoner's cell with the long, loose, woollen robe which the latter was to exchange for her own ap-



MAYBELLE IN PRISON.

parel before proceeding to the torture chamber.

"Oh, my dear young lady, *do* be said by a poor, ignorant woman, and tell those people what they want; why should you give up your life to save other people's lives? *Do* think better of it," pleaded the poor woman.

Maybelle thanked her with winning

sweetness, but declared her resolution to be immovable, at the same time changing her apparel with as much alacrity as if she were going to a wedding. When the rosary around her neck appeared to view, Dame Margery was filled with horror, and begged that it should be put away.

"It belonged to my mother, who is dead; for her sake you will allow me to

into a great fit of sobbing, whilst she gave the required promise. Anyone seeing her and Maybelle enter the torture-chamber would have believed that the latter was the comforter, and the former the victim.

A last chance was given the Lady Maybelle of answering before being put to the torture.

Silence was her only reply.



SHE WOULD NOT LISTEN TO HIS ARGUMENTS.

wear it. See, we can conceal it perfectly beneath this woollen garment; thanks, I knew you would not refuse me. One favour more. You will not leave me until I am brought back here, dead or alive?"

This caused Dame Margery to burst

Buckley made a sign, and she was lifted on the rack, to which her hands and feet were securely bound. At a signal, the machine groaned and moved—the questions commenced; a clerk at a small table with writing materials, sat ready to write.

Save the creaking of the instrument of torture, and the disjointing of the sufferer's bones, no sound was heard in reply.

"She has swooned, take her off."

Yes—off—until consciousness of pain returns, when she shall be again placed on her bed of suffering.

At the second renewal of the torture, low moans of agony escaped the sufferer, but *no* word.

"Off again!"

The clerk who was present approached

"And by what authority, Captain Tryfern, do you interfere with the course of the law," asked Buckley in a cold tone.

"First, by the authority of common humanity; second, by the authority of the law itself, which does not allow an uncondemned prisoner to be put to death. Yon prisoner has been condemned to torture, not to death; one touch more of the rack and she expires, and I hold you all as murderers, and shall arraign you as such, so sure as I hold a commission as



SHE AGAIN FELL INTO A SWOON.

Buckley, and in a low tone advised the young lady's removal to her cell, she seemed so spent.

"Not until she speaks," he savagely growled.

As the third order came to place the victim once more upon the rack, the prison door burst open.

"Hold! in the Queen's name."

officer of Her Majesty's forces."

Grind his teeth with rage as he would, Buckley knew the young man was right, and would hold good his word.

The sufferer gave a look of gratitude at the young officer, but when they tried to lift her to bring her back to her cell she again fell into a swoon more prolonged and deadly than before.

Her death was now a foregone conclusion, and only postponed until she could be brought into court to have sentence pronounced; therefore, her friends were allowed to visit her freely.

We shall not attempt to describe her meeting with her friends. Poor Norah Gray could not bear to be away from her beloved mistress, and she begged Dame Margery to accept her as a servant without wages, so that she might live in the prison, to which the good woman willingly assented.

On the night following the day of the Lady Maybelle's torture, a righteous judgment overtook the scoundrel Blint. He had been drinking heavily all day, and after night-fall, wishing to return to his quarters by a short cut, he attempted to cross the frozen river. Just as he arrived in the middle of it his foot slipped, and falling heavily on the ice his weight broke it, and the wretched man passed from a wicked life to eternity, where the retribution of strict justice awaited him.

(To be continued.)

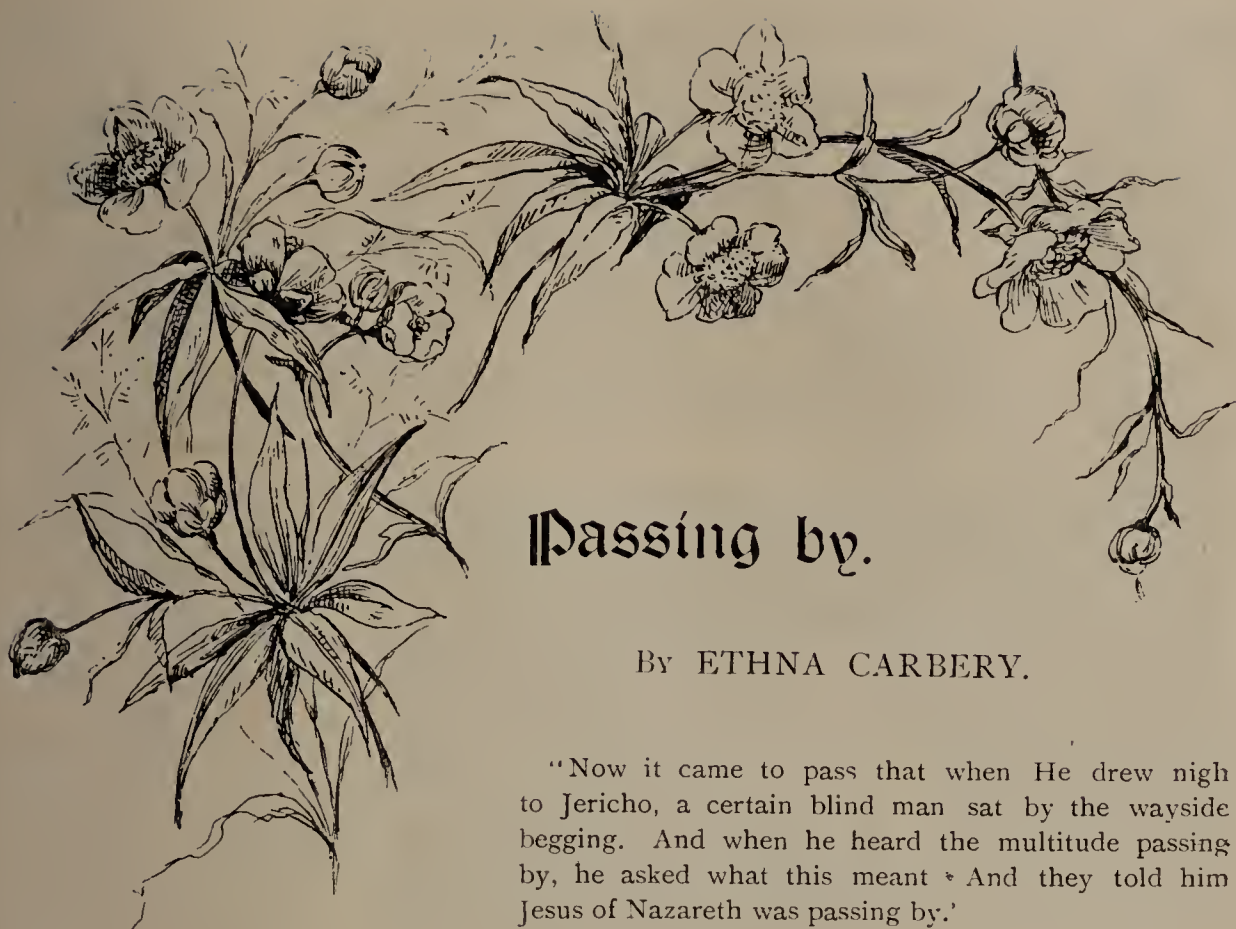


Lourdes in 1897.

IN the last number of the "Civiltà Cattolica" we find a summary of the splendid manifestations of devotion to Our Blessed Lady at her renowned shrine at Lourdes during the year '97. It was the 25th year of the great National French pilgrimage to the Grotto. In order to celebrate the anniversary with unusual solemnity all those who had been miraculously cured during those twenty-five years were invited to join in the annual great gathering, and to take with them medical testimonials and other authentic attestations as to the supernatural character of their cures. As many as three hundred and fifty such persons responded to the invitation. On Sunday, the 22nd of August, in spite of the heavy downpour of rain, these grateful and favoured persons walked in procession, and accompanied the Blessed Sacrament from the Basilica to the Grotto, bearing lighting torches in their hands. It was a grand and edifying sight. On the following Monday the weather was beautiful, and as many as 30,000 pilgrims took part in the great pro-

cession. To hear that vast number of people singing in stentorian voice the praises of God, and His Holy Mother, as they walked devoutly in procession, was a manifestation of religion not easily forgotten. One feels on such occasions that the greatest of all wonders at Lourdes would be, if miracles were not vouchsafed to the fervent supplications of so many devout suppliants.

During the year this sacred spot was visited by one Cardinal, fifty-four Archbishops and Bishops from all parts of the world, and by more than twenty mitred Abbots and prelates. In the churches connected with the shrine there were celebrated 38,450 Masses. 210 special trains brought 144,000 pilgrims. Many more thousands of pilgrims came by ordinary trains. During the year Holy Communion was given to 383,000 persons. During the year also the electric light was introduced into the Basilica and Rosary churches, and was utilized for the illumination of the cupola and facade of the Rosary Church.



Passing by.

By ETHNA CARBERY.

"Now it came to pass that when He drew nigh to Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging. And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant * And they told him Jesus of Nazareth was passing by."

"I HEAR Thy voice above the din
Of shouting multitudes that press
Between me and Thy tender eyes,
Thy healing hand upraised to bless ;
Lord, I am blind! Look, look this way!
I sit anear the sun-dried pool,
Waiting for Thee the livelong day—
And, oh, to me be merciful!

"Lord, I am blind! Not mine to know
What sight of sky or earth may mean,
Men tell me of the solemn stars—
Sun, moon, that I have never seen.
Sinful, repining, gone astray—
Yet turn on me those brows of grace,
Lift up this darkening veil, I pray,
That I may see Thy holy face.

"The happy little children sing
Around me in the burning heat
Of noon, or when the shadows bring
Soft breezes to our dusty street.
All day their joy rang far and wide,
Fain would I list to those anigh—
'Jesus of Nazareth comes,' they cried,
'The Lord is passing by.'

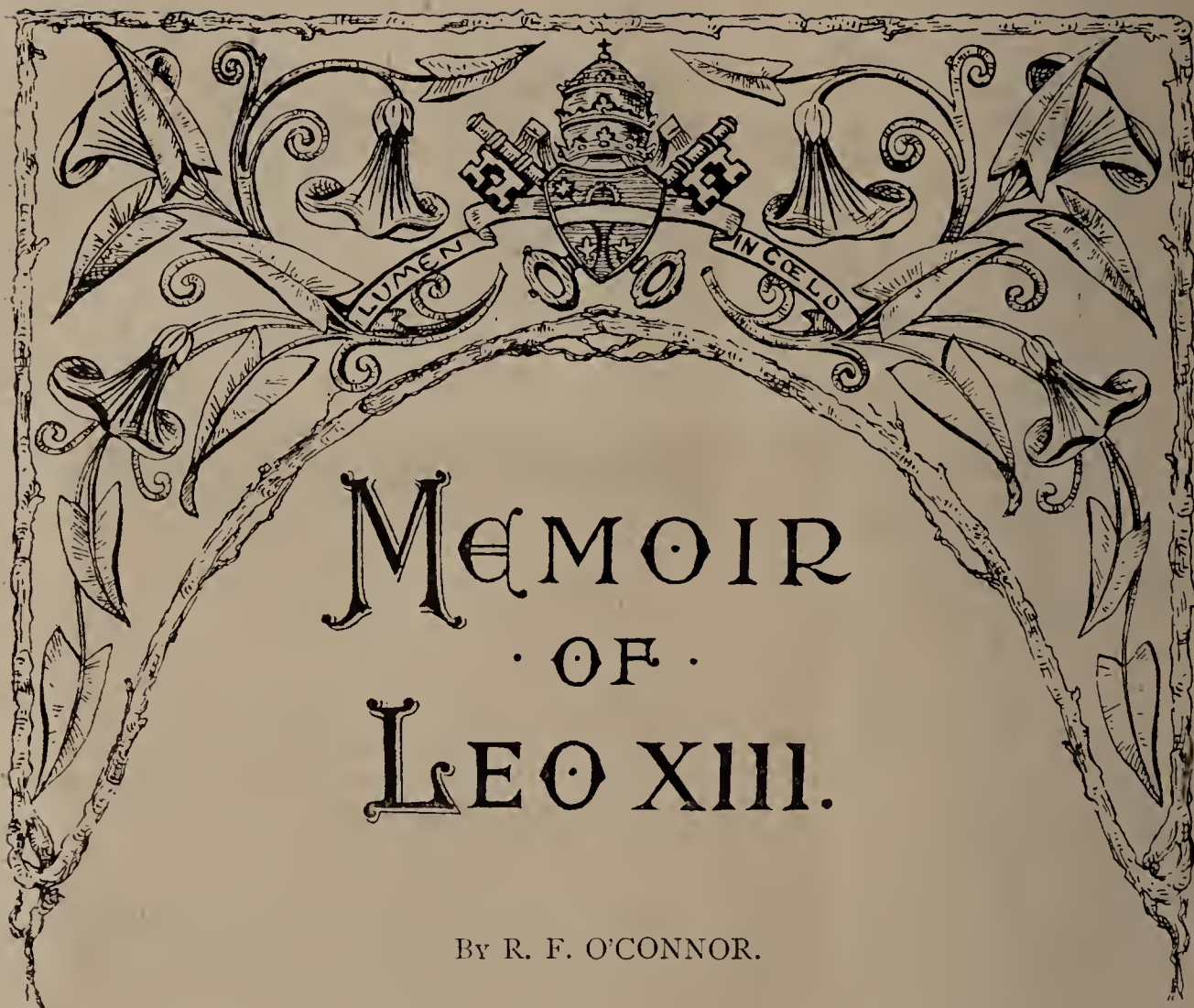
"And wherefore make ye praise and song,
What hath He done to move ye thus?"

"O He hath raised the dead to life
With sweetest speech and marvellous.
And He hath made the deaf to hear,
The dumb to speak, the blind to see."
I came, I waited, lorn and sere,
O Lord! be merciful to me!"

He heard. The pressing throng unclosed
A pathway to the wayside well ;
Upon the poor shut lids His touch
And tender breathing gently fell.
O glad blind beggar in the dust!
Who rising from thy lowly place,
Lifts eyes of wonder, love and trust,
And gazes on the Saviour's face.

* * * * *

Lord, I am blind! Yet do Thou pause
A little while to mark my woe ;
Weak is my plea, but faintly raised
Amid the crowd's that come and go ;
My heart, world-weary, turns at last
From deeps of sin with shuddering cry—
O, dear Lord, hear the prayer I pray,
And save me passing by.



By R. F. O'CONNOR.

IN the encyclicals on Socialism (*quod Apostolici muneris*) and the labour question (*Rerum novarum*), the influence of the Cardinals of the English-speaking races, notably Manning and Gibbons, is distinctly traceable; not that the Sovereign Pontiff, whose insight into the condition and needs of modern society is so deep and penetrating, needed to be "coached," so to speak, on those subjects, but their Eminences' intimate knowledge of the toiling masses in the great communities with which they were brought into daily contact, must have strengthened his Holiness's grasp, and enlarged his views of the social question, upon which he has shed the light of his luminous mind. These encyclicals were followed up on July 10th, 1895, by a letter, on the social question, addressed to the Belgium Bishops on the eve of the assembling of a congress of the Belgian episcopate. The subject, indeed, seems

to have been scarcely ever absent from his mind, and to have furnished the theme of many wise reflections and counsels addressed to the numerous deputations and pilgrimages, particularly of workingmen and social workers, which have been continually pouring into Rome, and crowding the audience chambers of the Vatican.

On November 18th, 1893, was issued the encyclical on the study of the Sacred Scriptures, a remarkable document, which astonished the non-Catholic world, long led to think that Rome was opposed to the reading of the Bible, one of the numerous false coins of controversy put in circulation by the Protestant innovators. Completely undeceiving many upright non-Catholics, it appropriately preceded the encyclicals on the reunion of Christendom (June 20th, 1894), and the unity of the Church (April 14th, 1895), which were designed to lead up to two results dear to the paternal heart of the Holy

Father, the return of the dissident Eastern Churches to their olden allegiance to the Holy See, and the conversion of England.

Seeing from the very beginning of his Pontificate the troubles to which the Churches of the East were a prey, he endeavoured to give what help he could to each of them in its need. He has done much to revive Christianity in the Turkish and Persian dominions; has secured the official acknowledgment of Mgr. Abolionan as Patriarch of Babylon, and a solemn guarantee of full religious liberty from the Porte; has healed a painful schism in the diocese of Mesopotamia; appeased the feud between the Jacobite Nestorians of Syria and the Catholics of the Syrian rite; and brought about the happy termination of the schism among the Armenians—the Patriarch Mgr. Hassoun, after his reinstatement by the Sultan, being made a Cardinal, the first Armenian raised to that dignity after the lapse of four centuries and a half; a college for Armenians having been founded in Rome in 1881. He

wrote to the Emperors of Persia, China, and Japan; established friendly intercourse between Peking, Tokio, and the Vatican, instituted a regular hierarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina, added a new wing to the Greek College of Saint Athanasius, and conceived the grand design of

creating two great central schools, one in Athens, and the other in Constantinople. The centenary of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the Apostles of the Slavonic races during the ninth century, was made the occasion, in 1880, of an appeal to these races to render fitting honour to the saints to whom they owed their conversion to Christianity, an appeal to which the Slavs-



PORTRAIT OF LEO XIII. WHEN PROMOTED TO THE SEE OF PERUGIA.

responded with enthusiasm, sending a large representative pilgrimage to Rome. The Eucharistic Congress of Jerusalem, over which Cardinal Langenieux presided, as Papal Legate *à latere*, was also availed of to bring the Latin Church more into touch and sympathy with the East. While:

using all his influence to draw the dissident Eastern Churches into communion with Rome, he did not forget the suffering members of the Mystical Body, and, friendly intercourse between St. Petersburg and the Vatican being restored, did his best to obtain for the Uniats in Russia some surcease from the prolonged and pitiless persecutions to which they had been subjected.

Cardinal Vaughan, addressing the Catholic Conference at Preston, in 1894, characterised the growing desire for the re-union of Christendom as one of the happiest signs of the times. It was not a new idea. Among the Anglicans it assumed visible form as far back as 1857, in the establishment of an Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, which Catholics were invited to join, but were debarred from doing so for certain reasons set forth by the Holy Office in a letter directed by that Congregation in 1864 to the English Bishops. A letter from the Pope on February 10th, 1891, referring to the approaching thirteenth centenary of Saint Gregory the Great naturally pointed attention to the conversion of Saxon England in the sixth century by the Benedictine monk, Augustine, one of the chief events of that glorious Pontificate; while the solemn consecration of England to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Peter on June 29th, 1893, by his Holiness's orders, revived recollections of the two great devotions for which Catholic England in the olden time was noted throughout Christendom, when united Christendom was a solid, concrete fact. To the man in the street, to the man of the world, to the ordinary publicist or politician whose views of the making of history do not extend beyond the horizon of his party, these incidents may seem trivial; but to those who believe in idealism, and in its highest expression, the spiritual, who realise that ideas are the mainsprings of human action and in-

fluence, and that when these ideas are evolved from faith, they are endowed with a potentiality which is a living force, they will count for much. They indicated an association of ideas in the mind of the Pontiff, and that his thoughts were being gradually concentrated upon England and its return to the unity from which it had been rudely wrenched. It was from a Benedictine monastery on the Coelian Hill came forth the monks who evangelised the Anglo-Saxons of the South of England, and coincident with these Pontifical acts of a Pope whose heart is drawn towards England by the same all-embracing charity which moved that of the great Saint Gregory, was the foundation on April 16th, 1893, of another Benedictine monastery, that of Saint Anselm on Mount Aventine, with which the Anglo Benedictine Congregation has been brought into close relationship. Meanwhile the movement of opinion towards reunion among Anglicans went on increasing, until the attitude and action of Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone brought the pivotal question upon which it largely hinged, that of Anglican Orders, to the front. Lord Halifax, the Bishop of Salisbury, and many others, asked Rome to reconsider the question. Lord Halifax had audience of his Holiness early in 1895, and he and Lady Halifax were present at the Pope's Mass in the Sistine on April 17th of that year, two days after the Pope's letter to the English people (*Ad Anglos*) was issued. In this epoch-making letter the Holy Father spoke directly to a people who, as a nation, had been long estranged from the Church to which for a thousand years their forefathers had looked with filial confidence and affection as members of the one great Christian family. This was followed up on May 5th by another letter earnestly urging prayers for reunion to be specially offered up at Pentecost.

Obeying the dictates of apostolic charity, to use his own words, the Pope

was graciously pleased to permit the question of Anglican Orders conferred according to the Edwardine ordinal to be re-examined, and a commission of theologians comprising Mgr. Moyes, the Very Rev. Father David Fleming, O.S.F., Rev. Dom Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B., and Rev. T. B. Scannell, was accordingly named and summoned to Rome for that specific purpose, which had also been urged upon the Holy See by private letters. The commission began at the end of March and

Holy See. Although to Catholics the issue was a foregone conclusion, the hopes of some over-sanguine Anglicans ran high; but intelligent observers of the course of events quickly discerned in the tone and tenour of the encyclical, "*Satis cognitum*," on the unity of the Church, which was issued on June 29th, 1896, a foreshadowing of the inevitable rejection of Anglican Orders, pronounced in the Papal Bull or Letter Apostolic, "*Apostolicæ curæ*," on September 25th. as absolutely null and utterly



VIEW OF PERUGIA, FROM THE PORTA SAN GIROLAMO.

lasted until the second week of May, 1896—nearly eight weeks—and held twelve sessions under the presidency of one of the Cardinals. There were no non-Catholics, of course, on the Commission, but two Anglican experts, Messrs. Puller and Lacey, whose expenses were paid by the Archbishop of York, had free access to the theologians composing it, and Anglicans could, and did, send all the information they wished to communicate to the

void. Mr. Gladstone, in a well-remembered open letter to the Pope, remarkable in many respects, but chiefly for the language of veneration and deference in which he addressed the Holy Father, tried to stay the Pope's hand which the High Church party had forced. The whole subject is so much a matter of very recent history, still fresh in people's minds, that in a slight sketch like this it is needless to go further into it. How certain Angli-

cans, not excluding Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone, smarting under the sense of disappointment, have not only altered their tone and attitude, but striven to distort the Pope's words and misconstrue his motives and language, is known to all readers of the religious Press. The latest phase of the subject is the crushing rejoinder in which the English Hierarchy have refuted the fallacious arguments of the Anglican Archbishops' "Responsio," and cut the ground under Anglican priestly pretensions.

To merely enumerate all the acts of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. up to date would fill a volume; so that we can only glance at some of the more important, chiefly with a view of bringing out the leading features of his policy, ecclesiastical and civil. His action in England naturally leads us to consider his proceedings in relation to Scotland and Ireland. The restoration of the Hierarchy in Scotland, already referred to, was followed on May 16th, 1881, by the issue of the Constitution, "*Romanos Pontifices*," relating to the English Episcopate and the Religious Orders, in which he said: "That the Roman Pontiffs who have gone before us have cherished a fatherly love for the illustrious English nation, we know from the the records of history, and from the solid proofs enumerated by Pius IX. of happy memory, in his Bull, '*Universalis Ecclesiæ*,' of September 29th, 1850."

His Holiness's warm sympathy for Ireland has been manifested in various ways. In two letters to the Irish Hierarchy, on August 1st, 1882, and January 1st, 1883, he said he followed the course of events in this country "with the deep concern of a fatherly heart," pointing out how the most righteous cause is dishonoured by being promoted by iniquitous means; that secret societies could not in any way help a nation to obtain redress for its grievances, and all too frequently madly im-

peril those whom they have ensnared to commit crimes; counselling priests to endeavour to win public esteem by self-respecting firmness and temperate words, and by doing nothing that prudence could condemn, nothing that could fan the flame of party strife. In the autumn of 1882 the Irish Bishops again had recourse to the Sovereign Pontiff for light and guidance, and in his reply the Pope stated that he had learnt with pain that the secret societies had enkindled popular passions, seeking for the national grievances remedies worse than the grievances themselves. The pastorals of the Irish Bishops have often since given effect to the Pope's wise counsels by laying stress upon the evils accruing to the individual as well as to the nation from abandoning the more manful, straightforward, open policy of constitutional agitation, by which Ireland has gained so much, for the subterranean intrigues and plots of societies rightly condemned by the Holy See, because they deprive those engaging in them of their liberty and freedom of action, and leave them an easy prey to the informer, that bird of ill-omen which has followed in the wake of every Irish revolutionary or patriotic movement with as keen a scent for blood-money as the vulture which hovers over a battlefield has for the dead and dying, who have fallen in the fight. One cannot pass over this phase of Papal intervention in the affairs of Ireland without glancing at the Persico mission in 1887, which, whatever else may be thought or said of it by adverse critics, was undeniably inspired, as far as the Pope was personally concerned, with a sincere desire to be better informed on the subject of the relations between landlord and tenant in that hand-to-hand struggle between the two classes which has resulted in such a radical change in the relative positions of both. Prior to this, his nomination of Dr. Walsh, then President of Maynooth College, to the Archbishopric

of Dublin, gave evidence of his desire to gratify the wishes of the country in the elevation of an ecclesiastic whose well-known views were, and are, in harmony with those of the majority of his countrymen.

One of the greatest achievements of his policy of peace and conciliation was his triumph over the Kultur-Kampf in Germany. Non-Catholics were beguiled into the belief that in enacting the rigorous

overwhelming power of a great Empire, flushed with recent victories, and aiming at a predominant influence in Continental affairs. The May laws, in the language of the Archbishop of Cologne, fettered the rights and liberties of the Church. Seminaries and monasteries were suppressed, thousands of parishes rendered desolate, and deprived of their pastors—flocks of shepherdless sheep—religious orders and congregations expelled and



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, VITERBO.

May laws (1871-1873) and other measures against the Catholics, in suppressing monastic orders, fining, imprisoning and banishing bishops and priests, Prussia was only acting in self-defence against clerical domination, and the practical assumption of unlimited jurisdiction supposed to have been implied in Papal Infallibility. The Pope watched with intense sympathy and interest the resolute and courageous struggle of the German Catholics against the

banished from their native land, the discipline of the Church, the discharge of the episcopal office and the administration of ecclesiastical property subjected in many respects to the management and control of the Government, which claimed, moreover, to regulate the schools; ecclesiastical students and priests compelled to serve in the army; and all this while the Archbishops of Prussia languished in exile. Even an Evangelical Protestant

journal thus summed up the results of the Kultur Kampf: "Indifference and hatred towards the Church and Christianity have increased to an astounding degree, and the un-Christianized masses of the lower orders have enrolled themselves by thousands in the army of the Socialist democracy. The bonds of civil order are being dissevered, because the moral factors of authority and religion have been long since set aside and repulsed by rationalistic communism; so that we find ourselves in face of the most serious complications in the social, moral, and ecclesiastical order."

It was an event of historic interest and importance; it was, in fact, history repeating itself. It was the old struggle between the priesthood and the Empire revived under much altered ecclesiastical and political conditions. Both were personified by two of the greatest statesmen of this or any age—Leo XIII. and Bismarck. Two of the keenest intellects and strongest wills were pitted against each other. It was one of the most stirring and dramatic incidents of contemporary history, with a vast empire for a stage and the world for an audience. Although it really began during the Pontificate of Pius IX., the action of the drama, so to speak, took place during the present Pontificate; what was previous was but a prelude. On the one side was the moral force of a landless Pope, with no standing army and none of the material resources of kingship or statesmanship at his command; on the other, the most powerful statesman in Europe, the practical maker and ruler of an Empire, a masterful man, a man of blood and iron, with all the resources of a great and growing State behind him. It was right against might. In the world of politics, where ambition and statecraft reign supreme, mere moral right counts for little. Strong in the strength of the power within his grasp, Bismarck defiantly and significantly declared, "Whatever we do

we shall not go to Canossa." It was a direct appeal to national pride and Protestant prejudice. But it was mere stage thunder, after all. If Bismarck did not go to Canossa in the snows of winter, like Henry IV., he did so in effect; and if Pecci, like another Hildebrand, did not bring him to his knees literally, he was no less triumphant. Leo XIII. took the initiative by writing direct to the German Emperor, who, as one of the Pope's biographers observes, was anxious for a settlement all through, and met his Holiness more than half way. Another letter, dated April 17th, 1878, followed, of which Mr. McCarthy says that "it marks an era in the history of the Kultur-Kampf, and is characteristic of the statesman-priest from whom it came." Not many days, it is noted, had passed after the letter was written before an attempt was made on the Emperor's life, which drew from him the remark: "This only shows us how we must take care that the people shall not lose their religious principles." "When Leo XIII. heard of the words," says the writer just quoted, "he must have felt in his heart that the worst of the Kultur-Kampf was already over. For one thing, the words of the Emperor proved his devotion to religion in its broadest sense. For another thing, they showed that William saw that there were enemies to be combated more hostile to him and to his dynasty than the Court of Rome. The struggle against the socialists was destined to supersede, for a time, the struggle against the followers of Pope Leo XIII."

The Pope's successful arbitration in the case of the Caroline Islands, invoked by the Cabinet of Berlin, smoothed the way to an *entente cordiale* between Germany and the Vatican; but it was not until after the death of the Emperor Frederick and the accession of the present Emperor that the Kultur-Kampf struggle was closed, and the statesman who had made such unscrupulous use of power to fight

Rome was dismissed from office and compelled to give place to a man of minor mark. He had to go to Canossa without quitting Germany. The new religious law in Prussia virtually cancelling the anti-Catholic legislation of Dr. Falk was finally voted by the Prussian Chamber on May 1st, 1886, and sanctioned by the King on May 2nd. Once again moral force had triumphed over brute force. "Justice and peace had kissed;" to use the Pope's words, the obstacle which prevented Catholics from reconciling the obedience due to the laws of the Church with submission to the requirements of the civil law were removed, and harmonious relations between Church and State restored.

The same policy of mingled firmness and conciliation, which had been so successful in Germany, was pursued in France when a similar struggle was waged. In 1880 the liberty of the Church of France was at the mercy of a triumvirate composed of Leon Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and Paul Bert. To wrest the control of popular education from the Catholic Church, an organized assault was made upon the religious orders, the Jesuits, as usual, being singled out for special oppression. In October of that year the Pope protested in a letter to the French Bishops, in which he paid a high tribute to the religious orders. "Wherever the Catholic Church freely exists," declared his Holiness, "there religious orders spontaneously grow up; they spring from the Church as the branch from the trunk of the tree." That tree had struck such deep root even in France, so long the prey of freethinkers, that many of the courts of law to which the Jesuits appealed gave judgment in their favour, and several magistrates resigned rather than enforce the proscriptions. The contest waxed hot, notwithstanding attempts at reconciliation and compromise, and culminated in Jules Ferry's famous March decrees. As he had

done in Germany, the Pope appealed to the head of the State, President Grévy. Referring to the law excluding religious education from the schools, he wrote: "In vain did the whole episcopacy of France make its cry heard; in vain did fathers of families demand on legal grounds the preservation of their rights; in vain was it pointed out to the Government by disinterested men openly belonging to the Republican party, amongst them political personages and men of lofty intelligence, how fatal for a nation of 32,000,000 Catholics would be a law banishing from its schools religious education, which inspires man with the most generous impulses and supplies the most perfect rules for encountering the difficulties of existence, for respecting the laws of authority and justice, and for securing the virtues indispensable to life, whether domestic, political, or civil. No consideration was powerful enough to arrest the determination taken, and the law was promulgated and executed throughout the territory of France." The President, in his reply, while admitting the justice of the Pope's appeal against the anti-religious feeling in France, attributed its origin to the hostile attitude of a portion of the clergy to the Republic. Love, they say, begets love, and it was not natural to expect that Churchmen, when they saw the Church assailed, the religious element in colleges, schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions systematically eliminated, the authority of the Bishops flouted, their stipends docked, should feel any particular affection for such a form of government, and kiss the hand that smote them. If that politico-religious cult called legitimism counted so many votaries and the hopes of a monarchical restoration were still cherished, even in the face of accomplished facts, it was because French Catholics, who were devoted to their Church as well as to their country, of whose history its records form so large a part, were constrained to turn their eyes

towards the Bourbons in the search of a deliverer from the oppression under which they groaned. If any of the clergy or laity were hostile to the Republic it was the Republic itself, not the Church, that made them so. It was the dominant anti-clerical oligarchy, whose watchword was that



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, PERUGI
(A.D. 1481.)

phrase of Gambetta's, "Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi!" which produced this feeling of estrangement between the rulers and the ruled. The enlightened opportunism which has shaped the later policy of the Vatican, and called upon the Catholics of France to rally to the Republic, has cut the ground under anti-clericalism and left the Government no vestige of excuse for pursuing a policy of oppression. If

the legitimists have not fallen into line with the rest of their countrymen, their hesitancy is not to be attributed to disloyalty to the Church. Men cannot act contrary to their convictions without abandoning principle, and incurring the odium of

hypocrisy; they cannot very readily detach themselves from the traditions of race or party without a wrench. But the interests of the Church and country are not necessarily identical with those of monarchy, and that is a cardinal fact which they have failed to seize. A "via media" was sought, but the Count de Mun's Catholic Party was stillborn. The eyes of all practical politicians among French Catholics then turned towards Rome. It was reserved for Cardinal Levigerie to perform the part of a *deus ex machina* in this complicated situation. His famous speech at Algiers on November 12th, 1890, in presence of the officers of the French squadron cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty. The ground was cleared for action.

In his encyclical on liberty in June, 1888, the Pope had declared: "Of the various forms of government the Church does not reject any that are to secure the welfare of the subject; she wishes only, and this Nature requires, that they should be constituted without involving wrong to anyone, and especially without violating the rights of the Church." Following up this declaration the Cardinal said: "It belongs to the

duty and the honour of Catholics not to allow the present situation of the Church in France to be prolonged, and for that they have but one practical means—that which the Sovereign Pontiff has lately explicitly advised them to employ; that is, to take a resolute part in public affairs, not as adversaries of the established form of government, but, on the contrary, by claiming their rights of citizenship in the Republic which governs us.” In a letter, subsequently written, he expressed his belief that except for some miracle, on which they could not venture to count, nothing was possible in France outside the form of government which the country had legally adopted, and that monarchy had committed suicide with the Count de Chambord. Cardinal Rampolla, in response to one of the French Bishops, urged that when the interests of religion required it, Catholics should take part in public affairs, and pointed out the danger to which they would expose themselves by subordinating these interests to political partisanship. The issue being knit, the Pope personally intervened, and in an encyclical addressed to the French people on February 16th, 1892, declared: “Such an attitude is the most sure, and the most salutary line of conduct for all French people in their civil relations with the Republic, which is now the government of their nation.” Leo XIII. went farther, and, recognising the importance and utility of the Press as a means of directly reaching the people, gave audience to a representative of the Paris “Petit Journal,” to whom he said: “My conviction is that all French citizens ought to reunite on constitutional grounds. Each one, of course, can keep up his personal preferences, but when it comes to political action, there is only the government which France has given to herself. The Republic is a form of government as legitimate as any other.” In a special letter to the French Cardinals, he reiterated “that

one of the means of bringing about the union necessary to the safety of religion and of France is to accept, with that perfect loyalty which becomes the Christian, the civil power in that form in which *de facto* it exists. It is for these reasons, and in this sense, that we have said to the Catholics of France, ‘Accept the Republic.’” “L’Empire est fait,” said shrewd little Adolphe Thiers, after the *coup d’état*; “La République est faite,” one might have said after this letter. We must leave it to time to heal the breach between Catholic parties in France, and so consolidate them that, in face of their unity, and resolute and combined action, persecution under any form will become practically impossible. When that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, shall have been reached, Frenchmen will have reason to recall with gratitude the memory of the great statesman-Pope who, like another Moses, delivered them from bondage and oppression. The revulsion against the ruling powers occasioned by the Panama scandals for a time threatened both the stability of the Republic and the success of the Pope’s policy, but Leo XIII. helped to avert the danger by pointing out to “all men of good sense and goodwill the necessity of accepting, with common accord, the form of government actually constituted, that acceptance being the only human means of succeeding in the re-establishment of religious peace,” and declaring that “a prolonged experience had clearly taught all that the state of the country is so far modified that, in the present condition of France, it would not be possible to return to the ancient form of power without passing through the most serious perturbations.”

From the French Republic, called into existence by a sudden emergency and founded by a people who had just recovered from a disastrous war, conquered but not crushed, to the great Republic of the West—the outcome of a successful

contest with one of the great Powers of Europe, "broad-based upon a people's will," and which had been cemented by the blood freely poured out in a gigantic civil

are continually clashing, to a vast new country, in which people of every nationality under the sun meet upon the level of a common citizenship, and are assured the



OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII.
(After the Painting by Chartran.)

war—is a transition from the Old World to the New; from a complex system of States, in which autocracy and democracy

enjoyment of the fullest and freest liberty; from lands where the Church's action is cramped and fettered, to a land where it

is free to pursue its civilizing and soul-saving mission without let or hindrance; from countries where organized bigotry and anti-Christian fanaticism have sought to stamp out Catholicism, to a great, free country, where it flourishes and has become a power of illimitable scope and influence. It was impossible but that the far-seeing mind of a great Pontiff like Leo XIII., so essentially and sympathetically modern in its breadth of view, should be strongly drawn to this great Christian commonwealth which had sprung up in the midst of the most powerful and most democratic state in the world—the Catholic Church in America. That solicitude for all the Churches, of which the Apostle speaks, has never been more marked in any previous Pontiff by acts which have fixed the attention of the world upon his movements, and certainly no other Pope has disclosed so intimate and personal an interest in American affairs. It will be sufficient to note a few of these acts. In 1884, by the Bull “*Rei Catholicæ incrementum*,” he convened, at Baltimore, in the November following a Plenary Council of the Church in the United States, eighty-three prelates assembling in the great hall of the Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary’s. Among the subjects which occupied the attention of the Council was

the establishment of the National Catholic University at Washington, which has flourished under the fostering care of the Holy Father, one of the greatest patrons of learning who has sat in the Chair of Peter. In a letter to Mgr. Keane, afterwards the first rector, he wrote: “I desire that the University should be founded by American resources, and directed by American intelligence; and if, for the moment, you have to ask for your faculties the help of foreign professors, it must be done with the intention of developing the national talent, and of training up professors capable of forming, by degrees, native faculties worthy of the name that is borne by your University.” The American clergy and laity subscribed the necessary funds, and among the latter were individual donors, like Miss Caldwell, whose munificence signalized in a striking way the deep interest the project aroused. In March, 1889, it was canonically instituted by a Pontifical decree, and its formal opening, in November of that year, auspiciously coincided with the celebration of the centenary of the erection of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, at which President Harrison and the Pope’s delegate were present.

(To be continued.)



FROM Mossoul, in Armenia, we have the following: “The Dominican Fathers here have established a printing bureau. Under one of the Fathers, who is director of the establishment, there are three readers, one engraver, and twenty printers. During the year 1897 they have published a compen-

dium of Church History, by Mons. Rhamain; an arithmetic, a geographical course, maps, etc., the Chaldean Fables of Daoud, an Armerian grammar, an Armenian course, the Gospels in Chaldean, and many other important works.”



One Day.

By ETHEL TROTT.

I WAS a briefless barrister in those days, having just sufficient means to keep body and soul together. I went round circuit, nevertheless, in the hope of picking up some stray crumbs of good fortune, but few and far between were the crumbs that fell to my share. Perhaps I was a bit short in my manner towards the solicitors, for though my name is Curtis, I was well aware that I was more generally known by them as "Mr. Curt." Well, misfortunes make a man morose sometimes, and I had had a few reverses that put me out of tune, and soured me not a little. External circumstances, I decided, were to blame for this want of harmony, but the time came when I found that the discord came from within only. I had a bad manner, and trifles upset me; yet I remembered the time when, in my old home, I was the gayest and brightest of them all. But the family circle broke up and scattered here and there, so that when quite a young man I found myself thrown back upon my own resources in the struggle for existence, and

found the world a dreary, comfortless place. From Monday till Saturday I waited for the briefs that seldom came. I wrote for papers now and then, and at night time lay down weary and discontented with my lot.

One morning during Quarter Sessions, in the town of W——, I was sitting at breakfast in my hotel, when, from the quiet street there came the sound of a violin. "Killarney!" I said petulantly. "Ye gods! how sick I am of the tune! But the fellow plays well." On it went to the end, and then "The Croppy Boy." "By Jove! that man knows how to fiddle." No variations or twirls; just the simple air played skilfully and with expression.

I rose and went to the window to have a look, and saw, to my utter astonishment, a little girl, holding her violin gracefully and playing with confidence. Leaning with his back to the area railings was a boy about a year older, but not more than thirteen, I should have said.

"Waiter, give this sixpence to that little girl, and ask her to play something else."

A moment or so later, there came an air that made me listen with all attention, and strain my ears to their utmost to catch the slightest sound. I was on thorns lest someone should come in with noisy step and break the charm. But it went on to the last note, every cadence unbroken, every accent perfect. Where had I heard it before? It sounded like sacred music, but surely these street musicians never

play sacred music? Besides, how long was it since I had been in a church? I had had plenty of time to forget it since then. Yet the strain was familiar, but as I tried to bring it to my recollection the boy took the violin from the little girl, and, hand in hand, they went away. Why hand in hand? I watched them carefully, and something in the child's gait told me that she was blind.

"Oh, what a world!" I said, as I turned back to my newspaper.

An hour sped while I tried to concentrate my attention upon the lines before me, but my mind wandered back to the plaintive air on the violin, and the little blind fiddler.

"Yes, it was certainly from some oratorio or Mass heard long ago in the old days of home. Dear me, the old days! How happy they were, and how pleasant the Sundays! Coming down to breakfast to find mother and sisters looking over their letters after early Mass; then tripping off to get into their finery for another later on, and the calls to me to make haste.

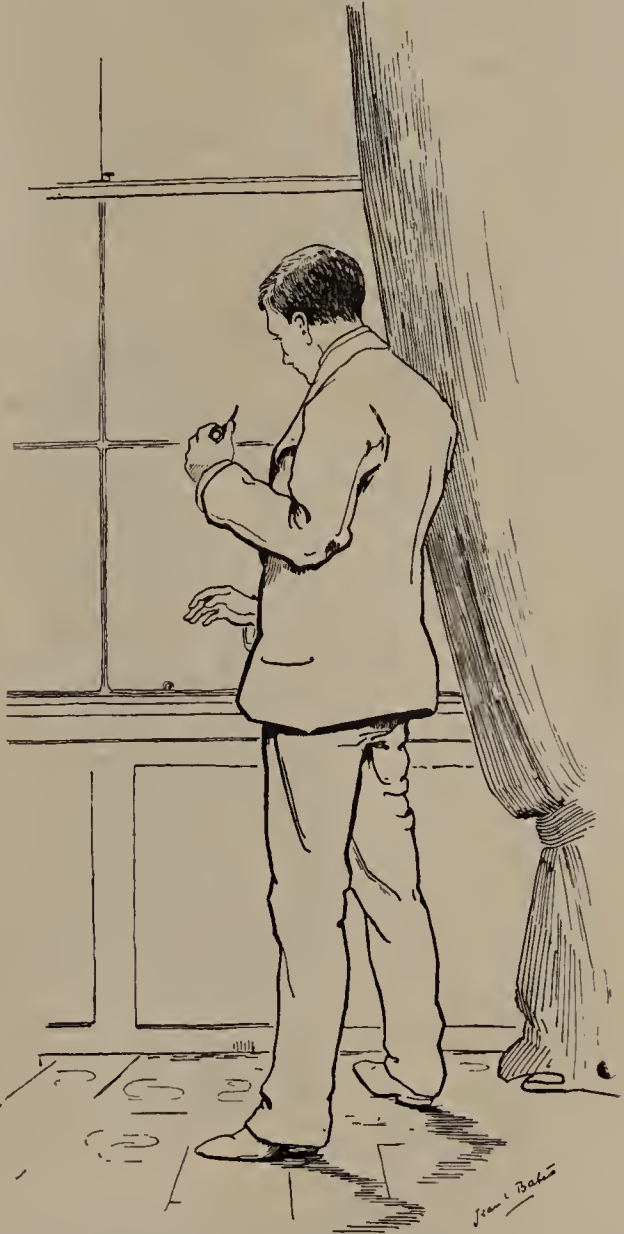
"Come along, Jack. Don't wait till your moustache grows," my youngest sister would say.

And then the little walk to and fro—on the way home discussing the music and the sermon. Then the mid-day meal, and a ramble in the country afterwards till evening. And—yes, we actually went off to church again, and came home full of fun and laughter, to while away the evening with music and song. Such were our regular Sundays, with occasional variety, of course. And at night—every night, I remember—we said the Rosary. Good gracious! How tame it was! But we were happy and cheerful, and everything prospered with us. Times had changed, and I had changed, too.

I flung away the paper and went out. No case on at court for me, so I walked leisurely along, and soon found myself

among a number of people all going one way. A turn down a street, and we came to a large church, into which all these people entered.

What was going on? It was a weekday, yet the bell was ringing, evidently for a service. Some special occasion, I thought. Should I go in and see what it



I ROSE AND WENT TO THE WINDOW.

was? Well, I had nothing better to do, and it would kill time, so in I went.

"What service is it?" I said to the man at the door.

"High Mass, sir. Saint John's Day; Patron of the Church."

The music was good—a choir of boys' voices—and I listened with pleasure and

interest to their clear, flute-like notes; but when the organ began the symphony of the very air which the little blind girl had played on her violin, I forgot everything else. The surrounding crowds vanished from my sight, and I felt as if I were alone in that vast building—alone with the two children, and that melody. "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini," and a boy's clear soprano rang through the church; sweet, and rich, and melodious. It filled the aisles and sank into our hearts. And then the alto took up the refrain, and the tenor and bass followed,



SHE WAS HOLDING HER VIOLIN GRACEFULLY, AND PLAYING WITH CONFIDENCE.

until the chords were full, and the harmony complete. Softly at first, opening out with a gradual "crescendo," till the "nomine Domini" was reached with a tremendous forte, supported by the rich tones of the organ. Then the sounds decreased and there was a bar of silence, after which the parts rang out, one after another, triumphantly, "Benedictus qui

venit," and then joined together in one last phrase of soft, delicious melody. It was Weber's "Benedictus." I know it now. My sisters used to practise it for their choir in our little church at home. How it all came back to me again, bringing with it a thousand recollections!

Soon the Mass was over, and the crowds dispersed. A few little groups of people exchanged salutations outside, and suddenly there came down the steps from the porch a noisy group of merry boys, who scampered off, shouting and laughing. Following them slowly came another boy, holding a little girl by the hand, and leading her carefully along. Some looked at the children as they passed, and one said to another, "That's little Bob Davis, the leading soprano, you know. What a lovely voice he has!"

The children passed out of light, poorly, but decently, clad, yet possessing a wealth that no money could buy—the gift of music, that God alone can give; the power to sway the hearts of millions by one little turn of the fingers, and one little tone of the voice.

The afternoon passed, I know not how, but when evening came a longing possessed me to hear the music that had wakened my soul, as if from sleep. Yes, I would go to the church; I had nothing else to do, and perhaps I should hear the boy sing again.

Benediction was just beginning as I entered. The same crowds, the same pervading air of peace, the

same restful feeling over all. The music was full choral, and I could distinguish the clear notes of Bob Davis leading all the rest. It passed only too quickly, and the crowds dispersed as before. Soon the church was in semi-darkness, the lamps and a large candelabra at a side altar alone giving light. This altar was midway in the church,

erected in a little niche, and was dedicated to the Mother of God.

I lingered, I knew not why, but I crept away into the darkness and sat down. The sound of light feet made me look round, and there were the two children again. He was leading the little blind one to the

Then the little boy said the "Hail, Holy Queen," and not all his notes of song could move me as did those simple words.

They went away. They passed out of my vision, and my ken.

I was alone, and from out the gloom



THEY KNELT DOWN, AND TAKING THEIR BEADS IN THEIR HANDS, RECITED THE ROSARY.

foot of Our Lady's altar. They knelt down, and taking their common brown rosaries in their hands, in low tones they recited each decade.

By some impulse I knelt down too.

I seemed to hear the words: "Unless ye become as one of these—"

These simple children, who teach us so much!

"Unless——"

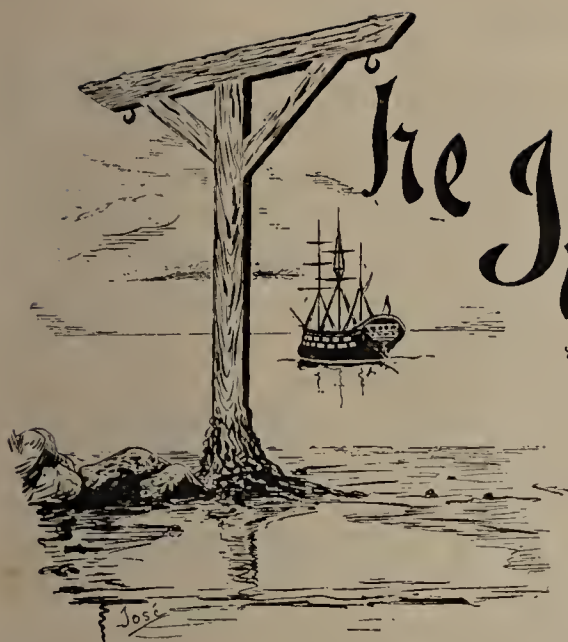


A Prayer to the Virgin-Mother.

MARY, Mother, hail to thee ;
Mary, Maiden, think on me ;
Mother-maid was never known,
Lady, save in thee alone.
Sweetest Maiden, pure from stain,
Shield thou me from sin and pain :
From all evil guard thou me
Of thine endless charity.

Sweetest Lady, full of grace,
Every good in thee finds place.
Thou art flower of all our kind ;
Help the weak and heal the blind.
Plead with Jesus as my friend :
Lead me to a godly end ;
That anointed, houseled, shriven,
I may win my way to heaven.

—SISTER M. FRANCIS RAPHAEL, O.S.D.



The Irish Convict Priests of '98.

By CARDINAL MORAN.

PART II.

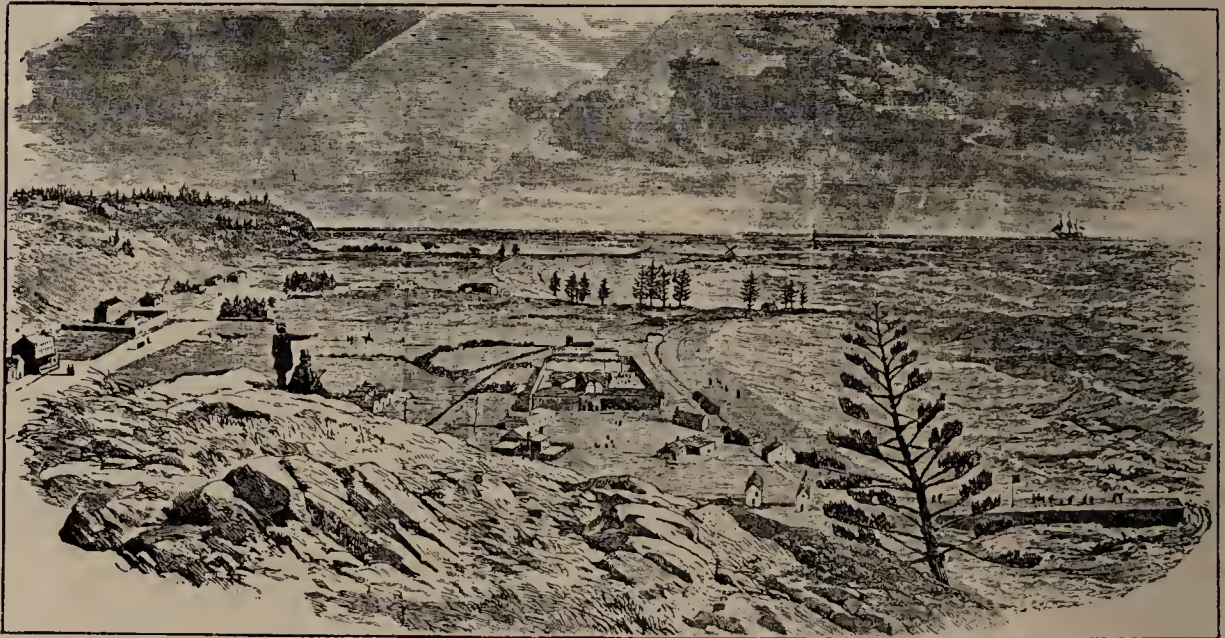
IN the month of May, 1800, information was given to the Governor, by some of the military officers, that the Irish convicts were engaged in seditious correspondence and unlawful meetings, and every effort was made to connect Father Harold in some way with such proceedings. The whole plot, however, appears to have been nothing more than a fancied conspiracy, concocted by designing officials to increase their emoluments, and to heap obloquy on the Catholic convicts. The convict Barrington has been made to write, in the narrative published under his name, that "the secrecy with which this business was conducted prevented the magistrates from making any discovery, and, of course, they succeeded in no degree on an examination of Harold, the Catholic priest, as being a party in seditious conversations; for nothing appeared to criminate him, though the fact was universally credited." In the following September those threats of conspiracy were renewed. Several of the convicts were treated with the greatest barbarity, in order to extort a confession of their guilt. On vague suspicion, Father Harold was thrown into prison. Barrington again writes: "In the routine of the

inquiries of the officers they found occasion to imprison Harold, the Catholic priest, who, both from his language and behaviour, was suspected of being concerned in the intended attack on the Government." We learn from General Holt, who was eye-witness of the harrowing scenes, the terrible treatment to which some of the suspected convicts were subjected. "The prisoners," he tells us, "were led out to Parramatta on the 6th October, and were consigned to gaol, except the priest, who was left in a private house, on which, however, a guard was placed." The next day all were marched a few miles beyond Parramatta, to Toongabbu, where the Government transports were kept. One man, named Maurice Fitzgerald, was sentenced to receive 300 lashes. "The unfortunate man had his arms extended round a tree, his two wrists tied with cords, and his breast pressed closely to the tree, so that flinching from the blow was out of the question, for it was impossible for him to stir. Father Harold was ordered to put his hands against the tree by the hands of the prisoner, and two men were appointed to flog. They stood on each side of Fitzgerald, and I never saw two threshers in a barn move the flails with more regularity than these two man-killers did, unmoved by pity, and rather enjoying their horrid employment than otherwise. The very first blows made the blood spout out from Fitzgerald's shoulders; and I felt so dis-

gusted and horrified, that I turned my face away from the cruel sight. One of the constables employed to carry into effect this tremendous punishment came up to me and desired me to look on at my peril. I have witnessed many horrible scenes, but this was the most appalling sight I have ever seen. The day was windy, and I protest, that though I was at least fifteen yards to leeward from the sufferers, the blood, skin, and flesh blew into my face as the executioners shook it off their cats. Fitzgerald received the whole 300 lashes. The next prisoner who was tied up was Paddy Galvin, a young lad about twenty years of age; he was also sentenced to receive 300 lashes. The first hundred were

was supposed to have been to lower him in the estimation of his brother convicts, by making appear that he was concerned in the plot, and that by not revealing it he was the real culprit, and responsible for the punishment to which the sufferers were subjected.

Soon after this barbarous scene, Father Harold, with several of the supposed conspirators, was transported from Sydney to the more dismal quarters of Norfolk Island. At a later period we will see that this island dungeon was again portrayed as a place of horrors set aside for the most refractory, and for the outcasts among the convicts, but at the time that Father Harold was sent thither it was described



NORFOLK ISLAND FROM FLAGSTAFF HILL.

given on his shoulders, and he was cut to the bone, between the shoulder blades, which were both bare. The doctor then directed the next hundred to be inflicted lower down, which reduced his flesh to such a jelly that the doctor ordered him to have the remaining hundred on the calves of his legs. During the whole time Galvin never even whimpered or flinched, if, indeed, it was possible for him to have done so." The object of the officials in forcing Father Harold to put his hands beside the bound hands of the sufferers,

by one who dwelt there as "a barbarous island, the dwelling-place of devils in the human shape, who were the refuse of Botany Bay, the doubly-damned."

General Holt was sent thither in 1804, and his experiences, as described by himself, will enable us to form some idea of the horrors of this penal abode. "I was locked up every night," he says, "with the worst of criminals, and two hours before day in winter, every man was made to get up and to tie up his bed, which he had to carry out into the gaol yard, and there it

remained until night, whether it rained or not. We were then marched before the door of Robert Jones, who was the head gaoler or superintendent of convicts. His real name was Bob Buckley. In some part of England his father, his two brothers, and himself were concerned in many robberies; and a reward being offered for their apprehension, this wretch prosecuted his father and his two brothers to conviction. The three were hanged, and he came to be transported under the

goal with the gang, wet from head to foot, in which condition we have been turned in, and reckoned like a flock of sheep, without time being allowed us to prepare our food. The next morning, when the bell rang at five o'clock, the order for every man to get up was given in these words: 'Turn out, you damned souls!' We had then to look for our wet rags; and if the slightest grumbling escaped the lips of anyone, the order was: 'To the triangle,' where the flogger was ready to give



VIEW IN NORFOLK ISLAND: THE HOME OF THE PITCAIRNES.

name of Robert Jones, by which he thought that he should not be known. When the convicts were returning from the public labour, they have frequently been turned back to the Cascade to launch a boat, and kept there until ten o'clock at night, without having during the entire day tasted a morsel of food. I have myself, with them, experienced this treatment, and have been sent back to the

the unfortunate wretch twenty-five lashes on his bare back, after receiving which he had to go to work as usual. I ask whether hanging or shooting, which puts a man out of his misery at once, is not infinitely preferable to this kind of treatment? I think that the usage I have seen men receive in Norfolk Island exceeds in cruelty anything that can be credited." It would have been far more merciful in those days

to have hanged all who violated the laws of their country, than to have sent them out to New South Wales and its dependencies, subject to the unmerciful treatment of human tigers, who tortured or killed those within their power, according to the caprice of the moment."

A letter of Father Harold, addressed from Norfolk Island on the 8th January, 1803, to Mr. James Harold, his near relative, brings vividly before us the hardships endured by the venerable priest in that abode of sorrows. He had been allowed by the Lieutenant-Governor to open a school in the island, but his increasing infirmities very soon rendered him unequal to the duties connected with that

folk Island by the convicts of those days:—

"Norfolk Island,
Jan. 8th, 1803.

"Dear James,

"Having written several letters since my arrival without receiving a single line from you or any other relation or friend, I have given up all intention of writing as useless business, but, as the bearer is my good and faithful friend, who certainly will have this letter forwarded to you, I could not miss the opportunity. The gentleman is the Rev Peter O'Neill mentioned in a former letter. He brought with him a property sufficient to afford us



KINGSTON, OR "OLD CONVICT TOWN."

pleasing charge. He had also enjoyed for a while the company of a brother convict priest, Father Peter O'Neill, of whom we will have more to say hereafter. On the very day, however, on which he writes, an order had come for Father O'Neill's release, and thus every consolation would be withdrawn which had hitherto enabled him to bear up in some way against the trials and hardships of that penal settlement. The document itself is singularly precious, as it is probably the only letter that is now preserved, written from Nor-

the necessities of life, and had just as much left as paid his passage, etc., when his release arrived. Every shilling he could spare he left me, but any consideration of this nature is but a miserable compensation for his absence.

"I am now recovering from the flux, with which terrible disease I have been severely afflicted for the long space of twelve weeks, during which time my recovery was considered extremely doubtful. I was a month in the hospital, which I left as I came into it. I now live with a poor,

honest, industrious, moral man (a great rarity in this island). I could not think of living alone in a cabin, especially in my present very infirm state. Last June I was very much reduced by the disorder of my head and bowels, aggravated by being confined to a school, which our Lieut.-Governor allowed me to open for my own accommodation, but I was obliged to re-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH FATHER HAROLD DIED,
21, LOWER DOMINICK-ST., DUBLIN.

sign my charge. In Port Jackson my health was very good, for there the country is level, and admits exercise, but this island is nothing else than a seminary of hills, so high and steep that all the exercise an infirm man can take becomes fatigue, so that my existence here can be but short and miserable. It may be said,

‘Why should I not continue in Port Jackson?’ Were I guilty of any misdemeanour I should remain silent on that head, but I solemnly declare I was not. I endeavoured, at all times, to prevent any disturbance, and to preserve the peace of the colony. As there is now a general peace, I am inclined to suppose that a proper application to Government might procure me liberty to retire to some of the Portuguese or Spanish Settlements, without the privilege of returning to His Majesty’s dominion. I should have written to Colonel Wolfe and to Most Rev. Dr. Troy on that subject, but certainly I am not able in the short space, for, only this day, Friday, Mr. O’Neill, agreed with the captain of the ship, and on Sunday morning early he must be on board. However, with the advice of your friends, you may apply to these gentlemen in my name. This miserably-written letter will serve for your introduction.

“I have a thousand questions to ask, and many persons to inquire about, but I apprehend I should not be answered. I am particularly anxious about my nephew William, and often think of little James. You know those to whom I am sincerely attached; make them my affectionate remembrance, and write to me accordingly. As soon as you receive this letter, write to Mr. O’Neill, and enclose a letter to me, which he will take care to send me. In the meantime, write by post. The manner of conveyance, and whether the letter is to be paid to London, some gentleman will let you know, or you will be informed at the post office in Dublin. Mr. O’Neill’s address and mine you have underneath.

“I am,

Your affectionate Uncle,

“James Harold.”

As early as the year 1803, positive orders had been forwarded from the Home Government for the withdrawal of the convicts from Norfolk Island, and the aban-

donment of that settlement. Under various pretexts, however, the execution of this order was deferred, and it was not until 1807 that the last of the convicts and officials quitted the island, and were transferred to the Derwent, in Tasmania. It was the privilege of Father Harold, thus transferred with the other convicts to the Derwent, to be the first priest to land in Tasmania; but we have no record of his being permitted to exercise his sacred ministry there. It was not till after the departure of Father Dixon from the colony in 1808, that Father Harold was allowed to proceed to Sydney. He was now, however, so weighed down by infirmities, and so worn out by years of untold suffering, that he could do but little to console his brother convicts. Moreover, there was hardly any toleration for even the Catholic name in Australia in those days, and all the convicts were expected to conform their consciences to the religious dictates of the Protestant State.

At length the officials became weary of Father Harold's presence among the convicts, and permission was granted him to quit the colony. In the "Official Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser," of July 14th, 1810, there is the following official notice: "All claims or demands on the Rev. James Harold are requested to be presented for payment, he designing to leave the colony, per 'Concord.'"

He settled for a time at Rio Janeiro, and thence proceeded to the United States, probably to Philadelphia, where his relative, Rev. William Harold, was engaged on the mission from 1808 to 1813. He arrived in Dublin, however, before the close of 1813. The "Memoranda" Book of Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, refers to him as P.P. of Kilcullen in the year

1816, but he probably resigned the parochial duties in the following year. He lived for several years with his cousin, Mr. Michael Ryan, at 21, Lower Dominick Street, in the city of Dublin, but very soon, according to the traditions of the family, he became quite helpless and childish through the hardships which he had endured, and through his many infirmities. He died on the 15th August, 1830, at the age of 85 years. In the old Richmond Cemetery, Dublin, there is a tombstone to mark the resting-place of five priests, the first of whom is our missionary



GATE OF RICHMOND CEMETERY.

priest, Father Harold, the others being Dominican Fathers from the Dublin community, some of them near relatives of the convict priest. It may be mentioned that the Harold family was reckoned among the devoted friends and benefactors of the Dominican Order in the period of its revival in Ireland, and it is said that the ground on which the Dominican Church or Mon-

astery, now stands was a gift of a member of the family. As every minute detail connected with the first priests who sowed the seed of the Faith under the Southern Cross is full of interest to those who now enjoy the blessings of religion in the Australian Church, the inscription engraved upon the tombstone is here inserted in full:—

“Beneath this stone lie entombed the mortal remains of the Rev. James Harold and the Rev. William D. Harold. The former was during many years Parish

deplete his death. Here also lie interred the mortal remains of the Rev. John Raymond Tommins, O.P., whose career as a truly virtuous and exemplary priest was brought to a close in the Convent of Saint Saviour, on the 14th May, 1842, in his 40th year. The Very Rev. William V. Harold, D.D., of the same Order, who, both in Ireland and in foreign lands, did good service to religion, being held in high repute for his accomplishments as a scholar, his eloquence as a preacher, and the purity of his life. He died at the age



FATHER HAROLD'S GRAVE IN RICHMOND CEMETERY.

Priest in this Archdiocese. He died on the 15th of August, 1830, in the 85th year of his age, a faithful Christian and a firm friend. The latter was of the Order of Preachers, and a member of their house in Denmark Street. The few years of his public ministry were spent in the zealous discharge of all his sacred duties. Pious, upright, and benevolent, he expired on the 15th December, 1830, in his 29th year, leaving many who revere his memory and

of 88, on the 29th of January, 1856. The Rev. Laurence Cummin, whose name as a Dominican Friar was held in loving veneration by the many he had guided in the ways of repentance and salvation to the very day before his death. He finished his course on the 10th June, 1866, in his 72nd year.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”—Apoc. xiv. 13.

(To be continued.)

Reminiscences of Saint Philip Neri in Rome.

IT is May in the "Eternal City," and each evening when the "Ave Maria" rings out from tower and belfry the tapers gleam at the flower decked shrines, and hundreds of voices chant the praises of the Queen of Heaven. It is pre-eminently the month of Mary, but it also brings with it other hallowed memories. During its course the Church celebrates the feast of Pius V., the saintly Dominican, whose body lies in the vast Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and just as the magical Italian spring-time is merging into the riper beauty of a glowing June, comes the "festa" of Rome's glorious Apostle, the sweet Saint Philip Neri.

In the Via Monserrato, in the very heart of the ancient city, and almost facing that venerable English College—where so many of England's martyr-priests have prayed and studied in the days of old, and where at this moment pious deacons and sub-deacons are preparing for their future labours in God's vineyard—stands the old church of San Girolamo, where Saint Philip spent more than thirty years of his memorable life. In the fifth century, on the site of this church, stood the house of Saint Paula, the noble matron who became a saint under the direction of Saint Jerome, and later on, it passed into the hands of the Third Order of Saint Francis, who founded a hospital there in the year 1419.

In 1519, Cardinal Julius, one of the Medici family, endowed it with the sum of two thousand ducats, and established a Confraternity of Charity, whose members were to bury the dead, distribute alms to the poor, provide for the rents of pensioners and orphans, etc., and administer aid of all kinds to the suffering and op-

pressed. This Confraternity had been at first erected in Sant' Andrea, in Pisanola, and was transferred to San Girolamo, in 1523, when Cardinal di Medici ascended the Pontifical throne, under the title of Clement VII. It was this Order that Saint Philip joined. They had no rule in common, nor any obligations as a community, but, as we are told by one of the Saint's biographers, "they simply strove together to sanctify themselves."

The place is changed since the days when the holy Florentine wielded his magnetic influence on his band of devoted followers, but much remains to recall the hallowed past. At the foot of the winding staircase is the very door which Saint Philip opened and closed so frequently, now splintered and worn on account of the pieces taken away as relics, but the rooms he occupied are considerably altered and modernised. His bed, however, with its canopy of small planks laid crosswise, as was the fashion of the time, is still preserved. The lower room, which he enlarged on account of the daily increasing number of his disciples, is now converted into a chapel, the walls covered with inscriptions recording the many miracles performed by him, and the visits paid him by Saint Charles Borromeo, etc.

As we linger in the hallowed walls of San Girolamo the years roll backward, and that saintly figure, with his look of ineffable sweetness, rises before us, as he soothes, instructs, and comforts the youths who came to seek advice and consolation in his holy presence. "Philip's room is not a room but an earthly Paradise," was the remark of his penitents, and we are told by Cardinal Newman that many recovered their lost peace of mind by merely looking at him. "Saint Philip has," as one

of his biographers says, "left us a type of life which may serve in all offices," for he did not intend his secular life to be a preparation for the priesthood, as was the case with so many other Saints, but entertained no other thought than that of remaining always in the world, a lay apostle. It is his glorious example which has shown us what the life of a layman may be, and the lesson of the sanctification of daily ordinary existence is one which is well worth learning in these latter days of the century. From the moment he was ordained priest his principal characteristic was his burning zeal for souls, which rendered him so pre-eminently the "Saint of the Confessional." In the words of one of his penitents, "Father Philip draws souls to him as the magnet draws iron," and with a view to the fulfilment of what he considered to be his special mission, he gave himself up almost entirely to the hearing of confessions. Before the sun had risen he had already confessed a number of penitents in his own room, after which he would remain in his confessional until noon, only leaving it to say his Mass. His marvellous insight into souls and his miraculous power of reading the minds of others as though they were an open book is well known, and has been expatiated upon by all his biographers. Saint Philip was nearly seventy when he left the Via Monserrato, and took up his abode in the house adjoining the Chiesa

Nuova, Santa Maria in Vallicella, as it is sometimes called. For some time his brethren there had been doing their utmost to persuade him to reside amongst them, but on account of the various trials he had to endure at San Girolamo, he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, reiterating the one reply: "I cannot run away from the cross." Finally, however, the Pope issued his commands on the subject, and with prompt, loyal obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff he took his departure. For twelve years he lived at the Chiesa Nuova, edifying all with whom he came in contact, and his body now reposes under the altar of the chapel dedicated to his honour.

In the rooms above the church may be seen his portrait by Guido Reni, a portion of his bed furniture, and several of his instruments of penance; also the tiny chapel where he said his daily Mass, and where he so frequently fell into an ecstasy with the sacred chalice in his hands. The feast of Saint Philip Neri is celebrated in Rome as a holiday of obligation, and all day long the Church of the Oratorians, brilliantly lighted and draped with hangings of crimson and gold, is filled with a dense crowd of worshippers, all eager to pay their homage to "Buono Pippo," as the Florentines loved to call him, the glorious apostle of the Eternal City.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



A FRENCH Catholic journal has recently drawn attention to the following coincidence which seems providential. The infamous Zola, who has sneered at Lourdes and its miracles, and had written so wickedly of the shrine, was condemned by the Judges on the very anniversary of the seventh apparition of Our Blessed Lady to

the pious little Bernardina. It was on that occasion the Mother of God spoke the words: "Go tell the priests that it is my wish a church should be built here, and that the people should walk in procession." The scoffer has fallen, unhonoured and unregretted! The judgments of God are just!



By W. O'L.

"For he ever loved solitude, and was much given to meditation."—(Annales Duiskenses.)

CHAPTER I.

IN old times, long before the grand woods were cut down, the most picturesque valley in all Ireland was the Vale of the Holy Saviour, commonly called the Valley of Duiske. The river Duiske, from which the latter name is derived, is a rapid mountain stream, which rushes down the heathy side of Baurleeagh, through the meadows of Glown-na-soggarth, and after passing by the west gable of the famous Abbey of Duiske, enters the Barrow at the foot of Brandon Hill. The little stream in its early career among the hills was (like many early careers) wild and riotous, but it repented in its old age, and before ending its life among the water lilies and bulrushes of the Barrow, made some atonement by turning the wheel of James Power's mill. And a more praise-worthy deed it could not have done; for James was a good-natured, easy-going, contented

man, who ground any grist the neighbours brought him, and went out to fish in the Barrow when he had nothing to grind. His wife was dead, but he had one son, Geoffry, whom he intended for the Church, and sent regularly to the day-school of the monks. It would be more correct to say "towards" school, for though Geoffry always went in that direction as far as the end of the mill lane, where the trees and hedges grew so thickly as to hide both mill and school from view, he often left his horn book in a hole at the root of an old "skeough," and, imitating his father on a small scale, went to fish with a rush and worm for "darklukers" in the osiery.

As he "skaimed" a good deal from school his progress in learning was not great. He knew the "Teagasg Chriostaige" by heart, and could scramble through the "Mensa Multiplicationis." He could read the first chapter of the "Gesta Romanorum," and was able to write a very flourishing hand. But, if his book knowledge was not extensive, he was

deeply versed in fairy lore, and his greatest pleasure was to sit with a few old "shanachies" at the kiln fire on a winter evening and listen to their wild stories of witches, ghosts, and "bocheenthacawns." He indulged in one evil practice, that of scribbling and making awful attempts to "draw out" on every book or piece of paper that came in his way. This habit it was which brought his academic career to an untimely end; for one fine March morning the writing master, who sometimes set his pupils a text from the *Scriptorium*, left a valuable manuscript on

finding strong measures useless, waited on Brother Bernard, a great friend of his, and had a long consultation as to what he should do with his unruly son. Brother Bernard was the counsellor-in-general to whom the villagers went for advice in all their troubles. He had been for two years secretary to his Lordship the Abbot of Saint Mary's, Dublin, and on that account knew more of the world than any monk in the abbey. The good friar, after discussing the whole case, came to the conclusion that as Geoffry showed no inclination for further schooling, and could never be

got to do anything about the mill, it would be better to put him to some other business. He even thought that his unfortunate predilection for scribbling might be turned to advantage; for, during his residence in Dublin he had become acquainted with a scribe named Fitzsimons, a worthy, honest man, who, he was sure, would take the boy as apprentice on his recommendation. Geoffry was equally delighted with the idea of leaving school for good, and the prospect of seeing the great city; and his father being quite satisfied to let him go, it was finally decided that he should try his fortune in Dublin. An old boatman who was leaving for Carlow next morning volunteered to carry Geoffry as far as that town. So he packed up his best doublet and hose in a small bundle, re-

ceived his father's blessing, Brother Bernard's letter of introduction to Master Fitzsimons, Cooke Street, five crowns for travelling expenses, and got on board the old flat-bottomed boat. When he saw the little village where he was born, and the woods and fields among which his childhood was spent, disappear at a bend of the river, in spite of all his desire for seeing Dublin, Geoffry felt a strange swelling at



HE OFTEN HID HIS HORN BOOK AND WENT TO FISH FOR "DARKLUKERS."

Power's desk. When he returned for it soon after he found a gorgeous Patrick's cross painted in green and red on the back of it. Circumstantial evidence against Geoffry was conclusive: his finger was bleeding, and his pocket was full of green hedge cups. The punishment which he received on this occasion took such an effect on him that he refused point-blank to go to school any more. His father,

his heart, which soon brought tears to his eyes. But he did not get much time to weep, for the skipper who had volunteered to carry him, took care to make him work his passage, so that between poling the boat through the dangerous rapids of Clashganny and getting out on the bank every half-hour to pull the mule out of a bog-hole it was late on the following day when they reached Carlow. Geoffry, however, was so anxious to be shortening the journey that he only waited to take a plate of bacon and eggs and a mug of ale with the skipper at the "Magpie," and then set out for Castledermot, where he

moor lands of Kildare, he fell asleep towards evening, and only awakened when the waggon stopped, and he heard the driver shouting, "Come, my lad; stir yourself! You're at the Rose Inn, Saint Francis Street." Having pointed out to him the shortest way to Cooke Street, his friend, the carter, wished him God-speed, and Geoffry found himself alone in the famous city of Dublin.

CHAPTER II.

THE novelty and bustle of the scene, the strange appearance of the citizens, and



THE BARROW AT CLASHGANNY.

arrived shortly after dark. He stayed for the night at the first house he met with a green bush over the door, got a good supper, a bed beside the kitchen fire, and best of all, by a happy chance, met with a good-natured waggoner who was starting for Dublin next morning, and who seeing how tired the boy was, offered him a seat on top of his load. Geoffry gratefully accepted the kind offer, and after travelling all the following day through the dreary

their stranger accent did not prevent Geoffry from feeling that awful loneliness which is incidental to every beginner in the struggle of city life. The rumbling of heavy waggons over the rough pavement almost deafened him, and several times he was jostled off the footway into the mud by the crowds hurrying through the narrow streets. He forgot the carter's directions, and inquired the way from some link boys who were tossing in Back Lane, but

as he did not hire one of them they sent him further astray, so that, though the distance from Saint Fancis Street to Cooke Street was not great, it was very late in the evening when he reached the house of Master Fitzsimons. The front office was closed, but he knocked at a side door in Keyser's Lane, and was admitted to the presence of the master, who was seated in a small parlour at the back of the house.

The old man looked suspiciously at Geoffry when he heard his Irish accent, but after reading the letter of introduction, he received him more civilly, asked a great many questions about his old friend,

parchment from Skinner's Row. Master Fitzsimons being in feeble health, and his son under age, the active management of the business was left to the chief clerk, Anthony Stanhope. This man, though of English birth and education, was more broad-minded than the majority of his countrymen in Dublin at the period, much more so than the bigoted anglicized natives. Finding that Geoffry was anxious to learn, and had a natural aptitude for the work, he instructed him in the practical details of his profession, lent him some books on the art of designing, and a splendid illuminated copy of the "Voyage



WOODS BY THE BARROW.—CLASHGANNY

Brother Bernard, and spoke impressively of the great prejudice against the Irish among the citizens since the late raid of the O'Byrne's, at Rathgar. He warned him not to be too ready to take offence, to be obedient to his foreman, and after much wholesome advice as to his future conduct, consented to receive him as apprentice.

For a year Geoffry was employed at sweeping the office, mending the pens, cleaning the sconces, or carrying rolls of

of Saint Brendan." This last was a source of endless delight to Geoffry, for it was profusely illustrated by some gifted monastic artist, and the study of it not only gave him new ideas of art, but it developed in him a taste for reading which he never lost. Under the thoughtful tuition of Master Stanhope, Geoffry soon acquired such skill in ornamental penmanship that all the intricate initials and other difficult parts were left for him. He worked hard, but the interest he felt in his work made it a

pleasure. When the business of the day was over, Geoffry usually saw no more of his office companions until next morning. Being of a retiring disposition, he did not join in their hilarious night orgies at the King's Head, in Winetavern Street, or their Sunday pastime at the cock-pit or badger fight in Werburgh Street. He liked better in the early summer to ramble among the orchards fragrant with apple blossoms, which bordered the Liffey at the back of Dame Street. The winter evenings he generally spent in his small bed-

this life of industry and happiness was suddenly interrupted by the death of his old master. This was a great misfortune to Geoffry, for young Fitzsimons, who now assumed full control of the business, was like most Dublin "loyalists" of that day, narrow-minded, and strongly prejudiced against everything Irish. His first act on attaining authority was the dismissal of Anthony Stanhope, whose ideas, political and social, he detested. The fact that Stanhope soon after began business on his own account in the same street and pro-



IN THE WINTER EVENINGS HIS ONLY COMPANION WAS "THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN."

room, which overlooked the old churchyard of Saint Audœn's. His only company on these occasions was the "Voyage of Saint Brendan," which he read until the dying taper warned him to sleep. Then while the wind moaned among the high gables and the rain beat on the windowpanes, he dreamed of the strange lands and wonderful scenes described by the great Saint and voyager.

In the second year of his apprenticeship

spered did not lessen his dislike. Geoffry now began to find out the meaning of the old scrivener's warning. The admission to the office of a "mere Irish" youth (however well recommended) had always been a source of loyal indignation to the city clerks, but in the presence of Master Stanhope they dared not show it. Now their pent-up malice had full vent, and they soon let Power know what they thought of him. His reserved manner,

his country shyness, his southern brogue, made him a mark for all their refined jokes. They tried to pick quarrels with him, they filled his bigotted employer's head with lying tales about him, and in a hundred ways made his life miserable. In addition to these troubles the fact of not having heard from home since Master Fitzsimon's death was another source of anxiety to Geoffry. Every letter from Brother Bernard to the old scrivener enclosed a note from his father, but after the old man's death no more letters had come. This wretched state of things continued until at length Geoffry became down-

in a gloomy court at the rere of Cooke Street, and it was so much closed in by high houses with projecting wooden gables that a ray of sunshine never entered it, at least for nine months of the year. So that although Geoffry got an occasional glimpse of the sky, he only knew that summer had come when a stray sunbeam crept down between the chimneys, and struggling through the dull window-pane, showed more clearly the dust and cobwebs with which the dismal place was covered. At these moments old memories would sometimes knock at his heart and his thoughts following the waning sun-

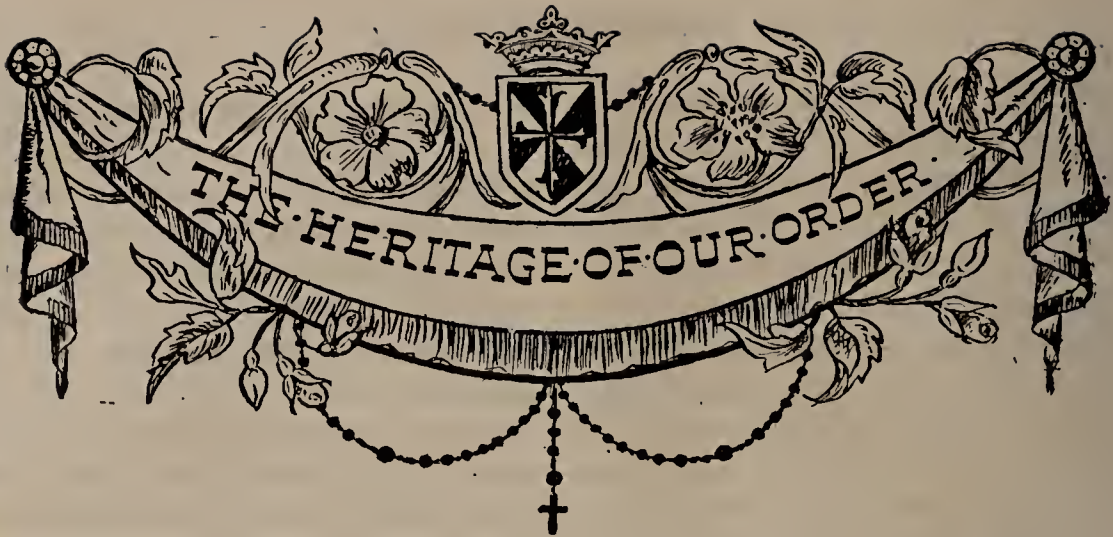


THE ABBEY OF DUISKE OR GRAIG-NA-MANAGH
(Before the Suppression)

hearted and sorrowful, and often in the night he wept bitterly for having left the old mill at the foot of Brandon. And many a time when he saw the moonlight on the grey tombs in Saint Audœn's churchyard, and heard the wind rustle in the long grass, he envied the profound sleep of the dead. His dreary surroundings helped to increase these morbid thoughts. The office where he worked was situated

beam, would steal away from Dublin and its people. He saw again the sunlight in the lonely forest of Ballyogan; he saw it glimmer on the smooth Barrow, under the cool green leaves of Iskamore; he thought of his boyhood's birdnesting in the woods, and the scent of the primrose when the dew was on the grass; until the sunbeam passed and left him in deeper gloom.

(To be continued.)



The Sodality of the Living Rosary.

ITS INDULGENCES.

THE Sodality of the Living Rosary is an association of prayer, but if one or more of the members of the Circle fail to say their daily decade of the Rosary the others, on that account, are not deprived of the indulgences attached to this duty. Again, when one, or several, through death or any other cause, cease to be members, the remainder still enjoy the indulgences, provided the Zelator fills up the vacancies in the Circle within the month following the day on which he is informed of them.

We shall now give a list of the indulgences which are granted to all the members, adding the additional indulgences which are granted to the officials, and we shall end with a few practical observations.

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

Those who give their names to the pious association of the Living Rosary, and are admitted by any legitimate Zelator or Zelatrice (the head of the Circle), gain a plenary indulgence on the first feast day after their reception, if on that day, being truly penitent and having confessed their sins, they approach the Holy Eucharist. The associates gain a plenary

indulgence each year on Our Lord's Nativity, Circumcision, Epiphany, Resurrection, Ascension, Corpus Christi, Whit Sunday, and Trinity Sunday; likewise, on all the feasts, even minor, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and that of All Saints; also, once a month, on the third Sunday. The conditions for gaining the indulgence on these feasts and on the third Sunday are the daily recitation of the decade by the members for at least a month, unless hindered by a reasonable cause, confession and Communion, visit to some church and prayers said therein on the above-mentioned days. If the visit to the church is hindered by a just cause the confessor can substitute some other work. Those who say their daily decade for an entire year on beads, to which the Dominican blessing has been given, go to confession and communion and say the usual prayers for the intentions of the Supreme Pontiff, once a year, on any one day they choose, obtain a plenary indulgence.

All these plenary indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

PARTIAL INDULGENCES.

For saying their decade on days which are not feast days, the members gain each day an indulgence of 100 days, and for saying it on Sundays, holidays of obligation, or which have ceased to be of obliga-

tion, during the Octaves of Christmas, Easter, Corpus Christi, Pentecost, and of the Assumption, Nativity and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, seven years and seven quarantines on the day of recitation. For saying their decade on Dominican beads, they gain daily 100 days for each "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." On all the Saturdays of the year for visiting some church, and being truly contrite, saying the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," five times in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, according to the Pope's intentions, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines is granted to the member.

INDULGENCES FOR OFFICIALS.

The officials of the Sodality, besides the indulgences granted to ordinary members, as given above, gain the following. Every Zelator (or Zelatrice), provided he has been elected or approved by some legitimate Director, gains an indulgence of 100 days as often as he discharges any duty of his office. Every President, approved in the same manner, of at least eleven Zelators, gains an indulgence of 300 days each time he fulfils any duty relating to his office.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Confession and communion are prescribed for gaining any of the plenary indulgences mentioned in this article, but these Sacraments may be received on the day previous to that to which the indulgence is attached.

To gain all the indulgences, when a decade of the Rosary is one of the conditions, beads must be used blessed by a Dominican Father, or by a priest who has the faculty.

A comparison of the list of indulgences which is published in the leaflet styled "Rosary Indulgences" with the present list, will show that the indulgences granted to members of the Confraternity of the Most Sacred Rosary are richer and more numerous than those granted to the Sodality of the Living Rosary.

One may be a member of the Confraternity and of the Sodality at the same time, provided one is legitimately received into both.

All the associates of the Living Rosary Sodality participate in all the Masses, Divine Offices, prayers, and other satisfactory works of the whole Dominican Order, in the same way as the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary.





Our Foreign Letters.

Dominican Convent,

Newcastle, Natal, S. Africa.

THE three postulants, whom you have taken under the aegis of your paternal care, will be more than welcome to our convent. We are on the look-out for them, and are already preparing to give them a hearty reception—a real Irish one. I know they will be very happy, and will feel quite at home from the start among the Irish Sisters here; while, as far as we are concerned, the accession of three such promising subjects to our Community fills us with joy. The demands made on us are very great. We are receiving pressing invitations from Europeans and Kaffirs alike to open new schools in many other places, but hitherto we have been compelled to decline them, owing chiefly to the comparative fewness of our numbers. Our Community, indeed, is a large one, but not too large for the extent and multiplicity of our duties.

You must know that out here in "Dark Africa"—"the land of savages, of lions, and of ostriches," as it has been called—supreme importance attaches to education. Already the colonists—and the natives, too—have come to regard it as a mighty power. In fact education in all its branches has to be cultivated, and is making great strides even in remote up-coun-

try districts. You would be surprised to find how intellectual culture is prized, and how highly polish and refinement of manners are appreciated. We are, therefore, fully alive to the necessity of supplying not only the educational wants of the poorer classes, but of giving every opportunity for higher education.

Now I must tell you how desirable it is that young ladies who are anxious to join us in our good work, should, if possible, be good musicians. The people of this part, and, in fact, all through the Veld, are passionately fond of music. They simply delight in music, whether vocal or instrumental. The Kaffirs, as a rule, have beautiful voices, are blessed with good musical ears, and show remarkable quickness in the study of the Muses. Music is their household goddess, their solace in private life, and the unfailing attendant at all their social gatherings. To the Irish settlers here it is more than a luxury; the old Celtic melodies are a link that binds them to the Old Land, and help in no small degree to keep them mindful of friends at home, and of their religious fidelity, too. Hence you see why we count a musical Sister as a valuable acquisition.

We have boarding and day schools for both boys and girls. How strange it sounds! Most of our pupils in both

schools are Protestants of various denominations. What is stranger still, not a few Protestant parents have instructed us to bring up their children in our holy Catholic religion. Just at the present time we have as many as seven such children, to one of whom I had the happiness of acting as god-mother. I may add that adult converts, too, are numerous, many of them being the fruit of Father F——d's zealous labours. As our schools become better known Catholic children come to us from a distance, some, indeed, from far away.

Father F——d has another mission besides the one at Newcastle. This is in the neighbouring town of Dundee, where a military camp has been established. To this mission Father F——d goes every second Sunday of the month, and then we have no Mass. But of this we can't complain, as the Catholics at Dundee are far more numerous than here. Our dear Father is a great favourite in the camp, and is always welcomed most warmly both by officers and men. No wonder that he should have such an influence among the soldiers—he has such a sweet winning way, and takes such an interest in them.

It is in this town of Dundee that we hope to open our next school. It is sorely needed. The people have been urgently pleading for help for a long time, but, as I have already told you, we were not in a position to go to their aid. The new arrivals from Ireland will enable us to get over the difficulty.

In January last we had three Profes-

sions and one Reception. One of the newly-professed was sent soon after to our Convent in Zululand, where great work is being done for God. One hundred native children attend the school daily, and these are taught to pray aloud, and to sing at intervals, during the Mass. It is most touching to hear these dear, dark-skinned, African children sing so sweetly the praises of God.

In this Convent in Zululand there was a most impressive and gratifying ceremony on Christmas night. The mid-night Mass was sung most beautifully by the children, who were carefully trained by one of our Sisters. At the Mass a large number of children and adults made their First Communion. And who do you think were among the latter, but two sons of the late Zulu chief, Cetewayo! Little did the savage old prince, who fought so bravely and well against English arms, dream that his sons would so soon bend their necks to the sweet yoke of that God whom he never knew and never adored!

You can judge from the little I have told you in this short letter how promising our labours are here in this distant land. The readers of *THE IRISH ROSARY* may read with interest these instructive facts. There is much to be done. Truly "the harvest is rich, but the labourers are few." Our hopes run high. Perhaps this rambling account of our doings may move others to join us in our noble but arduous work.

SISTER M. R.

Book Notices.

The Ven. Joan of Arc. By the Rev. A. Barry, C.S.S.R. Dublin: Jas. Duffy and Co.

This is a most interesting pamphlet of 60 pages, and is well worth careful perusal. The author gives a clear and succinct account of the early years, character, mission, victories, reverses and death of this saintly heroine, whom the Church has recently declared Venerable. Unfortunately, Catholic readers in these countries, as a rule, get their first knowledge of such renowned personages from the tainted pages of hostile historians. Father Barry has done a good work in giving a true version of the life and exploits of this illustrious French girl. History cannot show a more extraordinary career. At sixteen years of age this peasant child leads armies to victory, and vanquishes the enemies of her native land; at nineteen, she suffers cruel torments, and is burned in the market-place at Rouen, at the hands of savage and ungenerous adversaries, abandoned to the fury of her foes by the unworthy king to whom she had secured the throne of his fathers.

The Ven. John Nepomucene Neumann, C.S.S.R. By the Very Rev. J. Magnier, C.S.S.R. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

This venerable servant of God was Bishop of Philadelphia from 1852 to the time of his death in 1860. He is, therefore, a saint of our own times. His life was a comparatively short one, covering a space of barely forty-nine years. The story of his life as child, student, priest, missionary and bishop, as laid before us in the pages of this small volume, is at once interesting and instructive. Perhaps no books are more useful for our instruction than the lives of modern saints. They sanctify themselves in spite of the secular atmosphere of the present age, which seems

so uncongenial to holiness. In this little book the false notion that saints must have lived and flourished under more favourable conditions than the present century affords, is dissipated, and we learn the great lesson that we can be pious and holy in this worldly age if we but have good hearts, and strive like this venerable man to be faithful to God. We earnestly recommend this little book to our readers.

Mission Book for the Single, and Mission Book for the Married, price 50 cents each. New York: Benziger Bros.

These two works, compiled by Father Girardey, C.S.S.R., brought out in good style by the publishers, and bearing the "imprimatur" of the Archbishop of New York, are a solid addition to Catholic works of piety. The instructions given in the opening chapters should be studied carefully, and reduced to practice by every Catholic. We heartily recommend them to the readers of THE IRISH ROSARY.

Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat. By the Very Rev. Rudolph V. Smetana, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Nuns, and religious communities in general, will find this a very useful and welcome addition to the religious library. The great truths of religion are set before the reader with a freshness and practical application which are bound to make it very acceptable.

Fidelity. By Mary Maher. London: Burns and Oates.

This is what the title-page describes it—a Catholic story, with glints from real life. The story shows how "by fidelity to the faith and practice of religion, two Catholic girls found their way through manifold difficulties to happiness—the one in the cloister, the other in the world."



ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.

From a painting by Murillo, in the National Gallery, London.)



Vol. II., No. 6.—JUNE, 1898.

Strength in Weakness.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GREGORY BARR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Lady Maybelle had been condemned to death—to be pressed to death beneath weights, which was the awful penalty attached in those days to a refusal to plead. The date fixed for her execution was the twenty-fifth of March, to her inexpressible joy, as it was a feast of Our Blessed Lady.

One day, about three weeks before her death, when she had begged to be left alone, in order to make a little retreat, Dame Margery entered her cell, and with

profuse apologies for venturing to contravene her orders about being left in solitude, begged very urgently to admit a gentleman, who earnestly craved speech with her Ladyship.

"Not to-day, Dame Margery; to-morrow, or any other day."

"But he says that to-morrow won't do. His business is urgent, and he must be secure of no interruption whilst speaking to you. See, he bade me give you this," handing a scrap of paper, which had written on it, "the salvation of a soul is at stake; will you refuse your help?"

After perusing these lines, Maybelle desired the visitor to be admitted, whilst re-

questing that Dame Margery would remain within call.

"Captain Tryfern!" in a surprised tone. Then "Allow me to thank you for your intervention in my behalf," said Maybelle, extending her hand.

"No, Lady, no! The hand of a martyr must not be polluted by the touch of a renegade, a pervert, a coward, for such am I—born and bred a Catholic, yet denying the faith in which I have never ceased to believe; bringing shame and confusion by my dastardly conduct to the noblest and best of women—my sister, Lady Talbot. And all—wherefore? To avoid the suffering and the contumely heaped on Catholics, and to purchase a short-lived pleasure at the price of eternal life."

At first Maybelle could not speak from amazement. Then she said in a low tone: "And believing all this, Captain Tryfern, do you still hesitate?"

"O Lady, is there hope for me? Can one who has gone so far, who has sunk so low, have a chance of pardon?"

"Your early education in the Faith should let you know that while life lasts, repentance is possible. But you must also know the cost, the public reparation."

"Yes, yes; I have calculated it all, and am ready. Your words in Euston Hall first awakened the agony of remorse, though you were still a Protestant. You asked me if *I*, a soldier, would not dare what you, a weak girl would do. I tried to stifle those feelings, present pleasure being very dear to me. But the sight of your fortitude in the torture-chamber brought the deep blush of confusion to my brow. I asked myself had not I the strength to endure what a fragile girl, not yet eighteen years of age could bear? My manhood blushed at the question, and I have since counted the days and hours until I could see you without the danger of meeting my long-suffering sister here. I have

now two favours to beg of you, in addition to what you have already done for me. Obtain for me speech of a priest, that I may be reconciled to God first; and then, will you intercede for me with my sister, that she may grant me her pardon ere I leave for London, where I shall resign my commission, proclaim myself a Catholic, and God grant that I may not be too unworthy to seal my confession of faith with my blood!"

Maybelle's eyes filled with tears, but they were happy ones. She now knew the cause of Lady Talbot's abiding sorrow, and she understood well what consolation this conversion of a beloved, though erring, brother would bring to her dear friend.

Since her condemnation to death Maybelle had been secretly visited and consoled in her prison by the noble confessor of the Faith, Father Walpole, S.J., who himself was soon to fall a victim to the ruthless persecution of the Faith then raging.* She gave Captain Tryfern the address of this holy priest, and promised to arrange a reconciliation and meeting with her dear friend, Lady Talbot, and the brother she had so long wept for.

Then extending her hand she said kindly, "As we are to be companions in suffering, we must part as friends."

Taking her hand, Captain Tryfern kissed it, bending his knee at the same time, as he would to his Sovereign, then left the cell without reply, his emotions being too great for words.

* * * * *

At last the end came. Very solemn was the parting of Maybelle and the Earl of Wyndham. She begged of him not to be present at her execution, it

* Father Walpole, S.J., was hanged at York 1595. The Earl of Huntingdon examined him. He was fourteen times put to the torture; he was offered means of escape and refused. We have slightly changed the date of his death in our tale,—*English Martyrs*, p. 225.

would unnerve her. She entreated him to take Alice abroad as soon as possible, as the latter seemed to be utterly crushed. Maybelle had a thought for everyone, even for her humble follower, the innocent Jake, begging that he might be kindly treated for her sake. She seemed to forget altogether the terrible suffering she was about to undergo. As the Earl left the prison for the last time he carried away with him the conviction that there must be something wonderful in this religion of hers. He asked himself, "What member of his own communion would suffer for his faith as she had done?" The answer was not flattering to Protestantism.

To Maud Talbot, Maybelle whispered that her first petition in heaven would be for Charles Rookwood's release from prison.

Lady Talbot and Alice were the last she saw.

Norah Gray was to stay with her until the end.

Yes, until the end the faithful servant knelt beside her young mistress expiring in cruel agony—until the pure young

soul, quitting its fair tenement, was borne by angels' hands to receive the glorious reward of a Martyr's Crown.*

And not alone did she enter into glory, for at the same instant the executioner at Tyburn held up a head just severed from the body, crying out: "Behold the head of the traitor, Ernest Tryfern, formerly an officer in Her Majesty's service, executed



TAKING HER HAND, HE KISSED IT.

* Some of our readers may be inclined to doubt that so cruel a death would be inflicted on a gentlewoman. The following is an account of it, as suffered by Margaret Clithero:—"On the 16th of March of this or the foregoing year (1586), Mrs. Margaret Clithero, a gentlewoman of a good family in Yorkshire, was pressed to death at York. She was prosecuted under that violent persecution raised in those times by the Earl of Huntingdon, Lord President of the North. The crime she was charged with was for relieving and harbouring priests. She refused to plead that she might not bring others into danger by

her conviction, and therefore, as the laws appointed in such cases, she was pressed to death. She bore this cruel torment with invincible patience." *English Martyrs*, vol. i., p. 126.

"She (Margaret Clithero) was in dying one quarter of an hour. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist was put under her back; upon her was laid a quantity of seven or eight hundred-weight at the least, which breaking her ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin."—*Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, Third Series, p. 430.

for treasonably professing the Popish religion."

So Maybelle O'Neill entered into eternal life as a conqueror, accompanied by the captive she had won from the Powers of Hell.

* * * * *

No difficulty was made when the Earl of Wyndham petitioned that the remains of the Lady Maybelle should be interred in the little cemetery adjoining Wyndham Court. This had belonged to the Catholics



THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

in former times, so she was buried in consecrated ground, but not for one week longer, in order to satisfy the weeping of the young Lady Alice, whose grief was unutterable.

When the interment took place, amongst those present was Charles Rookwood, the order for whose release from prison

having been signed by the Council on the day of Maybelle's martyrdom.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVEN years have passed away. The faithful Norah Gray has been laid to rest beside her first beloved mistress, in the quiet cemetery outside Lisbon, but not before she had the joy of being present at the ceremony of reception into the Catholic Church of the Earl of Wyndham, and his daughter, the Lady Alice.

Some years after Maybelle's death, Sir Edward Penrose wrote to the Earl urging his return to England, and mooting the subject of the marriage of Alice and Cecil, but the Earl returned a firm refusal, his child should never marry one of an alien faith.

Now the joyful news comes that the son of the martyred Mary Stuart has ascended the throne of England. Now may the Earl and Alice hope to be able to carry out their long-desired wish to build a private chapel, in which they can place the relics of the martyred Maybelle.

After talking the matter over they decided to leave Portugal. He desired to go to the Eternal City for two reasons: first, to visit the tombs of the Apostles; and secondly, to cause a handsome casket of pure gold to be wrought, in which the relics of Maybelle could be paced.

Not long after their arrival in the Eternal City both went to visit Saint Peter's, that wonderful edifice then in course of erection. As they passed through the interior they noticed a gentleman praying very fervently. The Earl then showed Alice the wonderful dome, which had been designed by Michael Angelo, whose design had been carried out some years previously by Domenico Fontana, according to the orders of Pope Sixtus V. Returning to their carriage, they met the gentleman who had been praying within.

"Why, Cecil, are one's eyes deceived? Is it you or your wraith which we saw praying in a Popish chapel?" exclaimed the Earl, warmly shaking hands with his young friend.

"Flesh and blood, my Lord, you saw; and the substantial form of as staunch a recusant as ever made Master Topcliffe's teeth grind—peace be to him—though I misdoubt if he has over much of that same just now," replied the other, laughingly. Explanations were postponed until Cecil would be with them in their hotel that evening.

It seemed that after he had come of age, wearying of the monotony of country life, he had begged his father to obtain his appointment as attachè to an embassy.

In this capacity he had visited several foreign Courts, and the contact with many Catholics of earnest faith and upright lives had led him to inquire into their religion. On the death of his father about a year previously, he had abjured the Protestant faith, and had been received into the Catholic Church.

He soon became an indispensable companion to our English friends, and the Earl was not long in perceiving by Alice's blushes that her old predilection for Cecil Penrose had not been forgotten. So when the pair came to tell him the old, old tale it was not unexpected news.

The marriage was quietly performed one morning after eight o'clock Mass, in the Church of the Minerva, the Earl not having forgotten the admiration of the Do-

minican Order which the noble Friar Mac-Geoghegan had awakened in him.

Sir Cecil Penrose charged himself with providing the slab which was to close the crypt in which the relics of Maybelle were to be laid.



"DAUGHTER, SAID THE EARL, "WE SHALL GO TO ROME."

* * * * *

It was the twenty-fifth of March as the carriage containing the Earl of Wyndham, Sir Cecil and Lady Penrose neared Wynd-

ham Court. The Earl had given strict orders that no demonstration of any kind was to welcome their return.

In a low tone, Alice expressed a wish to her father. The carriage was stopped, and the little party wended their way to pay their first visit to the grave of the martyred Maybelle.

On nearing it they were surprised to see what seemed like a figure lying partially across it. At first they thought it must be the shadow of a tree thrown athwart the mound by the setting sun, but no: on approaching nearer they found it was a man

Reverently Alice took the flowers and kept them for future use in the way she knew he would best like.

We all know how sadly the hopes of the Catholics in England were disappointed by the first monarch of the Stuart line. To attempt to build a chapel in Wyndham was impossible, owing to the continuation of the penal laws. The Earl decided on changing what had been Maybelle's room into an oratory, containing a crypt, lined with rare marble, built into the wall.

When all the arrangements for translating the martyr's relics were completed, the



LYING DEAD—IN HIS HAND A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

lying prone. In his outstretched hand was a huge bunch of violets. He was touched. No motion. "He is dead!" And as they looked close they found it was the poor, faithful, simpleton, Jake, who had come from his dying bed to lay his last offering of violets (Maybelle's favourite flower) on his beloved mistress's grave, and to breathe forth his faithful soul on the spot which after her demise he loved best on earth.

entire family from Granite Hall arrived, as well as Charles Rookwood and his wife (our old friend, Maude Talbot).

By a strange coincidence, Father Seewel was then at Granite Hall, and he came (carefully disguised) to bless the last resting-place of her who had saved his life, and who had thus been the means of salvation to the many souls whom his ministrations since then had led from spiritual death to life.

When the golden casket containing the relics of the martyr was laid in the crypt, Alice placed on it the bunch of violets she had taken from poor Jake's hand.

All knelt awhile in prayer, and then the

opening in the wall was closed by the slab, wrought in rare mosaic, which Sir Cecil Penrose had brought from Rome, and which bore the simple legend—

Strength in Weakness.

THE END.



Anecdote of the Rosary.

A YOUNG French officer, whose life was far from being a model one, and who was careless as to the practice of his religion, had bound himself by a promise to say the Rosary every day. To whom, or under what circumstances, the promise was made, we are not told. One thing, however, is certain, that it was faithfully kept for a considerable number of years. But for every one who pledges himself to any rule, the occasion must come when the rule grows irksome, and so it was with the officer in question.

One day, during the Crimean war, he returned at nightfall to his tent so utterly worn out with fatigue that he threw himself at once on his bed, and instantly dropped into a sound sleep. Before midnight he awoke, or rather his guardian angel woke him, and he remembered that he had not said his Rosary. As may be imagined, he felt not a little disinclined to get up and recite it. For a while he lay still, debating what he should do. At last he said to himself: "I never broke my word to any man, and I will not do so to

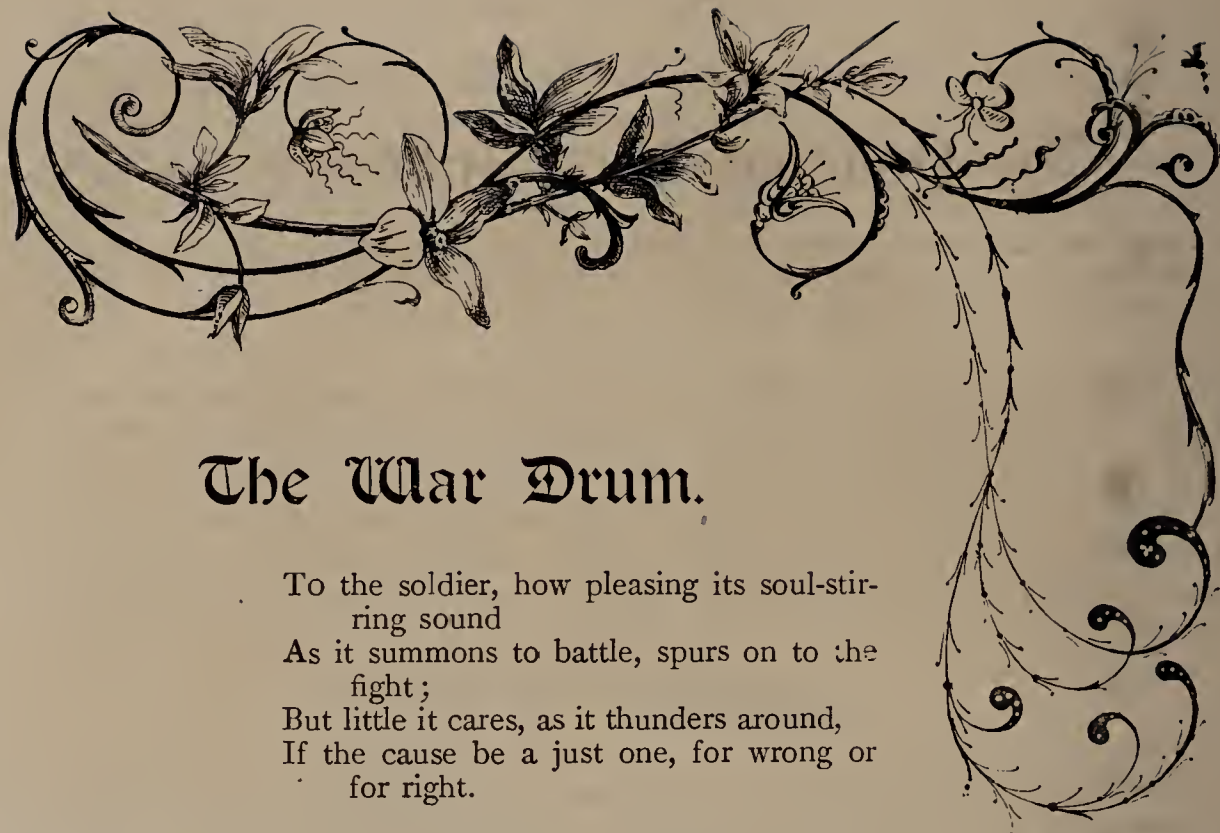
our Blessed Lady." He sprang up, and as one after another he told his beads, feelings of contrition for his past sins began to steal into his heart. By the time the Rosary was finished he was conscious of an intense desire to go to confession. Kneeling down he made a solemn promise to do so, saying aloud, "I will go to confession to-morrow morning."

"And why not now?" asked a familiar voice out of the darkness. It was that of the army chaplain, Father Damas, S.J., who, through the providence of God, happened to be passing at that moment, and overheard the officer's words.

Impressed by the coincidence, he readily consented, and made his confession. Early on the following day he heard Father Damas' Mass, and received Holy Communion.

A few hours later the troops were called out to attack the Russians. Almost the first shot fired by the enemy struck the young officer, and killed him on the spot. The Rosary had done its work.





The War Drum.

To the soldier, how pleasing its soul-stirring sound
As it summons to battle, spurs on to the fight;
But little it cares, as it thunders around,
If the cause be a just one, for wrong or for right.

How often it seems, all that's peaceful to mar,
As its monody gratingly falls on the ears,
Reminding us only of bloodshed and war,
Of widows and orphans, of anguish and tears;

Of homes, where bereaved ones in loneliness mourn
A father, a brother, a dearly-loved son,
Whom death from their homestead hath ruthlessly torn;
How dear-bought to them is the battle when won.

Allured by a glory, which "mocked with a view,"
And then, from their grasp, had all phantom-like fled—
How many have perished, of brave hearts and true,
Who number, too early, alas! 'mong the dead.

It stifles the sweet sound of pity within,
Awakened by many a heart-rending moan
From the wounded, who hear but its maddening din,
And die on the war-field unheeded, unknown.

How costly the victory purchased by blood,
The life-stream of heroes, perhaps, had been shed;

The drum hailed the conqueror then as he stood,
Too oft, gazing mutely on thousands of dead.

Still blindly parading, 'mid warfare and strife;
The horrors of battle but nerve it the more;
Though death mows around and carnage is rife,
It beats still more deafening and loud than before.

'Tis heedless alike, both of gains and defeats;
'Tis callous to losses, bereavements and woes;
It recks not the dying or slain which it meets;
Still, still, ever pitiless onward it goes.

Its theme is a sad one, it no pleasure yields,
It tells but of sorrows, both past and to come;
It lures from the home that sweet innocence shields,
Oh! a long tale of misery hangs by the drum.

MOI-MÊME.

The Youghal Lace Industry.

NOTE—It is with very great pleasure we publish the following article on one of our Irish Industries. We invite other contributions of the same character, and will give them a hearty welcome. — ED. I.R.]

IT is not too much to say that Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to the Religious Sisterhoods which have spread through the country during the present century. They have done a giant's share in the religious revival that followed in the wake of Emancipation. The nation has good reason to be proud of them. Not content with imparting religious instruction, and giving a sound education to the thousands that throng their schools, they have gone further, and have sought, and already with a large measure of success, to relieve the poverty which hangs like a dark cloud over a large area of the country, by introducing, fostering, and developing native industries. They are, therefore, benefactors in every sense of the word—contributing in a very remarkable manner, and to a very large extent, to the welfare of the people spiritual, educational, and material.

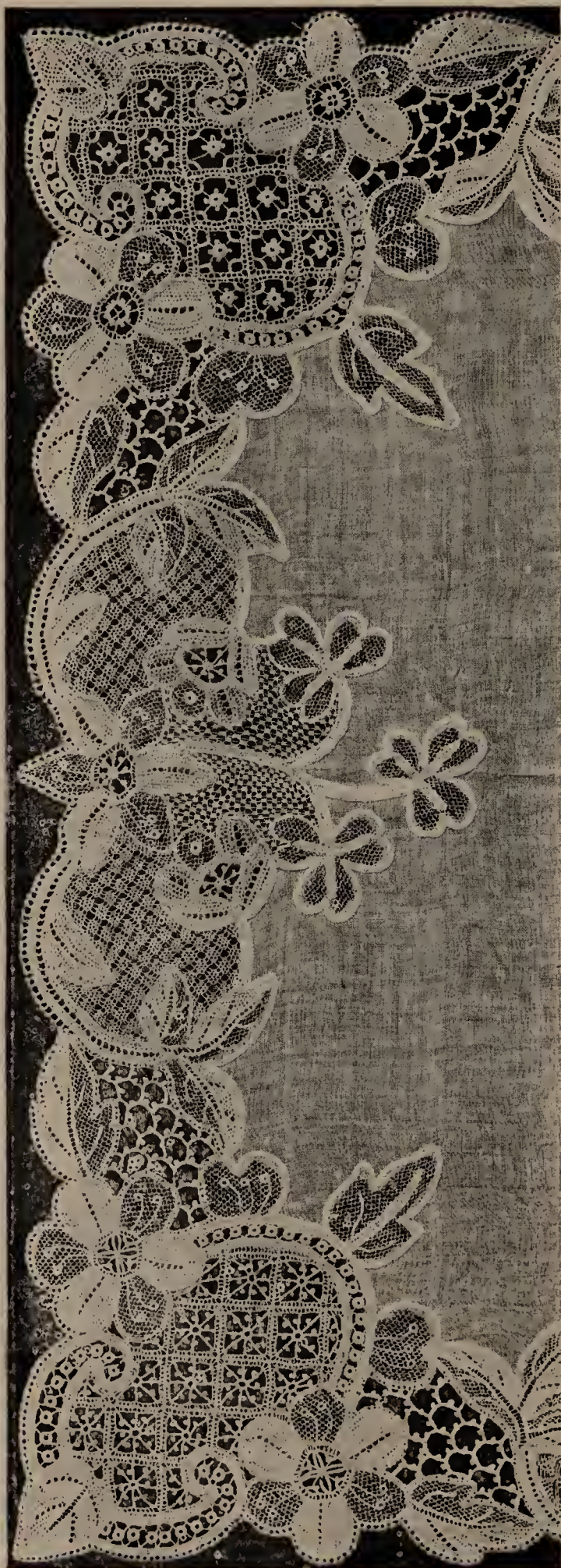
I think I am correct in stating that the lace industry at Youghal, Co. Cork, is the oldest of the many that have sprung up under the initiative and fostering care of our Irish nuns, and perhaps has become more widely known, and has achieved a fame beyond all others. Lace-making is an art, but an art of high order: point-lace may be called one of the fine arts.

I may here remark that Ireland in past times was renowned for delicate artistic work in various branches. Gold filigree-work of the most beautiful design, and exquisite workmanship, seems to have been a speciality: such rare specimens of this delicate art as the "Tara Brooch" and the "Cross of Cong" are simply without rivals. The art of illumination also, as practised by the early monks, reached a perfection quite marvellous: there is not in the world

anything of this character that can even approach the "Book of Kells." Now, we have in many parts of the country, notably in Youghal, women and girls producing the very highest kind of lace, which, for general beauty of outline and delicacy of minute treatment, has secured, beyond all shadow of doubt, the first place in the world.

Youghal lace may be considered a native art. True, the idea was a borrowed one, or, to speak more correctly, was suggested by work of a foreign school, but it took such deep root, was so improved upon and developed, that Irish point-lace, as we now find it, may be strictly regarded as work of purely Irish origin.

Youghal lace has a history, and an interesting one too, which dates back to the dark times of '47, when famine stalked through the land, and decimated the rural populations, particularly in the South and West. Whilst a heartless Government barbarously refused to stretch a helping hand to succour the sorely-trying people, whilst the agents of proselytism were trying to pervert the suffering victims of starvation by the promise of food, kind and loving hearts were striving by every means in their power to alleviate the dire distress. Amongst others, Mother M. A. Smyth, of the Presentation Convent, Youghal, set about affording help in her own way. Finding in the Convent a small piece of old Italian lace, commonly known as Grecian point, she carefully took it asunder, examined the stitches, and soon devised a method of reproducing them. The discovery she thought might be turned to good account, and forthwith selecting from among the school-girls such as displayed a taste for embroidery and orna-



SECTION OF A HANDKERCHIEF—MEDIUM QUALITY,

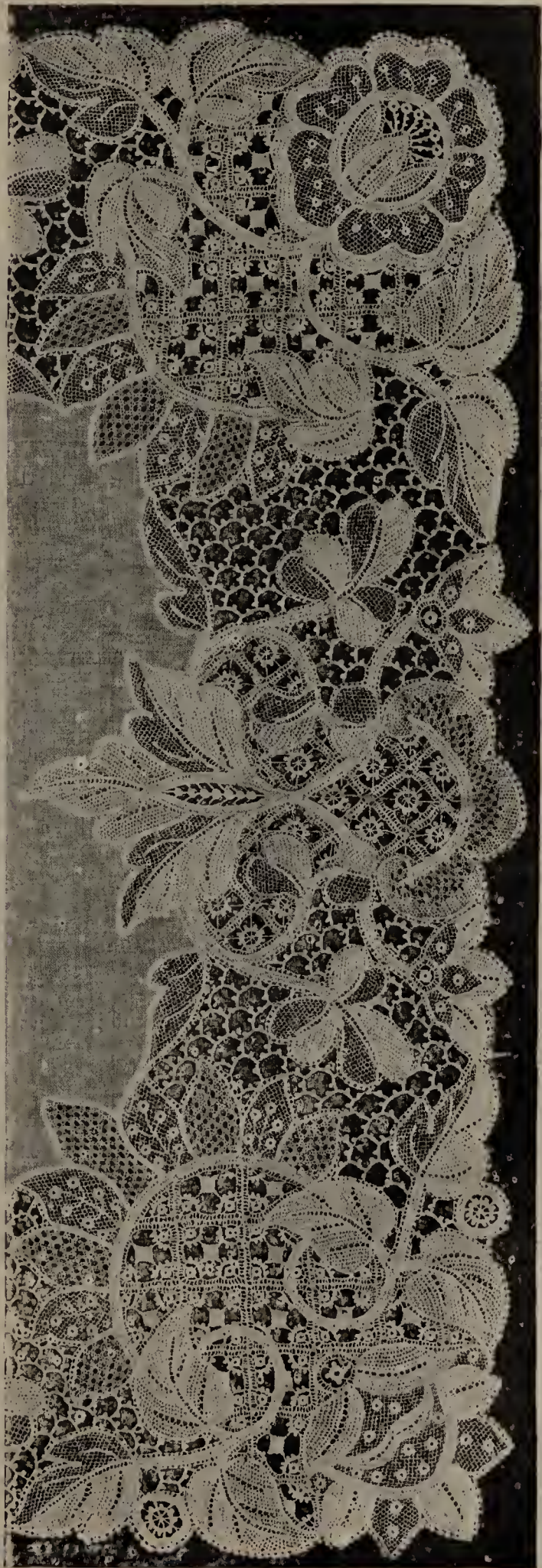
mental needle-work, she taught them the valuable secret, and after many attempts and disappointments, she had the satisfaction of finding that these first efforts could be made profitable to the poor. Then a regular lace-school was started, which has continued to prosper to this day, when it can turn out the very finest and best lace ever made.

It may be interesting to the readers of *THE IRISH ROSARY* if I give them some idea how this exquisite work is executed. A careful and full-sized design is first made out in Chinese white on tinted paper. From this a tracing is made on thin white paper; the minute details of leaves and flowers are merely indicated, chief attention being given to the general outlines. This tracing is tacked on to a piece of thick soft calico. The worker now lays on these outlines very carefully a rather strong linen thread, which is attached and kept in its place by a series of neat stitches. We have now the outlines of the design in thread. This accomplished, the worker, with needle and thread, proceeds to fill up the open spaces with a filmy fabric of minute stitches, somewhat as a spider builds the finer web upon the stronger threads. These stitches, as they are called, are very varied, numbering many hundreds, each worker adding to the stock by her own inventiveness and skill. At the outset a beginner is almost dismayed by their number, variety, and difficulty, but she soon masters the complicated system, and in course of time calls upon

her own inventive faculty to add to the supply. A visit to the work-room will amply repay the inquirer; scores of women and girls are plying their little needles in silence with a deftness, precision, and speed truly wonderful.

The thread is a linen one of various degrees of fineness, from the strong No. 1 to the almost invisible No. 400. In the finer work the meshes can scarcely be counted. I have seen in some cases meshes so extremely small and delicate that it is very hard to take in the fact they were executed by human fingers. Many of these more detailed meshes, or pattern-stitches, are extremely beautiful, and are finished with mathematical regularity and accuracy. One would naturally think that this almost microscopic work must be ruinous to the eyes, but I can testify that those who have been engaged at it for upwards of thirty years seem to have as sharp and unimpaired vision as if they had not spent one hour at it.

At first one of the chief difficulties encountered by the nuns was the procuring of suitable designs. I have been told that in the earlier days Mother M. A. Smyth had to fall back upon patterns on old china dinner-plates, and the like; but that stage of infancy has long since been left behind. The Sisters soon learned that a knowledge of drawing and design was imperative, and accordingly several of them devoted themselves during the short intervals snatched from teaching in the poor schools to drawing. Later on, a drawing-master was requisi-



SECTION OF A HANDKERCHIEF—MEDIUM QUALITY.

tioned to give lessons, and a drawing class was established in connection with the South Kensington Institute.

All the designs for the lace have been furnished exclusively by the Sisters. It may be noted that experience has proved some knowledge of the material work is necessary for the preparation of suitable

pected, year by year the designs have improved, and have now reached such a stage of perfection that we know not which to admire the more—the gracefulness of the design, or the exquisite handiwork of the stitchers.

This industry has been a blessing to many a struggling family in Youghal. The



FAN LEAF—AWARDED PRIZE AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW IN 1895.
(Finest Quality Work.)

designs. On several occasions designs have been sent in by drawing-masters, and other certified artists, and though they looked well on paper the Sisters knew full well they would never suit, and, of course, they discarded them. As might be ex-

nuns have willingly taken upon themselves all the labour attendant on the making of the designs, and of the disposing of the lace when made. They have also given up to the workers for their sole use, one of their very fine rooms or halls, and have

in every way possible acted the part of loving and generous patrons to the lace-girls. I must emphasize the fact also that all the profits arising out of the sale of the lace have gone to the workers, while not a single penny from the proceeds has been appropriated to the Convent. I have

the truth, or from at least inquiring for it. Without the shadow of justification he falsely accused the nuns of pocketing all the profits, and of giving to the workers only a miserable pittance, allowing them to go half-starved, and half-naked. This false charge aroused the indignation of the



FAN LEAF—AWARDED PRIZE AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW IN 1897.
(Finest Quality.)

drawn attention to this point in order to repel once more the foul and unworthy charge rather recently made against the good nuns by a Protestant writer, whose bigotry either prevented him from telling

priests and people, and elicited a strong protest from both.

Last year a change was made in the management of the industry. With the full consent of the nuns, and the approval

and blessing of the Ven. Archdeacon Keller, P.P., Father Finlay, S.J., explained to the workers the advantages likely to accrue if they formed themselves into a co-operative society, and this they did most readily.

It is no small honour to the nuns who originated and watched over, with such prudence and solicitude, this making of

ture or appearance. Another of its peculiarities, and an important one, is that it never "runs;" for if through any carelessness or mischief a rent is made in it, there it stops and goes no further.

It may be also interesting to mention that this famous lace has been highly appreciated by persons in high places. Most of the Royal Princesses of Europe have



ROCHET TRIMMING—AWARDED PRIZE, AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW IN 1896.

lace, and to the girls themselves who have produced such high-class work, that its surpassing merits have been fully appreciated in all parts of the globe. It is at once beautiful and serviceable. Though so delicately wrought, it "wears" better than most other laces, and can be washed repeatedly without suffering injury in tex-

secured lace articles for their own personal use. In 1863 the ladies of England presented to the Princess of Wales, on the occasion of her marriage, a beautiful lace shawl. A similar presentation was made to the Queen last year, for her Diamond Jubilee. Gifts of Youghal lace were also made at the marriages of the Queen's

daughters, and to the Duchess of Teck. The Empress of Russia possesses many specimens of this beautiful work. Pius IX. wore a rochet of Youghal lace, and the present Supreme Pontiff was presented with a rochet and altar trimmings, and at the Vatican Exhibition some years ago a special gold medal was awarded for these beautiful articles. The gold medal was also given to it at the late Chicago Exhibition, and for quite a number of years it has won the first prize at the Art Indus-

tries Exhibitions of the Royal Dublin Society.

Before I close this short article I may mention that among those who have of late shown a deep interest in the Youghal lace industry is the kind-hearted Lady Aberdeen, who not only during her short stay in Ireland, but ever since, has displayed a wonderful love for our people, and has endeared herself to them by many acts of princely benevolence.

ROSE M. SOUTHWELL.



Past and Present.

A REVERIE AT THETFORD, MAY, 1897.

“There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.”—*Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

AROMATIC, old-world shrub, with your stiff dark leaves and your dainty flowrets, have you grown in that cottage-garden ever since the king lived in Thetford—when men were knights and women were house-keepers? Can you recall the postillioned coaches that dashed into the wide-arched yard of the “Bell,” laden with grave statesmen, or gallant courtiers?

The ancient hostelry echoes to-day with gay voices, and the ostler clatters over the paving stones, with a pail of water: a fair maid in tweed cycling suit awaits him impatiently, for her tyre is punctured, and her companions are eager to remount their wheels and ride off. Phantoms of stately barges shudder on the river as a steam launch comes shrieking under the bridge. Here is the King's house. What unwritten history was enacted in this oak-panelled hall? Behind that carved fireplace is a door, a little stair, up to a hiding-

place, whose other entrance is from a room above, where there is a press, with shelves, built into the wall. This upper chamber was rumoured to be haunted, partly, no doubt, because it was desired to deter inquisitive searchers. Out of this window, whence once looked nobles and dames, squires and pages, leans a housemaid, ostentatiously shaking her duster, as Lord Iveagh's traction engine pants and groans up the crooked street, underneath the “Green Dragon,” trembling at this modern monster. Here is a quaint by-street where white osier wands are piled, drying for the basket weavers; where the only sign of life is a brewer's drayman, in his tasselled cap, half asleep on the top of his casks. Blossom here then, rosemary, and dream of olden days when the world was not in such a hurry.

ADA C. JOHNSTON, Ballykilbeg.



By W. O'L.

"For he ever loved solitude, and was much given to meditation."—(Annale Duiskensens.)

CHAPTER III.

THOUGH Power tried hard to conciliate his anti-Irish comrades he failed utterly; for in addition to being an "Irish churl" and a "bog-trotter," which, bad as they were, they might in time have overlooked, Geoffry had lately been guilty of excelling them in their own profession. This they could never forgive, and when Power, in the hope of friendship, ventured into their company, they took offence and called him a sneaking spy. Thus the bad feeling grew until one night Geoffry was sent to the Tholsel with a parcel of important municipal rolls. After great delay, he received payment for them, and having secured the money inside his tunic, was hurrying back when he met a party of drunken rowdies, among whom were two of Fitzsimons' clerks staggering up Wine-tavern Street.

One of these seeing Power, shouted :

"Ho! did you venture out at last, you Irish rat?"

Knowing the state they were in, Geoffry made no reply and, walking quickly, endeavoured to pass them, when one of the fellows gripped him by the cloak, crying: "Now, by the Great Toss-pot! you'll pay your footing, or Master Fitzsimons shall know you've been guzzling on the sly in Blind Nancy's cellar. Hā! already me-thinks I see a flaw in thy indenture."

"Nay," said another; "the sneaking milksop drinks but water."

"Then, by Saint Swithin! we'll give him to drink of the Liffey at the tavern slip."

"Aye," said another. "Wash the bog-stuff off the beast!"

"Well said! well said!" cried the drunken gang, and gathering around, they shoved him down the steps to the water's edge. Geoffry thought that having satisfied their drunken whim they would let him go; but he was mistaken, for the ring-leader seized him, and attempted to push him off the steps into the deep water.

Then Power gripped him by the throat, and by main strength forced him back, until at the top of the slip one of the rowdies coming behind tripped him. He fell, but he dragged the other down with him, and the two rolled, one over the other, off the steps, into the river. The

boat, which was tied at the slip, and went searching down the river with lanthorns, but neither Power nor his assailant could be found.

After the plunge into the deep water, Geoffry let go his grip of the rowdy, and tried to reach the bank, but the tide cur-



GATHERING AROUND THEY PUSHED HIM DOWN THE STEPS.

tide was running fast, and they were swept away in the darkness. Immediately those on the bank began shouting, "Help! murder! help! An Irish rebel is drowning a loyal citizen. Help! murder!"

A crowd gathered. Some got the ferry

rent was so strong that he was carried as far as the mouth of the Poddle river, where he stuck in some bushes, and crept up the sloping bank into a garden at the back of Dame Street. He had not seen his opponent after the fall into the river;

T

neither did he hear the shouts on the bank, being deafened by the roaring of the water; so he concluded some of his comrades had pulled the fellow up the steps. But as he stood squeezing the water from his clothes, he saw the boat with the lights on the river, and heard, for the first time, the cry, "A citizen is drowned by an Irish rebel." Then his anger gave way to grief. He was horrified at being the cause of the man's death, and flung himself on the grass, not caring what happened him. Soon, however, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and the danger of his position dawned upon him. If he let himself be taken, his word would not avail against the evidence of the rowdies, who had been the cause of all his misfortunes and whose lying version of the unfortunate occurrence would surely procure his conviction. Then the procession to the gibbet in Hoggen Green rose before him, and he shuddered at the thought.

"No, no," he said; "I must not, I shall not be taken," and climbing across the garden wall he crept away in the darkness. On through narrow Werburgh Street, by Saint Patrick's Cathedral, the Coombe Valley, and following the winding course of the Camac river, he did not stop till he came to the dreary plain of Drimnagh. Here he felt exhausted, and, seeing a haggart beside the road, he crept through the hedge and, in spite of his wet clothes, soon fell fast asleep under a hayrick.

It was late the next day when he was roughly awakened by a voice shouting, "Halloo! help! here's one of 'em at last; halloo! help! halloo!" at the same time he was seized by the legs and pulled out of the rick by two horseboys, while a third tied his hands behind his back.

"Where am I? What have I done?" Power asked, half awake.

"That you'll soon know, my jokel, when Sir Hugh sees you," replied one of the fellows, hurrying him into the bawn of Drimnagh Castle.

"A murrain on you, for a skulking Irish cow-stealer. Won't he make you wince this time," said another.

"Aye," said the first; "a swim in the duck pond, or six hours in the pillory is no joke, to say nothing of the polite attentions of the fish-wives of Rosemary Lane."

"But I have never been here before, and am no cow-stealer," said Geoffry.

"So said the other hill-cat, but he sang another tune when we put the shears to his lugs."

"Ha! ha! that loosened his tongue."

Power felt his blood chill at the hideous laughter of the fellows, but as nothing could be gained by further parleying with them he remained silent until they reached the flagged hall of Drimnagh, and stood in the presence of Sir Hugh Barnwell.

"What have we here? Who is this white-faced varlet?" said the Knight.

"This is one of the Wicklow robbers, your honour, that took the six fat kine last Whitsun-tide; I could swear to him. He was hiding in the hayrick until night-fall."

"Waiting to drive off the red heifers, your honour," interrupted another gillie.

"He had them all 'gothor' in one corner of the haggart," added the first.

"What have you to say to all this?" said the Knight. "Are you one of the cattle-stealers?"

"I am not," answered Power. "I am a journeyman travelling to Kilkenny in search of employment."

"You do not seem accustomed to hard work," said the Knight, looking at Geoffry's rather white hands.

"I am a scrivener," answered Power, who thought it safer to speak the truth.

"But why were you lurking in the hayrick?"

"I had no place else to sleep," replied Geoffry; "nor money to pay for lodging."

"Well," said Sir Hugh, "I must say you have not the look of a thief, but these are

dangerous times, and a sombre cloak often hides a treacherous "skean."

"Search me," cried Geoffry, throwing open his cloak and loosening his belt. As he did so, out dropped the money belonging to Master Fitzsimons, which he had completely forgotten.

"Ha!" said the Knight, picking up the money, "and how did this come into your hands, my honest journeyman?"

Geoffry was so confused at this unexpected charge that he could only stammer out, "I—got that money honestly to deliver to Master Fitzsimons, but I—I—forgot—"

"I have no doubt you forgot to deliver it, but as to whether you got it honestly or not I shall give you an opportunity of proving before Master Fitzsimons to-morrow. Greer!" he called, turning to one of the men, "have this fellow kept securely until morning."

So Geoffry was marched up a narrow, winding stair, shoved into a small vaulted room at the rere of the Castle, and the door bolted on him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE hardships which he had undergone during the last twenty-four hours almost broke down Geoffry's courage, and for a time he gave himself up to despair. He sat on the stone bench beside the door, while, as in a hideous dream, the events of his whole life passed in lurid procession before his mind. The happiness of his youth was contrasted with the misery of his city life, which of late was one series of persecutions and sorrows, hardly relieved by a single bright spot. And now in all likelihood the only end to his wretchedness would be the ending of his life. He continued turning these gloomy thoughts over and over, until he fell into an uneasy slumber, from which he was roused by the creaking of the door. A

man entered, bringing some bread and a noggin of milk, which he left on the floor, and went away without a word. The door creaked again, the rusty bolt shot home, and Geoffry was once more alone.

Notwithstanding all his troubles, the sight of the food, after his long fast, made him hungry, and while he ate the bread and drank the milk he, for the first time, examined the cell in which he was confined. It was a strongly-built oblong apartment, and though intended for a prison in troublous times, had lately been used as a lumber room by the servants of the Castle. There was one window with a single bar in the western wall, through which, as the sun was setting, a ray of red light shone on the opposite wall. The slender sunbeam made all dark, except one bright spot, and as Geoffry's eyes rested on this he saw an object which made his heart beat again with hope. In the corner hanging from a peg on the wall, was a long leather "srang," or bridle rein. If this "srang" were only long enough there would still be a chance of escape. Once the thought entered his mind he felt every minute an hour until darkness set in, and when everyone was asleep he examined the window cautiously, and found that, although it was barred, there was still space enough for him (he being of very slender build) to creep out between the bar and the wall. Then fastening one end of the "srang" to the bar he tied the noggin to the other end, and let it down carefully outside the window. He was greatly disappointed at finding that it did not reach the ground, but he knew it could not be far from it, as he had only ascended one flight of steps to the cell in which he was. In any case he was determined to chance a drop from the end of the "srang" for, at the very worst, death in that way would be better than on the gallows, or in the horrible dungeons of Dublin Castle.

Recommending his soul to God, he crept out through the window, after much

squeezing, and gripping the "srang" firmly he descended slowly, until he hung by the hands from the end of it; but the ground seemed as far off as ever. He had no choice now but drop, so he let go his hold and fell to the ground, after crashing through the branches of an apple tree which grew under the window. It was fortunate that the tree broke his fall, for otherwise he might have been killed; even as it happened he had hurt his ankle. He had, however, no time to bemoan, for some movement in the house



THE ESCAPE FROM DRIMNAGH CASTLE

told him the noise had roused some one, so he jumped into the fosse, and, wading through mud, weeds, and water, reached the other side and made the best of his way to the high road. Once on the road he turned his back to the city and made such good haste that by daybreak he had put many a mile between him and Drimnagh Castle. As he approached the vil-

lage of Saggart, where he hoped to rest awhile, he heard the tramp of horses behind him, and had barely time to crouch down behind a brake of briars when he saw a party of city cavalry coming down the road at full speed. He had not the least doubt but they were pursuing him, and though they galloped past without seeing him, they gave him such a fright that he resolved to avoid the road for the rest of the day, and make his way southwards, through the fields and woods. Keeping farther and farther from the highway he travelled all the day without meeting anyone, and at nightfall stopped at the cabin of a poor "sgolog," or small farmer, who gave him food and shelter, for God's sake; and before he set out in the morning the kind-hearted "vanithee" put a cake of oaten bread in his wallet. In this manner he journeyed for three days by the most unfrequented paths, always keeping as well as he could in a southerly direction. Fearing the "Hue and Cry" might be out against him, he did not venture near any of the Pale towns, or ask a night's lodging except from some poor peasant, whose hut was far away from them. His knowledge of Irish served him well in these long wanderings, as the few natives whom he met, though hospitable to strangers, were distrustful (perhaps not without reason) of any who spoke the "saksveurla," or English language. As the district through which he passed was wild and almost uninhabited, he endured many privations, and once passed the whole day with no other food than fraughans, blackberries, and a few curlawns that he dug out of the ground. On the fourth day he crossed a desolate tract of moor and bog, and at nightfall found himself in a thick forest of oak and pine trees. He was tired and hungry, and to add to his misery his ankle, which had pained him at intervals since he hurt it, had now become so stiff and sore that he could only limp along with difficulty. Huge rocks some-

times blocked his way, and he had to make painful rounds to avoid them. He struggled on, at times slipping into hollows hidden by ferns, or stumbling over the moss-covered stumps of trees, hoping to find some way out of the wood, but the night grew darker and the gloomy forest seemed to have no end. The wind rose and moaned dismally through the branches, and as the heavy rain began to fall he reached the brow of a craggy hill, overlooking a dark wooded valley. He fancied he could hear the sound of a large river in the distance, but the wind, the hissing rain, and the darkness prevented his hearing or seeing anything distinctly. Completely worn out he decided to shelter himself as best he could until daylight; so creeping into a hallow formed by two projecting rocks, he lay down on a bed of dry moss, and amid the moaning of the wind, the creaking of the trees, and the ceaseless pattering of the rain on the leaves, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Geoffrey awoke it was still dark and raining, but the wind had gone down. His ankle had become so painful and swollen that he could not stir the foot. Unable to sleep, he lay listening to the rain hour after hour; and what with pain, cold, and hunger he thought the night would never have an end, or that he should not live to see the light of morning. At length, a grey tinge appeared in the eastern sky, between the branches of the pine, and as the day began to dawn he heard a bough breaking far away in the wood, and the sound of some one moving under the trees. Soon he saw come into an open glade, just under where he lay, a man leading a mule. Their progress was very slow, owing to the narrow bridle-path being crossed by several trees blown down in the storm.

Geoffrey felt that without help in his present state he could travel no further, and

might perhaps die among these barren rocks, so without caring whether the stranger was kern or palesman, he cried out in Irish: "Help me! os ucht Dhe! help, for God's sake!"

Instantly the man stopped, and looking around with amazement, asked; "In the name of God, who calls?"

"A wounded traveller," answered Geoffrey; "assist me, for God's sake!"

"Heaven protect us!" cried the stranger. "Where are you?"

"Here in a hollow among the rocks," answered Geoffrey. "My foot is sprained, and I am unable to stand."

"I come," said the stranger; "I come as fast as the briars allow me;" and guided by the voice, he forced his way through the tangled brushwood, until he reached the place where Power lay.

Geoffrey lifted his head and saw in the grey light of early morning Brother Bernard standing above him. The Friar looked earnestly at him for a few moments, then coming closer said:

"Béochas dho Dia! Is it Geoffrey Power I see?"

"I am Geoffrey Power. I went astray; where am I?"

"In the wood of Barrowmount, near the Friar's Chapel. But stay; you are weak, my poor fellow. Lean on this bank. I will bring you some strengthening cordial," and the monk hurried back to where the mule was tied, and brought up a basket, from which he took a flask of wine and some bread.

"Now," said he, "take a good drink of this; it will make you strong."

When Geoffrey had taken some of the wine and bread, the monk said:

"Do you feel better now?"

"I do, thank God!" replied Geoffrey.

"Are you able to walk?"

"No; my foot is broken or sprained."

"Let me see it," said the Friar, and kneeling down he examined the hurt, and by pulling and twisting he soon got the

bone into place. Then gathering some wild comfrey leaves he applied them to the swelling, and bandaged the foot with a piece of Geoffry's torn cloak.

"That will do for the present," said he, rising; "does it pain you now?"

"Not so much," answered Geoffry.

"Then we must leave this place," said the monk; and lifting Power in his arms he carried him down to the path, and placed him on the mule.

"God pity you, my poor fellow, and give you patience under your sore trials! Did you not hear that the mill has a new owner, for, alas! your father died last year."

"Oh, my God! my God!" moaned Geoffry; "is this the end of all my hopes? Better to have perished in the woods than return an outcast, friendless, and homeless!"

"Courage," said the monk. "Courage!"



AFTER TRAVELLING FOR SOME TIME UNDER THE TREES BY THE RIVER THEY REACHED THE VILLAGE AND WERE ADMITTED TO THE ABBEY.

"Now," continued he, "on our way to the Abbey, if you feel strong enough, tell me why you left the city, and how you came to be in such a wretched state."

Thereupon Geoffry related his melancholy story, and when he had ended the Friar said:

"And what do you intend to do now?"

"I wish to remain a while with my father at the mill."

do you forget God's mercy, which saved you from so many perils? Your father patiently bore his share of pain and sorrow. Hush! Geoffry. We should rather rejoice than sorrow that a sainted soul has left this world of misery. Be brave! You are neither an outcast nor friendless while our house of Duiske can shelter you. Rest with us a while, and God may open some better prospect for you."

Geoffry felt the kindness of the good monk, but his heart was too full of grief to speak, and after travelling in silence through the dark woods beside the river they reached the village, and soon gained admittance to the Abbey.

The fatigue and privation of his long journey brought on a severe illness, from which Geoffry only recovered by the great care and skill of the Infirmarian. During his recovery gloomy thoughts of the future continually troubled him. He had no home or relative now. He dare not seek employment in any of the "Pale" towns, as he knew his life was forfeited for being concerned in the drowning of a loyal citizen. And even if he escaped hanging, he would certainly be thrown into prison for having absconded with his master's money. Moreover, an apprentice who had broken his indenture had little chance of employment. Where was he to go? He felt that he had trespassed long enough on the hospitality of the monks; but what was he to do? In his uncertainty he decided to seek advice, and when Abbot O'Kavanagh visited the infirmary one morning after Mass, Geoffry stated his case to him.

"I am glad, my son," said the Abbot, "to see you are getting strong, but sorry to hear you wish to leave us."

"But I have idled long enough," said Geoffry, "and am anxious to work."

"What employment do you seek, my son?"

"I would gladly follow my trade as scrivener," replied Geoffry, "but I have no hope of getting employment except in some of the large towns, where I am afraid to venture, owing to—to—"

"An unfortunate accident," interrupted the Abbot. "I have heard about it, and had I any hope of your obtaining justice I would counsel you to return and clear yourself of this unjust charge; but, alas! I know to what extremes passion and race hatred carry men in these days, and would therefore, advise you to keep away from

the English cities until the present alarm has died out."

"Then I can only be employed as farm-servant or cow-herd," said Geoffry.

"My son," replied the Abbot, "in these disturbed times even such peaceful callings are scarce; faction and internecine brawls have swallowed up all else, and unless you take sides with O'Ryan against O'Kennedy I fear you have slight chance of employment."

"Alas!" sighed Geoffry, "in this case I know not what to do."

"My son," said the Abbot, "is it not time enough to worry about these things? When you are quite recovered, should you wish to remain a while with us you need not be idle. Bernard has spoken of your skill in penmanship; could you not help Oswald in the scriptorium? He has begun the "*Annales Hiberniæ*;" but he is old, and without assistance cannot finish the book."

To a person of Geoffry's disposition no proposal could be more agreeable, and he gladly consented to assist Brother Oswald. And now that the harassing thoughts of the future were driven away, his health improved, and he was able to walk occasionally in the monk's garden or the wood adjoining the Abbey. These were the happiest days he ever spent. He had now ample opportunity of indulging his old love for solitude and nature; and, if at times, he seemed melancholy, his sadness was that which often accompanies such a love. The peacefulness and beauty of his present surroundings were so different from the turmoil and gloom of his old life that he felt as one awakened from a frightful dream. With returning health there came also that exquisite sense of quiet enjoyment which convalescence usually gives. The landscape, familiar to him from youth, had now fresh attractions. The river flowing before his window, the woods hanging over the dark water, the mountains in the blue distance never ap-

peared so beautiful. He seemed to see the loveliness of all these again with the wondering eyes of childhood.

One morning after a ramble through the meadows by the riverside, he joyfully began his task in the scriptorium. And after a few days the whole work of the "Annales" was left to himself for poor old Oswald's quavering lines looked entirely out of place beside the bold originality of Geoffry's uncials. Such interest did he

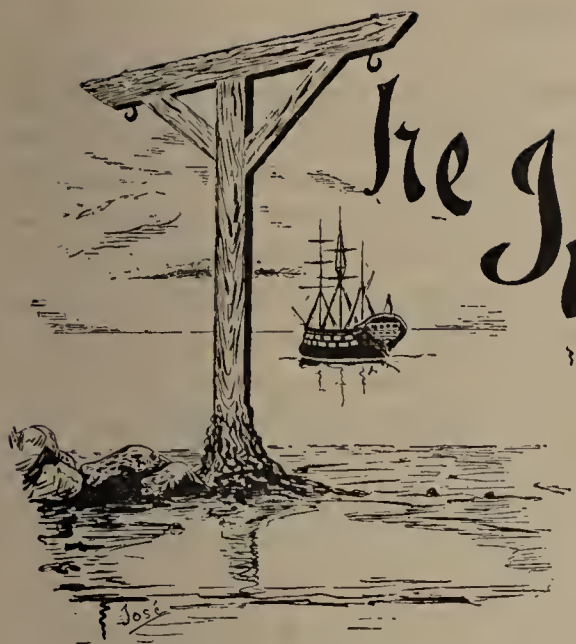
Geoffry became Cistercian monk. Of his monastic life the only details we have are preserved in his last and greatest work, the "Annales Duiskenenses." It is traditionally stated that Geoffry, or Galfridus le Poer, as he gives the name, felt a presentiment that the "Annales Duiskenenses" would be his last book, and that he used his utmost skill in its adornment, and even gave illustrations of many local scenes described in the text. This is not unlikely, for he



HE USED HIS UTMOST SKILL IN ITS ADORNMENT.

take in the work that he often sat in the south window with his old books and coloured inks from early morn until the sun sank behind the Coppengagh hills. And as he wrought in the calm days of summer there arose within him the feeling that he had now found his true vocation. He acquainted the Abbot with his desire, and after the usual period of probation,

loved the beauty of the place, and on a summer evening would sit under the yew tree in the monk's garden listening to the murmur of the Barrow beneath the drooping boughs, or the song of the blackbird in the neighbouring wood, until the vesper chant of the choir, falling on his ear, drew his thoughts farther from earth, nearer to heaven.



The Irish Convict Priests of '98.

By CARDINAL MORAN.

PART III.

REV. PETER O'NEIL.

AMONG the State papers of the Colonial Office, in London, there is a despatch of Governor King, addressed from Sydney to the Home Government, in the first months of 1801, in which he sets forth, among the hardships attendant on his unenviable position, that 135 convicts had just arrived from Cork, "men," he goes on to say, "of the most desperate and diabolical characters that could be selected throughout the kingdom." The new arrivals brought up to 600 the number "of avowed and unrepentant United Irishmen" in the colony, and, worst feature of all, the Governor adds, among those just arrived there was "a Catholic priest of most notorious seditious and rebellious principles." The clergyman thus referred to was the Rev. Peter O'Neil, parish priest of Ballymacoda, in the County of Cork, Diocese of Cloyne, whose name is the third on the honoured roll of the convict priests of the Australian Church.

In the accounts hitherto published regarding this worthy priest, it is generally taken for granted that immediately on arrival at Port Jackson, his pardon was

intimated to him, and that, therefore, he was never classed among the convicts, but at once returned to Ireland. These statements, however, are inexact. Father O'Neil arrived in Sydney in the ship "Anne," in the beginning of 1801, and was classed among the convicts; subsequently, under some pretext of insubordination, he was transferred to Norfolk Island, and it was there, in the first days of January, 1803, that the order for his release from exile was intimated to him.

Rev. Peter O'Neil was born in a wild and romantic spot in the parish of Coona, County of Cork, on the 29th of June, 1757. His ancestors had come from Tyrone, and the family still cherished, as a heirloom, the national spirit of the Earl Hugh and Owen Roe O'Neil. Young Peter began to taste the fountains of knowledge at a hedge school in Inch; he studied classics at Kilworth, and pursued the higher ecclesiastical studies in the Irish College of Paris. After a distinguished career as student, he discharged there, for a time, the duties of professor of the Celtic language and literature, and it is the tradition that he had a thorough knowledge of that "language of saints and sages." After some years of missionary labours in various districts of the Diocese of Cloyne, he received from the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. McKenna, the parochial charge of Ballymacoda.

There were some peculiar circumstances connected with his appointment to this

parochial charge. Another priest had been appointed to it, but being refused admission to the parochial church by the parishioners, who sought to have their own curate promoted to the post of parish priest, he declined to have any further dealings with them, and resigned the charge. Father Peter O'Neil was a man of fine appearance and gentlemanly bearing, and soon obtained admission to the church. On the first Sunday that he addressed the congregation he spoke to them after Mass in their own melodious tongue, and at once won their hearts and their goodwill. It appears that Paul was the name of the priest whom they refused to receive. "Well," said he, "as you have sent away Paul, you cannot refuse to receive Peter." The happy saying was taken hold of by the people, and became proverbial among them.

Father O'Neil soon gave proof of indomitable energy and unbounded zeal. He was up at four o'clock a.m. in all seasons of the year, and till late at night was engaged in faithfully discharging his round of parochial duties. He built two commodious churches, and provided his people with good parochial schools. Out of his slender income he supported many poor families, and it was nothing unusual to witness thirty or forty poor people waiting for relief at his door. He made every effort to stem the spread of secret societies in his district, but owing to the circumstances of those disturbed times his efforts were not altogether successful. Among the most active in enrolling the people in those secret societies was a supposed deserter from the British Army, who, in reality, was an informer and agent of the Government. The suspicions, however, of this man's associates were aroused, clear proof was found of his holding communication with the neighbouring magistrates; in a few days he was murdered and his body was thrown into a deep hole in the river Fornisk. Informers were soon

ready to make the parish priest, Father O'Neil, responsible for this deed of blood. One witness stated that if Father O'Neil had done his duty the murder would not have occurred. Another improved on this by affirming his belief that Father O'Neil had presided at the secret meeting of United Irishmen, in which the murder was decreed. Lord Loftus, who commanded the military in the district, declared that he would make the Popish rebel tell all he knew, and the order was given for the arrest and flogging of Father O'Neil. It is not easy for us, living as we are in an age of toleration and religious equality, to realize the anti-religious and blood-thirsty spirit which prevailed during those days of martial law that marked the close of the last century in Ireland. The fact, however, is unquestionable. Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," tells us of "the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemy's country." Lord Cornwallis, the then Viceroy of Ireland, asserts in his correspondence, that murder and violence were "the favourite pastime of the militia;" and he adds, in a letter to General Ross, that "even at his own table, where he did his best to prevent it, the conversation always turned on hanging, shooting, and burning, and if a priest had been put to death the greatest joy was expressed by the whole company."

The Rev. E. Hudson, Protestant incumbent of Portglenone, near Ballymena, addressed a series of letters to the Earl of Charlemont during the years 1796, 1797, and 1798, setting forth the "harsh measures" then in fashion in the neighbouring districts of Derry. A few brief extracts will suffice to show the spirit of those times. "The soldiers make no scruple of stripping men, tying them to a tree, and flogging them with belts and bridles." "On Tuesday last," he writes on the 30th of June, 1797, "a party of the Kerry militia

marched into the town from Kilrea, in the County of Derry, followed by two rectors on horseback and a curate on foot. Before they left home, they had given a country-fellow seventy lashes, which was all the dog was able to bear without fainting." "I saw a man, upwards of three-score, whose hands, drawn through the latches of his own car, were held by two soldiers whilst forty lashes were inflicted on his naked body by a parson who was not even a magistrate."

The account of Father O'Neil's suffering will best be given in his own words. Many accusations were made against him as being a rebel priest, on his return from Australia, and he was compelled, in self-defence, to publish, under the title of an "Humble Remonstrance," an authentic narrative of the cruel treatment he endured. As this pamphlet is exceedingly rare, I have thought it advisable to give such extracts from it as may serve to throw light on this period of the career of the venerable sufferer.

The full title of the pamphlet, of 11 pages, is as follows:—"To the Nobility and Gentry of the County of Cork, the Humble Remonstrance of the Rev. Peter O'Neill, R. C. Parish Priest of Ballymacoda."

There is no date nor printer's name. There was a reprint of it in 1804, added to "Correspondence between the Rt. Hon. Lord Redesdale, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Fingall," London, printed by T. Ginger, Piccadilly, 1804. From this correspondence it appears to have been written towards the close of 1803. In this "Remonstrance," Father O'Neill writes:—"Immediately upon my arrest, I was brought into Youghal, where, without any previous trial, I was confined in a loath-

some receptacle of the barrack, called the Black Hole, rendered still more offensive by the stench of the common necessary adjoining it. In that dungeon I remained from Friday until Monday, when I was conducted to the Ball-alley to receive my punishment. No trial had yet intervened, nor ever after. I was stripped and tied up; six soldiers stood forth for this operation, some of them right-handed, some of them left-handed men, two at a time (as I judge from the quickness of the lashes), and relieved at intervals, until I had received two hundred and seventy-five



HIS BODY WAS THROWN INTO A DEEP HOLE IN THE RIVER FORNISK.

lashes, so vigorously and so deeply inflicted, that my back and the points of my shoulders were quite bared of the flesh. At that moment, a letter was handed to the officer presiding, written, I understand, in my favour, by the late Hon. Captain O'Brien, of Rostellan. It happily interrupted my punishment. But I had not hitherto shaken the triangle, a display of feeling which it seems was eagerly expected from me. To accelerate the spectacle a "wire cat" was introduced, armed with scraps of tin or lead (I judge from the effect, and from the description given me). Whatever were the appendages, I

cannot easily forget the power of it. In defiance of shame, my waist-band was cut for the finishing strokes of this lacerating instrument. The very first lash, as it renewed all my pangs, and shot convulsive agony through my entire frame, made me shake the triangle indeed. A second infliction of it penetrated my loins and tore them excruciatingly; the third maintained the tremulous exhibition long enough; the spectators were satisfied. A court of inquiry (was) held to investigate my case the year following, in Youghal under General Graham, by order of the Marquis Cornwallis. Before this court I was not brought; nor any friend of mine summoned to speak for me. It was even a subject of sarcastic remark in the prison ship, that, while I stood there among the sailors, my trial, as they termed it, was going on in Youghal. With the proceedings of that court I am to this day unacquainted. It was ordered, I know, in consequence of a memorial on my situation handed to a distinguished nobleman, and by him presented at the Castle. I was not even consulted with regards to its contents. Unfortunately for me, it was penned with more zeal than accuracy—setting forth, among other hardships, that, after my punishment, I had been left without medical assistance, on the report, I presume, of a sister-in-law, who visited me in the interval between the whipping and the apothecary's arrival), it further stated that I had been 'whipt and thrown into a dungeon,' instead of stating, as I should have done, 'thrown into a dungeon and whipt.' This inversion was fatal to me."

He appears to have been a man of giant strength, but of the greatest simplicity of life, and often he was heard repeating to himself, like Job of old, "I deserved this suffering." Mr. Benjamin Green, the apothecary, who dressed his wounds, was reported to have received from him an acknowledgment of his being guilty of the crime imputed to him, and,

to add force to this narrative, it was added that Mr. Green was a Roman Catholic. The Bishop, Dr. Coppinger, at once attested that Mr. Green was not a Catholic; and Mr. Green himself came forward publicly to avow that he had made no such statement. He even presented himself "at the chapel of Ballymacoda, offering to make oath that he had not given the evidence attributed to him."

Another gentleman, whose name is not given, is also stated to have attested that Father O'Neil, after his punishment, made a similar declaration. To this Father O'Neil replies that he had no communication whatever with this gentleman after his punishment, and adds the following details: "During my flagellation he stood opposite to me, close to the triangle, with a paper and a pencil in his hand, noting down whatever then occurred to him. He asked: 'Did you not know that firearms were taken from my house?' My answer was rather too short: 'Sir, I heard you said so,' but I felt at the moment, by heavier strokes, the consequence of my impoliteness. I beg leave to ask, if I had made this acknowledgment at the Ball-alley, why a certain subaltern, declaring that he had power to act as he pleased by me, should take me (naked and bleeding as I was) into a small room in the corner of the Ball-alley, and sternly tell me that, if I would not now make an avowal of my guilt, I should be brought out to receive a repetition of my punishment, and afterwards to be shot? And why he should repeat that menace the same evening in the gaol, and still more forcibly the day following? The circumstances of his exertions on that day are too striking to be omitted. After I had answered him in a corner of the Ball-alley, that I would suffer any death rather than acknowledge a crime whereof I was not guilty, he told me I should be set at liberty if I would agree to a certain proposal, which he then made to me; but justice and truth commanded me to re-

ject it. When conducted to gaol, after a lapse of three hours, I was presented with a refreshment. It appeared to be wine and water, but must have had some other powerful ingredient, for it speedily brought on a stupor. The same officer soon roused me from my lethargy, with a renewed effort to extort this avowal from me; he drew his sword; he declared he would never part me until it was given in writing; he threatened that I should be forthwith led out again, flogged as before, shot, hanged, my head cut off to be exposed upon the gaol-top, and my body thrown into the river; that he would allow me but two minutes to determine. Then, going to the door, he called for a strip of paper, while the sentinel swore terribly at the same time that he would blow my brains out if I persisted longer in my refusal. Under this impression, I scribbled a note to my brother (which) purported a wish that my brother might no longer indulge uneasiness upon my account, for I deserved what I got. They cried out that they had now what they wanted." His sister-in-law soon after got admittance, and, having informed him of the use made of his letter, he exclaimed:

"These dreadful threats had compelled me to write it," which exclamation being brought to the officer, he returned next day. "He called me to the gaol window, commanding a view of the gallows, whereon two men were hanging, their bodies so bloody that I imagined they were red jackets. A third halter remained yet unoccupied, which he declared was intended for me, should I persist in disclaiming the aforesaid note. 'Look,'

said he, 'at these men; look at that rope. Your treatment shall be worse than theirs if you disown what you wrote yesterday,' adding that it was still in my power to get free. I imagined from this that he wanted money from me, or a favourite mare, which I occasionally lent him. My answer was: 'If you liberate me, you shall always find me thankful; there is nothing in my power that I will not do.' 'Do not then attempt,' said he, 'to exculpate yourself,' and so he retired. I now procured paper, whereon I wrote a formal protest against what he extorted from me as above, that, should I be executed, this protest might appear after my death."

These attempts to entrap him, and these misrepresentations becoming known to the



THE SENTINEL SWORE TERRIBLY THAT HE WOULD BLOW OUT MY BRAINS.

authorities, at last occasioned his release. "Lord Cornwallis, whose discernment perceived, and whose generosity recoiled at, this questionable proceeding, unhesitatingly issued an order for my removal from the transport. The following letter announces that order to my friend in Dublin:

'Dublin Castle, 30th June, 1800.

'Sir,—I have had the honour to receive

and to lay before my Lord-Lieutenant, your letter of the 28th inst., with its enclosure, and am directed to acquaint you that His Excellency's commands have been this day conveyed to Major-General Myers to take the Rev. Peter O'Neil from on board the 'Anne,' Botany Bay ship, in Cork Harbour, and to cause him to be imprisoned until further orders, but not to treat him with harshness or severity.

'I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'C. B. Littledales.'

Father O'Neil continues: "I had sailed before this order arrived. On the passage out a mutiny arose among the convicts, who, taking advantage of the minute when the captain was fumigating the ship, suddenly set upon, and tied, him. The sentinel, a Malay, cried out to me in his own jargon, as I was walking on the main deck, that there was war below, offering me his drawn sword, in order to fortify my interference. What my conduct at that critical moment was will come better from others. I shall only say that the most prompt and athletic exertion preceded my entreaties, and rendered them effectual. How, as well as by whom, the captain was extricated, without even the intervention of an officer, he himself can tell. Another gentleman, Mr. Piper, of the New South Wales Corps, can also tell. Mr. Roberts, the surgeon, told it so circumstantially to the Lieut.-Governor, Major Foveaux, that he afterwards treated me with particular kindness. This powerfully contributed to reconcile me to my fate; I had almost made up my mind to remain there for ever; the thought of home ceased to be importunate."

In the meantime, his friends represented his case to his Government. It was investigated by the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Hardwicke, "whose firmness was not to be warped by party opposition. He listened with patience; he examined with impartiality; he decided with justice. An order from him hath set me free."

On his return, at his own urgent request, he was reinstated by Dr. Coppinger in his former parish of Ballymacoda. A circumstance occurred upon the present occasion, very trivial in itself, but which, as it gave rise to a most injurious misrepresentation, I feel myself bound to notice. Six or seven of Dr. Coppinger's clergy had been engaged to dine with him on the following day; "he was pleased to ask me to join them; which, having done, I was since, in addition to my other crosses, extremely mortified to learn that this plain, private repast was magnified into a most sumptuous banquet given in honour of Mr. O'Neil's return." He adds that a personage of high rank in the metropolis had complained that "Dr. Coppinger restored me to my parish, 'as a martyr in triumph, with insult to the offended justice of the laws, etc.'" These are Lord Redesdale's words in his letter to Lord Fingall, dated September 6th, 1803."

The letter of Dr. Coppinger, in which he refers to Father O'Neil's "Remonstrance," is dated Jan. 26th, 1804. He says: "The Rev. Peter O'Neil, to whom your Lordship alludes, has been urged by the obloquy which assailed him to lay the particulars of his situation before the public in an humble remonstrance forwarded to your Lordship through the post office, at my own instance, the moment it was issued from the press. It has, I trust, my Lord, fully vindicated my conduct towards this much-injured man. It has, in my apprehension, demonstrated that his return was the concurrent act of two successive chief Governors; the one suspending his transportation, the other ordering him home from it. Nor this, my Lord, by way of a pardon, which was never solicited, but by an impartial decision upon the merits of his case."

So telling was the effect of Father O'Neil's "Remonstrance" that the Government found it necessary to publish an official reply, entitled "Observations on the Remonstrance of the Rev. Peter O'Neil,

P.P., of Ballymacoda, in the County of Cork, etc. (Dublin, 1804)." They attempt to justify the action of the military authorities by such principles as that "a part should be sacrificed to save the whole," and that "desperate remedies, though repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution, have been adopted to check the progress of desperate evils." They admit the fact, however, that 300 lashes were inflicted on Father O'Neil, and they further officially record the all-important admission that "in that moment of irritation and alarm, when martial law was proclaimed, a regular trial was not held."

A no less interesting piece of evidence is given in the "Dublin Monthly Magazine," for February, 1810. Sketching the character of Lord Redesdale, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and referring to the words used by him in a published letter, dated from Ely Place, Dublin, September 6th, 1803, regarding "a priest proved to have been guilty of sanctioning murders in 1798, transported to Botany Bay, and since pardoned by the mercy of Government," this Protestant periodical remarks: "We are inclined to think that his Lordship appears in this instance to have been misled, for the Rev. Peter O'Neil, the person supposed to have been alluded to, has vindicated himself in an address—'The Humble Remonstrance'—to the nobility and gentry of the County of Cork, dated October 23rd, 1803, in which he has laid open such a scene of horror, such a monstrous conspiracy, such a terrifying recital of stupefying draughts, horrible threats, and hellish tortures, that until his account has been publicly and solemnly contradicted, we must consider him as the victim of baseness, treachery, and a degree of barbarism and injustice that makes the heart of an Englishman quiver with sensibility and indignation."

The extracts from Father O'Neil's "Remonstrance" have obliged us to anticipate, in some measure, the course of events. We may now resume our narrative.

Father O'Neil was kept for two years in gaol, or on the hulk, before he was put on board the convict ship "Anne," for Botany Bay. A few days after the vessel had set sail, an order reached Cork, not for his release, but substituting imprisonment for transportation. Mr. McKenna and other friends continued to interest themselves in his behalf, and to urge his pardon on the Government; but two years more elapsed before their efforts were crowned with success.

A few incidents of his voyage, related by himself in after times, have been recorded by his brother priests. The captain of the ship was a humane man, and treated Father O'Neil more as a companion and friend than as a convict; but the mate, a Cornish man, was a harsh brute. One day as they were nearing the West Indies, a convict happening to upset some vessel on deck, the mate struck him a violent blow and killed him. A few days later, whilst the captain and Father O'Neil were conversing on deck, a sailor was sent up the foremast to carry out some work. The mate, not satisfied with the way the work was done, went up also; when suddenly a rope broke, and he came on his head on the anchor, so that his brains were scattered over the deck. At Rio Janeiro, Father O'Neil was allowed to go on shore. He celebrated Mass there, and procured the Holy Oil's for administering Extreme Unction. During the remainder of the voyage he was allowed to assemble the Catholic convicts for the recital of the Rosary, and to chant their sweet hymns to the "Star of the Sea." In the southern latitudes they encountered a severe storm, and what made their position perilous in the extreme, they were being driven towards a huge iceberg. The captain said there was no possibility of their escaping shipwreck; they would inevitably be dashed to pieces against the mountain of ice, and not one would survive to tell the tale of their loss. The priest assembled the Catholic convicts. Amid the

howling of the winds, and the roaring of the waves, they recited the Rosary, beseeching God, Whom the winds and sea obey, to free them through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, from their impending doom. The Rosary was scarcely ended when the stormy sea began to subside, the wind veered about, and the danger passed away. On their arrival in Sydney Harbour, most of the officials and free citizens came down to witness the disembarking. When Father O'Neil landed, a well-dressed lady approached, with tears in her eyes, and asked, in Irish, whether

was now married to a wealthy and respectable husband.

In connection with Father O'Neil's convict life of two years in Sydney and Norfolk Island, it is recorded that he devoted his attention, as far as he was permitted, to the aborigines, whose state of ignorance he constantly deplored. He instructed many of them in the great truths of religion, and led them to abandon their idolatrous practices. When he was quitting Australia he promised Father Dixon (another convict priest) that he would use his endeavours to procure for them, and

for the no less destitute convicts, some missionary aid, and in a letter addressed to Father O'Neil a few years later, Father Dixon thus wrote :—" My Dear Brother,—Where is that assistance you promised me ? I fear that if it does not come soon, the convicts will turn out, and the natives will return to their old ways."

In the beginning of June, 1802, the brother of Father O'Neil received, through the Bishop of Cloyne, the intimation that an order had been forwarded to Australia for the convict priest's immediate re-



A THIRD HALTER REMAINED UNOCCUPIED.

he recognised her. She then reminded him that she was at one time a servant in his own house at Ballymacoda. On quitting that situation, she had lived with a Protestant family in Youghal, and some family plate being stolen, suspicion fell on her. She was tried for the robbery, and transported to Botany Bay. Soon after, however, the real thief was discovered, and an order was forwarded for her release. Providence had watched over her, and she

lease and return to Ireland :

" My Dear Sir,—I am highly gratified at being authorised by Dr. Troy to inform you that his renewed application to the Government in favour of your much-injured brother, has been crowned with success. He presented the memorial drawn up by you. An order from the Government was sent off last Thursday to Botany Bay, that the Rev. P. O'Neil be forthwith sent back to Ireland. The Lord-Lieuten-

ant desires that the matter be but little spoken of, and by no means admitted into the newspapers.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"W. Coppinger.

"Middleton, June 2nd, 1802."

The first intimation which Father O'Neil received of the order of the Government for his release was in a letter from home. On calling on the Deputy-Governor, he was informed that the information was correct, but for some days his departure from Norfolk Island was delayed, and it was only on the 15th of January, 1803, that he was allowed to quit that land of woe with the following certificate, the original of which is still preserved:—

"I do hereby certify that Mr. O'Neil has permission from his Excellency Governor King, to leave this Island, and to return to Ireland.

"J. Foreaux.

"Norfolk Island, 15th January, 1803."

Father O'Neil, on his arrival in Ireland, hastened to resume his old parochial charge at Ballymacoda, to which another priest, Father O'Brien, had been in the meantime appointed. The Bishop of Cloyne, Rt. Rev. Dr. Coppinger, on the 29th of July, 1803, addressed to him the following letter:—

"My Dear Sir—Though for reasons stated I intended to postpone my acquiescence in your demand till I should have the expressed sanction of the prelates now in Dublin; yet weighing the motives you assign and the hardships of your case likely to be augmented by delay, I forego my design, and hereby agree to your resuming your parochial functions in the parish of Ballymacoda after my letter to Mr. O'Brien on the subject shall have been delivered to him in your presence by the Rev. J. Scanlon, whom I thought it necessary to depute as my express negotiator on this occasion.

"I am, with affectionate esteem,

"Yours truly,

"W. Coppinger."

Father O'Neil was received with the greatest enthusiasm by his devoted people. The official reply to his "Remonstrance," published in 1804, authenticates their devotedness and affection to their convict pastor, whilst it instances, as a proof of the Bishop's disloyalty, that "he restored Father O'Neil to his parish, to kindle fanaticism in the Popish multitude, who approached him with enthusiastic zeal, and revered him as a martyr, persecuted by heretics on account of his holy religion."

For forty-three years after his return from Australia, Father O'Neil continued to labour with devotedness and zeal, the churches of Ladysbridge and Shanagarry being among the monuments of his piety and energy. On the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, 29th June, 1846, he prepared, as usual, for Holy Mass, but, as he proceeded to the altar, he became suddenly ill. He received the last rites of religion with fervour and resignation, and next day went to his reward, at the age of 88 years. He rests in the little graveyard of Ballymacoda, and close by is a Celtic cross, erected to the memory of his nephew, Peter O'Neil Crowley, the martyr-patriot of 1867.

Father O'Neil was a tall and athletic man. The mark of the lashes was never effaced, and he was partly disfigured by an unnatural bend in the back, which was caused by the terrible torture to which he was subjected.

Many of those who were concerned in the arrest and flogging of Father O'Neil met with terrible punishment. The chief informer against him was convicted of murder and hanged in Cork, and, before his execution, made a full retraction of all he had sworn against the worthy priest. The man who arrested Father O'Neil lost, after some time, the use of his hand, which had to be amputated, and, in the expressive words of the popular saying, "The grave received his hand seven years before it received his body." Most singular of all was the chastisement that came upon a

bitter Orangeman of Youghal. He was present at the horrible scene of the priest's flogging, and, standing in front of him, grinned at him in mockery. It was remarked in after times that whenever this man appeared abroad, he could not walk

more than a few paces without stopping, then looking up, as if at some startling object, and grinning. His life became a burden to him, and he was held in abhorrence by all his neighbours.

(To be continued.)



June

In the deep heart of summer—in the hush
Of woods full leav'd, full nested, standeth
June ;
Deep eyed, deep hearted ; in the season's
poise,
Crowned as the perfect moment of the
year :
A queen of radiant garments, shining
brows,
And fragrant dropping fingers full of
gifts ;
But more than queen when, mother-like,
she bends
Her brooding, starry eyes, and on her
breast
Holdeth creation in unuttered peace.
Month of the Sacrament and Sacred Heart !

Like to that Paradise of old, whose vales
Were watered by four river-heads that
flowed
In mystic parted ways from one supreme ;
So is the garden of the Church of God
Made fruitful by those living streams that
gush

From Thy deep side, O Wounded Lamb
of God !

And through the tender grass and buds
of May
Thick strewn with promised grace, we
pass, and lo !
The Mother of fair love and holy hope
Opens the golden gate and leads us in :

“And come,” she says, “O weary hearts
and feet,

And you shall meet your Shepherd in
these ways,

And drink indeed those silver-water'd
streams

Of which who quench their thirst, shall
thirst no more,

Upon whose banks the crimson hearted
fruit

Bears evermore the heavenly Tree of Life,
With leaves of healing sweet, and all the
land

Lifts, priestly-wise, the Bread and Wine
of God.”

R. METCALFE.

N.B.—We regret that we have not space in this issue for the concluding portion of the “Memoir of Leo XIII.” It is very interesting, and we thought it well not to divide it. It will appear in our next number.—THE EDITOR.

Savonarola.

I.—THE CENTENARY COMMEMORATION.



COMMITTEE has been formed in Florence, of distinguished ecclesiastics, under the presidency of their Archbishop, Cardinal Bausa, to honour the memory of Father Jerome Savonarola, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of his death. Since their first meeting, which was held on the 15th of January, much has been done by them, and much is still being done to throw light on the life of the great Reformer. The movement is one which, we may say, has attracted universal attention. Thirty-three of the most illustrious of the Italian Hierarchy, including six Cardinals, and twenty-seven Archbishops and Bishops, are taking part in it, and have written letters of praise and encouragement to the Centenary Committee.* Many studious minds and active pens are engaged on the subject, and the result promises to dispel every cloud of doubt and calumny that hung over the memory of the famous Dominican, and to prove a valuable addition to the literature, not only of Italy, but of the world. Reviews and magazines in England, Switzerland, France, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and North and South America have made him the subject of their articles and in several countries new biographies

*The following are the names of the Cardinals :—Bausa, Capecelatro, Galeati, Svampa. Celesia aud Agliardi.

Cardinal Parocchi the Pope's Vicar in Rome, although taking no active part in the centenary movement has expressed his approbation declaring that whatever faults there may have been in Savonarola were amply atoned for by his life of austere virtue, and above all by the martyrdom he suffered, when on the 23rd of May, 1498, he died with the cry on his lips of "Viva Gesu! viva la Chiesa Romana!"

have been published in book form. But Florence is, as indeed it ought to be, the greatest centre of all this literary activity; it witnessed his labours, his sorrows, his triumphs, and his tragic death, and it owes therefore, special tribute to his name. If the Catholics of Florence allowed this memorable date to pass without taking the opportunity to vindicate the memory of that extraordinary man, their negligence would be inexcusable, and their ingratitude unpardonable; for it would imply a tacit approval of the charges that have outraged for so long a time that glorious and cherished name.

The researches which are being made under the auspices of the promoters of the Centenary Commemoration have already thrown great light upon Savonarola's character, and have brought out in bold relief the grand supernatural principle and simplicity of purpose which always animated him, and directed his actions. They show him to us at the foot of the Cross burning with love for the Crucified, thinking only of his Saviour's interests, and of the souls for whom He shed His Blood.

Glancing at the papers which have just come to us from Florence, containing some of the fruits of these researches, we are struck by the number of canonized saints who, as is proved, cherished a deep and unmistakable veneration for Savonarola. Amongst those who were most devoted to him were Saint Philip Neri, Saint Francis of Paola, Saint Catharine de Ricci, Blessed Juvenal Ancina, Bishop of Saluzzo, Blessed Columba of Rieti, Blessed Catharine Racconigi, and Blessed Maria Bartolomea Bagnesi. But among those who have opposed him, and written against him, and denounced him as a rebel against the Church, or as an enthusiast blinded

by pride, there is not even one who was remarkable for sanctity, whereas there are many whose names are held in execration by all lovers of morality and truth. Augusto Conti, commenting on this, sums up his remarks in one pithy sentence:—"I Santi s'intendon de 'Santi." "Saints know one another."

Cardinal Capeccclatro, who seems to

him, and crowning it with the aureola of a Saint?"

A very important result of the Centenary researches is the discovery which has just been made of two of Savonarola's letters which escaped all the modern historians, and were never before published. One of them, in particular, is of especial interest, inasmuch as it shows us the great humility

of the writer, and his obedience and loyalty to the Pope. Cardinal Alimonda, in his well-known historical work, "*Lutero e l'Italia*," speaks of him as the humblest of friars—(*Fraticello umillissimo*), and this letter furnishes an additional motive for giving him that well-deserved appellation. It was written seven months before his death to Alexander VI., and throws considerable light on that critical period of his life. The original is in Latin, of which the following is a translation

"To the Pope for Absolution.

"Most Holy Father,

"I kiss the feet of your Holiness. As a child grieving at having incurred the displeasure of his father desires and seeks every means and opportunity of appeasing his anger; nor

can any refusal make him despair of regaining his former affection, since it is written: "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened to you," so I also, more on account of the favour of your Holiness having been withdrawn from me, than for any other loss I may have to suffer, fly eagerly to your feet, begging you to give ear at length to my cries, and keep me no longer away from your embrace.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BAUSA, O.P., ARCHBISHP OF FLORENCE

take a very active part in the Centenary movement, speaking of Saint Philip's veneration for Savonarola, says: "Coming only a century after Savonarola he must certainly have known that that great Friar never disobeyed the Pope. Without this conviction, Saint as he was and most devoted to the Holy See, how could he have honoured Savonarola as he did, cherishing his portrait as an object most dear to

For to whom shall I go if not, as one of his flock, to the Shepherd, whose voice I love to hear, whose blessing I implore, whose saving presence I ardently desire?

I would go at once and cast myself at your feet if I were safe on the journey from the malice and plots of my enemies. As soon as I can do so without risk, I will at once set out, and I wish with all my heart that I could do so now, in order that I might at last clear myself of every calumny.

"Meanwhile, most humbly do I submit in all things, as I have ever done, to your authority, and if through any want of judgment or inadvertence I have erred in anything I humbly ask forgiveness. For you will find in me no wilful malice.

"Be pleased, therefore, I beseech your Holiness, not to close against me the fountain of your kindness and clemency, nor spurn one whom you would find, if you once knew him, not less devoted to you than sincere, and at all times your most obedient servant.

"I humbly commend myself to your Holiness.

"Your most devoted son and servant,

"Brother Jerome of Ferrara, of the Order of Preachers.

"Convent of Saint Mark,
Florence.

"October 13th, 1497."*

Whether this letter ever reached the Pope or not we cannot say. We only know that Savonarola's enemies were capable of anything, and previous letters of his to the Pope had been intercepted.

The other unpublished letter which has come to light, was written by Savonarola to his mother, and is dated September 5th, 1495. It was enclosed in an old box,



STATUE OF SAVONAROLA IN THE PALAZZO_VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

* "Ad Papam pro absolutione."

"Beatissime Pater, post pedum oscula beatorum. Quomodo moerens filius super indignatione patris omnem ad eum placandum viam

or desk, which since the year 1600 has been in the possession of the Dominican nuns at Maglio. In it he shows his affection for his family, and his solicitude for their spiritual welfare. He exhorts his mother and brothers and sisters to despise earthly goods, which will soon perish, and to cherish in their hearts the love of Christ. "Here," he says, "we cannot remain long, but the next life will last for

ever." The holy enthusiasm which gave him strength and courage to face the trials that were in store for him, shows itself clearly in this document. It is now in London, in the possession of Mr. Murray.

It is with the deepest interest we watch the progress of this centenary movement, for we see in it every reason to hope that it will fully vindicate the memory of the great Reformer.



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, OF WHICH SAVANAROLA WAS PRIOR.

aditumque flagitat, et quærit: nec ob ullam repulsam de solita pietate desperat, cum scriptum sit: *Petite et dabitur vobis: pulsate et aperietur vobis*; ita et ego plus ob interdictam Sanctitatis Vestræ gratiam, quam ob aliam jacturam sollicitus ad pedes ejus assidue confugio supplicans ut tandem clamor meus in conspectu ejus exaudiatur: nec me diutius suo ereptum gremio esse velit. Ad quem enim nisi ad Pastorem velut ovis ipsius accedam, cujus vocem, et benedictionem audire gestio, et imploro, salutaremque præsentiam exopto? Jamque ad pedes ejus procidissem, si mihi tutum iter ab iniquorum injuria et insidiis patuisset. Quod quidem, ubi sine suspitione licuerit, me facturum propono, et tota mente cupio: ut ab omni calumnia me tandem diluere possim. Interea

in cunctis, ut semper feci, me illius majestati humillime subiicio: et si quid per insipientiam, aut inadvertentiam erratum est, veniam suppliciter depono. Nam malitiæ apicem nunquam in me deprehendet. Obsecro igitur, ne mihi benignitatis, et clementiæ suæ fontem Sanctitas Vestra subtrahere dignetur quem si semel suum agnoverit, non minus sibi devotum, quam sincerum, et omni tempore obsequentissimum experietur. Me Beatitudini Vestræ humiliter commendo.

Ex Conventu Sancti Marci Florentiæ, die decima tertia Octobris MCCCCXCVII.

B. V. Devotissimus filius et servulus.

Frater Hieronymus de Ferraria Ordinis Prædicatorum.

"Vindicate, yes, vindicate the great hero of Florence, and expose the calumnies, old and new, that have been cast upon his name," says Monsignor del Corona, writing to the Editor of the journal established by the Centenary Committee, "and restore to that glorious reputation which has been so shamefully outraged, its former lustre, and its full splendour. Lift up your voice and let your cry be loud and long, that none may dare to call that man a harbinger of rebellion, who had in every fibre of his being, and in the very marrow of his bones, the faith of eternity and the innocence of love, and bowed down his mighty genius before the majesty of Rome. . . . For my part, even if we had not the assurance of Violi and Parenti that the Pontifical censure had been revoked, I would fain forget all at the scaffold of Savonarola, and would say to myself what Saint Augustine said of Saint Cyprian: "It is true, Cyprian was disrespectful, he was obstinate in his dispute with Pope Stephen, but if he erred in anything the sword of martyrdom has wiped out all; 'si quid peccavit, falce martyrii purgatum est.'"

If, indeed, Savonarola, no matter how zealous he may have been for the good of the Church, had really disobeyed the orders of the Pope, and despised the excommunication pronounced against him, he would certainly, for that, deserve no praise, but his various writings, so full of solid teaching with regard to the obedience due to the Holy See, and the evidence brought forward by his defenders, convince us that he was guilty of no such disobedience. In the celebration of the fourth centenary, able writers who have made an exhaustive study of the point, will

give the public the benefit of their labours, and will, no doubt, completely dispel the shadows of doubt that still linger in the minds of many.

In the second part of this article, which will appear in our next number, we will give portraits of several of the Cardinals and others taking part in the Centenary celebration.

A meeting of all the members of the Centenary Committee and several distinguished laymen was held on the 4th of



SAVONAROLA IN HIS CELL.

May, in the Archiepiscopal Palace at Florence, in presence of His Eminence Cardinal Bausa, to arrange definitely the programme of the Centenary celebrations. The following programme was adopted and afterwards published:

(1.) A course of lectures to be given in the Church of San Marco, by distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen, on the 16th, 18th, 20th, 24th, 27th, and 30th of May. Monsignor Pio del Corona, O.P., has kindly consented to give one of these lectures.

(2.) An *Accademia letteraria e musicale* to be held also in the Church of San

Marco, on the 23rd of May, the anniversary of Savonarola's death.

Several distinguished personages are to be present both at the lectures and at the *Accademia*, and His Eminence Cardinal Bausa is to preside at all the meetings.

(3.) On the 22nd of May, the Committee, the Bishops and the representatives of the various Catholic associations are to meet and visit the cell of Savonarola, in the convent of San Marco.

(4.) On the 23rd of May, in the Piazza

of objects of historical interest connected with the memory of Savonarola. It will be under the auspices of the Ecclesiastical Committee, but the direct management will be in the hands of a special commission of distinguished laymen. It will include pictures, manuscripts, printed works, miniatures, and other objects belonging to Savonarola, besides portraits of his contemporaries, records of the period, etc. A descriptive catalogue will be published in book form.



THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE, IN WHICH SAVONAROLA WAS IMPRISONED.

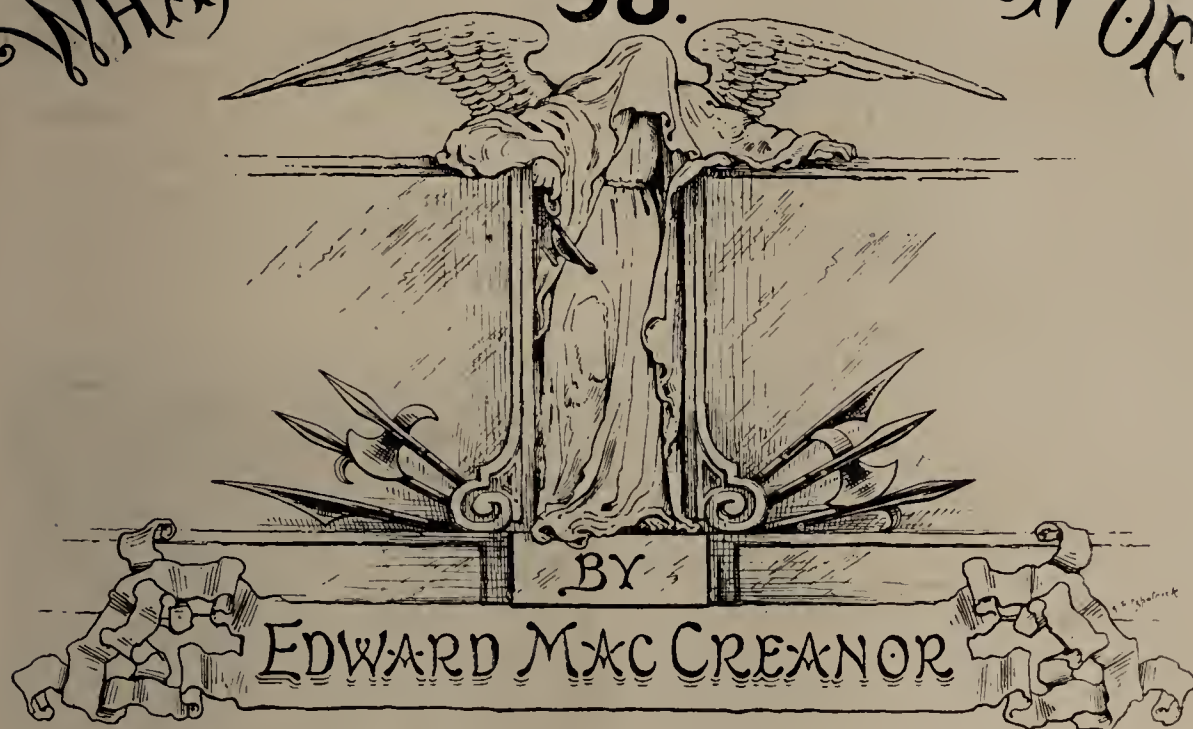
della Signoria, where Savonarola was put to death, the old and beautiful custom of scattering flowers around the place where he died is to be renewed, and will be continued through the whole day. It is a touching tribute to his memory that was begun after his death and kept up on the anniversary every year until 1703.

(5.) An exhibition to be held in Autumn

(6.) The Cathedral of Florence is to be closed in June for repairs and decoration, and re-opened on the 15th of August. His Eminence, Cardinal Bausa, will publish a Pastoral Letter on that occasion to his clergy and people, which will have for its subject the Reformation of Morals, according to the ideas of Savonarola.

(To be continued.)

WHAT CAUSED THE REBELLION OF '98.



I.

IN order to understand, at the present time, many of the movements and stirring events of 1798 it is essentially necessary to associate, and read them with the circumstances and changes that occurred in Ireland during the previous thirty years.

The extremely unjust restrictions on Irish trade and commerce applied not only to thirty years, but to more than three centuries. This was owing to the jealousy and vigilance of English and Scotch merchants and manufacturers, as well as to unfriendly legislators, and a governing class, aided by the power of England, which deprived the Irish people of the benefits of industry.

This persecuting and short-sighted policy of England may be seen from the following few well-authenticated cases:—Towards the end of the reign of William III., an absolute prohibition was laid on the exportation of Irish wool and woollen fabrics.

The French, owing to this unjust and unwise policy were now enabled, by smuggling, to procure large supplies of Irish wool and woollen goods, and to compete with the English in foreign markets.

It had already been enacted that beef and fat cattle should not be exported from Ireland to England; neither were the commodities of Ireland to be exported to American colonies, nor were American goods to be imported to any part of Ireland, without first unloading them at some port of England or Wales. All trade to Asia was excluded by charters granted to particular companies. Restrictions were similarly imposed on most articles of commerce sent to the different parts of Europe.

In 1776 a calamitous restriction was placed on the export of Irish linens to America, under “the pretence” of creating a difficulty to the enemy in procuring supplies, but the “real cause” of the prohibition was, to enable rapacious English contractors to fulfil their engagements at the expense of Ireland.

Owing to these foul and injurious restraints, prices of wool, cattle, linens, and

almost every commodity fell considerably, and a universal stagnation of business ensued.

Almost every branch of revenue had largely declined when, in 1778, Earl Nugent got a motion passed in Parliament for the consideration of Irish affairs. Bills for the relief of Ireland were accordingly framed, but the trading towns of England took alarm, petitions against any indulgence to Irish trade were forwarded, and the members instructed to oppose these Bills. In the following year, all was summed up in a motion made by Lord Newhaven, in February, 1779, that liberty should be granted to the Irish to import sugar from the West Indies! This motion was carried, but the merchants of Glasgow, Manchester, etc., petitioned against it, and the Minister who had forwarded the motion now destroyed it. In this way promises were frequently made for the relief of Ireland, but as frequently broken.

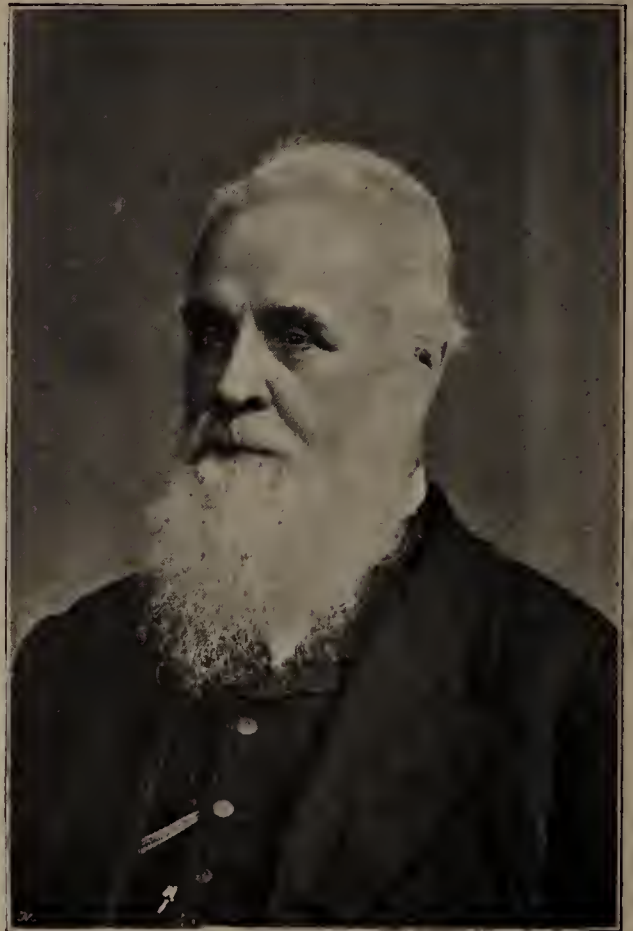
Another example of how the Irish were treated after the Revolution, is shown by two successful petitions proffered to the British Parliament, stating as a singular grievance that the Irish were permitted to catch herrings along the coast of Waterford and Wexford, and send them to the Straits!

In the earlier part of the reign of George III., Ireland, through persecuting governments, and most unjust restrictions on trade, had fallen into a deplorable state. The remittances she was at that period obliged to make to England for rents, interest on money, for pensions, for salaries and profits of office, and like demands amounted to a sum double of what she gained from the whole world by the restricted commerce she was permitted to carry on through the "indulgence" of Great Britain.

This unjust, long continued, and humiliating system of Government naturally

inflamed Irish discontent, and associations were formed against the importation of British commodities into Ireland. This brought about some revival of the Irish manufactures.

Henry Grattan some time before this had entered the Irish Parliament. He perceived that Irish calamities were caused by unjust restrictions imposed by Great Britain on Irish industry, and that attempts to cure these by petty and temporary ex-



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pedients would be like rolling up the stone of Sisyphus.

Grattan had the manliness and wisdom to urge on the Legislature to duly complain of these restrictions. He was seconded by the voice of the country, and so well was this political truth established that the whole force of the British influence was unable to resist it.

The Irish Parliament decreed: "That it was not by temporary expedients, but by

a free trade that the nation was to be saved from impending ruin." The teachings of Grattan, Flood, and other honourable and just-minded men inspired the people to a better sense of their down-trodden dignity and worth.

An improved spirit for reformed and truly representative parliaments had already been growing, and called for by public meetings. This had in some mea-

In 1778 and previous years the coasts of England and Ireland had been insulted by French and American privateers and the Government was confessedly unable to protect, or efficiently assist in defending the Irish ports from attacks.

On the 13th of April, 1778, the "Ranger" American privateer, carrying eighteen guns, six pounders, under Captain Paul Jones, sailed round the "Drake" sloop-of-

war in Belfast Harbour, and afterwards sheered off.

On the 24th of the same month she was engaged by the "Drake" about midway between Dcraghadee and the Scotch shores, and after an obstinate engagement of forty-three minutes the "Drake" was obliged to strike.

On the 14th August, 1778, the Secretary to the Viceroy wrote to Stewart Banks, Esq., Sovereign of Belfast: That "the Lord Lieutenant has reason to apprehend that three, or four, privateers in company may in a few days make an attempt on the Northern coast of the kingdom. That this earliest intelligence is given in order that there may be a careful watch, and immediate information given to the inhabitants of Belfast, in case any party from such



HENRY GRATTAN.

sure prepared the way for the Grattan school.

A praiseworthy instance of this growing independence was furnished by Captain James Willson of Gillgorm, who, in March, 1776, resigned his commission, after fifteen years service, in the navy, to become an independent and untrammelled M.P. for County Antrim.

ships should attempt to land. That his Excellency can at present send no further military force to Belfast than a troop or two of horse, or part of a company of invalids." On the 18th of the same month the Sovereign received another letter from Dublin Castle, informing him: "That routes were despatched last night for Belfast and other parts of the Northern coast.

That his Excellency has further commanded me to say, that he very much approved of the spirit of the inhabitants of Belfast, who have formed themselves into companies for the defence of the town."

Notwithstanding their loyalty, and loyal addresses to Royalty, as well as the oft-earned praises of the Viceroy, bestowed on the people for their aid in defence of the Government, the first step towards freedom of trade was deferred to the year 1780.

In like manner, disregarding the numerous meetings and resolutions of all classes of Protestants, as well as the patient endurance and universally good conduct of the Roman Catholics, who formed eighty per cent. of the population, the Government gave way only as late as 1793 to a first instalment of their political relief. In that year, a Bill was passed enabling them to vote for Members of Parliament, but excluding them from sitting in Parliament, from holding the office of Sheriff, from the Privy Council, and from most offices of importance under the Crown, as specified in the Act.

The value of this instalment of relief may be estimated from their barbarous treatment by Orangemen, and the armed hirelings of those in power, which was at least countenanced by the Government. Generous feelings, and just intentions towards Catholics, not to mention kindly acts, were abhorred by the English Government, as was so unmistakably proved by the withdrawal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the Viceroyalty in 1795.

In reply to an address from the Roman Catholics at that time, Henry Grattan stated: "His Excellency, Lord Fitzwilliam, may boast that he offered to the Empire the affections of millions—a better aid to war than his enemies can offer. . . . I conceive his continuance in office as necessary for the prosperity of this kingdom. His firm integrity is formed to correct, his mild manners to reconcile, and his private example to discountenance a



LORD FITZWILLIAM.

progress of vulgar and rapid pollution. . . . If he is to retire I condole with my country."

Generally speaking, every county, city, and town in Ireland in public meeting, and in the undisguised language of the heart, expressed deep-felt regret at the removal of this Viceroy. The 28th of March, 1795, was observed as a day of national

mourning by the inhabitants of Belfast, on account of Lord Fitzwilliam's removal. He was just, and favourable to the Irish, therefore he must be removed.

The jealous, unjust, overbearing, and injudicious conduct of England, as the dominant partner, towards Ireland may be estimated in some degree by the following few examples, which represent truly the social state of the country generally, as cultivated and craftily encouraged by "the English Garrison," to exterminate the religion and nationality of Ireland.

Hear Lord Gosford, the Governor of the County Armagh, at a meeting of magistrates, held there on the 28th of December, 1795. Referring to the disappointed hopes of the people, their despair of Legislative redress, the insulting severity of the Camden administration, the cruel and wanton persecutions of Armagh, where ten thousand unoffending Catholic inhabitants were driven from their houses at the point of the bayonet, or by the torch of the incendiary, and this barbarous proscription, if not encouraged, at least not opposed, by the Government or local authorities, His Lordship said: "It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied by all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age, nor sex, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime indeed of easy proofs, it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing that faith. A lawless banditti have established themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have denounced is equally concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and immediate banishment. It would be extremely painful, and surely unnecessary to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous

a proscription — a proscription that certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient or modern history can supply; for when have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read, of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means, as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them. This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county, yet surely it is sufficient to awake sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting with impunity; the spirit of impartial justice (without which law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in this county, and the supineness of the magistrates of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.

"I am," said his Lordship, "as true a Protestant as any gentleman in this room. I inherit a property which my family derived under a Protestant title, and with the blessing of God I will maintain that title, to the utmost of my power. I will never consent to make a sacrifice of Protestant ascendancy to Catholic claims, with whatever menace they may be urged, or however speciously or invidiously supported. Conscious of my sincerity in this public declaration, which I do not make unadvisedly, but as the result of mature deliberation, I defy the paltry insinuations that malice or party spirit may suggest. I know my own heart, and I should despise myself if under 'any intimidation' I should close my eyes against such scenes as present themselves on every side, or my ears against the complaints of a 'persecuted people.'"

The loyalty of his Lordship to his Church and State no man presumed to

impeach, his *exposé* of the Orange atrocities in Armagh the most devoted partisan of the cause has never dared to question. The outrages above described were not confined to Armagh, but were carried on extensively in most counties. The Northern Corps of Yeomen were composed to a great extent of the lowest and most unscrupulous Orange bigots, and they were generally commanded by officers of a similar mental and moral type. Many of the members of these corps had been United Irishmen, but "jumped Jim Crow" when the Government side seemed to be the safer.

Many of the militia regiments were little better than the Yeomanry, in the moral and social sense. House wrecking, burnings, plundering, spoliation, and injury in every possible way were their common practices in the Nineties, before, as well as after the battles of Wexford, Antrim, Ballynahinch, and other blood-stained fields.

I, the writer of this, am a native of County Antrim, and my information respecting the evil deeds done in and about Belfast, Lisburn, and the southern parts of the county, was acquired in my youth from my own friends, relatives, and neighbours, who were sufferers and witnesses on these occasions. Many of the articles smashed by the wreckers and Yeomen about the house of my maternal grandfather, and some of the articles carried off by those miscreants, were pointed out to me in my early school days. Some of those articles were still in use among the plunderers when I saw them.

The following transaction will give some idea of the social degradation, and scenes at that time. It took place at the house of my maternal grandfather, on Shrove Tuesday night, 1798.

That house came in for a full share of attention from the wreckers and plunderers, as my mother's eldest brother held some local position, it seems, among the

United Irishmen. He was a prisoner for some weeks in the Blaris Camp, but he managed to escape, and got away to America.

For some months previous to this occurrence the doors and windows were barricaded at night.

On Shrove Tuesday night, a little after dark, an armed party of Ballinderry Yeomen came to the house, and demanded admittance and food. The only persons then in the house were a young woman of twenty years (afterwards my mother) and a female cousin then recovering from fever. The former answered the knocking. She refused to let them into the house, but gave them some bread, and butter, and milk through an open window. She had in the room with her a bill, or billhook, as it is there called, used for cutting hedges. After threats by some, and the calling of opprobrious names by others, one of the party attempted to force himself in through the open window, when by word, and act, and the use of the billhook she made it plain that she would dispute the pass. Threats to burn the house were heard, and one of the ruffians had already got on the roof for the purpose, when, through the goodness of God, after the giving out of the food, and the plucky resistance, one of the party called to the man on the roof to come down at once, and with an imprecation cautioned the others to retire without further damage, unless at the expense of his vengeance, so, for once, a 1798 yeoman played the hero.

As stated in the preface to the "History of Belfast,"—that town, during 1797-8, exhibited a shocking scene of confusion and outrage, of assassinations, informations, arrests, murders, and military violences. In County Antrim many R. C. Chapels were burned down. This became a favourite practice, for I see in "Hay's Irish Rebellion of 1798," that in County Wexford alone, within twelve months of

the 27th of May, 1798, twenty-three Roman Catholic chapels were burned. The names and dates of burnings are there given, with several others burned in 1799 and 1800.

It is stated in "Teeling's Personal Narrative" "That the Highland regular regiments were distinguished in Ireland for humane and orderly behaviour, strict discipline, and soldier-like conduct." This accords with impressions made on the writer by Highland gentlemen, who had served in Ireland as officers with their regiments, in 1798 or previous years.



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(55 years after her encounter with the Orangemen in 1798).

Their Gaelic was understood by many in the United Corps, and one told me in Invernesshire, in 1847, that he was a young lieutenant with his regiment in Ireland in 1797, and that he was conducted to safe lines by pikemen when he was caught foraging, and that he had learned to respect and love the Irish.

When any unprincipled Roman Catholic or well-known United Irishmen became

informers or joined the yeomen, it was generally considered necessary that they should prove their loyalty by burning a chapel, by a murder or murderous deed, or the perpetration of some other atrocious crime. They should qualify for the Mountjoy pardon. Lord Mountjoy, Viceroy for nearly forty years, never extended mercy to an Irishman, as his secretary, Morrison, informs us, "but to those who had first drawn the blood of their fellows."

In the "History of Belfast" it is shown owing to unjust restrictions on Irish trade, "that, during the years 1771-2 and 3, one hundred and one ships, with twenty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty tons, and about as many passengers as tons, left the North of Ireland for America. This was the advertised trade, independent of what may have been carried on less publicly. It is stated that the emigrants paid thirty-one pounds ten shillings each as passage money, which must have amounted to nearly one hundred thousand pounds. Also, that the emigrants converted their property into money, which they took with them; and that it was computed from many concurrent circumstances, that the North of Ireland, between 1768 and 1773, had been drained of one-fourth of its trading cash, and the like proportion of its manufacturing people.

We thus see that, as English persecution on former occasions had driven some of the best blood and soldiers of Ireland into exile, and those exiles, Nemesis like, afterwards met and punished the English forces at Fontenoy and other battlefields, so we find, on the above undoubted authority, that this continued persecution caused this exodus of manufacturers and farmers from the North of Ireland to North America, just in time to give the English army "the round-about" on American battle-fields, and to assist largely in establishing American Independence.

(Conclusion next month.)

Book Notices.

Father Jerome Savonarola, of the Order of Friar Preachers. By E. Leahy. Dublin: Office of THE IRISH ROSARY.

This interesting sketch of the life of Savonarola issues from the press at an opportune time, when preparations on an extensive scale have been made to celebrate the fourth centenary of his death at Florence, the scene alike of his great triumphs and his tragic end. The title page gives a good likeness of this renowned preacher, while several places associated with his name are represented within. This little work is a valuable addition to the popular Rosary Series, published at the Office of this Magazine. The price is one penny.

Means of Ensuring a Holy and Happy Death. By Rev. M. Stoufflet, C.SS.R. Translated by Rev. A. Barry, C.SS.R. Dublin: C. M. Warren, 21, Upper Ormond Quay.

To many a pious reader this book will give instruction and encouragement; and the Reverend translator may justly flatter himself that he has done a good work in publishing it. It is written in the simple, touching style of Saint Liguori. Such treatises are always welcome, and should be spread more largely among the people. They do more real good than many voluminous and more pretentious works. We therefore heartily recommend it to our readers.

A Practical Guide to Indulgences. From the Original of Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I. By the Rev. Daniel Murray. New York: Benziger Bros.

On no subject do pious people require instructions more than on the important one of indulgences. In this little book we have not only a full catalogue of indulgences granted by different Popes, but we have most useful instructions as to the conditions necessary to be complied with in order to gain them. The author has received the full approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences.

Mariolatry: New Phases of an Old Fallacy. By Rev. G. Ganss. "The Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A.

In this tidy, well-printed book of 300 pages old errors are refuted in a new and

masterly fashion. These calumnious charges against Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin have been recently summarized in a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Fry-singer, a Methodist preacher. Father Ganss takes the sermon to pieces, and answers each charge levelled against us by "empannelling a jury of exclusively Protestant authorities to sit in judgment, and render verdict." The work displays wide reading and deep research. We hail it as a very valuable addition to controversial literature.

With Moore at Corunna. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie and Son, Limited.

This is one of Mr. Henty's historical tales. The hero of the story is Terence O'Connor of the Mayo Fusiliers, and in tracing his fortunes the author shows that he possesses in a high degree the power of making history attractive by weaving together facts and fiction with a skilful hand. We do not quarrel with the introduction of fiction into a work of this kind, intended chiefly for boys, but we do quarrel with it when it unnecessarily and unjustly hurts the feelings of any class. A chapter is devoted to the escape from a convent in Oporto of a lady, whom her Spanish relations forced to become a nun in order that they might seize her property. This is not history; it is not truth; it is a blot on a work which otherwise we could cordially recommend. The Church displays her solicitude for the utmost freedom in the choice of the religious state by inflicting on all who dare to trespass on it her severest punishment.

The People's Mission Book. New York: Benziger Brothers.

We can heartily recommend this little book to the faithful at large, as well as to priests, who will find it useful at times of retreats and missions. What a mission is, is fully explained; and the author teaches in simple language the rich fruits to be derived from these spiritual revivals. Having a long and varied experience as a missionary himself, he gives very valuable hints which may be of great service to priests and people alike. The little book contains 130 clearly printed pages, and sells for a few pence.



OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS

From a painting by Murillo, formerly in the Aguado Gallery.



Vol. II., No. 7.—JULY, 1898.

Savonarola.

II.—“THE VERDICT OF COMMON SENSE.”

WHILE the Cardinals and Bishops and the Catholic Press of Italy* are sounding the praises of the great Reformer of Florence, and celebrating the fourth centenary of his death, there are Catholic writers outside Italy denouncing him as a rebel against authority, and as an enthusiast blinded by pride. Living at a distance from Florence

they cannot easily see and examine for themselves the original documents which Florentine scholars have discovered and studied, but they have at hand the writings of German and other historians, many of whom are anti-Catholics, who try to paint Savonarola's character to suit their own views, and on these they base their judgments.

In England the *Tablet* is publishing a series of articles on the subject, which, in the interests of truth, and in justice to Savonarola's memory, we cannot pass over in silence. The first of the series appeared in the number of the 30th of April, under the title of “The Verdict of Common sense.”*

To us it seems premature to pronounce

*The *Civiltà Cattolica*, which is his traditional enemy, is the only journal in Italy that persists in opposing Luotto's vindication of Savonarola. It has, however, adopted a milder tone of late than was its wont. In 1894 it classed him in the same category with heretics and unbelievers, but now in its last article it goes so far as to excuse his intentions. It still maintains, however, that he is “non purgato ancora innanzi la storia.” but it is being ably refuted by the learned Father Ferretti in a series of articles in the *Quarto Centenario* of Florence.

* The *Tablet*, p. 678.

at once a decisive verdict, either for or against Savonarola, whether it be of common sense or otherwise, seeing that at the present moment researches and studies regarding him are being diligently carried on, the final result of which cannot as yet be gauged. But if we were asked what that result is likely to be, judging by the new light that is being thrown upon his life, we would say that it promises to be quite in harmony with the traditional opinion represented by the veneration shown him by Saint Philip Neri, Saint Catharine de Ricci, and other saints of the Church.

But the verdict of the Saints, according to the *Tablet*, is not the verdict of common sense. The verdict of common sense is that Savonarola was a man blinded by pride,* a proud enthusiast, not only during the closing years of his life, but also during his early career, for the *Tablet* can detect "incipient pride" even in his poem; "De Ruina Mundi."†

It quotes an author in support of its verdict, the weight of whose authority we have no desire to minimise. Cardinal Newman's authority cannot be lightly set aside, but let us quote more fully his words in the sermon to which we are referred, and see whether there is not a wide difference between his view and that of the *Tablet*:—

"A true son of Saint Dominic," he says, "in energy, in severity of life, in contempt of mere secular learning, a forerunner of Saint Pius the Fifth in boldness, in resoluteness, in zeal for the honour of the house of God, and for the restoration of holy discipline, Savonarola felt 'his spirit stirred up within him,' like another Paul, when he came to that beautiful home of genius and philosophy; for he found Florence like another Athens, 'wholly given to idolatry.' He groaned within him, and was troubled, and refused consolation when he beheld a Christian court

and people priding itself on its material greatness, its intellectual gifts, and its social refinement, while it abandoned itself to luxury, to feast, and song, and revel, to fine shows and splendid apparel, to an impure poetry, to a depraved and sensual character of art, to heathen speculations, and to forbidden superstitious practices." And then after comparing him with Saint Paul, he adds: "It was the truth of his cause, the earnestness of his convictions, the singleness of his aims, the impartiality of his censures, the intrepidity of his menaces, which constituted the secret of his success."*

Would the *Tablet* subscribe to these convictions of Cardinal Newman, or consider them the verdict of common sense.

But then the Cardinal after that referred to a charge made against Savonarola of disobedience to the Holy See. The *Tablet* quotes the Cardinal's words thus, omitting part of a sentence: "He put himself in opposition to the Holy See. . . Reform is not wrought out by disobedience; this is not the way to be the Apostle either of Florence or of Rome."† We will here give the words omitted by the *Tablet*, for we consider that they make an important difference in the sense: "He put himself in opposition to the Holy See, and, as some say, disobeyed its injunctions. Reform, etc."‡

We can hardly blame an austere preacher of penance and virtue for putting himself in opposition in some things to such a Pontiff as Alexander VI., when we remember that Saint Paul tells us how he himself opposed a Pope, who was very different from Alexander.§

But when it comes to disobedience the

* *Sermons preached on Various Occasions* (Ed., 1874), pp. 210, 211.

† *Tablet*, p. 678.

‡ *Sermons preached on Various Occasions*, p. 217.

§ "But when Cephas was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."—Galatians, ii. 11.

* *Tablet*, p. 679.

† *Tablet*, p. 720.

case is different, for no matter what our views may be, or what may be the Pope's personal character, it is a crime to disobey when he lawfully commands.

Does Cardinal Newman say that Savonarola was guilty of this disobedience? No, but contrary to what might be inferred from the *Tablet's* quotation he merely states that there are some who say so.

We do not deny that the Cardinal seems inclined to admit the charge of disobedience; but even though it be admitted, that

steps of Pastor, finds wickedness in him from the time he entered religion until the end.*

Moreover, it must be borne in mind that Cardinal Newman wrote that sermon more than half a century ago. At that time the new study of the Savonarola question that had been begun both by Catholics and Protestants had made but little progress, and it was impossible to make that careful examination of original documents which is now made, thanks to the researches of



THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, WHERE SAVONAROLA WAS PUT TO DEATH.

would not, by any means, destroy the sincerity of Savonarola's intentions, which the learned Cardinal freely granted, and in any case the charge could not be for a moment sustained, except as far as it referred to the closing years of Savonarola's career. To the rest of his life, to his apostolate in Florence, and his untiring zeal for the Church, the Cardinal bears testimony in words of unstinted praise, while, on the contrary, the *Tablet* following in the foot-

Padre Marchese, Villari, Pere Bayonne, Gherardi, Guasti, and others.

Even Cardinal Capececiattolo, at that time a priest of the Oratory, and the illustrious confrere of Cardinal Newman, when writing his life of Saint Philip Neri found fault with Savonarola for his disobedience to the Pope. But as soon as the work appeared, Cesare Guasti, who is beyond doubt the most learned of the Tuscan

* *Tablet*, p. 720.

writers of our times, and thoroughly well versed in all that pertains to the history of Savonarola, wrote a review of the book in the "*Archivio Storico Italiano*,"* in which he says: "Capecelatro does not conceal the only imputation that appeared to be made with reason against Savonarola, namely, that of not having obeyed; but since he admits it without discussion, let me mention that the charge has not been *proved by any documents*, I will say rather: *The documents prove that there was no disobedience*, and they prove it from the simple facts alone, not to mention other reasons, which, though excellent in themselves, might possibly present the appearance of pretext or special pleading, from which the apologists of Savonarola were not, perhaps, so free as he himself was adverse to the use of such arts in his defence or vindication."

And then taking up the facts, he expounds them, as Luotto did much more profusely afterwards, including the sermon of the 18th of February, 1498, in which Savonarola declared all that had passed between the Pope and himself. Guasti says of that sermon that Savonarola's account "agrees in every detail with the documents which have been discovered, and which are gradually throwing light upon the Savonarola chronology, and correcting the mistaken versions and erroneous dates, which have confused it almost down to our own day."

That review of Guasti's appeared in 1884. Since then Cardinal Capeclatro has published a new edition of his work, in which he declares that owing to recent studies, and the publication of newly-discovered documents, Savonarola can no longer be considered as having been disobedient to the Pope.† And only a few months ago, referring to Saint Philip's veneration for Savonarola, he wrote the

words we quoted in our last article: "Coming only a century after Savonarola he (Saint Philip) must have known that that great Friar never disobeyed the Pope. Without this conviction, Saint as he was and most devoted to the Holy See, how could he have honoured Savonarola as he did, cherishing his portrait -- an object most dear to him, and crowning it with the aureola of a saint?"‡

If Cardinal Newman were still alive, we have no doubt his opinion would coincide with that of his illustrious confrere.

Having cited Cardinal Newman in support of its opinion, the *Tablet* goes on to say it is about to present its readers "with the results of an independent study of the whole question," and enumerates the writers on whose authority it is based, attaching special importance to "the very valuable monograph" of Antonio Cosci.†

We can well understand how Cosci may have written words that agree admirably with the judgment passed by Pastor on Savonarola, and by all those who wish "to make Savonarola come down from that altar where an excessive religious zeal had placed him."‡ But the *Tablet*, which is a journal eminently Catholic, should be slow to adopt Cosci as a criterion in forming its judgments, for his writings show what a false idea he had of the Reformation, which, according to his view, was designed by Savonarola, and carried out by Luther, the latter being in his eyes a hero, while Savonarola is not, because he did not do what Luther did.§

* *Quarto Centenario*, No. 1, p. 2.

† *Tablet*, p. 679.

‡ *Archivio Storico Italiano*, serie iii., tomo iii., part 1a, p. 2.

§ *Ibidem*, serie iv., vol. iv., pp. 282-306, and 429-468. Cosci, having quoted some words of Savonarola, says:—"We can applaud these words, which are as a hesitating and confused voice of the Christian conscience, which precedes the cry of protest, that Martin Luther will send forth before twenty years" (p. 432). And at page 467 he says:—"The German friar had the truly Christian, and altogether modern idea, which the Italian friar had not, the idea of independent reason, which stands up and judges the

* Serie iv., tomo xiv., p. 221.

† *Vita di San Fillippo Neri*, lib. ii., cap. v., 3a edizione.

To understand Savonarola's character, and to enter fully into his spirit we must, so to speak, breathe the atmosphere in which he lived, we must go back four hundred years, and acquire an exact knowledge of his times, so different in many respects from our own, and consider him, not in the abstract, but always in the midst of his surroundings. This demands of us not a mere perusal, but a careful and patient study of the documents bearing on his history, which, if read superficially or without deep study, make him appear a saint and at the same time a most unprincipled sinner. Above all, it demands of us a study of his writings, a study which Pastor has not made, and which the *Tablet* acknowledges it could not make.*

We quite agree with the *Tablet* that in England, and the same may be said of Germany, a profound study of the works of Savonarola is hardly possible. But why should the studies made in Italy during twenty years with conscientious exactness, by that illustrious Italian, Professor Luotto, be attributed, together with the present Centenary Commemorations in Florence, to an unwarranted desire on the part of Savonarola's countrymen "to glorify him as a hero?"

conscience, and rests on God, without the need of any exterior worship. This it is that constitutes the immense superiority of Martin Luther, notwithstanding the contradictions of his theological system, over Jerome Savonarola. This it is that made the poor son of the miner of Mansfeld one of the greatest men of modern times, which, being wanting in Savonarola, would deprive him of the aureola of immortality, if his virtue and the death he suffered were not sufficient to make the man immortal." Would the *Tablet* consider this a "very valuable" pronouncement?

* *Tablet*, p. 679.

The *Tablet* professes a respectful sympathy" for the Florentines in their desire to honour the famous Friar of San Marco, but at the same time it feels bound to pronounce their judgment "radically erroneous, and not a little mischievous."* This is a very serious pronouncement considering that it is made not only against the people of Florence, but must necessarily include a number of the most illustrious of the Italian Hierarchy, namely the six Cardinals and about forty Archbishops and Bishops who are taking an active part in the Centenary Commemoration. It is a pronouncement that ought certainly to be based on argu-



A VIEW OF FLORENCE, FROM FIESOLE.

ments of greater weight than those in Dr. Pastor's "Zur Beurtheilung Savonarolas," in which he proves, by his own words, that he did not even know how to read the critique he undertook to answer.†

* *Tablet*, p. 679.

† For instance, Pastor says in his reply to Luotto:—"He (Luotto) lays down moreover, that a saint like Savonarola cannot be understood except by saints (page 2, 157, and 604). This would put an end to the question, for I have not the remotest claim to the title of a saint." We take up Luotto's work, and we find the three places quoted. At page 2 the words are not Luotto's at all, but Conti's, who does not say that Savonarola cannot be understood

We are not without respect for the learned author of the "History of the Popes," but the authority of a general historian, whose field is a very vast one, and who has made only an incomplete study, *en passant*, of Savonarola cannot have the same weight as that of learned Italian writers, who have made this particular point of Italian history the object of many years of profound study, with the original documents before them, and especially Savonarola's own works, as Guasti and Luotto have done, and Gherardi is still doing.

Referring to Dr. Pastor's judgment on Savonarola, Professor Gherardi says in the "Archivio Storico Italiano":*

"Treating of Savonarola, nothing of what has been written about him up to the present escaped Pastor's notice, not one perhaps of the documents which in any way referred to him; but he gathered all or nearly all into his history, opinions as well as evidence, without examining or sifting them, and even, we may say, without heeding the nature of the opinions or the character of the witnesses. Then he made almost no study or examination whatever of what the Friar had taught

except by saints, but he says this:—"I santi s'intendon dei santi." "The saints understand the saints," which is a very different thing. At page 157 Luotto does not say that Savonarola cannot be understood except by saints, but speaking of certain wonderful effects of Savonarola's preaching, for instance, the famous "Burning of Vanities," he says:—"I santi, soltanto i santi, possono giungere a tanto." "It is saints and only saints can do these things." And finally, at page 604, Luotto does not say Savonarola cannot be understood except by saints, but in the closing paragraph of his work he expresses his belief that Savonarola in heaven sees the day coming when every shadow of doubt shall be removed from his name, and he concludes by praying that that day may come soon and fulfil the desires of the saints. "*Piaccia al cielo che questo giorno spunti presto, e appaghi i nostri desiderj che furon pure i desiderj dei saneti.*" "Heaven grant that that day may come soon, and that our desires may be fulfilled, which were also the desires of the saints."

If Pastor knew how to read his critic, surely he would not have thus misquoted him.

* Serie V. Tomo xx., Dispensa 4a del 1897.

and written, and he passed sentence, or rather he accepted the sentence passed by others on the acts of his life, without paying any attention to his teachings, which if he had examined, would have been sufficient even in his eyes to justify and explain his actions. This criticism of the sources, and careful examination of the writings of Savonarola, which Pastor neglected, Professor Luotto has made."

Afterwards when Dr. Pastor's reply to Luotto appeared, and Father Ferretti wrote to Professor Gherardi asking his opinion concerning it, the following was his answer:

"Dear Reverend Father,

"I am returning this reply of Pastor's, which seems to me a piece of inconclusive reasoning. The charge proved against him by his opponent, of not having examined nor studied what he ought to have examined and studied, remains intact. New arguments to sustain his opinions there are none. Consequently, in the eyes of all fair-minded men Luotto's critique is not in the least shaken by this reply, and let us hope the cause of our Savonarola will go on succeeding day by day, and end in triumph.

"I am,

"As ever, yours affectionately,

"A. Gherardi."

"April 1st, 1898."

The *Tablet*, on the other hand, takes an opposite view, and declares that it is "substantially at one with Dr. Pastor." "The Verdict of Common Sense" as claimed by it, is not, however, supported by the Sensus Communis of learned writers and scholars on the subject; this becomes all the more evident when we consider that Pastor has on his side, and cites in his support, Ferrens, Ranke, Cosci, and other Rationalists and Protestants, while Luotto has on his side an honourable phalanx of able Catholics like Father Marchese, Guasti, Father Bayonne, Gherardi, and Cardinal Capeceletro,

not to mention the six Cardinals and about forty Bishops who have joined the Savonarola Centenary movement, and are among its chief promoters. "But the sentiments of these 19th century *Piagnoni* who are so moved to admiration by the brilliant qualities of Fra Girolamo, that they can see no defects in his character, no errors in his conduct," are according to the *Tablet*, "radically erroneous, and not a little mischievous."* Their object, it would have us believe, is not to defend the truth and pay honour where honour is due; they are actuated rather by "the desire to glorify him as a hero, and to defend his every action," regardless of the consequences, and blind to the fact that "hero worship commonly brings with it the danger of some displacement of the mental balance."†

But if the desire of the Cardinals and the Bishops, and with them that of the people of Florence is to glorify Savonarola, the *Tablet* certainly cannot be suspected of any such desire. Its aim is, on the contrary, to show that "Savonarola was blinded, and . . . that pride lay at the root of his blindness," and that he was affected by "a certain congenital warp of mind which incapacitated him from taking a dispassionate view of the circumstances of his time, and of the bearings of his own case"‡ together with many other imperfections.

In its second paper, which appears in the issue of May 7th, it gives an outline of his life. As our intention is simply to point out the criticisms or inferences which appear to us erroneous or not justified by the facts or proofs on which they are based, we will pass on quickly to its animadversions on his first essay, "Del disprezzo del Mondo" (On the Contempt of the World), which he wrote before quitting his father's house, and left "upon the books in the window."

* *Tablet*, 679.

† *Ibidem*.

‡ *Ibidem*.

The *Tablet* has no knowledge of the work itself, and after quoting Villari's opinion of it, says in a note: "We are unable to test the accuracy of Villari's description of this little work, because so far as we are aware it has not been published."* Still, it does not hesitate to declare that it finds in it "a certain strain of exaggeration, and that the expressions of this youthful *Piagnone*, though they only echo the words of Holy Scripture itself (e.g., Ps. xiii. 3, 'that there is none that doeth good, no not one'), nevertheless betray a certain morbid tendency to dwell too exclusively on the darker shades of a state of society, which, after all, was not without its redeeming features."†

But the *Tablet*, although it has told its readers that it is presenting them "with an *independent* study of the whole question"‡ could not, unfortunately, examine for itself this little treatise. Yet it is not by any means an unpublished manuscript, nor hard to be found; it was published at least three times within the last thirty years. It was published in 1868 by Count Capponi in Florence, from a manuscript found among the papers of the Gondi family,§ taken from a book of souvenirs, written by Nicholas Savonarola, in which it was prefaced by these words: "I remember that on the 23rd of April, 1475, my son Jerome, then a student of medicine, left home and went to Bologna to join the Order of Preachers, leaving me the following pages for my comfort and consolation."

Although the *Tablet* (*without reading it!*)

* *Tablet*, 720.

† *Tablet*, *ibid.*

‡ *Tablet*, 679.

§ It was sent by Mark Savonarola on the 18th of November, 1604, to a member of the Gondi family in Florence. Bayonne "Œuvres Spirituelles de J. Savonarole," vol. iii, page 6.

This work must not be confounded with a letter of Savonarola's published a few years ago in London, with this title:—"Epistola de Contemptu Mundi di Frate Hieronymo de Ferrara dell' Ordine dei Frati Predicatori." William Morris, Kelmscott Press. 1894.

discovers in it "a morbid tendency" not at all consoling, Savonarola's father (who did read it) seems to have found in it consolation and comfort, and treasured it among his papers.

It was again published in 1880, this time in French, in the third volume of the *Spiritual Works of Savonarola*, edited by Pere Bayonne. And lastly, it was published in 1887, and is given in full in an appendix to the very work quoted by the *Tablet* in support of its criticism.* We are surprised, therefore, that the *Tablet* was not aware of its publication, especially

casting a glance at the world he was leaving behind.

The picture he paints of the evils of the time is terrible, no doubt, but it is true. He certainly did not exaggerate in declaring his age deaf to the calls of God and quick to run in the ways of vice and wickedness; and we see no reason for Pastor's assertion, that he was blind to its redeeming qualities. He beseeches God to open a way for the just and the oppressed and afflicted, as He once opened a way for His chosen people through the waters of the Red Sea, which shows that he recognised

the good there was in the world in the midst of its wickedness. And does not Pastor tell us that in the period of the Renaissance he finds fearful signs of moral corruption, and that among the higher classes especially, an unbridled immorality, and a dissolute mania for pleasure held sway?* What more than this has Savonarola said in his "*Desprezzo del Mondo*?"

Then with regard to Villari's remark upon it quoted by the *Tablet*: "He besought the Lord that the passage of the Red

Sea might be opened . . . but at the same time he did not conceal from himself the hope that the rod with which the command was to be given to the waters to part might one day be put into his hand," we must say we find nothing to justify it in Savonarola's words, for nowhere does he give expression to any such hope. Of course, the fact of his joining an apostolic Order like that of the Friars Preachers, whose special work and object is the salvation of souls, implies a hope that he would one day, like the rest



SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.

as it is giving its readers "the results of an independent study of the whole question."

If the learned writer had read it he would have found that it is nothing else than a texture of Scripture florets, beautifully woven, taken chiefly from the canticle of Moses, "*Cantemus Domino*," and the "*Nunc dimittis*" of Holy Simeon; and we would ask him how a youth, called by the grace of God, in a corrupt age, to the religious life could better express his renunciation of the things of earth when

* Villari, Firenze, 1887, vol. i., appendice, p. viii.

* Pastor, vol. ii., p. 32, ed italiana.

of his brethren have the saving rod put into his hand by receiving the commission to preach and work for souls; but we see nothing in that that savours of pride, especially when we read what Villari adds in the next sentence, that when he entered the Order "he sought humiliation by undertaking the lowest drudgery of the convent."*

But suppose we admit that there is a little exaggeration in the picture which Savonarola has left us of the evils of his day: what follows? Has Pastor† not discovered "exaggerations" and "paradoxical assertions" in a celebrated work of Blessed John Dominic? The respect we owe to that great Saint forbids us to repeat here the judgment Dr. Pastor passed upon him. We will only say that if the exaggerations in Blessed John Dominic's writings are in no way prejudicial to his sanctity, it is no reflection on Savonarola's moral character if similar exaggerations are to be found in a composition written by him in the fervour of the moment when he was about to leave his father's house, his family and friends, and all that was dear to him on earth, to follow his Divine Master in the way of poverty and self-denial.

For our part we have no words but words of praise for his "*Disprezzo del Mondo*," and every time we read its soul-stirring pages we see in them a prelude of the future greatness of the Apostle of Florence.

The ideas they contain are found again in the poems composed by him when a novice, and especially in that poem, "*De Ruina Mundi*," which concludes with this beautiful line:

Tu piangi e taci; e questo meglio parmi.

"Weep and keep peace; so seemeth best to me,"

a line which we can never sufficiently admire, because of the holy sentiment it breathes of grief for the woes of the

Church, a sentiment which runs through the whole canzone. But this same line, or rather a contortion of it, for it is quoted incorrectly,* is enough to make the *Tablet* declare "that there is in the poem an absence of hopefulness and a certain self-concentration, which do not bode well for the future of the author."

It seems to us the *Tablet* is betraying *la mania della critica*—a carping spirit, and we cannot help thinking that if it were to criticize the Master Whom Savonarola loved and served, in the same spirit as it criticizes himself, it would find also in that Man of Sorrows—but it would be blasphemy if it did—the same "morbid tendency" which it found in Savonarola. If Savonarola conceives a desire or expresses a hope to be one day able to help in doing good by labouring for the salvation of the souls he sees perishing around him we are told that "in all this there is a certain strain of exaggeration," and pride; and if, on the other hand, diffiding in himself, he weeps and holds his peace—"Tu piangi e taci"—the *Tablet* discerns at once "an absence of hopefulness and a certain self-concentration which do not bode well for the future of the author." When it must admit that he hoped and laboured that good might triumph over evil, it puts its own construction on his motive, and tells us it was for his own aggrandisement he did it, and that "it was an indispensable feature of his victory that he, Fra Girolamo, should drive the triumphal car."† And now when he says "Tu piangi e taci," and is apparently without ambition, the *Tablet* asks: "Is there not here an unconscious egotism which savours of incipient pride?"

After reading these painful calumnies we turn for relief to the poem itself and reading it once more in his own splendid

*The *Tablet* quotes the line thus:—

Tu piange e tace, e questo meglio parmi. This makes no sense. The two verbs should be in the second person to convey any meaning.

† *Tablet*, p. 840.

* Villari, i, 20, 21.

† Pastor, vol. ii., p. 49.

Italian, we are filled with admiration for his burning love of the Church, which it breathes in every line, a love which Cardinal Capececiattolo, who is in a position to form a safe opinion on the subject, says is "not the thoughtless outcome of passion, but a noble expression of zeal for Christ and for His Church."*

But the *Tablet* is scandalized at what the Cardinal praises, and calls it a "diatribe against Rome (which he terms) 'a proud and deceitful harlot,' an eagle whose spreading wings he would fain see broken ('se romper se potria quelle grandi ali!')."† We prefer, however, to take Savonarola's own interpretation of his poem, for we consider he knew the meaning of his own words better than the *Tablet*. He clearly explains his idea by notes added to the poem with his own hand. By the words, "a proud and deceitful harlot ('Una superba fallace meretrice Babilona,') he meant pride, luxury, and avarice, and there is no mention whatever of Rome.‡

The *Tablet* says that by the words

"Deh! per Dio, Dona. Se romper si potria quelle grandi ali!"

"O God, Lady! that I might break those spreading wings,"

Savonarola expressed a wish to see broken the wings of Rome; but Savonarola's own interpretation is, that he wished to see the spiritual and temporal power out of the hands of the wicked. "Che la potesta spirituale e temporale non fosse in mano dei cattivi;" these are his own words.§

* Periodico Quarto Centenario, p. 2.

† *Tablet*, 720.

‡ Vide Guasti. *Poesie di Fra Girolamo Savonarola tratte dall'autografo*, p. 15.

§ Vide Guasti, loc cit.

And who could blame him? Has Pastor not admitted the worldliness of the Italian clergy of the time from the lowest to the highest?* and has he not told how depraved were some who entered into the Senate of the Church,† and has he not told the world how Alexander VI. was elected? Is it then a revolt against lawful authority to desire that the temporal and spiritual power should be no longer placed in the hands of the wicked?

Having thus criticised Savonarola's



THE CENTRE OF FLORENCE.

poem, the *Tablet* goes on to criticise his superiors. If it cannot prove that he himself was guilty of abusing authority, or that he "was blinded and . . . that pride lay at the root of his blindness," it would fain prove it against his superiors. It seems bent on finding something to blame, and if it cannot blame the man himself, it will blame his education and those who were charged with his guidance.

Finding that he was appointed to give instructions to the novices when he was not yet thirty-years of age, it says: "Whatever was the precise nature of the appointment, it may be permissible to doubt

* History of the Popes, vol. iii., p. ix., Italian edition.

† *Ibidem*, page 115.

whether it would not have been better for him had a longer period elapsed before he was advanced to a position of authority. If ever there was a man who needed the guidance of another, not necessarily of high intellectual gifts, but of a stronger and more evenly balanced mind than himself, that man was Savonarola; and to the lack of such masterful guidance in the earlier years of his religious life may not improbably be attributed much that saddens us in the story of his subsequent career.”*

According to the *Tablet*, Savonarola at the age of 29 had need of wise guides, and should have been still treated as a novice; but his superiors, with unwisdom and extraordinary precipitation, gave him authority over others, charging him with the important office of instructing the novices.

This, we repeat, is a reflection upon the character of Savonarola's superiors, and falls especially upon the man who was his immediate superior at the time. That man was Blessed Sebastian Maggi, the Vicar-General of the Congregation of Lombardy, who certainly was not wanting in a strong and evenly-balanced mind. He was a man of high intellectual gifts and great austerity and sanctity of life, and until his death, which took place on the 16th of December, 1496,† he had for Savonarola, whose confessions he heard more than a hundred times, the greatest possible esteem.‡ He has been raised to the Altars of the Church, and his feast is celebrated on the 16th of December. His

body is still incorrupt, and is enshrined in the Church of Santa Maria del Castello, in Genoa.

It is also well known that the pious and learned Padre Vincenzo Bandello, who had lived with Savonarola in Lombardy, afterwards appointed him Lector to the Novices at San Marco, in Florence.*

It never occurred to these holy men that an essayist of the nineteenth century would call them to task for their precipitate conduct.

Father Marchese, treating of the subject, says: “It seemed to the Superiors of the Dominican Order that in this youth of Ferrara there was depth and soundness of learning, and a knowledge of things and of men; and, what was still more important, they saw rooted in him those virtues which attract and captivate the minds of others.”†

But the good Father Marchese ought to have concealed all this, not to make so evident the want of discernment of the Dominican Superiors with regard to that youth from Ferrara. So, too, the chronicler of San Marco ought to have passed over in silence the joy and gladness that filled the hearts of the religious when they welcomed, as their Superior, a man whom they all loved for his virtues and his learning.‡

* Marchese *Scriti Varii*, vol. i., p. 130, Edizione del 1892.

† *Cit.*, p. 117.

‡ La Cronica di San Marco, quoted by Gherardi, *Nuovi Documenti*, pag. 55. “Summo omnium consensu et miro gaudio exceptus est in conventus hujus nativum filium. et omnium communem partem. Qua de repatres et fratres maximas gratias Altissimo reddiderunt, qui sibi tantum Patrem, vita et doctrina excellentissimum, sociare et copulare dignatus fuerit.”

* *Tablet*, p. 721.

† Luotto, p. 464.

‡ Burlamacchi, p. 20.

(To be continued.)

Saint Mary Magdalen.

PART I.

THE SINNER.

CLOSE to Sion's lordly city,
Where the Saviour walked midst men,
Dwelt there one of peerless beauty
Known to all as Magdalen.
Fair in truth her form and figure,
Golden her luxuriant hair,
Veiling her in shining splendour,
Adding to her charms so rare.
Decked is she with jewels costly,
Perfumed with her ointments sweet,
Light and airy are her footsteps
As she walks from street to street.
Yet tho' fair to outward seeming,
Known to rich and poor by name,
Many shrink and fear to meet her,
For her's, alas! is evil fame.
Grace without leaves nothing lacking;
Bare of grace the soul within;
Demons seven-fold oppress her;
Crusted is her soul with sin.
Yea! it seemeth past all cleansing,

Yet, if she will seek the Face
Of the Saviour,—He will free her,
And her soul restore to grace.
Why should this lost sheep thus perish
With the Shepherd drawing near?
Is there none to whisper softly,
"Go to Him, thou need'st not fear?"
Fear not, poor one, He is Shepherd,
And would save every erring sheep;
His unuttered word will pierce thee,
E'en His look will make thee weep.
Ah! His secret power hath conquered;
Drawn her contrite to His Feet;
Braves she scorn and bitter mocking,
While she does her work so sweet,
Drying with her golden tresses
Feet all bathed in loving tears;
Mingling unction with caresses—
Then her Saviour's words she hears:
"Love like thine hath cleansed thee—go
In peace with God and men below."

PART II.

THE PENITENT.

Yet again in Sion's city
Meet we Magdalen once more;
But a wondrous transformation
Hath been wrought since days of yore.
Wanton eye is modest,—downcast—
Humbled is the haughty air;
Gone are perfumes, costly jewels,

All, save golden tresses fair.
When with contrite love she bent her
O'er those Feet in lowly shame,
She was cleansed—the demons fled her;
To her soul grace quick'ning came.
Once His love known, all her being,—
Life and wealth is His for aye,

Him, the "Better Part," she chooseth,
 To Him full homage e'er will pay.
 With her love still ardent, gen'rous,
 Follows she to Calvary's Rood,
 Watches with the Holy Mother
 Jesus die on shameful wood;
 Watches till His sacred body
 Buried lies in rocky cave.
 Then on Easter morning early
 Visits she her Master's grave.
 Angels tell her He is risen;
 Useless 'tis to seek Him there;
 All distraught with grief and longing,
 Seems she naught to see or hear.
 Soon her tears are dried, and sorrow
 Flies at the Belovéd's voice;
 Then in ecstasy she prostrates
 While both heart and soul rejoice.
 "Touch Me not! But rise and go thou,
 My Apostle thou shalt be,
 Bid My chosen twelve to meet Me
 In the land of Galilee."

From Olivet on fortieth day
 Sees she heavenward Christ arise;
 Tongue of fire—the Spirit's token—
 Rests upon her from the skies.
 Magdalen thro' Jewish hatred
 Turned adrift on pathless sea,
 Is by Angels saved from peril,
 And on shore set safe and free.
 Then in pray'r and direful penance
 In the grot of "La Sainte Baume,"
 Save for Angels' daily visits,
 Lives she with her God alone.
 Thirty years upon the mountain,
 List'ning for the Bridegroom's voice!
 Hark! He comes, and sweetly calling,
 Bids her evermore rejoice.
 "Winter's past, and Summer's come,
 Night's dark shadows flee away;
 Rise, My love, My beauteous one,
 I await—make no delay."

S. A. C.





The Irish Convict Priests of '98.

By CARDINAL MORAN.

PART IV.

REV. JAMES DIXON.

THE second convict priest who landed on the Australian shores was the Rev. James Dixon. Born at Castlebridge, a market town of the County of Wexford, in the year 1758, he received in those troublous times of the penal laws his early education under the care of Father Sutton, parish priest of the neighbouring parish of Oylgate, and subsequently proceeded to Salamanca and Louvain, where he completed his course in 1784. His family was in comfortable circumstances, one of his brothers, in the beginning of the present century, was partner in the banking firm of Lambert, Dixon and Co., whilst another brother was regarded as a rebel leader in 1798. Father James, at the time of his arrest, was curate in the parish of Cressabeg, and was reckoned among the meekest and gentlest of men. Suspicions however were roused by the fact that some members of his family were actively engaged in the Rebellion, and informers were only too ready to impute to him the deeds for which a secular namesake of his family was responsible. One of his alleged crimes was that he had commanded a company of rebels at Tubbernurin, near

Gorey. Many years after his return from Australia, he was asked by his curate, Father Murphy, who was subsequently Dean of Ferns, whether there was any foundation for this charge. He replied most emphatically that it was wholly devoid of truth, and he added that he was never present at, and had no part in, that or any other battle. What was the more strange, of all the districts of the diocese, Tubbernurin was one of the few which he had never visited at any time. Some of the accusations which were made in proof of his treason, serve to reveal the bitter party feeling of those times. For instance, one accusation was to the effect that he had been heard singing a song with the refrain, "Hurrah for the Shamrock and Erin-go-bragh;" whilst as a further accusation, an informer gave testimony that Father Dixon went about wearing a rebel badge, with a medal, on which was inscribed the watchword, "Erin-go-bragh." As a matter of fact, the good priest knew no such song, and never had worn a national badge of any sort. He was, however, tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, and it was considered a proof of clemency that such a sentence was changed into transportation for life to Botany Bay.

A letter of Dr. Caulfield, Bishop of Ferns, attests that so far were the Catholic clergy from being engaged in deeds of blood, that there was not a Protestant in the town of Wexford and the surrounding country but came to the priests soliciting

their protection, so much so that, as a matter of fact the priests were engaged from morning to night in endeavouring to make some provision for their Protestant neighbours. Again, in a letter bearing date: "Wexford, one o'clock, Tuesday morning, May 21st, 1799," Dr. Caulfield writes: "Every day now brings new charges and new arrestations, so that not one individual is safe, for there will be found people to swear anything. I was myself called on last Saturday to turn a priest out of his parish for refusing to absolve the man who informed against the unfortunate Father James Dixon, and if I do not, I and all of us must be considered

during the Rebellion." Four months later, on the 19th October, 1799, another letter gives the short, but pregnant, announcement: "The Rev. James Dixon was tried at Waterford; his sentence was death, but changed to transportation; he is sent to Botany Bay."

Father Dixon was conveyed to this land of exile in the transportation ship "Friendship," which arrived in Port Jackson on the 16th of January, 1800, and two days later, the Feast of the Chair of Saint Peter, he landed on the shores of Australia. In the "Account of the Colony of New South Wales," by Lieut.-Colonel Collins, a few details are given regarding



Photo by]

THE HOUSE IN WHICH FATHER DIXON WAS BORN.

[Andrews, Wexford¹

as systematically concerned in the Rebellion. This was given me in such an air and tone as would really terrify me, had I not been prepared and my mind made up for the worst. I declare that from the repeated or continual attacks on me, life or death is become almost indifferent to me, but I commit myself to the mercy of God and the dispositions of Divine Providence. I can truly say (but it would ill become me to boast) that I saved more lives, and prevented more mischief, than all the yeomanry and army in this part of the country

the living freight of this transport vessel:

"On the 16th of January, the "Friendship" transport arrived from Ireland with convicts, who came in good health, notwithstanding which they were not calculated to be of much advantage to this settlement, but little addition being gained by their arrival to the public strength. Several of them had been bred up in the habits of genteel life, or to the professions in which they were unaccustomed to hard labour. Such must become a dead weight upon the provision store, for not-

withstanding the abhorrence which must have been felt for their crimes, yet it was impossible to divest the mind of the common feelings of humanity, so far as to send a physician, the once respectable sheriff of a county, a Roman Catholic clergyman, or a Protestant clergyman and his family, to the grubbing-hoe, or the timber-carriage. Among the lower classes were many old men."

It was the singular fortune of Father Dixon, that unlike his brother convict priests, he was allowed by the ruling powers in Port Jackson to remain at the settlement without being subjected to the further hardship and indignity of transportation to Norfolk Island. He was thus

29th August, 1802. After referring to the system of conditional emancipation above explained;—"if their conduct should have justified this representation and you should be of opinion that the priests may be usefully employed either as school-masters, or in the exercise of their clerical functions, you may avail yourself of their services."

Governor King appears to have been personally well disposed to meet the wishes of the Catholic convicts, and on the 21st of April, 1803, he issued a Proclamation permitting Father Dixon to exercise his clerical functions.

To the Proclamation were appended the following official regulations:



Photo by]

VILLAGE OF CASTLEBRIDGE WHERE FATHER DIXON WAS BORN

[Andrews, Wexford.

enabled in some little way to bring the consolations of religion within the reach of the poor Catholic sufferers, the companions of his exile. Frequent remonstrance was made to the authorities at home on the cruelty and injustice of depriving the Catholic convicts of the consolations of religion, and as a result, instructions were sent in 1802, to the Governor to authorise one of the convict priests to exercise his sacred functions and administer the Sacraments to his co-religionists. In the State Papers Office, London, there is a memorandum of a letter addressed to Governor King, on the

"General Order, April 21st, 1803.

"Regulations to be observed by the Rev. Mr. Dixon and the Catholic congregation in this colony: First—They will observe with all becoming gratitude that this extension of liberal toleration proceeds from the piety and benevolence of Our Most Gracious Sovereign, to whom, as well as our parent country at large, we are (under Providence) indebted for the blessings we enjoy. Second—That the religious exercise of their worship may suffer no hindrance, it is expected that no seditious conversations that can anywise injure His Majesty's Government, or affect

the tranquillity of this Colony, will ever happen, either at the places prescribed for their worship, or elsewhere; but that they will individually manifest their gratitude and allegiance by exerting themselves in detecting and reporting any impropriety of that or any other nature that may fall under their observation. Third—As Mr. Dixon will be allowed to perform his clerical duties once in three weeks in the

pointed Sundays at nine o'clock in the morning. Fifth—No improper behaviour during the time of service is to be allowed by the priest, who will be responsible to the magistrates for his congregation going regularly and orderly to their respective homes, after the offices are ended. Sixth—And to the end that strict decorum may be observed, a certain number of the police will be stationed at and about the



Photo. by

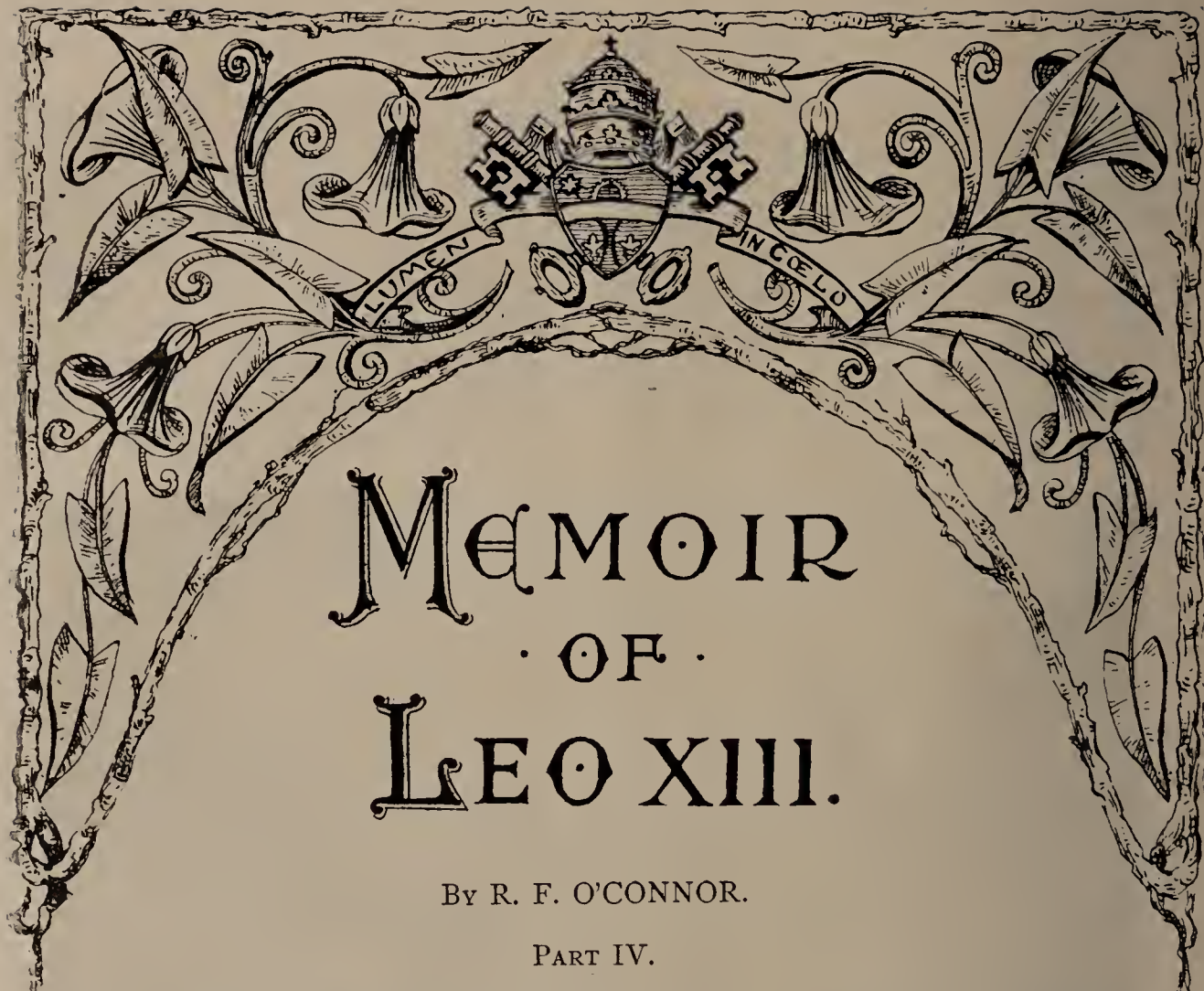
Andrews, Wexford

OLD CHAPEL OF CROSSABEG WHERE FATHER DIXON IS BURIED.

settlements at Sydney, Parramatta, and Hawkesbury, in rotation, the magistrates are strictly forbid suffering those Catholics who reside at those places where service is not performing, from resorting to the settlement and district at which the priest officiates for the day. Fourth—The Catholic service will be performed on the an-

places appointed for the service. Seventh—Every person throughout the Colony will observe that the law has sufficiently provided for the punishment of those who many disquiet or disturb any assembly or religious worship, or misuse any priest or teacher of any tolerated sect."





By R. F. O'CONNOR.

PART IV.

NEARLY two years before the canonical institution of the Catholic University at Washington, the Pope had elevated the Archbishop of Baltimore, on June 7th, 1886, to the Cardinalate. That eminent prelate's influence at the Vatican has been already referred to. Perhaps in no instance was it more effectively employed than in his memorandum sent to Rome respecting the Knights of Labour, an immense association of American workingmen, numbering nearly three-quarters of a million, in which he urged that the Church had a strong interest in not setting itself against such an important social movement; pointing out that the condemnation of the association in Canada by Cardinal Tascherau and the Canadian Bishops was prior to the modification introduced by the Grand Master, Mr. Powderley, a practical Catholic, in deference, it is said to the objections of Irish-American Catholics to anything, even

outwardly, savouring of Freemasonry. The result was that the Congregation, to which the subject was referred, refrained from any condemnation of the movement. The Satolli mission and the establishment in the early part of 1893, of a permanent Apostolic Delegation in the United States, was another new departure in the relations between Rome and this great outlying section of the Church, a proceeding not unattended with much difficulty, and demanding great tact and judgment on the part of the distinguished ecclesiastic selected to first fill that onerous and responsible office, Cardinal Satolli, for whom a fitting successor has been found in Mgr. Martinelli. The Pope's declared object was to render in some sort his presence perpetual in their midst, adding in a letter to Cardinal Gibbons: "Thus we have solemnly declared, not only that your nation is as dear to us as other nations the most flourishing, to which it is our custom to send representatives of our authority,

but also that we desire to see these bonds of mutual union, which attach you and your faithful to our person, consolidate themselves more and more from day to day." In this, and in many other ways, Leo XIII. gave practical proof of his interest in all that concerned the Church in America, to the development of which Irish Catholics have so largely contributed, and the success of which has aroused the jealous antagonism of the bigots, whose contact with free institutions has failed to counteract their racial antipathies. The good sense of the vast bulk of the population, however, has rendered nugatory the attempts of such societies as the American Protective Association—a recrudescence of Know-Nothingism—to fan into a flame the expiring embers of anti-Catholic fanaticism. The cordial interest the Holy Father takes in America has been as cordially reciprocated by all level-headed Americans, without distinction, and on the occasion of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee President Cleveland sent his Holiness a magnificently bound copy of the American Constitution, the "idee germe" of which is said to have been suggested to Washington by the Constitutions of the Dominican Order. It was sent through Cardinal Gibbons, who was requested to forward it to the Pope with the expression of the personal sentiments of regard and homage felt towards the Head of the Catholic Church by the Head of the State. The gift and the accompanying letter were handed to the Pope by an American Deputation, to whom the Pontiff said: "In your country men enjoy liberty in the true sense of the word, guaranteed, as it is, by that Constitution, of which you have given me a copy. In your country religion is free to extend every day more and more the empire of Christianity, and the Church is free to develop its beneficial action. Your country has before it a future full of hope, your Government is

strong, and the character of your President arouses my most genuine admiration."

No question in our time has been more widely discussed than that of international arbitration. Upon this subject the Pope not only holds decided views, but has given the world a striking object lesson thereon. Mention has already been casually made of his mediation between Germany and Spain in 1885 in the affair of the Caroline Islands. The fact of the Papacy being invoked by the Protestant Emperor of Germany and his Protestant Chancellor, and the settlement of the dispute left to the Pope took the whole world by surprise. Happily his intervention put an end to a grave crisis, his decision being sent to the Cabinets of Berlin and Madrid on October 22nd, and the agreement signed on December 17th. It was not the first time a Pope, by his personal interposition, prevented a serious conflict between two Powers, nor the first time in history that Sovereigns had recourse to the Holy See in such circumstances. It was most fitting that one who represents the Prince of Peace should have been the means of preserving peace between two nations which otherwise might have drifted into war. In an allocution to the Cardinals on January 15th, 1886, his Holiness gave an account of the transaction, stating that he had gladly accepted the office entrusted to him, because he hoped thereby to serve the cause of peace and humanity. Another evidence of the interest he takes in the question of international arbitration was given in the letter which he addressed to the editor of the "Daily Chronicle," an act of condescension in keeping with the character and conduct of a Pontiff who is essentially a man of his time, who understands the age and keeps in close touch with it, and is not deterred by any antiquated usages from recognising one of the forces which mould and direct it—the newspaper press.

Meanwhile the promoter of peace abroad was not permitted to enjoy peace in a city and a territory which had for centuries been the patrimony of the successors of Saint Peter, and which had been sacrilegiously wrested from the Church to which they had been devoted by the piety of ages. Although practically a prisoner in the Vatican Palace, as the spiritual sovereign of two hundred and fifty millions of subjects, and the embodiment of the greatest moral force in the

anti-clerical clubs got up a disgraceful riot on the occasion of the translation of the remains of Pius IX. from their temporary resting-place in Saint Peter's to his own chosen burial-place in the basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le mura. In the silence of the night the body of the saintly Pontiff was removed from the Vatican basilica. Leo XIII. pointed the attention of the world to the event as a proof of the insecurity of his own person and position. In words of righteous indignation he de-



THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE VATICAN.

world, he has exercised a wide-reaching influence vastly surpassing that of the usurping power which has despoiled, but not dethroned him. The consciousness of their inferiority was gall and bitterness to the irreligious factions who are propping up this decadent dynasty of Savoy. Leo XIII. was not long seated in the Chair of Peter when their envy and malice were displayed. In the summer of 1881 the

nounced the outrage. "The funeral cortege," he says, "was hemmed in by crowds of angry men whose looks and voices threatened them at every step, while again and again they attacked the procession with volleys of stones or with blows. Worse than all, what no savage would have done, they did not even spare the remains of the holy Pope. They loaded his name with opprobrious epithets, again and again

hurled a shower of stones at the hearse, crying out repeatedly that the unburied body should be cast forth. This shameful scene lasted all through the route, during the space of two hours. From all parts we daily receive letters expressing the execration of the writers for the foul shame of the deed and its atrocious savagery. From what occurred, the Catholic world can see how little security there is for us in Rome. It was before a matter of notoriety that our situation was for many reasons one of intolerable suffering. The facts which have just happened made more evident still that if the present condition of things be bad enough, what we have to expect in the future must be still worse. If the remains of Pius IX. could not be borne through the city without giving occasion to shameful disorders and violent riot, who will guarantee that the same criminal violence would not break forth should we appear in the streets in a manner becoming our station, especially if a pretext were taken from our having, as in duty bound, censured unjust laws passed in Rome, or any other notorious act of public wrong-doing? Therefore, it becomes more and more a thing well understood that we can now only live in Rome by remaining as a prisoner shut up in the Palace of the Vatican."

When Louis Napoleon was plotting the unification of Italy along with Cavour and Palmerston. to please his former comrades, the Carbonari, and to be revenged on Austria for slighting his matrimonial overtures, he got Edmond Abott to write a pamphlet on the Roman question, in which the writer suggested that the Pope should be relegated to "the Vatican and a garden." The plotters have passed away, but the Papacy, though stripped of its temporalities and restricted to the Vatican, is a living force long after the Second Empire perished in the red ruin of Sedan, after Cavour's cry of "Rome or death" received its answer, as far as he was

concerned, in a way he wot not of, and after the hireling scribe who penned the pamphlet has followed his imperial paymaster to the grave.

Many other things have occurred during the twenty years Leo XIII. has been seated on the Pontifical throne, to fill with anguish the paternal heart of the Pope, such as the seizure of Church property, notably the spoliation of Propaganda, against which he protested in March, 1884, following up his protest by a diplomatic note to the Catholic Powers. It seems to have been part of the crucifixion of the Papacy in our generation to see itself thus stripped of what was nearest to it as its Divine Founder was stripped of His garments before His tormentors nailed Him to the Cross. No cross, no crown. Although uncrowned himself the Supreme Pontiff has been privileged to place the crown upon others; and in the canonizations and beatifications which he has decreed—particularly the canonization of Saint John Baptist de Rossi, Saint Benedict Labré, the beggar saint, the beatification of the English martyrs, and of the Blessed John of Avila, in presence of seven thousand Spanish pilgrims, of the Blessed Diego of Cadiz, before over eight thousand more of the same nationality, and many others—he has raised to the honours of the altar, honours which no other power on earth could decree, some of the greatest Christian heroes of these later ages.

One of the greatest acts of the Pope's Pontificate was the noble stand he made against the iniquitous slave trade, bringing all the weight of his powerful personal influence to bear upon the chivalrous crusade against slavery in Africa initiated by Cardinal Lavigerie, whom he authorized to appeal to all nations of the earth, accompanying his letter with a gift of 300,000 francs, taken from the presents which he had received on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee. He addressed a special encyclical also to the Archbishops

and Bishops of Brazil, urging them to work for the abolition of slavery, which his earnest words hastened. Twelve Christian negroes who had been slaves formed part of a deputation presented to the Pope by Cardinal Lavigerie. The incident was unique. It was the very first time that negroes from Central Africa had appeared before the Vicar of Christ. Turning to the Archbishop of Carthage and Primate of Africa, his Holiness said: "It is upon

Charter of Africa's freedom. "History," said the "Moniteur de Rome," "will not name the Cardinal without naming the Pope; the two will live together in the memory of men."

The lights and shades, the joys and sorrows of which human existence is a complete intermingling, are reproduced in the life of a Pope as in the life of a peasant; and, in the midst of the seclusion of the Vatican, its august occupant has had com-



THE POPE'S PRIVATE LIBRARY.

you, above all, my Lord Cardinal, that we count for the success of the work, and of the missions of Africa." He did not count in vain. That great prelate, who seemed to revive the ancient glories of the once-famous African Church, did not live to witness the complete and signal success of his work; but before he died in 1892, he had led the way to the power of the Arab slave traders, already greatly weakened, being ultimately broken, and obtained from the Brussels Conference what he called the

persuading consolations, which have occasionally sweetened the ingredients of the chalice which Providence has commended to his lips. Chief among these were his sacerdotal golden jubilee in 1887, and his episcopal golden jubilee in 1893, when thousands of pilgrims flocked to Rome, and princes and peoples of every nationality vied in doing homage to the successor of Saint Peter. On February 21st of the latter year he received the Irish and English pilgrims, those from the Green Isle,

which has never faltered in its allegiance to the Holy See, getting precedence; while the consecration of England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter (before referred to) on June 29th, testified to his solicitude for a country which was once, and may be again, the "Dowry of Mary," and was famous throughout Christendom for its devotion to the Prince of the Apostles. On October 19th, four thousand pilgrims from Lombardy presented themselves, and on November 16th those from Venice, when an address from the Pontiff on the condition of Italy further emphasised the Papal allocution of June 12th, protesting against the Sardinian usurpation. On December 17th he celebrated Mass in the Vatican basilica, and received in audience the Catholic Associations of Rome. At the Pope's Mass in Saint Peter's, on January 28th, 1894, there were twenty-eight thousand people present. On February 15th the Church of Saint Joachim, in the Prati di Castello, a gift to the Pope from Catholics throughout the world, in commemoration of his episcopal jubilee, was solemnly handed over to the Cardinal-Vicar of his Holiness Cardinal Parocchi. The conclusion of the jubilee fetes was signalized by the celebration of Mass in Saint Peter's, at which fifty thousand people were present.

On the 31st of last December occurred the diamond jubilee, or sixtieth anniversary of his first Mass, the deferred commemoration of which event was made to synchronize with the celebration of the completion of the twentieth year of his Pontificate. On Sunday, February 13th, his Holiness sang Mass in Saint Peter's in presence of fifty thousand people, including 20,000 pilgrims, who thronged the grand nave of that incomparable basilica, a true type of the Church's immensity, unlike all other "temples old or altars new." It was remarked that he gave the Apostolic benediction in a strong, clear, resonant tone of voice. When he was being borne

through the church in the *sedia gestatoria*, amid the blare of silver trumpets, the vast assemblage was stirred to a high pitch of excitement. The ceremony was of the most impressive magnificence, and the Pope's appearance caused indescribable enthusiasm.

From all parts of the world gifts and congratulations have been showered upon the venerable Pontiff. The value of the presents is calculated to be £100,000. The Duke of Norfolk sent a cheque for £8,000, Austria 100,000 florins, the Primate of Hungary a similar amount, the Spanish Bishops 100,000 lire, the German Bishops 60,000 lire, and the Catholics of the United States a diamond cross, valued at 250,000 lire. Only ten other Popes in the long line of tiared sovereigns, compared to which, as Macaulay says, the proudest royal houses are but as of yesterday, have reigned so long, the longest reign being that of Pius IX., who occupied the Chair of Peter for thirty-two years.

From February 20th until March 3 the anniversary of his coronation, a succession of brilliant fetes marked this interesting event. Again the audience chambers of the Vatican were thronged with pilgrimage after pilgrimage, testifying to the deepening love and veneration with which the Catholics of all climes have never ceased to regard the Holy Father.

Among the pilgrims who crowded into Rome from the different provinces of the Italian peninsula—for it largely partook of a national celebration—was a group of three hundred Carpineto peasants, including an old mountaineer named Lodovico Salvagni, who was born one year after Leo XIII., of whom, when a boy, he was the frequent companion in hunting among the woods and mountains in that region called Cioceria from the sandal (*Ciocia*) worn by the peasantry. The old man had much to tell of the Pecci family and of the Pope's boyhood. "I also knew the father of the

Pope," he said, with visible pride; "his name was Lodovico, as is mine. I can see him now. What a fine man he was, especially in his magnificent uniform of Colonel in the army of Napoleon I.! And his mother! What a holy woman! She was quoted as a model of motherly love; and the love was warmly reciprocated by her children. Leo XIII. beside Gioacchino, bore the name of Vincenzo, and as long as his mother lived he was called by all Vin-

to undertake in Carpineto the growing of silkworms, with the proceeds of which she paid the board of the two boys. We still keep," continued the old man, "near the Pecci Palace, which we call the Casino, the chestnut tree, under whose shade young Vincenzino studied his Latin authors when he began to desert our expeditions in the mountains. I still remember the first time I came to Rome, over seventy years ago, namely, in 1825, when it took



RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE CASINO, VATICAN GARDENS.

enzino (little Vincenzo). Signora Pecci had a great veneration for Saint Vincent Ferrer, the celebrated Dominican missionary. Signora Anna (that was her name) worked like a man, helping her husband in the administration of the estates, and often riding from one to the other. Good housekeeper as she was, she placed her two children, Vincenzino and Peppino—the latter the late Cardinal—at the College of the Jesuits at Viterbo, so as not to burthen the family with much expense, and she was the first

three days' travel by stage. That visit was to see the jubilee of Leo XII. In those days pilgrims went to Saint Peter's barefooted. The present Pope was in the Eternal City at the time, and he was chosen among the students to present the homage of them all to the Pontiff. He later on told me that he was so touched by that never-to-be forgotten scene that when he himself came to the throne the memory of the event prompted him to take the name of Leo."

On his 88th birthday, March 2nd, in re-

plying to an address from Cardinal Oreglia, who presented the homage and good wishes of the Sacred College, his Holiness spoke of the frequent demonstrations of religious respect shown to him lately. He said that by honouring the Pope they honoured the superhuman institution, which was unique, because of its elevation and the greatness of its attributes. He disclaimed all honour rendered to Himself. He spoke of the enthusiasm of the crowds in Saint Peter's, who attended his Mass; how they had come to greet their Sovereign Pastor and thus acknowledge the prerogative bequeathed by Christ to the Episcopal See of Rome. "As they thus knelt before our humble person," said the Pope, "so they bowed with their minds to the Divine idea, which makes the world venerate the Pontifical vesture. Millions of Italian consciences were in harmony with these acts of homage, and the respectful acclamations and enthusiasm were inspired by ideas and sentiments which were not only honourable and undeserving of censure, but holy and dutiful. Such sentiments could not have been outraged, yet this was done, and permitted to be done." It was not by chance, he added, but by the design of heaven that the fervour of these sentiments was renewed, and it would seem that in the present unhappy condition of affairs God wished to show how jealously He guarded the Apostolic See and its present occupant, and that, in proportion to the offences suffered, the love

of the people would become greater, and their sympathy more lively.

An interesting incident in the reception of the Sacred College by the Pope is narrated by the "*Osservatore Romano*." Cardinal Mertel, despite his 92 years, had himself carried to the Vatican, but when, at the termination of the Papal address, all the others present defiled before the Pontiff to renew their congratulations personally, he was unable to perform that act of homage. The Pope, perceiving this, descended from his throne, and gave him a most affectionate greeting, wishing him many more years of life. Another visitor in whom His Holiness showed especial interest was the Count de la Salle de Roche-maure, a member of the family which has given the Church the Blessed de la Salle. He was warmly congratulated by the Holy Father on having come again this year on the anniversary of the Coronation, and was the recipient of many inquiries and good wishes in regard to the condition of France.

On March the 3rd, which marked the completion of the twentieth year of his Pontificate, his Holiness received the congratulations of the diplomatic body, and a commemorative service, at which Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli celebrated Mass "*Coram Pontifice*," was held, at the conclusion of which the Pope intoned the "*Te Deum*," and pronounced the Apostolic Benediction.



N.B.—We promised last month to publish the remaining portion of the "*Memoir of Leo XIII.*" in this number. However, having to give a rather lengthy reply to certain articles in the "*Tablet*" against Savonarola, we have been forced, for want of space, to divide it over two numbers. We beg to apologise to our readers for doing so.

ON

LIFE'S THRESHOLD,

By

Lucie H. Leonard.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! thou child of many prayers,
Life hath quick-sands—life hath snares,
Care and age come unawares."

LONGFELLOW.

IT was the last night which all would spend together in the Convent which had sheltered them for many years, and the girls were laughing and chatting out in the large garden where the fruit hung heavy on the trees, the birds carolled their evening hymn, and where the sound of the bells from Saint Gudule reached them. Souvenirs were being exchanged in school-girl fashion, faithful promises made of friendships to last through life, and some good-byes were given, for early next morning many departures would take place, and in the hurry and bustle some might be forgotten.

The eve of the mid-summer holidays is always an exciting time in boarding schools and le Couvent des Anges proved no exception. Many were merely leaving for the holidays, and would return to resume their studies in October, but others were taking a last farewell of the Sisters, whom they had grown to love, of their school-mates, and the Convent, and it was with those especially Soeur Thérèse had been busily occupied that day.

In her little room, dedicated to Saint

Agnes, where, during the school-term, all loved to come, she was seated with Mollie Tremaine. At the open window a little singing bird vainly tried to drown the merry voices of the girls outside. The roses lovingly peeped in, and the dying rays of the setting sun shone on the sweet tender face of the little French nun, and the beautiful one of the girl beside her.

"Et bien, ma chère," she said, after a short pause, "you understand all I have



MOLLIE TREMAINE.

said to you. It is an important time, this leaving of school-life, and your entry into Society. You will there have to take your place as befits your position in life, and, my child, beware of the many dangers which await all young girls coming from

their quiet Convent homes into a busy world, where, alas! amid its pleasures, God is so often forgotten. But you, my dear child of Mary, will never, I feel sure, forget Him, or the lessons you learned here."

"Oh! no, Sister, I shall always try to be a true child of Jesus and Mary, but I am afraid my position as head of my father's house will be a difficult and responsible one."

vain, and when each day you say your rosary, and lay those roses of love and prayer at her feet, she will intercede with her Divine Son for you, and when your road seems very long and rugged, she will scatter those very roses and hide the thorns from you. Try to influence those under and around you for good; enter into the gaieties of your life with a lofty aim, and remember that you can be a little apostle in Society."

"An apostle, Sister?"

"Yes, child," and Sœur Thérèse smiled at the astonishment depicted on her young companion's face, "you can be an apostle in the world without forsaking its pleasures. God does not call all His children to be priests and nuns, but He expects those whom He leaves to follow their own inclinations in the world, to work for Him among those with whom they come in contact. In so many ways they can do this; by leading such good lives as will inspire others to do likewise, by aiding their friends, by giving a helping hand to those who need it, by speaking encouraging words to despairing souls, and leading them by prayer and example to hope and heaven. There is a large apostolate open to women of Society, but, alas! how very few work in it. Above all things, my dear Mollie, do not contract marriage with one not of your own religion;

this is one of the greatest dangers awaiting young girls, and one which all should guard against. Their faith is in danger of diminishing, many religious subjects are tabooed in the home circle, and their children, even if brought up in the true Catholic Faith, very often have only a



GOOD-BYES WERE BEING SAID.

"God fits every back to its burden, my child; and He will guide you, so leave all things to Him. And then you are a child of Mary, and in a special manner belong to her, so in all your trials and difficulties, whether great or small, go to her and she will assuredly help you. No child of Mary was ever known to appeal to her in

lukewarm love for, and belief in, their holy religion."

"I faithfully promise, Sister, that I will never, under any circumstances, marry a Protestant. I belong to a Catholic country; my dear mother was a Catholic, and so is my father; and, above all else, the love I bear my dear Saviour and His Blessed Mother will help me ever to be a good, true Catholic."

"That is right; and I trust you, who have been our child so long, will be faithful to that promise. Remember all I have said to you; in all trials and temptations turn to Mary, and also remember that not only the homes, but the hearts of the Sisters of the Holy Angels are ever open to you. I shall see you again for a few minutes in the morning, so now join your companions, and send me Leonie Namèche."

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" cried the little nun, as she clasped her beads and turned her eyes to heaven, as soon as Mollie had left the room, "guide this poor child, who has no earthly mother; deliver her from all temptations, and make her courageous and prudent in the midst of the world."

Tears were in Mollie Tremaine's eyes as she stood on board the *Sainte Marie*, and watched the fair Belgian land receding from her sight. Tears of sorrow for the Convent home she had loved and left, perchance never to see again; tears of joy for the Irish one she was going to, and the loved father there awaiting her. When last she had seen

Glenwood she was only a child of twelve, a spoilt, impetuous darling, ruling everyone, and having her own way in all things. The first great grief in her childish life had just then come to her in the death of her young mother, and it had seemed to all as if the deep anguish of the child's



SHE STOOD ON BOARD THE *STE. MARIE* AND WATCHED THE LAND RECEDING.

heart would never be stilled.

When Mrs. Tremaine had been laid to rest in the quiet God's Acre, the great lonely house was forsaken by its master, and he left Ireland with his only child to travel awhile, and seek, amid strange scenes, to forget his sorrow. After some months abroad he returned to Glenwood,

but left Mollie in Brussels with les Sœurs des Anges to be educated. The warm hearts of the good Sisters at once opened to the motherless child, and there in the little world of school, in the house blessed by God, and where He Himself deigned to dwell, her childish difficulties were overcome, her character tested and formed, and she learned that "God is love," and, through sunshine and clouds, summer or winter, bright hours or dark ones, to turn to Jesus, and love Him to the end. She was now eighteen, a beautiful vision of dainty loveliness, passing from childhood into womanhood; standing on life's threshold, the world stretched fair and long before her, no clouds appeared on its horizon; new hopes, new joy, new life, awaited her. Were her dreams to be realized—was life to be fair and bright, without care or trouble? Or were those dreams to be dashed to the ground, trampled under foot and lost, or were they to go through fire and come out purified and bright?

CHAPTER II.

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be as heroes in the fight."

"I SAY, Mollie, come out on the river, will you?"

Mollie looked at the lovely smiling river into which the laburnum dipped its golden blossom, and the blue bells nodded their dainty heads. How calm and cool it looked, and in the gardens the very flowers were drooping beneath the sun's hot rays! Half an hour on the waters would cool her, and then—but, no! duty first and pleasure after.

"Not now, Gerald. I can't go at present, although I should like it."

"Off to some of your beggars again, I suppose," and her cousin laughed. "Can't you send some of the maids with the goodies, and you come out now for a row?"

"Yes, I am off to see some of my poor

people, not beggars, Gerald," answered Mollie, reprovingly; "and as to sending any of the maids it would never do. Why, they value a few words from 'the Masther's daughter,' they say, more than a lot of goodies."

"H'm. Is Agnes going too?"

"Yes, she nearly always comes with me."

"Leave out the 'nearly,' Mollie, and you will be nearer the mark. But, jokes apart, what are you doing to Agnes? She was always a good sort of girl, but nothing remarkable about her, except laziness and



"OFF TO SOME OF YOUR BEGGARS AGAIN."

a facility for getting into mischief. Now, she never even deigns to know what mischief is, and is ever after you."

"Oh! you terrible tease," and Mollie shook her pretty head at her cousin; "Aggie is just the same as ever, full of fun, and ready for any amusement, only she is trying to be of some use to me, and we are trying to infuse a little good into our usually frivolous lives. Here she comes, so bye, bye; perhaps later on we shall come out on the river with you."

"Mollie, Mollie," shouted Gerald Carnegie, as his cousin moved away, "do you girls meet me at the old Grey Bridge at five o'clock, and we can all row back."

Down the country road the two girls went on their errands of mercy. The pink and white hawthorn hedges were in all their beauty; the golden-hearted daisies were peeping through the grass, and the feathered songsters were pouring forth

been asking me, Agnes?" said Mollie, as they walked along. "He wanted to know what I have done to make you so good. I solemnly assured him I had done nothing, but that you and I together were trying to be of some use in the world, not entirely mere butterflies of fashion."

"What put such an idea into his head," cried Agnes, laughingly "I never knew Gerald to be so observant before. Surely

we are only doing what all Catholic girls should do, striving to look after our poor, both in a spiritual and corporal way. Life seems to be so much happier since I tried to help others; it has an object now, and I shall not be content until I have done some good."

"Yes, indeed; one is twice as happy when helping others. I often wonder how the Ronaynes at the Park can be satisfied with their lives. They are Catholics too, and yet those five girls rise every morning only with the thought of amusing themselves, and their idle days only make them unhappy and discontented."

"Did you ever ask

them to accompany you on your rounds?"

"Ask them! Of course I did, and I shall never forget the expressions on their faces as I did so. Mrs. Ronayne replied in a very haughty manner that she never allowed her dear girls to mix with beggars; and Marion, speaking for her sisters and herself, declared that nothing would ever induce them to enter 'those filthy, dirty



AND LITTLE TODDLING CHILDREN RAN TO BE PETTED BY THE LADIES THEY KNEW SO WELL.

sweet floods of melody. Now and then a turf-coloured donkey put his head over the hedge, or a mother-hen and her brood of fluffy nurslings hurried from their path, and little toddling children under the care of sisters, scarce bigger than themselves, ran to be petted by the ladies they knew so well.

"Do you know what Gerald has just

cabins : goodness knows what they would get there.' I assure you I did feel indignant, and thought that they were in less danger there than elsewhere, on account of their very lukewarm religion. On the contrary I believe they would find much to edify them in the homes and lives of the poor, for it is remarkable that those who are not possessors of this world's wealth, are often the ones most faithful to God, and the most patient under trials."

"It is a pity the Ronaynes are not charitably inclined, for they have it in their power to do a great deal of good. Oh, dearest Mollie, what do I not owe you ? Until I came here I never thought of charity or the poor. I went to Mass on Sundays and Holidays, sometimes to the Sacraments, and never omitted my morning and night prayers, but beyond that I never gave another thought to religion."

"Well, dear," replied Mollie, "your life was very different to mine. Your mother is a Protestant, and as there were two different faiths in your home, all could not openly join in prayer. Now, my dear mother died young, but I yet remember all the prayers she taught me, and as she always had a great love for God's poor, she tried early to instil into my mind a similar love. When she died I went to the Convent, and the nuns there continued her work. They took the place of mother to me, and I shall never forget their kindness. I remember I often complained of the irksomeness of study, and the rules ; but now when I look back I sigh for the days that are gone."

"I don't repine or sigh after my school-days," laughed Agnes. "I hated them, but, perhaps, had I been in a Convent like you I should have liked it."

"Probably you would, for somehow nuns have a knack for making their girls happy. Religion is the foundation, the solid structure on which education is founded, the mind and soul are enlightened and strengthened by it, and work be-

comes easy and pleasing. It was at the Convent that I really learned to love the poor. Every year we made garments for the most poverty-stricken, and at Christmas we gave entire costumes to several, in honour of the Holy Family. A few days before school broke up, we were having an earnest discussion on the poor, and I shall always remember Sœur Thérèse's face as she turned to us ; it was lighted up with love, and tears were in her eyes as she cried, "Children, children, never hurt the poor ; give from your hearts if you cannot give them from your purse, and remember that they are God's children too, and that Christ, your Saviour, was poor like them, and often had not where to lay His Head." We all felt stirred at what she said, and I feel sure that not one of those who saw the dear Sister, as she thus appealed to us, will ever forget her or her lesson. Now, how did we drift into this serious conversation," she concluded, a warm blush upon her face. "But no more of it now. Here we are at Mrs. Brown's, and I can see Paudeen's little bare feet as he swings on the cabin half door."

After a short time spent in the old woman's cottage, the girls left, followed by the Granny's blessing, and proceeded to Mrs. Furnell's home, where a terrible scene met their eyes. On the floor lay a tiny child, and its frantic mother was trying to extinguish the flames, which still consumed the little garments. Quick as thought, Mollie seized the blanket from the cradle, wrapped the child in it, and extinguished the flames.

"Oh, wirra, wirra, mavourneen ; me child, me child."

"Hush, Mrs. Furnell ; we'll do all we can. Run for the doctor, Agnes ; you know where he lives."

But she knew the child was past all earthly help. The tiny limbs were blackened, the golden curls burned, and almost one side of its baby face was past recogni-

tion. The little boy was one wound, and Mollie kept the mother engaged as much as possible away from it. When the old doctor arrived, one look was sufficient. The little innocent life, over which but a few months before the saving waters of baptism had been poured, had gone, in all its beauty of soul, before its Father; had gone home to rest in the heart of Him Who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

For a while the mother's grief was uncontrollable, but Mollie induced her to lie down, and Dr. Murphy having sent her a draught, sleep wooed her to oblivion. Agnes met her brother at the Bridge and returned home, while Mollie remained for a while with the bereaved woman. She was surely rewarded for doing her duty that day, for had she gone on the river, as she had been sorely tempted to do, she would not have arrived so opportunely at the cottage, and God alone knew what the poor frantic mother would have done in her grief and fear.

The hours passed slowly by in Mrs. Furnell's cottage, and she still slept. Mollie moved noiselessly about, replenishing the fire, preparing food for the living, and putting away the infantile toys and baby clothes of the dead child.

The neighbour who was to remain the night came in, and a few minutes later Gerald appeared for his cousin. From that desolate house, Mollie went out into the pure evening air, and almost ran against Reginald Wyndham, who had also come to meet her. The trio walked towards Glenwood, under the bright stars, which dotted the dark sky overhead; a faint, fresh breeze had succeeded the great heat of the day, the sweet perfume of the hawthorns and lilacs scented the air, and the sound of the river's flowing reached them as they went. It was a delightful night, and that walk was a memorable one in the lives of Reginald Wyndham and Mollie Tremaine. To the

former it only deepened the love he bore the fair girl by his side, helped to brand yet deeper into his soul the love which had now come for the first time in his life. To the latter it told nothing, yet Cupid had unlocked her heart, and through the door, slightly ajar, had stolen in, there to remain, and quietly, slowly, but surely, to teach that pure young soul Love's sweet dream.

CHAPTER III.

"Patient suffering is pure gold, and suffering joined to charity, and self-devotion a priceless diamond."
Abbe Gerbet.

MRS. CARNEGIE was a Protestant, and, at the time of her marriage, had agreed that if she had any children they should be baptised and brought up Catholics, that being Mr. Carnegie's faith. There were only two children of that marriage, and as the mother was always busily engaged visiting or entertaining, the children were left entirely to their governess's care. Fortunately, Gerald and Agnes had a conscientious good Catholic governess, who foresaw that the children's path would be a rugged one, plentifully strewn with thorns, if they were to follow their own religion, and be of the one True Church. Consequently, before all things else, she grounded them well in the doctrines of their Church—to look upon that Church as their Mistress and their Mother, to praise God for the inestimable gift of Faith, and to profess it like true children of Jesus Christ; in all their troubles to turn to Jesus and Mary, and to avoid sin, which is the cause of all the evils and sufferings of this life. She was one of those women so thoroughly suited to be governesses, those guardians of children, who either help to make or mar their young charges' lives. She trained them well, and successfully sought so to strengthen those delicate flowers that no breath of the outer air should harm them,

to mould those tender souls, with God's help, in such a manner that no clouds or crosses could injure them, and nothing make them swerve from what was right.

When Gerald was fourteen and Agnes twelve, their father died, and, a short time after, Miss Palmer, the governess, was dismissed, and both Gerald and his sister sent to Protestant schools. In the midst of their Protestant surroundings each child clung faithfully to the religion they had been taught. The seeds sown in early springtide were now in blossom, and later on would bear fruit. On leaving school, both tried to be good Catholics, but this was not easy; they attended Mass and frequented the Sacraments, but living as they did in an atmosphere of Protestantism, there were no facilities for them to learn of the beautiful Catholic Faith, or feel its holy influence.

Gerald and Agnes had come with their mother on a visit to Glenwood, and certainly were having a good time. Between tennis, golf, boating, driving, picnics, and various other amusements, the days were well provided for. Yet Mollie, amid all her pleasures, never neglected her visits to the poor, which she had commenced on her return home. She had initiated Agnes into her ways, too, and the goodness which had been dormant so long now awoke, her love for the Church expanded, and in her heart she echoed the beautiful words of a holy Catholic, long since with God, "I want amusement to be the recreation and refreshment, not the business of life."

Mrs. Carnegie's visit to Glenwood was unusually long that spring, and to all appearances she had every intention of prolonging it still more. Some thought that it was for her niece's sake she remained over her wonted time, for it was Mollie's first spring at home, but those who knew Mrs. Carnegie well, were aware that some other reason detained her, and so it was.

Reginald, Lord Wyndham, the owner of

the Abbey, and many broad acres, one of the handsomest as well as wealthiest men in the Province, had just returned from abroad, and taken up his residence at the Abbey, a short distance from Glenwood.

Thirty summers he had seen, and yet after many years of travel, he had returned to Ireland heart free. He had spent a short time in his London house in Mayfair, and then came over to Ireland, when Mrs. Carnegie was on the point of returning to her own home, but his appearance soon decided that point, and she settled down again to an indefinite stay. Agnes was twenty now, and the possessor of many gifts; she was a very pretty brunette, gifted with no mean share of talents, and a winning, charming manner. Mrs. Carnegie was ambitious, and would have been glad to consign her daughter for life to the care of Lord Wyndham, and left no stone unturned to try and make a match between them.

Reginald Wyndham was a constant visitor at Glenwood, and intimate with the young people, but it was Mollie who was the magnet which drew him there, and not Agnes. Among all the beautiful women he had met, both at home and abroad, none had attracted him as this young girl did. Her beauty certainly first drew him towards her, but it was her goodness, her high and noble character which looked through her eyes, those "windows of the soul," that awoke all the love within him. Wherever he went among his tenantry all had glowing tales of Miss Tremaine's goodness to tell him, and from the highest to the lowest, from the old men and women to the tiny toddling children, all loved and were devoted to her. Small wonder that he, too, should love her.

When Mrs. Carnegie observed that it was her niece Lord Wyndham admired, and that her views in regard to Agnes in that quarter were hopeless, she decided to secure him for Mollie. She was an inevitable matchmaker, and the fact that her

niece was a Catholic and Reginald Wyndham a Protestant did not in the least interfere with her matrimonial intentions. Mixed marriages were often celebrated (and alas! that it should be so), her own had been one, and no harm could come to Mollie through it.

It was the night of the ball at the Abbey. Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Wyndham's aunt, had come down to chaperon it, and help to entertain the house-party assembled. The magnificent house was at its best; great banks of flowers, interspersed with ferns and palms, were here and there, trailing foliage clung to the



HE WATCHED HER AS SHE MOVED AMONG
THE DANCERS.

balustrades of the great marble staircase. The conservatories were illuminated, fairy-lights shone, and pretty cool nooks were everywhere. Lord Wyndham was delighted; his face was radiant, his eyes full of light as he went among his guests, outwardly at his ease, inwardly anxiously and expectantly watching Miss Tremain. Ere morning dawned he would be the happiest or most unhappy of men, for to-night he would put his fate to the test, offer his heart, his life, his wealth to the girl he loved.

He watched her as she moved among the dancers, a perfect vision of loveliness, clad in purest white; the spotless gown she wore was not fairer or purer than her innocent girlish soul, as she laughed and danced among that brilliant throng, a creature fair, all doing with a noble aim.

The moment came at last which he had longed for. She was his partner, and after a few turns round the room, he led her to one of the conservatories. The soft strains of a Strauss waltz floated to their ears, the sweet perfume of flowers scented the air, as Reginald Wyndham sat there by the girl he desired for his guide through life.

"Your ball is a great success, Lord Wyndham," Mollie said, as she played with her fan.

"I am delighted you think so, Miss Tremain; it was time for an old traveller like me to return and throw open the Abbey again. When my father was alive he lived principally here, and this house was renowned for its hospitality. But I was a sad delinquent, closed it up, and sojourned nearly always abroad. Now, however, I must redeem the old name and customs, and try to be my good father's worthy successor."

"You are right. Irish landowners are too fond of residing away from their own country and property; and consequently are ignorant of their tenants' trials and wants. Such a beautiful home as this should never be closed, but always open to good air and sunshine; it is a place eminently suited for entertaining."

"Mollie," he said gently, "make it your home. I love you with the truest love a man can give. I have never loved before; it is new and sweet to me. Mollie, could you love me?"

The fair young face blushed warmly, and bent over the flower in her hand, but no answer came.

"I love you," he went on, "and wish to make you mistress here; to place you at the head of the home I have grown to love so well. Oh! Mollie, dear little Mollie, have you no love to give me?"

"Yes," she whispered, her face aglow with this strange, sweet happiness which had come to her. For a few moments she was the happiest of women, and then—a feeling well nigh to despair stole over her. The bright dream was shattered, and a dark veil shrouded her heart. Love had come unawares to her, "like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought." She had reached the height of happiness, but a barrier now stood between them, which some would unheedingly climb, but which to her was an insurmountable obstacle.



REGINALD WYNDHAM SAT THERE BY THE GIRL.

She raised her face, drawn and lined with pain, to the man beside her.

Struck by the sudden change, Lord Wyndham cried, "What is it?"

"I have acknowledged my love for you," she answered, and trembled at the love-light in his eyes; "yes, it lives and burns, but, but—Lord Wyndham there can never be a marriage between us."

"No marriage!"

"Yes, no marriage. To you it may seem a paltry reason, but to me it is a powerful one; we are not of the same Faith, and I resolved long ago that I should never marry a Protestant."

A look of relief passed over his face.

"But that is nothing. I will not in-

terfere with the practice of your religion. We can each go the path we think right, and mixed marriages are an every day occurrence."

"Ah, yes, I know. But, much as I love you, and desire to share your life, and your joys and your sorrows, my religion comes first in all my life and thoughts, and consequently I can never marry you."

The band had ceased playing, and laughing women and jesting men wandered through the rooms and corridors and conservatories, and as several entered the one where Lord Wyndham and his partner were, they were obliged to become silent on the subject dearest to them. The host went among his guests, a shadow on his face which had not previously been there; but hope lived in his heart, for must not Love conquer.

And Mollie? Men crowded round her, craving for a dance, or even happy to be near her, but she was "distracted" and silent. She stood on sorrow's threshold, her skies were clouded and dark, and while men and women were laughing and dancing near her, a silent cry went up to heaven for mercy, and a wounded heart turned to the Heavenly Mother for help.

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"Such utter nonsense," angrily exclaimed Mrs. Carnegie, "for a mere whim to reject the best catch of the year. Why, there are lots of girls possessing both wealth and beauty who would be delighted to be Reginald Wyndham's wife, and you have been mad enough to refuse him! What is it you want? A Royal personage, I suppose!"

Mollie smiled at her aunt's indignation.

"No, auntie, I have no high aspirations whatever. If I marry it does not matter whether my husband has wealth or high position, so as I love him."

"Very romantic notions, indeed. And Lord Wyndham, I suppose, is not a man to inspire love?"

"On the contrary, Auntie; he is so good and noble as to be worthy of anyone's love. I love him, and would be proud to be the wife of such a good man, but for the barrier which, as I have already told you, separates us."

"Stuff and nonsense. It's a barrier, an obstacle very easily removed, and you and your husband could go your respective ways, and not interfere with one another's religion. James and I never interfered with one another, and our marriage was happy enough."

"All the same, nothing will ever induce me to marry a Protestant. I resolved when leaving school never to marry anyone, unless he were a good Catholic, and with God's help I will keep my word."

"Very well, my dear; I have done my best for you, urged you to accept Lord Wyndham for your own sake and welfare, but without success. Perhaps what I have now to tell you will show you the case in a different light, and for your father's sake, you may change that very obstinate mind of yours. Marry Lord Wyndham, and wealth, with its many attractions, will be yours; Glenwood your father's, and after his death your own. Reject him, and you will soon be well-nigh penniless, for Glenwood is deeply mortgaged."

Mollie staggered, and her face assumed an ashen hue.

"Glenwood mortgaged, and my father so wealthy!"

"Yes; your father was once a very wealthy man, but he invested badly. The company collapsed, and repeated losses have nearly beggared him; unless the loan is repaid within eight months, Glenwood will be sold. It is within your power to save your old home, so think well over it, and if not for your own sake, at least for your father's, I trust you will give Lord Wyndham a different answer to the one you gave last night."

Mrs. Carnegie was a hard-hearted woman. Gold was her idol. In her youth

she had idolized it, and sacrificed her happiness to it, and now she would sell her niece's life, and happiness, too; aye, and her own soul, as well, for gold. She was indignant at Mollie's rejection of such an offer, and to force her to accept it, had made that very exaggerated statement of Mr. Tremaine's losses. Now, as she went from her niece's room, she laughed softly to herself, for she had put the last straw on the camel's back, laid an overpowering load on the girl's shoulders, under which she would surely tremble and fall, for the load was heavy and the back weak. But she did not know that the Heavenly Father tenderly watched over His children, and would help His faithful soldier to carry her cross, and when the burden seemed heaviest He would ease it, and bless the wounds it had made, for has He not said, "Come unto me all you that are burdened, and I will refresh you."

CHAPTER IV.

"To know how to suffer is to be well advanced in virtue."

Mme De Maintenon.

HUMAN creatures are apt to rebel and grumble when crosses are laid upon them, when sorrows and trials and difficulties appear on their road, and make it a rugged way; they close their eyes and never seem to realize that it is Christ's most loved and faithful children who usually suffer most, that He gives them heavy crosses to carry, to test their love and spiritual strength.

When two travellers arrive at a friend's house is it not the one who is the more weary and footsore that is first attended to, and the more love and care shown to? And if this is so on earth, if this care and attention is shown by earthly beings, what must it be in the Heavenly home, where the Jesus who suffered and died on a cross for us, awaits us, and will lift the cross from our shoulders, giving the weary rest and eternal bliss?

Mollie Tremaine was one of those who turn to Jesus and Mary first, in all their troubles: and when sorrow's heavy cross was laid upon her, and an embittered chalice held to her lips, she went to the foot of the cross. She knew "Gethsemane's Garden was this side of Olivet," and as Jesus had cried to His Heavenly Father during the bitter agony in the Garden of Sorrows, so she now turned and pleaded to Him for help.

A great temptation was before her. She dearly loved her father; she loved Reginald Wyndham; she loved Glenwood, the grand old home of the Tremaines, where she had been born and her young mother died. She loved every stick and stone of her home, the splendid gardens and terraces, the river, the great trees, centuries old—should she sacrifice all, crush the sweetness of love out of her life, and condemn her father to a poor home, and an unhappy life?

The sunshine had gone from her life; anxiety and uncertainty reigned in her home. Lord Wyndham had gone to London, and shadows were over all things. For hours each day she knelt before Our Lady's altar, offering roses of prayer, and imploring help from the Mother whose child she truly was. Gradually calmness stole into her soul, sighs of loving resignation to God's will ascended to heaven, and love for the crucified Christ conquered. At the foot of the Cross, she knelt and put from her all thoughts of earthly happiness; her soul was God's, to do with as He wished, and purified, unstained, she surrendered it to Him.

When night is darkest dawn is near, and one afternoon Mollie knelt in her usual place at the flower-decked altar of Mary in the village church. Her brown rosary was in her hands, her lips moved in prayer. The sunshine stole into the building, and gilded the head of Mary's child—it smiled on the figure of a man as he entered, watched him as he reverently genuflected before the Prisoner of Love and then

softly approached Mary's shrine. . . . A few moments later as the couple walked up the avenue to Glenwood, Reginald Wyndham told Mollie news which made her cheeks burn with happiness, and her heart return thanks to the Queen of Heaven. He had been three months absent in London, and during that time had been received into the Holy Catholic Church.

"I always had the deepest reverence for your faith and piety, darling, and believed that there must be something very beauti-



REGINALD ACCOSTED MOLLIE AS SHE LEFT THE CHURCH.

ful and true in your religion. You loved it so much, it was the key-note of your life. Little by little it crept into my soul that I should like to learn something of it, and I read several books on the subject. I went to my London house, studied under a holy priest, and the day before yesterday was received into the one True Church. It was for no earthly reason that I changed my religion, and entered your Church, but for God and my soul's sake. I believed in all your Holy Church taught, believed in all its doctrines, and have passed the gate which opens to us the true and right road to eternal life. And

now that God has conquered and saved me, that the only obstacle to our marriage has disappeared, you will, I trust, give me a different answer?"

And as they walked through Glenwood's beautiful grounds, plighted lovers now, and watched the sunshine gild the house, and lie golden on the greensward, Mollie Tremaine, from the inmost depths of her heart, thanked God that He had given her back a hundredfold happiness and all she most prized on earth, given her back her happiness, which she had laid at the Saviour's feet rather than grieve Him.

When autumn winds were softly whispering through the trees, rich in their gold and russet glory, when the fruit hung ripe and the golden grain fell beneath the reaper's sickle, they were married. Over the blue waters of the Mediterranean they sailed, 'neath Italian skies, to Rome, where Christ's Vicar on earth dwells, and there the Holy Father blessed his two spiritual children, and sent them happy and courageous on their new road through life.

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A few months later another wedding was celebrated, and this time Agnes Car-

negie was united to her Heavenly Spouse. She loved the world, and many of its enticing attractions, but above all she dearly loved her Saviour, and wishing to know Him better, to please Him more perfectly, to work solely for Him, she abandoned the world and gave herself entirely to Him. In His Divine service she laboured, lovingly and cheerfully, seeing in all things her Spouse's will, and dressing the wounds of Christ's suffering children as lovingly and willingly as the Magdalen poured the ointment on His Sacred feet. In the long wards of the hospital, where many are enduring great pain, and, perhaps, only just awaiting the call home, she speaks words of comfort and hope, and wherever duty presses heaviest, or dangers threaten, Sister Mary Catherine is sure to be seen.

Each had their way to go, one in the Master's service, the other in the world of fashion, but the latter, by her good and God-fearing life, was daily more closely approaching Christ; and He, Whom she had always loved and trusted, would help her through life's autumn and wintertide, as He had watched and guided her when she stood and trembled on "Life's Threshold."



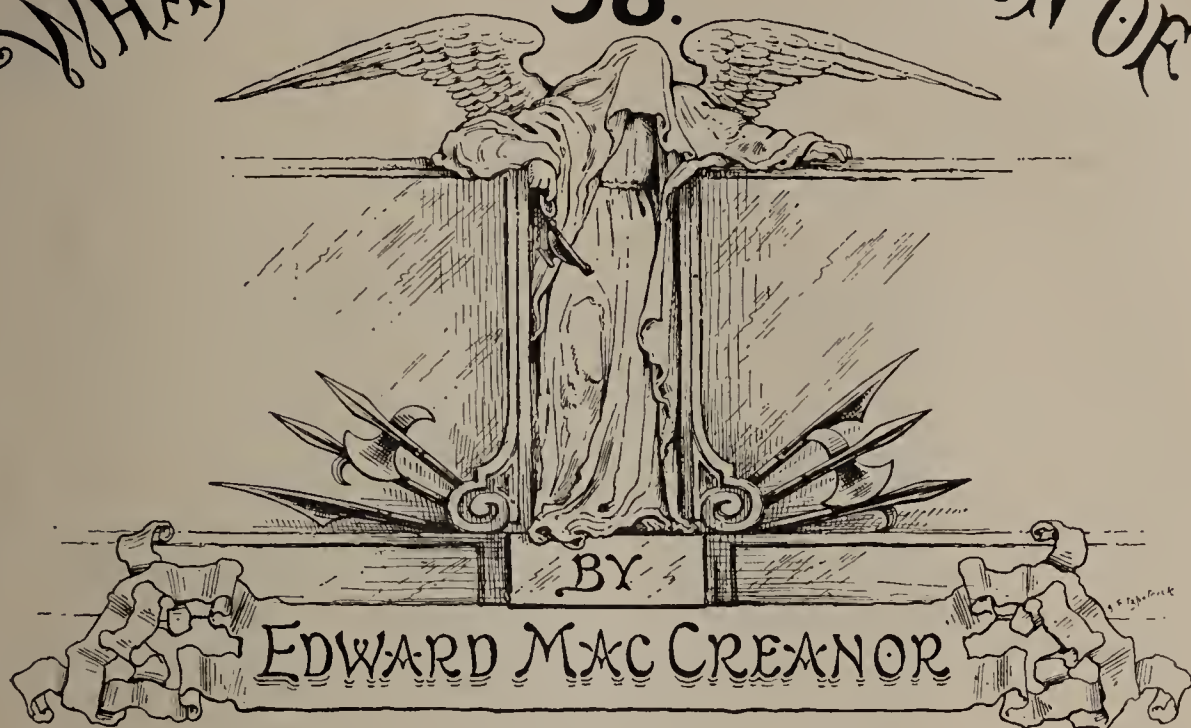
The Visitation.

SERENELY fair the Maid of Nazareth,
 Like dove in flight, pursues her
 upward way,
 To where the low hills make the distance grey,
 And 'mid their greenness waits Elizabeth,
 Expectant of her coming whose sweet
 breath
 Such wonder-words into her ear shall
 say
 As turn world-darkened to eternal day,
 And ring with silver peal the knell of death.

Now when the sun his path of fire has
 trod,
 And lengthening shadows strew the
 desert sand,
 Two women sit upon the green hill sod
 And talk of men down there who sin
 and weep,
 And walk despairing, and are sad
 in sleep,
 Unknowing yet Redemption is at hand!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

WHAT CAUSED THE REBELLION OF '98.



II.

THE English rulers in Ireland always carefully aimed at dividing the people, and then driving them into rebellion under special disadvantages.

In the beginning of 1790, a society called the "Whig Club" was formed at Belfast, the leading aim of which was the reform of Parliament, and to secure a fair representation of all classes and of all religious persuasions of the people.

The Hon. Robert Stewart (afterwards Lord Castlereagh) was one of the original members. Soon after its formation this club issued an address to the electors of Ireland, urging them "to exclude from the representative body the herd of slaves, who have dared to barter the dearest rights, and most essential interests of the people for their own private gain. To set aside that majority of the House of Commons returned by rotten boroughs, and Ministerial profligacy, with one hundred and four pensioned hirelings."

This club soon saw that they could not succeed in carrying the desired reforms without the aid of the Roman Catholics; so, during the summer of 1790, advances were made by the Protestants to the Catholics, who heartily joined in the common cause. This resulted in the establishment of the Society of United Irishmen in 1791. These were peaceable constitutional societies, with meetings and resolutions open to the public until the end of 1794.

Mr. Teeling, in his "Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion of 1798," states: "The Hon. Robert Stewart was a member of the illustrious band of Volunteers. He was also the personal friend of my father, who, at the most obstinate political contest for the representation of Down, in 1790, had spared neither purse nor exertion to aid his return. Strange that he, then Lord Castlereagh, should have become the Government tool to entrap his early political associates, first to prison, and afterwards to seek for evidence to convict them, by ransacking their dwellings! On the 16th of September, 1796, then in my eighteenth year, accompanying

my father on a short excursion, on horseback, we were met by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted us with his usual courtesy and politeness. We had proceeded up the street together, when having reached the house of his relative, the Marquis of Hertford, we were about to take leave of his Lordship. Said he, addressing my father, 'I regret that your son cannot accompany you,' conducting me at the same moment through the outer gate, which was instantly closed, and I found myself surrounded by a military guard! On remonstrance, my father was admitted, who firmly inquired the cause of my arrest. 'High treason,' replied his Lordship. The interview was short, my father was not permitted to remain. I was imprisoned in a front room for some hours, where the people assembled under my window and demanded to see me.

"I spoke to the crowd, and firmly exhorted them to peaceful and orderly demeanour. After this I was removed to a remote apartment and excluded from all intercourse, save with the sentinels on guard.

"In the evening Lord Castlereagh returned. He expressed his regret, that in his absence I had been subjected to the painful restraint of an additional guard within my apartment.

"A slight repast had been prepared, of which he pressed me to partake with him. The wine was generous, and his Lordship polite. He informed me that they had made some important arrests during the day. He mentioned Nelson and Russell.

"I asked him about the intentions of the Government towards me and my fellow prisoners. He replied: 'You will be immediately conducted to the capital, where his Excellency and Council will decide the rest.'

"The guard was now announced. I noticed nine carriages besides mine. The escort that conducted me had received orders to lead. The people looked wist-

fully on the prisoners, then a burst of national feeling broke from the crowd, and hats waved in the air. I waved my hat, and cheered my countrymen in return.

"In the small towns through which we passed great anxiety was evinced to see and communicate with the prisoners, but the cavalry kept the people at a distance.

"It was midnight when we arrived at the town of Newry. The prisoners wanted refreshment, but none was allowed them. The young and lovely daughters of the hotelkeeper hastened to present us with refreshments, but the guards refused them admission within their lines. Two of these interesting girls approached my carriage, which they could only effect by the hazardous expedient of passing under the cavalry horses, which evinced more gentleness than their riders. They extended their arms with difficulty, and pressed me to partake of the refreshments which they presented."

The Volunteers had been extinguished by proclamation dated 11th of March, 1793, and attendance at public meetings had now (1794) become dangerous. This difficulty and danger of holding or attending public meetings, with an increase of atrocities, such as those above described by Lord Gosford, compelled the people to institute a system of secret associations. These, with the well diffused principles and successes of the French Revolution, and the brave resistance to oppression presented in the American Colonies, encouraged and superinduced republican tendencies, but it was the denial of constitutional rights to the people, with inveterate injustice and oppression that really produced this state of things in Ireland.

The suspension of the "Habeas Corpus," the Military and Drumhead Courts-Martial, and abundance of military violence succeeded. Repeated petitions of the most loyal description, to the Throne and Parliament, were unheeded.

The enlightened and benevolent Earl of Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings) anticipated the consequence that must result from the atrocities exercised by the Army on the Irish people. He detailed those atrocities, in November, 1793, before the British House of Peers, in lan-

made another effort to stay the evils that awaited his unhappy country, and in the Irish House of Lords proposed an Address to the Viceroy, recommending the adoption of conciliatory measures, as the extraordinary powers with which Parliament had invested him, had failed. The



LORD MOIRA, AFTERWARDS MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

guage that did honour to his heart, and he pledged himself to the proof. He loved the land of his birth, he respected the Monarch, he desired to unite the stability of the Throne with the rights of the subject, and moved an Address imploring his Majesty to conciliate the affections of the Irish people. His motion was rejected.

Again in February, 1798, the same Earl

motion of the noble lord was not more successful in the Irish than in the British House of Peers.

In Kildare, Wicklow, and other countries, the army distributed through the country "in free quarters" indulged in all the excesses of which a licentious soldiery are capable. Numbers then perished under the lash, many were strangled in the

very bosom of their families, for the wanton amusement of brutal marauders. The torture and pitchcap formed a subject of amusement for both officers and men, the agonies of the unfortunate victims under the blaze of the inflammable materials, were increased by the yells of the soldiers, and the pricking of bayonets, until the sufferings of the tortured victims were terminated by death.

This barbarous system of torture was practised at Beresford's riding house, Sandy's provost, the old Custom house, and other depots of human misery in the capital, under the very eye of the Executive. Out of the many scenes of inhuman torture witnessed at the time I select one enacted in Drogheda, as a fair sample of the rest.

In the spring of 1798, an honest, upright citizen of Drogheda, a man of unimpeachable moral character, named Bergen, was tortured to death, in daylight, in the most public street of the town. He was seized by those vampires, stripped of his clothes, placed in a horizontal position on a cart, and torn with the "cat-o'-nine-tails" long after the vital spark was extinct. The alleged pretence for this murder was, that a small gold ring had been discovered on his finger, bearing a national emblem—the Shamrock!!!

Life, liberty, and property were not worth the purchase of one hour. In the "domiciliary visits," and forcible entry into the peaceful mansion at the hours of domestic repose, every rule of decorum, and every feeling of delicacy was outraged; and the high-minded female, in humble or exalted life, was not permitted a moment's indulgence for attiring her person, as Christian decency demanded. In continuation of the paragraphs already quoted, Mr. Teeling states: "I met the veteran Baron Hussey in this reign of terror. He had been reared in camps, he had fought the sanguinary Cossack, he had been the

captive of the barbarous Turk, he had lived familiar with scenes of desolation and death; and he declared to me on the faith of a Christian and the honour of a soldier that he had never before witnessed such horrors. 'No man,' said he, 'dare impeach my loyalty, or question my respect for the Throne, but ere I consent to receive those ruffians within my walls, to destroy my property and pollute the sanctuary of my dwelling, I will die on my threshold with arms in my hands, and my body shall oppose a barrier to their entrance.'

On the 30th of March, 1798, by Proclamation of the Viceroy, all Ireland was put under Martial Law, and officially declared to be in a state of rebellion. In this Proclamation the Military were directed to "use the most summary method" of repressing disturbances.

Sir Ralph Abercromby, after the publication of his general orders, from the knowledge he had acquired in his general view of the country, endeavoured, in vain, to impress on the minds of those in power, that coercive measures to the extent determined on, were by no means necessary in Ireland. Unwilling to tarnish his military fame, or risk the loss of humane and manly character, by leading troops to scenes of cold-blooded slaughter and desolation, sooner than sanction by his presence proceedings so abhorrent to his nature, he resigned the chief command of the army in Ireland, on the 29th of April, 1798.

From Hay's History of the Rebellion of 1798, I quote the following:—"The Orange system made no public appearance in County Wexford, until the beginning of April, 1798, on the arrival there of the North Cork Militia, commanded by Lord Kingsborough. In this regiment there were many Orangemen, who triumphantly exhibited their medals and Orange ribbons pendant from their bosoms.

"Previous to this it is believed there

were very few Orangemen in the county. This regiment were the introducers also of the pitchcap torture at Wexford, and they kept a supply of these caps at the guard house. A sergeant of the North Cork regiment, nicknamed 'Tom the Devil,' was most ingenious in devising new modes of torture. Moistened gunpowder was frequently rubbed into the close-cut hair, and then set on fire. When shearing the hair, some had the tips of their ears snipt off, sometimes a whole ear, and frequently both ears. Some lost part of the nose during this preparation, in order to make them more complete croppies. These atrocities were publicly practised, without the least reserve, in open day, and no magistrate or officer ever interfered, but shamefully connived at this extraordinary mode of quieting the people.

"Females were subjected to the grossest insults from these military ruffians. Many women had all parts of their dress torn off that exhibited a shade of green, and their ears were assailed with the most indecent ribaldry."

In 1798, and, in many places, for several years after, it was no easy undertaking for the Catholics to attend Mass on Sundays and Holidays, and to enjoy a safe arrival at home again. They dare not go in numbers, nor by the ordinary roads or public paths to the chapel, cave, rock, or station-place where Mass was offered, but by circuitous and unsuspected routes, and at varying hours, to avoid waylaying or battery. There was much personal danger for Catholics in many localities to attend market, fair, or funeral, or any public meeting. This desperate state of existence drove many Catholics into the ranks of the Freemasons for the purpose of securing some protection.

The examples of injustice, tyranny, intolerable oppression, transportation without trial, and coldblooded butchery of the people, set down and alluded to in the foregoing pages, represent only a mere

fraction of similar facts that might easily be quoted; but they are sufficient, I think, to show that the Irish people "were goaded into the rebellion of 1798."

Considering the unparalleled tortures of the Irish people in 1798 and the previous years, independent of the wrongs, sufferings, and inhuman persecution so long endured under English rule, it is satisfactory to think that the Massacre of Scullabogue is nearly the only real blot on the escutcheon of the Insurgents. Respecting Scullabogue, Hay states in his History:—"It appears from the solemn evidence given on these trials respecting the Massacre: That in consequence of the Insurgents' flag of truce being shot, and the fugitives from the town communicating accounts of the tortures practised there, that no quarter would be given to the people, an infuriated multitude of men and women rushed to Scullabogue, vociferating revenge, forced the guards (who did all in their power to protect their charge), and set fire to the prison, which was a thatched barn—about 35 by 15 feet, and about eighty prisoners. For this transaction General Johnson has not escaped animadversion, as he was repeatedly warned to spare the people, or they would resort to retaliation.

"Nothing can excuse the commission of such a Massacre, but as a crime charged on the public, it is palliated considerably by the fact, that none but the lowest description of the people took part in it."

To counteract the persistent report of religious intolerance being the cause of this foul deed, it must be stated, that of the eighty sufferers, fifteen or sixteen were Roman Catholics, and that only two Protestants and one Catholic escaped.

While the Government were ever devoid of constitutional justice or a spark of conciliation to the people, save from compulsion, or for effecting some crafty design, the army was merciless and inhuman. Not so the Irish towards them,

when on many occasions the Irish were victors. Take a case that occurred at the Battle of Antrim—Hope's division, called by M'Cracken, the Commander, "The Spartan Band," after they drove off their assailants, surrounded a small detachment of cavalry. This detachment considered their destruction inevitable, but the generosity of Captain Hope triumphed over every feeling of hostility or revenge. "Go," said he, "your numbers are too few for the sacrifice—join your comrades, and tell them that the army of the Union feels no triumph in the destruction of the defenceless and the weak."

Another instance of Irish noble generosity, even supposing that it is not what Bagenal would have done in a similar case.—At Ballinahinch, on the night of the 12th June, 1798, a large body of troops, under General Nugent's command, entered the town, and giving loose reins to pillage and excess, brutal intoxication ensued, and discipline was sunk in licentiousness. The United troops were then resting on their arms on the neighbouring Hill of Ednavady. A friendly messenger arrived at the camp with information of the unguarded state of the town and troops, and suggested an immediate attack. A council of war was held. All declared for immediate action—the Commander, Monroe, alone opposed it, though his supply of ammunition was insufficient for to-morrow, and a night attack required only the pike and bayonet.

"We scorn," said the Commander, "to avail ourselves of the ungenerous advantage that night affords,—we will meet them in the blush of day,—we will fight them like men,—not under the cloud of night, but under the first rays of to-morrow's sun." This was brave language, perhaps more chivalric than judicious. It was, however, the expression of a generous, or over generous heart under the circumstances. It was not the first occasion on which.

"A generous error lost the land."

Neither was it the first occasion in Ireland on which

"Pity touched a chieftain's breast."

Generosity and pity are Christian attributes, and as such, may they ever find a place on the National Crest of our dear old land.

Generous acts on the part of United Irishmen, or of Catholic clergymen, produced no corresponding good act or feeling on the part of the Government and their military butchers, who hanged, bayoneted, or shot down defenceless and innocent persons whenever they found a safe or favourable opportunity. It is but justice to state, that Orangemen in many individual cases protected, or shunted off danger and injury from, their Catholic neighbours.

As soon as the military caught M'Cracken, the county Antrim leader, they hanged and beheaded him in the most public place in Belfast, and there left his head fixed on a pike, exposed to the public gaze for several weeks.

In like manner, Monroe, the Down leader, when captured soon after the Battle of Ballinahinch, was brought to the front of his own house in Lisburn, then occupied by his mother, and wife, and sister, and there publicly hanged and beheaded. His head was then fixed on a pike, and so placed on the market house that it could be well seen by the public, and from the windows of his house. The merciless treatment of the people of Down and Antrim and Wexford, represented, with occasional distinctions in degree, the treatment of all Ireland.

Though those risings in arms failed, and brought Ireland to a lower depth of misery, it must be remembered that the failure was not owing to want of the most heroic bravery and devoted nationality on the part of the United Irishmen, in Council or on the battlefield. The United army, it is well known, consisted of raw, scattered, and comparatively undisciplined and poorly trained levies, with only

a nominal force of cavalry or artillery, and barely a sprinkling of muskets, while a commissariat and other adjuncts were scarcely thought of, or possible. Under the circumstances the United Army had no fair chance of success in face of the perfectly equipped forces of England, containing many veterans.

Their soldierly exploits, and wonderful successes, under all their unequal circumstances and adversity demand and deserve from the Ireland of the present and the Ireland of the future, the grateful and

devoted remembrance so forcibly expressed by one of our lately departed poets in the following lines:—

“ Let all remember '98 that hour of Ireland's
woes ;—
When rapine red the land o'erspread, and flames
of roof-trees rose ;
When pity shrieked, and ruffians wreak'd their
deadly demon hate,
And gibbets groaned, and widows moaned, in
fatal '98.
When memory dear shall cease to tear for
those that tyrants crush'd,
May life depart our ingrate heart, our craven
tongue be hush'd ”



A Favour of our Queen.

THE following edifying incident is related by a Jesuit missionary in Western Bengal. The village of Manapadam, in the midst of a country entirely pagan, contains only a few Catholics, but they are faithful servants of God, and His Holy Mother has a modest chapel amongst them. For a long time not a drop of rain had fallen throughout the whole territory; the drought was extreme, and the crops were everywhere in danger of being destroyed. The Indians had employed all their superstitious practices, but in vain: the heavens remained closed, and the earth parched. Finally they resolved on a last supreme effort. They were in doubt as to which of their divinities they should appeal to in this extreme need, but after some hesitation they resolved to let chance decide the matter. They took eleven palm leaves, on each of which they wrote the name of one of their principal divinities. Some Indians proposed that another leaf should be added, bearing the name of Mary, the advocate of the Christians, and the suggestion was acted upon at once. A great fire was kindled in the public square, and in presence of all the people the twelve

leaves were thrown into it, all declaring that they would invoke the divinity whose name was respected by the flames. Scarcely had the leaves been cast into the fire when they were reduced to ashes. One only remained untouched in the midst of the flames—that whereon the sacred name of God's Mother was written. Doubt was impossible, and the Indians felt that they were bound to invoke Mary. So they set out at once for the little chapel of Our Lady, exclaiming as they went: “ There is no other God but the God of the Christians, and His Mother is all-powerful ! ” And they all united in calling upon her in their own peculiar way. These homages pleased the Holy Virgin. Hardly had the Indians left the chapel when the sky was covered with clouds, and an abundant rain fell to water the parched crops. But Mary did more than this: she poured the dew of Divine grace on those sterile hearts, and a great number of pagans were subsequently converted. The leaf bearing the name of Our Lady, which was miraculously preserved from the flames, is still kept in the modest little chapel at Manapadam.



Dan's Friend.

By ADA C. JOHNSTON,

BALLYKILBEG.

GENTLEMAN DAN, as his schoolfellows called him, because of his weakness for collars innocent of ink, and hands perceptibly washed, had no chum till Joe Clayton, in some play-ground dispute, made unflattering, though purely fanciful allusion to Dan's mother.

The result was a pitched battle, in which clothes and countenances suffered considerably; and after which a Ragamuffin Dan walked away arm-in-arm with his thenceforth inseparable comrade, their little bosoms swelling with the consciousness of a well-fought fight.

Fortunately for their schoolmaster's peace of mind, the boys' friendship began only a few days before their school days ended.

Soon after, they were entered as clerks, one in a city library, the other in a brewery near by.

Together they gained their experience of life, and Dan's innate purity of mind, did much to restrain his less fastidious friend from the coarser forms of pleasure.

Together they discussed social and religious, literary and political questions.

Their views differed widely, and they argued hotly; but when downright rupture seemed imminent, Clayton would say solemnly to himself, "Hold your tongue,

Becket; hold your tongue," and the disagreement was forgotten in simultaneous laughter.

Becket was his second name, and Mrs. Clayton used to say he had this habit of self-admonition from childhood.

But whether the phrase had been used towards him, and had stuck in his memory, or whether he had evolved it from his inner consciousness she did not know.

When it was possible, the two lads arranged to have their annual leave together.

One July they hired a boat for a week and went up the river.

Joe signaled himself the first morning by diving into about eighteen inches of water, deceived by the apparent depth, and removing portions of cuticle from his nose downwards to his waist.

From a safe distance Dan remarked that his friend's prominent feature was now literally a sore point; Clayton was sensitive on the subject, from the fact that, his nose inclining to the hebraic type, and his legs being slightly bandy, obliging him to wear rather wide unmentionables, his office mates used to make mysterious allusions to the sacks which Joseph fetched out of Egypt.

His particularly light and springy step was also caused by the hardly noticeable curve of his muscular limbs.

The second day on the river was wet,

and most of it was spent in a little inn, where a party of adults, apparently in possession of their senses, entertained themselves by standing round a table and blowing a tissue-paper butterfly to and fro across it, and by eating cherries, stalks first.

The third day Joe's sore point being less visible a grievance, they rowed up to where a little regatta was being held, and meeting a couple of lady friends, they went on shore to lunch together. Clayton, in making his way along the crowded bank, trod on and tore the lace on his fair companion's skirt. Manifestly annoyed, he apologised energetically, but the girl, wishing to reassure him, protested that the lace was of no value.

"It's not tearing the lace that worries," he said emphatically; "its being such a clumsy fool."

The next day proved so warm that, paddling up a backwater, they moored the boat, letting her swing under the overhanging branches, and stretching themselves lazily in the bottom.

The rippling waters seemed to deepen and echo Dan's baritone as he sang

"If this be vanity, who'd be wise?
Vanity let it be."

Clayton began to talk of the future, planning it, as if of necessity it included both their happy lives, and no others.

Dreaming happily, they were unconscious that the boat had slipped her moorings, and was drifting out mid-stream.

A little steam launch, careering round

a bend in the river, whistled in vain: in one instant of time her bow had struck the frail craft.

That instant of time, however, sufficed for Joe to fling himself across his friend, so that his chest covered Dan's head.

When they were dragged out of the water, a few moments later, Dan was unhurt, but Joe was dying.

A medical man among the pleasure-party on board the launch, did what little could be done.

Dan, his grey eyes fixed, his face steady, knelt by his friend, both alike heedless of dripping clothes, and of the sympathetic onlookers.

Twice Joe groaned, then checked himself sharply. "Hold your tongue, Becket; hold your tongue," he said faintly, and even then as his eyes met Dan's, they both smiled. Then Joe lay still, looking up at the blue summer sky; his lips moving, but making no sound, while the men standing round took off their hats, and the women sobbed.

Presently, powerless to raise his hands, he looked again at Dan, who made the sign of the cross, and said softly, but distinctly, "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Two words Joe uttered clearly, the name of the God Man Who laid down His life for His friends, and the name of His Virgin Mother.

And then Joseph Becket Clayton learned the only thing worth knowing.





The Perpetual Rosary.

ITS INSTITUTION

P RAYER on earth is the echo of the voice of the vast assemblage of the redeemed in heaven who, without ceasing, praise and honour God. The more continuous our prayer is, the nearer does it approach this employment of the Blessed. The design of the Perpetual Rosary, as its name implies, is to imitate the Blessed, by honouring God and the Virgin Mary every hour of the day and night through the recitation of the Rosary, by means of organised association. This idea was conceived in the seventeenth century by a celebrated preacher of the Dominican family, Father Timothy Ricci, who soon found means to give it practical shape. Pope Alexander VII., in the year 1656, approved of the Association of the Perpetual Rosary as planned by Father Ricci and enriched it with indulgences. Within ten years of its institution this devotion was practised not only in Rome and the rest of Europe, but also in countries beyond the boundaries of this continent. This devout and salutary exercise produced great spiritual fruit, as appears from documents preserved in the archives of the Dominican Order. From the time of Alexander several Supreme Pontiffs, following his example, have given their approbation to this pious Association and

have renewed the indulgences which he granted to its members. These indulgences Pius VII. in the year 1808, granted for ever, which his predecessors granted only for a time.

ITS ORGANISATION.

As the object of the Association is to secure the recitation of the Rosary of Mary day and night without interruption, this end is gained by a simple arrangement of giving to a member a fixed hour each month for prayer, and by securing as many members as there are hours in the month; that is, for the month of 31 days, $24 \times 31 = 744$. The organisation of the Perpetual Rosary, therefore, is worked on the following plan.

As approved by Pope Pius IX. the Association consists of sections and divisions. This is the new or modern form. There is an ancient form which is still observed in several parts of the world, and may be introduced where the Association has not yet been established. For the sake of clearness all that is said of its organisation in this article must be understood of the new form. Each Section, or daily sodality, as it is called, is composed of at least twenty-four associates, to each of whom one hour of the day or night is assigned by the Prefect of the Section, who himself is one of the twenty-four associates. Each Division, or monthly

sodality, is made up of at least thirty-one Sections over which is placed a Prefect, styled Prefect of the Division, who is always one of the Prefects of the Sections which form the Division. All are subject to the Director of the Association, who must be a Religious of the Order of Preachers.

The Prefect of each Section is selected by the Prefect of the Division, but the final appointment rests with the Father Director. The Father Director himself selects and appoints the Prefect of the Division. The Prefect may admit a greater number than twenty-four to his Section, and when he does, several associates will have the same hour of the day or night assigned to them. In the same manner the Prefect of the Division may admit more than 31 sections into his Division, assigning the same day to several sections. When the month has only 30 days the section to which the 31st has been given for that month will discharge its duties on the day before. A similar arrangement is made in the month of February.

The duty of the Prefect of the section is to fill the vacancies caused among his associates by death or otherwise, and also to supply the list containing all the names to the Prefect of the Division, who will transmit it to the Father Director.

With the Director of each division it rests to select new Prefects of Sections when vacancies occur, the same as in the first instance, and to keep a list of all the members of his division, with a copy of which he supplies the Director, as has been just mentioned.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

As those only who have been legitimately received into the Confraternity of

the Most Sacred Rosary are capable of becoming associates of the Perpetual Rosary, the first step a person takes who desires to join the Association of the Perpetual Rosary is to become a member of the Rosary Confraternity if he is not one already. The next step is to be received as an associate of the Perpetual Rosary. For this nothing more is required than to give one's name to the Association of the Perpetual Rosary, wherever it exists under a legitimate Director. Though the name may be sent to any Association, for instance, to France or Belgium, it is more convenient in practice, and it is recommended, to give it to the Association that has been established nearest to the place where one lives.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

The duty of each associate is at the hour assigned to him to say the whole Rosary of fifteen decades once, meditating on the Mysteries. When the Rosary has been said the associate spends the rest of the time until the end of the hour in prayer, mental or vocal. The choice of prayers is left to himself. The hour may be spent anywhere, either in the church, or at home, or elsewhere, and both the Rosary and the other prayers may be said in any posture, sitting, or kneeling, or standing. Two or more associates, for a reasonable cause, may exchange their hour of prayer with one another, for the end of the Association is still in this case secured, namely, the uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary. An associate, if he is reasonably hindered, may, when he cannot get a fellow associate, employ anyone else to keep his hour for him, but the substitute does not gain the indulgences granted by Pope Pius IX., unless he likewise is an associate.

Book Notices.

The Franciscans in England, 1600-1850. Being an authentic account of the Second English Province of Friars Minor. By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company. 1898.

To all interested in the history of the Catholic Church in England, this historical work by Father Thaddeus will form a valuable adjunct, especially as a book of reference. He has done good work by rescuing from the obscurity of archives the leading facts relating to the lives of the noble and self-sacrificing Franciscan Fathers, who laboured for the Faith in England from the beginning of the seventeenth century till the middle of the present. This comprises the period of what is known as the Second Province of Friars Minor in England, the first having been suppressed under Henry VIII., and the third having been introduced from Belgium and formed in our own generation. The second Province was linked to the first, and the third to the second by two or three surviving members, and thus from the thirteenth century till our own times the Franciscan Order has always had representatives in England.

Father Thaddeus deserves well of his Order, and of the Catholic public, for having rescued from oblivion this portion of the history of his brethren in England.

Characteristics from the Writings of Nicholas, Cardinal Wiseman. Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates.

Father Bridgett deserves well of the Catholic public because of this, his latest, literary work.

The recent appearance of the Life of Cardinal Wiseman adds a fresh interest to the present volume, and insures for it a more earnest welcome than otherwise would have been its lot. Under the headings "Polemical," "Doctrinal," "Moral,"

"Devotional," "Miscellaneous," Father Bridgett has arranged a substantial book of three hundred pages, the reading of which will stimulate many, we trust, to a further study of the Cardinal's works. In this respect Father Bridgett has rendered a distinct service to the cause by the references which he has attached to each extract.

Among these brief essays, as we ought to term them, we found special satisfaction in reading the great prelate's thoughts on the Rosary and on Irish character.

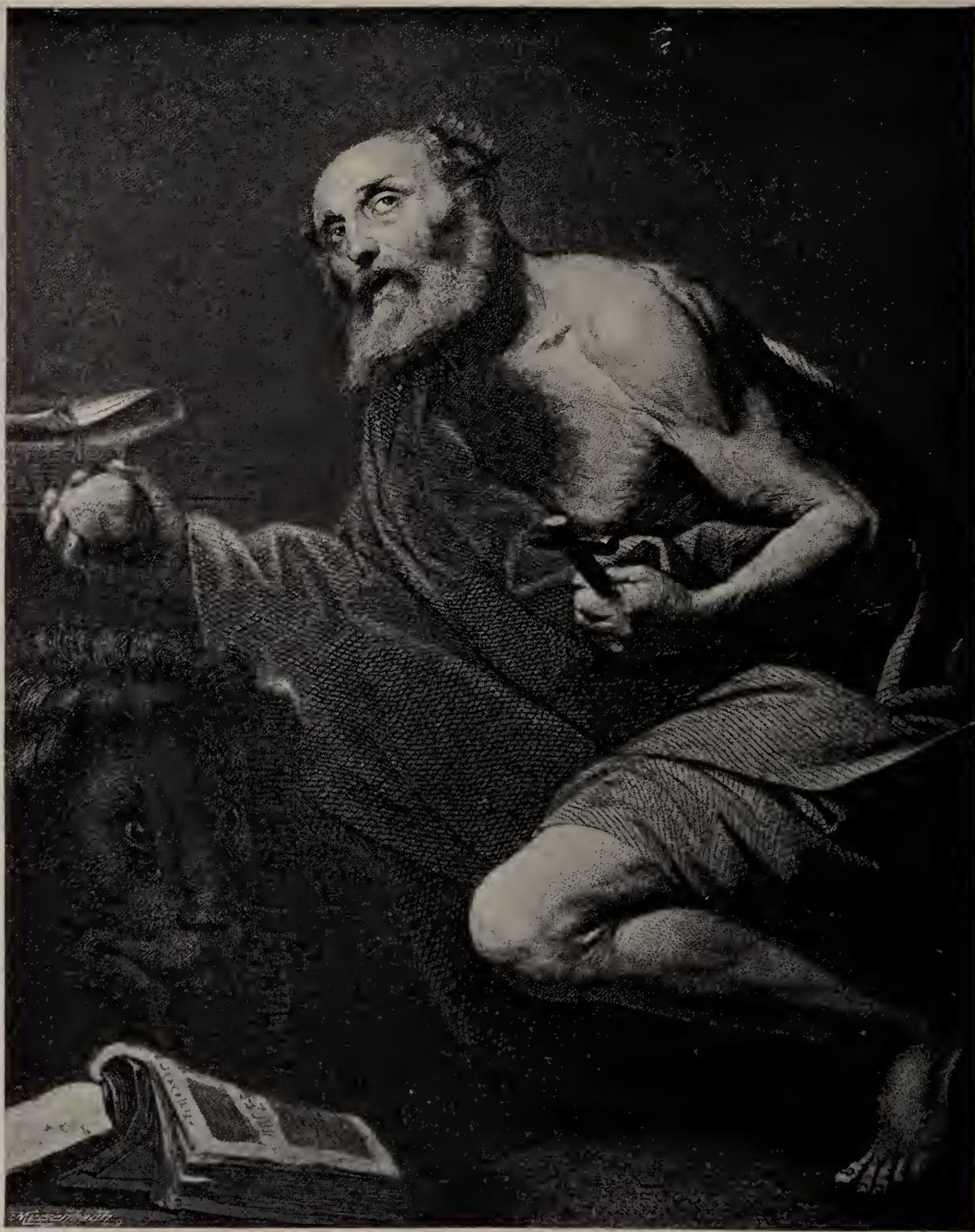
Benziger Bros., New York. Among other works received from this well-known firm, we notice the following:—

Sermons for the Children of Mary. Translated from the Italian, and revised by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

This volume contains a series of beautiful and instructive discourses. There is a charming freshness about them which will surely attract the reader. We have seen few books of this kind that are so instructive and at the same time so attractive. These Sermons will supply admirable spiritual reading for all, and will be welcomed by priests, who will find in them fulness of sound doctrine arrayed in the very best style.

Fabiola's Sisters. By A. C. Clarke.

Three editions in three weeks, is proof positive positive that this book has met with the approval of the Catholic public. The story deals with the Church of Carthage in the third century, and, as its name indicates, is intended to be a companion to Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola." The central figure is the youthful Christian widow, St. Perpetua. We can assure our readers that they will peruse this book with interest and edification, and will regret that there is not another volume.



ST. JEROME.

(From a painting by Ribera, in the Louvre, formerly in the Aguado Gallery.)



Vol. II., No. 8.—AUGUST, 1898.

Savonarola.

III.—HIS PREACHING AND PHOPHECIES.

THE *Tablet* having deplored what it considers a lack of proper guidance during the earlier years of Savonarola's life in the Dominican Order, goes on to speak of the failure of his first preaching at Ferrara and at Florence. Here we would point out that the *Tablet* errs in saying that he first preached in Ferrara in 1482.* He preached there in 1481 and at Florence in 1482.†

* We wish it to be understood that when we find fault with the *Tablet*, our remarks are not directed against the Journal itself, but against the writer of the articles in question. We think we can detect in them the same spirit that animates the *Civiltà Cattolica* regarding Savonarola, and that the writer is probably more closely connected with that Journal than with the *Tablet*.

† Cf. Villari, vol. I, p. 31, Italian ed.

We agree with the writer in some of his remarks on the preaching of Fra Mariano da Genazzano, in comparing it with that of Savonarola, but we are inclined to think he lays too much stress on their difference of style and delivery. It was not so much the difference of style as of the matter or substance of their preaching that made the one so popular and the other a comparative failure. If Fra Mariano succeeded in pleasing his audience it was not altogether because of his musical voice, his graceful gestures and his rounded periods. It was because that favourite of the Medici tickled the ears of his hearers with the word of man which he knew would not disturb their consciences, and took care to say little or nothing of the Word of God, and made no defence of the teachings of

the Gospel. Holy Scripture was banished from his discourses, and Platonic philosophy took its place, as mythology took the place of the truths of faith.

Savonarola knew that the Christian preacher ought to be the herald of the Word of God, that his book ought to be the Bible, which is the nutriment of Christian life.* His soul filled with holy indignation at seeing the Sacred Book left in the dust, and Christ crucified banished from the pulpit.

Within his convent he could easily have the first place given to the study of Holy Scripture, as ordered by the Dominican rule, and have the subtleties of Aristotelian and Platonic discussions laid aside. He could easily pour into the hearts of the novices that love, that holy enthusiasm for the Sacred Books with which he himself was animated: and they would listen to him with attention and reverence. But it is one thing to speak to a band of students in a religious community, and another to preach to a people like the Florentines. They were a cultured people, perhaps the most cultured in the world at the time, but with a culture quite different from that of the Friar, and they were accustomed to hear from the pulpit copious quotations from Pagan poets, and learned disquisitions of Pagan philosophy.

Savonarola was destined to be the Restorer of Sacred Eloquence in his time, not merely with regard to style or delivery, but chiefly, almost solely, with regard to the subject matter of the discourses. It was given to him to lead back Christian preaching to the true path from which it had strayed. And above all he was to restore to its place of honour that living and perennial fountain of Sacred Eloquence—the Holy Scripture.

This was no light task, for in order to

accomplish it he had to face the opposition and scorn of the savants of the time, and to create and foster a new taste among the people. It was necessary to put forward once more the teachings of our Holy Faith in some form or other, and the form or style he used at first was not such as the depraved taste of the Florentines desired. "Whether it was," says Marchese, "the newness of the office, and his manner in the pulpit, or the harshness of his Lombard accent, certain it is he was received with no great favour."

Who was this man, this uncultured rustic, who, in the lovely basilica of Brunelleschi, dared to mount the pulpit without a preparation of philosophy? No wonder they left him alone to preach to a few old women, for in a city such as Florence was at the end of the fifteenth century, it was impossible for a preacher to draw a large congregation without following the fashion, and pleasing the learned by expounding philosophy in the pulpit. For the Christian the Word of God is sufficient, but the world wants the word of man.

That paganizing and unbelieving Florence of the fifteenth century was as a prelude to the Florence and the Italy of to-day, in which rationalism finds its way even in among the masses of the people, so that preachers are often obliged to turn the pulpit into a school of polemics in order to place the teachings of faith and morality on a solid foundation in the minds of their hearers. If Savonarola did not at first see the necessity of this a few years' experience showed him it was needed, and he then began to fortify his teaching and explanations of the Holy Scriptures with philosophical arguments and illustrations. These instructions were afterwards published in an abridged form in his great work, "The Triumph of the Cross," which Lacordaire considered "the best defence of Christianity in modern times."

* See Luotto's work *Dello Studio della S. Scrittura secondo Savonarola e Leone XIII.*, p. 10.

This change in his method is what Savonarola referred to in that famous discourse of Low Sunday, 1496, in which, speaking on the Gospel of the day, which treats of the incredulity of Saint Thomas, he took occasion to refer to his early preaching and its failure to move the hearts of his hearers :

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the Gospel, first appeared to the disciples who believed with simplicity, then Saint Thomas saw Him ; he was the last to see Him, because he would not believe at once, but

world. . . . After that I began to make use of arguments, and to prove what I said by proofs drawn from reason and from Holy Scripture ; and I preached on faith and showed its nature and excellence by many arguments. And then "you touched the wounds." Since then I have always made use of this foundation in addressing myself to the wise ones of the world. I have felt in preaching to you that it was necessary first to put before your eyes this universe in which we live, and to show you that God exercises a certain provi-



CORTILE OF THE BARGELLO, FLORENCE.

wanted, as it were, to feel the faith with his hands. Florence, I think you remember when I began to preach to you, now several years ago. I commenced in a simple manner, without philosophy ; and you complained because I preached to you in that way. . . . The learned and the wise began then to attack my teaching. I was contradicted by poets, astrologers, philosophers, and the wise ones of the

dence over it ; then from these natural things I led on to supernatural things, and made you touch the wounds, and showed you the faith of Christ with much reasoning."

The *Tablet* says that "the application of such an incident in the Gospel to such a piece of personal experience is hardly, perhaps, in accordance with what would now be regarded as good taste," and it in-

vites its readers to judge whether or not "it involves some degree of egotism, or betrays some lack of humility." (Page 721.) As tastes vary according to time and place and people, we will pass over that reflection, but we cannot pass over the insinuation as to egotism and a lack of humility, for we think it quite unfounded and in no way justifiable. We have read and re-read the words, and studied them with closest attention, and have failed to detect in them, considering all the circumstances, even the slightest trace of egotism or lack of humility. If Savonarola were to be blamed for a simple declaration of the *modus operandi* of his efforts to lead the people to the faith and love of Christ, Saint Paul, too, would be blameworthy for telling the Thessalonians how he had worked for them, reminding them of his labour and toil, and how, working night and day, he preached among them the Gospel of God.

The *Tablet* invites us to study a more serious question when it comes to Savonarola's preaching of the future scourges and regeneration of the Church. It is correct in stating that it was in San Gemignano he announced for the first time the three famous propositions (1) that the Church of God was to be scourged, (2) then regenerated, and (3) this forthwith, and no doubt they made a deep impression on the minds of the people, but when it says that "twenty years later, when his voice had been silenced for ever, his rival, Fra Mariano, still retained a vivid recollection of the effects of his preaching at San Gemignano," it makes a slight misstatement. Father Ryder has already called attention to a similar misstatement, where the *Tablet* said that Saint Philip, when a boy, listened to Savonarola's preaching, whereas he was not born until 17 years after Savonarola's death. We are pleased to see that the writer acknowledges the correction.

This Fra Mariano who remembered the

sermons in San Gemignano is not the famous Fra Mariano da Genazzano the Augustinian, who was banished from Florence for conspiracy, but Fra Mariano da Firenze, a Franciscan, and the chronicler of Santa Croce, who died in Florence in 1523.*

That the Church of God needed regeneration, that everything cried out for reform and that that reform could come only by means of a baptism of blood could easily be seen. The *Tablet* says at page 721: "To anyone who had deeply pondered the lessons of the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and who believed in an overruling Providence and in the indefectibility of the Church, it could hardly fail to come home as a strong conviction that so much pride and luxury and oppression must needs bring its own nemesis, and that the Church must needs be purified by a baptism of fire."

Savonarola felt—he had within him the sincere conviction—that he was sent by God to preach this impending scourge, to announce this baptism of fire. "And it was not only the ignorant and common people," says Marchese, "that recognized in him this character, but the illustrious men of the time, such as Pico, Ficino, Benivieni, Nardi, and Cambi; and in all his writings he himself lays claim to this supernal mission." Everyone who knows anything of Florence and its paintings knows that Fra Bartolommeo della Porta put this inscription on his famous portrait of Savonarola: *Hieronymi Ferrariensis a Deo missi Prophetæ effigies*—"The Portrait of Jerome of Ferrara, the Prophet sent by God." And Saint Catharine de Ricci, who was most devoted to him, always gave him the title of prophet.

Now, seeing that Savonarola had within him a conviction that a scourge was coming, a conviction amounting to certainty, drawn from Holy Scripture, and confirmed

* See Conti, Archivio Storico italiano serie III, Tomo xiii, p. 367.

CARDINALS TAKING PART IN THE SAVONAROLA COMMEMORATION.



CARDINAL CELESIA.



CARDINAL SVAMPA.



CARDINAL BAUSA.



CARDINAL GALEATI.



CARDINAL AGLIARDI.



CARDINAL CAPECEIATRO.

by Divine illumination, it was only natural that he should turn to the prophetic books when choosing the texts of his discourses. The *Tablet*, however, does not think so, but finds in this another proof of his "morbid tendency." "There can be no manner of doubt," it says, "that the habitual choice of the books, and especially of the prophetic books, of the Old Testament as the basis of his preaching, affords a sure indication of the bent of Savonarola's mind, and that it helped to develop a certain morbid tendency to indulge in sweeping invective, which ought rather to have been held in check."

It is true he made frequent use of invective, but so did some of the Saints—Saint Jerome for instance; besides his reproaches were never uncalled for and were always moderate, if we consider them in relation to the enormity of the crimes and abuses he had to denounce. It was not without reason his friends used to say to him, *Ma, Padre, voi non dite la centesima parte!* "But, Father, you do not say the hundredth part!" No doubt his denunciations formed one of the prime causes of his death; but that death might be compared to the death of the prophets, who continued to the end to cry out with a fearless and unsparing voice against the vice and corruption standing in the holy place.

In its article of the 14th of May, the *Tablet* speaks of the general state of Italy and of Florence. We will confine our attention to Florence, which was the real scene of the struggles of the Friar of San Marco. We would have our readers bear in mind that the Florence of 1490 was no longer the Florence of Blessed John Dominic and Saint Antoninus; the golden age of religious fervour lingered only in the memory of a few, who lamented and shed silent tears over the good times of their youthful years that had passed away. Christian virtue had almost disappeared, and liberty had become as an empty shadow that seemed already vanishing. The causes of this state of things are too

numerous and too various to treat of here. We will only say that among the rest the scandalous example of Lorenzo, the grandson of Cosimo de' Medici, and the immorality of others in high station, played no small part in bringing about the downfall of religion in the city. If Cosimo was immoral he tried to hide his immorality, but Lorenzo made no secret of his voluptuousness, and the wretch who succeeded in clothing vice in artistic form, or in presenting the grossest sensuality under a veil of grace and beauty, to blind and corrupt the people, would be sure of his applause. In a few years Florence became almost a pagan city. There were great monastic buildings and churches erected and sumptuously embellished by the Medici during that same period, and their splendour seems to have dazzled the eyes of some historians and led them to the conclusion that it was "a state of society which after all was not without its redeeming features." But all this ecclesiastical splendour was by no means a sign of religious fervour; it was a mere display of wealth and magnificence on the part of the Medici, who seemed to think that by erecting grand material edifices in the name of religion they could compensate for the destruction they wrought in the souls of their fellow citizens.

The *Tablet* speaks of the sharp contrasts of good and evil, of conspicuous virtue and degrading vice then existing. If it refers to Florence after the fall of the Medici when Savonarola had restored it to its former fervour, we freely grant its statement, but not so if it refers to the Florence of the earlier part of the century, when the city lay, as it were, in a stupor of vice, and was not yet aroused by the powerful voice of the Preacher of San Marco. We do not deny that there was virtue in Florence even then, but there were no sharp contrasts on the surface. Whatever virtue remained was hidden from sight because of the ascendancy of evil and the universal triumph of vice.

Savonarola discovered these hidden ele-

ments of good that survived; and he cherished them and made use of them in bringing back to Florence the spirit of Christian life.

This brings us to the beginning of Savonarola's real mission in Florence, which began in the convent of San Marco, where the spirit of the great Archbishop, Saint Antoninus, had not yet died out. There we find Savonarola in the open cloister, under the shadow of a rose tree, covered with damask roses, holding private conferences, and afterwards at the

Superiors is an insinuation by no means justified. If direct proofs were wanting we should take it for granted that he had received the necessary permission, but it so happens that direct proofs are not wanting, and if the writer in the *Tablet* will take the trouble he can easily find them. Burlamacchi says Savonarola was importuned by "nearly all the Brethren" of San Marco to undertake that preaching: "A questo lo importunavono quasi tutti i Frati." And Father Placido Cinozzi, in his statement recently published by Villari, says



THE CLOISTER OF SAN MARCO, FLORENCE.

earnest solicitation of his brethren and friends we see him preaching in the church. Referring to this the *Tablet* says: "His brethren soon began to urge him to speak again in public. It is characteristic of the man that he does not appear to have reminded them that the nature of his employment was a matter to be determined by his Superiors." (Page 762.)

That Savonarola undertook to preach those sermons without the consent of his

that "the matter was pleasing to all the Fathers, and that it was through obedience Savonarola undertook to preach in the church:" "Piacque a tutti i Padri, e per obbedienza il Savonarola cominciò a predicare in Chiesa."* The *Tablet* seems prone to point out imperfections where there are none.

* Villari e Casanova. Scelta di Prediche e scritti di Fr. G. Savonarola, Firenze, 1898.

From the Church of San Marco he was called to the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, and there his sermons began to assume a still greater importance. He spoke in the Name of God of terrible chastisements near at hand, prepared for Florence and for all Italy, "and," says the *Tablet*, "he even believed that special revelations on the subject had been accorded to him." And we, too, after four centuries, believe that he had special revelations concerning the destinies of the Church, and the coming reform, and the impending chastisements. What proof to the contrary has been adduced? Could not God grant to him as He has done to so many others, the privilege of special revelations? How does the *Tablet* show that these were pretensions of his that were never justified? or that he lied when he said he was drawn by an irresistible force to speak of things that were to come? To our mind no satisfactory proof has been put forward by the *Tablet*.

It is true he took the words of Ezechiel and applied them to himself: "The Lord," he says, "has placed me here, and has said to me, 'I have placed thee as a watchman' in the centre of Italy . . . 'that thou mayest hear My words and announce them.'" (Ezech. iii., 17.) But it is also true that Saint Vincent Ferrer, not many years before, had traversed Europe predicting terrible chastisements and saying he was the angel of the Apocalypse announcing the coming judgment.

It cannot be denied that Savonarola appeared quite convinced that he had received the prophetic mission of announcing the chastisement of the Church; in fact, it seems to us that there is no evading the alternative proposed by Dr. Luotto, viz., that Savonarola was either a rank imposter who until the end of his life lied in declaring he had received a mission which he had not received, or else he was truly a prophet inspired by God.

The *Tablet* replies that "there is a middle term lying between these two extremes; and that middle term is the very simple hypothesis that he was deluded, as many men, before and since, have been deluded in the matter of visions and revelations." But this is an assertion that requires proof. To say that many men before and since have been deluded is certainly no proof, inasmuch as all the Saints who received the gift of prophecy were preceded and followed by men who were deluded. It is not for us, nor for the *Tablet* to pronounce a final judgment as to whether Savonarola did or did not receive a special revelation from Heaven; the right to decide the question belongs only to the Holy See. Nevertheless, we can say with Dr. Luotto, that to prove historically that Savonarola foretold things that afterwards came to pass would not be at all difficult.

But to enter into this argument it would be necessary that our adversary—who is, no doubt, a sincere Catholic—should lay aside for a while the erroneous judgments pronounced by unbelievers and rationalists, and give a little more attention to the important testimonies of Savonarola's *confreres* and biographers, instead of dismissing them summarily, as so many legends and lies; and, above all, we would ask him to read the "Epistola" of Father Placido Cinozzi, lately published by Villari, in which we have indisputable proof of many things foretold by Savonarola that afterwards came to pass, which could have been made known to him neither by "his melancholy temperament" (to use the words of the *Tablet*) nor by his "natural sagacity."

Then the *Tablet* tells us: "That the inspiration and the revelations alleged to have been vouchsafed to Fra Girolamo were nothing better than the illusions of a deeply religious, but over-excited, mind,

is a proposition which, in view of the plain facts of the case, hardly needs the support of special arguments."

This is certainly an easy way out of the difficulty of finding the necessary proofs ! To us, however, it is not satisfactory. The "plain facts" are not stated, but general proofs are put forward instead: "The simple rule, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' ought, it would seem, to be sufficient for the determination of the question"

. . . "the prophetic gift is one of those . . . given for the good of others, or of the Church at large." But Savonarola's prophecies "could only have the effect of throwing into perplexity the mind; of those who had sufficient control over their own thoughts, to prevent them from being carried away by the torrent of the preacher's eloquence," etc. "We expect to find in those whom He (God) chooses for his instruments an absence of egotism and a readiness to submit to authority such as are certainly not to be found in Fra Girolamo." These are the proofs adduced by the *Tablet* to show that the prophecies were delusions, but although the writer is very precise and accurate in laying down his general principles, he is remarkably inaccurate in the particular application of them to the case of Savonarola.

We would ask the *Tablet* to prove for us that Savonarola's prophecies were not for the good of souls, or that they had the effect of throwing into perplexity the minds of the people, since all his biographers agree that the good done for souls by his preaching was immense, and that one of the secrets of his success was that halo of prophecy that encircled his brow.

Of the charge of egotism and of want of submission to authority we shall have occasion to speak later on. Meanwhile we may remark that the *Tablet* ought not to constitute itself judge of Savonarola's conscience, declaring him egotistical and proud, neither should it declare him want-

ing in obedience to the Holy See. He never disobeyed the express commands of the Pope, and until the hour of his death he cherished a deep veneration for the Chair of Saint Peter, for whose honour he was ever zealous, even when he beheld it most shamefully profaned. We deny emphatically that he ever, in practice or in theory, "claimed for himself a mission independent of the hierarchical government of the Church," as alleged by the *Tablet* (page 763). He not only never refused to submit his prophecies to the authority of the Church, but even sent to the Pope his "Compendium Revelationum," a little work from which he would learn all about them: "potra saperle pienamente." The Church, having examined it, found in it nothing to condemn. A great Saint of the Church—Saint Philip Neri—possessed a copy of it, which he greatly prized; it is now in the Bibliotheca Capponi, in Florence, and bears Saint Philip's autograph signature.

Without even attempting to prove the charges it makes, the *Tablet* goes on to quote, at considerable length, various "rules" for discerning between true and false prophets. Now this very subject is the one which, of all others, Savonarola had probably most deeply studied; and anyone who will take the trouble to read his "Compendium Revelationum," his dialogue, "De Veritate Prophetica," and many of his sermons, especially those on Ezechiel, will find that the doctrine so elaborately expounded by the *Tablet* was all thoroughly well known to Savonarola himself, and that he treated of the prophet and of prophecy with wonderful precision and exactness, solving all the difficulties.

As regards the *Tablet's* application of the doctrine to Savonarola we think its manifest blunder can only be accounted for by a preconceived notion or bias against his character, to which it seems to give expression in its opening article, when

it declares beforehand that he "was blinded . . . and that pride lay at the root of his blindness." This, considering the gravity of the charge, ought to be proved by convincing arguments, but no convincing arguments have been adduced.

Then referring to Savonarola's words, where he declares that he based his prophetic assertions on the teaching of Holy Scripture and on reason, the *Tablet* says: "To this it is obvious to reply that so far as the alleged prophecies were in the nature of conclusions deducible from reason and from Scripture, there was no need to postulate for them a supernatural origin." To this reasoning we cannot assent. Prophecies may be based on Holy Scripture and reason and yet be truly supernatural prophecies; for it is one thing to say that a prophecy has its foundation in the Bible and on reason, and another thing to maintain that it is not expressly contained in the Scriptures nor deducible from them without the aid of supernatural illumination.

Savonarola affirmed that his prophecies were based on Holy Scripture and on reason; that there was nothing in them that was contrary to Scripture or reason, and he wisely manifested this conformity in order that his Divine message might not be exposed to the contempt of his hearers, but he never declared, as a prophecy specially revealed to himself, any truth that could be deduced as a just inference from Holy Scripture or from the principles of reason, for which undoubtedly no prophetic illumination is required.

Bartoli in his "Apologia," page 290, makes the following remark: "He (Savonarola) maintained with great veracity, and for a noble end, the attitude of a man on certain occasions inspired from on high; and many of the ablest and most authoritative writers of his time affirmed that

his predictions were in great part fulfilled.

. . . The prophecies of Savonarola came to be appreciated by even the most cautious amongst them."

And, indeed, when we hear a man of great weight and authority like Philip Commynes, who was full of admiration for Savonarola, declare: "He wrote and spoke to me, myself, things that no one would believe, and which were all afterwards verified. . . . No one could have made them known to him, for no one knew them," and when we see the historian Guicciardini collecting the Friar's prophecies and declaring that several of them were verified; and when we find a man like Villari, who is certainly not by any means credulous nor at all suspected of too great readiness in admitting the supernatural, discovering in Savonarola "an inexplicable presentiment of the future, which gave to his writings, to his sermons, and to his life an extraordinary power," adding, "we are quite astonished at seeing how they are nearly all fulfilled," seeing all this, we think a writer who evidently has not thoroughly studied the whole question should pause before denying to Savonarola that title which was accorded to him most willingly by the Saints, and which Fra Bartolommeo wrote under his celebrated portrait: "Hieronymi Ferrariensis a Deo missi prophetae effigies."

At all events, leaving that to the judgment of the Church, he has no right to say that Savonarola was deluded or mad, or egotistical or blinded by pride, especially as we find in the lives of the Saints and great men of Christendom so many things similar to what we are now treating of in the life of Savonarola. And it would be well to bear in mind the advice of Macchiavelli, "D'un tant uomo se ne debbe parlare con riverenza"—"A man so great should be spoken of with reverence."

(To be continued.)



THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY.

O, AUGUST moon, to reaper dear,
Sailing so calmly thro' the midnight sky,
Spreading thy crystal clearness far and
near,
While silent earth, below, entranc'd
doth lie!

What did thy gentle eye behold
That happy night, one August long ago?
Saw'st thou not Heaven its pearly gate
unfold,
And radiant beings passing to and fro?

Thy lustre paled before the ray
Shed from a tomb below that open
sprang—
Making the moonlit night like midmost
day;
While far above thee seraph trumpets
rang:

What gracious form rose, there revealed,
Leaving her pathway marked in starry
line?
What fragrance stole across the harvest
field?
What angel choir made music so divine?

Ah, Moon! fair image of the Maid,
Out of all earth's indwellers, thou
alone
Her upward course to Heaven, so long
delayed,
Did'st see;—and, seeing, abdicate thy
throne.

For man had named thee "Queen of
Night:"—
Ruler of midnight hours thou still hadst
been;
But now, sole witness of that glorious
flight,
Thou gladly ownest her its rightful
Queen.

So Mary passed! And now we see
Thy face ashine with light not there
before:
For, as she entered Heaven, she dropped
on thee
Her silver mantle, ere they closed the
door.

F. M. CAPES.

“Sealed Up.”

A TALE OF LA VENDÉE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART.

PROLOGUE.

ABOUT a half hour's walk from the pretty little village of Conquet on the sea coast, travellers will perceive the old castle of Plonerneck with its strong and gloomy towers shooting towards the sky. To the east of this majestic old pile extends a forest where reigns an eternal silence, to the west the great blue ocean with its myriads of fishing boats, whose sails wave in the breeze like the wings of birds. During the day, the song of the labourer and the bells of the oxen can sometimes be heard, but during the night not a sound comes to trouble the place, no movement betrays the presence of man or beast; one might say that all creatures were hushed so as to listen to the moaning of the wind under the oaks, and the great sobs of the ocean beating against the rocks.

CHAPTER I.

PLONERNECK was in 1793 inhabited by the Marquis de T., his two sons, his daughter-in-law, and his little grandson, Raoul, who was barely twelve years old. The Marquise de T., had died several years previously. The Marquis lived in solitude, not caring to go to court. His eldest son, when first married used to take his young wife to the fêtes at Brest, but after his mother's death he ceased to do so, and devoted himself entirely to study. His younger brother, of a brighter disposition, went to Court, but after two or three years came back disgusted to the home of his childhood, for the profligacy of the Courts of Louis XIV. and XV. could not prove agreeable to these noble Bretons. It is a remarkable thing that very few of the Breton nobles took part in the rejoicings at Versailles. Those who, for a little while, did so soon wished themselves back in their wild, but beautiful, Breton homes. So it was with the Baron de T., who, after seeing life at Versailles,

preferred to return to his father's castle and share his retreat. There was a sameness about this life in the old castle. Every day was spent like the preceding one. After the morning repast the Comte retired to the library, where he studied. The Baron went to hunt in the forest with his dogs; Madame la Comtesse sat with her father-in-law, who seldom quitted his armchair. Raoul either ran about the grounds with a fisherman's son, named Pierre Fanchin, or else sat between his mother and his grandfather, listening to their conversation, which was often interrupted by the dreams excited in these solitary souls by the beating of the waves on the sands, or the distant sound of the hunter's horn. At these moments the Marquis would lie back in his armchair, cross his hands on his breast, and close his eyes lazily; the Comtesse would let her work slip from her fingers into her lap, while the child would go to the window, where he would stand for hours drinking in the dumb poetry of nature. In summer the whole family went to walk in the wood or on the beach; sometimes they would walk to Conquet, but that was very seldom, as the old Marquis was not always able to

walk so far. On these rare occasions he used to rest at Fanchin's, the fisherman's, cabin. The villagers always received their aged lord with great joy and veneration. When they saw him approaching they went to meet him, and accompanied him to Fanchin's door, who, as soon as he perceived the Marquis in the distance, hastened to tidy up his cabin, and putting on his Sunday vest, would take his red woolen cap in his hand and go forward to meet his master.

"Good day, Fanchin," the old Marquis would say; "I am going to rest at your house with my regiment—is it not a fine one?"

To this Fanchin would reply, after kissing his lord's hand respectfully, "M. le Marquis, all that the good God has given me belongs to you and yours. My cabin, my fishing nets, my life—all."

"Thanks, my friend," the Marquis would say, taking his hand, "my house was never closed to those of your name, and I hope there will never be ingratitude in your family."

Entering the cabin, the fisherman would place the only chair it boasted of at the disposal of his master, whilst the Comtesse, the Comte and his brother sat on the bed and the table. As for little Raoul, he took advantage of the halt to go into the village with Pierre.

The Marquis de T. loved his tenants like friends of his childhood. He knew them all by name, and would tell some of

the young men how industrious their fathers had been.

Every time the Marquis visited Conquet he met with the same reception.

The winter days were passed differently. The Marquis and his family sat round one of these huge sculptured fireplaces in which a horse might stand with ease. The Comte read aloud his favourite authors. Madame de T. listened with great attention to her husband, who read beautifully; Raoul, his mouth half open in admiration,



THE MARQUIS WOULD LIE BACK IN HIS CHAIR
AND CLOSE HIS EYES LAZILY.

his head resting on his mother's shoulder, listened breathlessly; as for the Baron and the Marquis they slept generally—the young man tired after the fatigues of the morning, and the old one because of his age.

It would take an artist to paint these quiet family scenes ; the pen is inadequate to do so. Such was the life, monotonous it is true, but happy, led by the Marquis and his family, until the storm of the French Revolution, which had raged for some time past in Paris, penetrated to la Vendée. The Blues were already in Brest, determined to conquer the Bretons and Vendéens but they had their match in Henri de Larochefauelin, who called on all faithful subjects of the King, Louis XVI., to follow him.



HE WOULD TAKE HIS CAP IN HIS HAND AND GO FORWARD TO MEET HIS MASTER.

The Comte de T. and his brother answered the call, and hastened to the headquarters of the Vendéen army. The old Marquis was thus left alone at Plonerneck with his daughter-in-law and little Raoul. Fanchin came to stay at the Castle and his son Pierre continued his father's trade of fisherman at Conquet.

The Comte confided his father, wife, and child to the care of the Breton. We

shall see later on if he showed himself worthy of this confidence.

Three months had passed since our friends had left Plonerneck, yet nothing was heard of their movements. At last, one day a man from Conquet came to the Castle, bringing a slip of paper containing these four words: "We are very well." That was all the news they received for another three months. The Comtesse passed her nights in tears; the old Marquis aged from anxiety, and Raoul was very restless, and had frightful dreams.

One evening as the Marquis was about to retire to his room Fanchin entered with a note in his hand. The Marquis took it, trembling all over, and read:

"The Vendéen army was defeated three days ago at Saveney. We have miraculously escaped the fate of our companions. We are flying, and pursued. With God's help we shall be at Plonerneck on the 27th November, at midnight. Let Fanchin meet us in the forest in the direction of the Troüergat Causeway: we shall await him there. Good-bye till to-morrow, all you that we love. Signed, G. H. de T."

"To-day is the 27th," said Fanchin

"Then go, my friend; you will have time to reach the rendezvous. Go!"

Fanchin took a brace of pistols and left the Castle quickly.

Whilst the brave fisherman was hastening through the forest, where the moon, half hidden by the clouds, threw patches of wan light on the underwood, a detachment of men on horseback stopped before the Castle. One of them descended and pulled the bell violently.

The Marquis trembled in his bed; Raoul woke with a start and called his Mother.

The Comtesse, who had stayed up to receive her husband, was dozing in an arm-chair by the fire, stood up, and going rapidly to the window, opened it, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "Is that you, Charles?" But she drew back in terror when, by the light of the moon, she perceived the Republican uniform.

Not knowing what to do, and half mad with fear, she ran to her father's room.

"Well!" he said, "have you seen them? Go and meet them, I am unable to do so, my old limbs are too weak; go and bring them here."

"Alas! it is not they, father. It is not my husband; they are not your sons; they are Republicans. All is lost," and she fell almost fainting in a chair.

At this moment a more violent ring was heard at the door.

"What shall we do?" said the Marquis.

"Oh, if only Fanchin were here," said the Comtesse, "he would help us to keep up in the presence of these soldiers."

Raoul came into the room and told them that the servants had admitted several soldiers.

The Marquis, who had by this time dressed himself, turned to his daughter, saying: "We are not going to lose courage at this critical moment; try and look unconcerned. Let me answer all their questions, and you, Raoul, do not say one word; one word might cause our death."

At this juncture a footman came to say that a Captain of the Gendarmérie de Brest wished to speak with the Marquis de T.

"Show him up, Bertrand," said his master quietly. In the presence of this great danger the old man had recovered all the self-possession and energy of his youth.

They soon heard the heavy tramp of two men on the stairs, and presently the door opened and admitted a young officer, accompanied by a person carefully covered up, in a long cloak, from head to foot. The Republican soldier was not prepared for the sight which met his eyes on entering. The Comtesse was seated between her father and her little son. The Marquis was calm; his white hair concealed his pallor, but it was on the Comtesse the

young officer specially fixed his gaze, who, with one hand resting on her son's head, was caressing his fair hair.

The contrast was striking. The noble head of the Marquis, the beautiful picture of the mother and child captivated the soldier and silenced for a moment the words he was about to utter. His hesitation, however, did not last long. Advancing to the middle of the room he said in a loud voice:



SHE DREW BACK IN TERROR

"Citizen T., where are your sons?"

"The Comte and Baron de T. have been away travelling for some time, sir. Anyway, I do not well know in virtue of what law you come to question me, and that in the middle of the night."

"You are mistaken. Your sons, Citizen T., were at the Battle of Saveney. You

expect them. They may be here even now, perhaps. At any rate, here is a member of the tribunal"—the young man pointed to his companion, who, opening his cloak, showed the tricolore badge—"it is to him you must reply, as my duty will be accomplished when the Castle will have been searched. The member of the *Comité du lien Public* will remain here with eight of my men," so saying the officer bowed,



"WHERE ARE YOUR SONS?"

and half an hour after was on his way back to Brest.

His companion, whose name was Rigaud, had at the time of the Revolution, worked at Nantes as a coach builder. A creature of Carrier, he soon made himself worthy of such a master. He was tall, thin, and very pale, very awkward in his movements; in fact, like one of these wooden dolls that a child can make move its legs and arms up and down by means of a string. His grey eyes, which were

like those of a wild cat, took away from his grotesque appearance, and the involuntary smile his awkwardness might have provoked was changed into fear when one looked at these eyes.

Seeing this dangerous person the Marquis regretted the departure of the young officer. The profession of arms hardens the heart, but ennobles the character; a man there gains in character what he loses in sweetness. The old man understood now that the executioner was in place of the judge.

He looked anxiously at his daughter and grandson, kissed them tenderly and left the room with Rigaud, who had just commanded him to follow him in these words: "Come and speak with me, citizen."

"Insolent," murmured the old gentleman.

When Rigaud and the Marquis had left the room the Comtesse listened for some moments intently to the noise of the footsteps on the stone corridor without. As these ceased she opened the door, and bringing Raoul with her, entered the room where she had been asleep in the armchair. On entering she ran to the window, which was open, as she had left it. It was one of those beautiful winter nights, clear and frosty, when

every sound has an echo, and which equals in its ineffable beauty those of summer. The stars were twinkling, and the moon shed its silvery light on the tops of the pine trees in the forest. No sound troubled the restful beauty of the country; the sea was calm, and washed, with a monotonous murmur, the rocks on the shore, while in the weird light this vast sheet of water looked like an immense mirror. This picture, which, at another time, would have charmed the

Comtesse, was now unnoticed by her. What was the beauty and calm of nature when all was darkness within her soul.

"Raoul," she said to her son, who stood beside her, "your sight is better than mine; look well down there in the direction of the pond of Trouërgat, and see if anybody approaches."

The child looked hard in the direction his mother pointed out to him and replied, "No, I don't see anyone."

After a few minutes the Comtesse took a chair, and telling the boy to stand on it, said: "Don't take your eyes off the borders of the forest, my child; it is a question of saving your father and uncle from certain death. If you see anybody, call me."

So saying she went to the door, listening for sounds from within. A long half hour passed; the Comtesse, in her agony, kept walking backwards and forwards between the door and the window. At one moment the poor mother would ask: "Do you not see three men coming out of the wood?"

"No," Raoul would reply, "but I think I hear steps on the stairs."

On hearing this she would again go to the door and listen there.

At last the child ran to her saying: "There they are! There they are!"

The Comtesse went to the window and saw, as the child said, three figures advancing rapidly towards Plenerneck.

"It is they; we can warn them," she said.

Raoul, who had just then gone to the door, hastened to his mother, fright in his eyes, exclaiming: "They are coming up, mother! They are coming up!"

It was an awful moment for the poor

mother and her little son. Not to arise suspicion, the poor Comtesse sat down near the fire with apparent calm. Raoul pretended to be playing about the room, knowing perfectly well the role he had to play.

The Marquis entered, followed by Rigaud. The former looked at his daughter, to see if she had any news, but the lowered eyes of the young wife could give him no clue.

"Citizeness," said Rigaud, "we have searched the Castle from attic to cellar. We have nothing now to do but search



"COME, AND SPEAK WITH ME, CITIZEN."

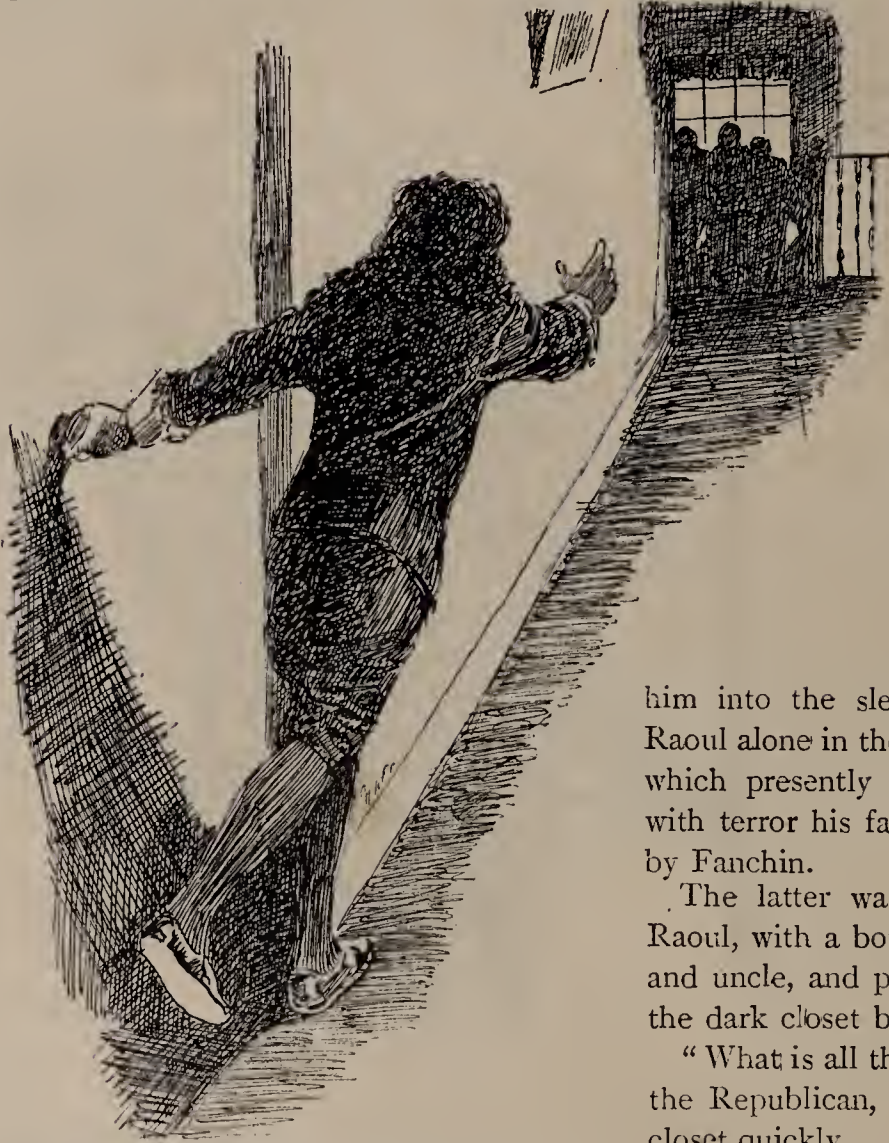
your apartment."

Raoul looked with anger and wonderment at the man who dared to address his mother so familiarly.

The room in which all this occurred was square in form. The door and window faced one another. At right angles to the door of entrance was another, leading into a dark closet, which the Comtesse used as a wardrobe. There were also some old documents kept in one of the cupboards. On a line with this door was another,

leading into a closet somewhat larger, and which was separated from the former by a slight wooden partition. In this latter the Comtesse slept.

As Rigaud entered the first of these closets, Raoul slipped to the window and descried with horror his father and uncle approaching the Castle rapidly. Happily,



RAOUL SAW, WITH TERROR, HIS FATHER AND UNCLE FOLLOWED BY FANCHIN.

they were not taking the front entrance, where there was a guard.

What should he do? To call out, through the open window, "Save yourselves!" was an utter impossibility.

To tell his mother whilst Rigaud was there he could not. However, the poor child, to whom God had given marvellous presence of mind, did not lose his head. He knew that Rigaud's companions were in the kitchen, probably drunk, because he had heard them singing. He had some hope that Fanchin could enter the Castle without being discovered, "but my father will come straight here," he said to himself.

In the meantime Rigaud had entered the Comtesse's bed-closet, exclaiming: "This is a nice little box; make my bed here to-night."

"That room is my bed-chamber, sir," said the Comtesse.

So saying she and the Marquis followed him into the sleeping chamber, leaving Raoul alone in the outer room, the door of which presently opened, and Raoul saw with terror his father and uncle, followed by Fanchin.

The latter was going to speak when Raoul, with a bound, sprang to his father and uncle, and pushed them quickly into the dark closet before mentioned.

"What is all this noise about?" shouted the Republican, coming out of the other closet quickly.

Fanchin was standing near the door, dumb and motionless like a statue. Into his arms Raoul now threw himself, exclaiming: "Welcome, Fanchin! What have you brought me from Brest?"

"What do I bring you from Brest, M. Raoul? Faith, I bring you many things; a good appetite, to wit."

(To be continued.)



The Irish Convict Priests of '98.

By CARDINAL MORAN.

PART V.

REV. JAMES DIXON (CONTINUED).

THE first Mass offered up in Sydney under the Government regulations described in our last article, was celebrated on Sunday morning, the 15th of May, 1803. On the following Sunday Mass was said in Parramatta; and on the 29th of May, the poor convicts at the Hawkesbury settlement had the consolation of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. The "Government Gazette" of May, 1803, gave official notification of such celebration of Mass by Father Dixon, and it added that in the same succession, "the meetings" were to be held on the Sundays, at these three principal settlements. The same "Gazette" has recorded the first public celebration of marriage by the Catholic priest on "May 15th, 1803:" "Married, by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, of the Church of Rome, Henry Simpson, shipwright, to Catherine Rourke, of the Rocks, widow."

The Holy See was not slow to recognize the advantages that would accrue to the Catholic convicts from the permission thus accorded by the Government to Father Dixon, and at the petition of

Father James McCormack, O.S.F., Guardian of Saint Isidore's, in Rome, faculties were forwarded by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the three exiled priests, whilst, by special decree, Father Dixon was constituted Prefect Apostolic of New Holland. This was the first ecclesiastical appointment made by the Holy See for the Australian Church.

In the exercise of his sacred functions, Father Dixon was beset with many difficulties. A small tin chalice was made for him by one of the convicts. Some old damask curtains were transformed into a many-coloured vestment. There was, for a time at least, no altar-stone, and the consecrated oils had to be procured from Rio Janeiro. But the material difficulties were not the most trying hardships which he had to endure. Men, fired with hatred of the Catholic Church, began, at first privately, and then publicly, to circulate reports to the effect that those meetings for Mass were gatherings of traitors, and that the Irish convicts were availing themselves of them to mature their plans for another rebellion. The ruling authorities in those days were only too ready to give credence to such reports, and by order of the Governor, the permission for attendance at Holy Mass was revoked before the close of 1804.

An emeute happened about this time, in which some of the Catholic convicts were implicated. The military authorities, anxious to discover the ringleaders, interrogated Father Dixon, being persuaded

that he had got some tidings of the matter—at least in the tribunal of penance. When he declared that he knew nothing about it, thirty men were sentenced to be flogged in the presence of the priest, who was obliged, after the flogging, to put his hand on the bleeding back of each of the sufferers. His courage and strength held out for the first eight who received the lashes. He then swooned away, and had to be carried off from that brutal scene of suffering.

The Governor now determined to en-

Bonwick, writing of this period of Australian history, says: "New South Wales, in the beginning, was regarded by England as over the way, and absolutely attached to the State Church of England, and Roman Catholics could expect no favour. All had to go to church; they were driven like sheep to the fold, and, whatever their scruples, they had to go. Fallen, as many were, they were not to be supposed aliens altogether in principles and indifferent to faith. In some, the very consciousness of crime had developed



THE PRIEST WAS FORCED TO STAND BY WHILE THIRTY MEN WERE BEING FLOGGED.

force the Protestant religious observance throughout the settlement, and strict orders were issued for all convicts, without distinction, to attend at the Church of England service, and if anyone absented himself, he was to receive, for the first offence, twenty-five lashes; for the second offence, fifty lashes; and for absenting himself a third time he was to be transported to a penal settlement.

an eagerness after faith, and that the faith they had known, the faith of a mother. But expostulations were unheeded. If a man humbly entreated to stay behind because he was a Presbyterian, he incurred the danger of a flogging. It is said that on a similar appeal from another, who exclaimed, 'I am a Catholic,' he was silenced by the cry of a clerical magistrate, 'Go to church, or be flogged.'"

Before the close of the year 1808, Father Dixon, overcome by the hardships to which he saw the convicts subjected, and being himself weighed down by sickness, availed of the permission obtained from the Home Government by his friends to quit Australia, and returned to Ireland. On his departure, the whole settlement was left without any minister of religion. Rev. Mr. Johnson, the Anglican clergyman, had already quitted the colony and returned to England. Rev. S. Marsden had also sailed for England in search of additional Protestant chaplains, and had not as yet returned; Rev. Mr. Fulton shared the fate of Governor Bligh in the revolt of the military, and was forced to take refuge in Van Dieman's Land. A "Ranter," however, was appointed by the military authorities to attend to the spiritual wants of the community. An order was even issued for all the officers to go to church to assist at service performed by him on the Sunday immediately following the military revolt, to return thanks for their deliverance from the oppressive tyranny of the deposed Governor. The official proclamation further added that "all well disposed persons were expected to attend to return thanks on this memorable occasion." General Holt, who at this time had been permitted to return to Sydney from Norfolk Island, thus describes the sad condition as regards religion, to which the Australian settlement was now reduced: "We were left," he says, "without minister or priest of any kind, or preacher, except a barn-ranter, that neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant would go and listen to. There was no clergyman to visit the sick, baptize the infant, or church the women; so we were reduced to the same state as the heathen natives, who had none of those ceremonies performed among them."

In the Archives of the Propaganda, in Rome, there is a short memorandum in Italian, presented to the Sacred Congre-

gation by Father Richard Hayes, a Franciscan, on the 28th August, 1816, which makes special reference to Father Dixon. "The undersigned certifies," it thus begins, "that neither in the Colony of Sydney Cove, where there are several thousand Irish Catholics, nor in any part of New Holland, is there at present any priest or Catholic missionary. In 1804 Rev. Jas. Dixon, a priest and native of the County of Wexford, and Diocese of Ferns, in Ireland (transported to New Holland together with many others of the laity of the same county, one of whom was Mr. Michael Hayes, eldest brother of this writer of the memorandum), was appointed Prefect Apostolic of that region by the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, at the petition of the undersigned, presented in his name by Father Guardian, of Saint Isidore's Convent. The undersigned further certifies that the Rev. Jas. Dixon, with whom he is personally and intimately acquainted, resides at present in the house of his brother, Mr. Nicholas Dixon, about two miles from the City of Wexford, the native city of the writer of this memorandum, who has seen him there, and who has continually and familiarly conversed with him there, from the year 1811 to the year 1815; and who further attests that the said Rev. James Dixon has been for a long time laid up with the gout, and that he has no intention of ever returning to New Holland."

Subsequent to his return from exile, Father Dixon was for a time curate in the parish of Crossabeg, and on the death of Father Roche, P.P., he succeeded to the pastoral charge of that district in 1819. It is said that he was the first parish priest appointed by the Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Ferns, who received the episcopal consecration on the 21st March, 1819. In 1835 Father Dixon's health began to fail, but he continued to administer the parish of Crossabeg till his death in the year 1840. He rests in peace in the old

chapel of Crossabeg, being interred at the Epistle side of the altar, where the following inscription marks his tomb :

"Of your charity pray for the soul of the Rev. James Dixon, pastor of Crossabeg and Ballymurrin. He died on the 4th of January, 1840, in the 82nd year of his age."

The venerable priests, who were his contemporaries, all attest that Father Dixon was a man of singular meekness, and of a retiring disposition. One of them writes that "he was remarkable for silence, and for his inoffensive manner; he was of blameless life, and one of the most inoffen-

sive of men." He was very reticent about his treatment in exile, but when asked categorically by another priest, a word of his would throw a lurid light upon the inhumanity of his treatment. Another writer that "he was low in stature, and had nothing commanding in appearance. He was silent, reserved, unassuming, and inoffensive man, rather wanting in energy and decision, and quite unfitted for the post of a rebel commander. He was a peace-loving man, and by natural disposition, quite unequal to the task either to excite or to repress sedition or revolt."



The Sea.

SHEEN upon the flashing sea,
Give me light of Poesie!
Murmuring waters as ye roll,
Teach me music of the soul!
Give and teach, O Sea,
Thy light and music unto me!

Dancing starlight on the sea,
Thrill me with the purest glee!
Wavelets rippling to the shore,
Send me peace for evermore!
Grant and send, O Sea,
Thy mirth and quiet unto me!

Moonward-pulsing, faithful sea,
Teach me thy fidelity!
Grandest sign of heavenly law,
Fill me with a holy awe!
Teach and grant, O Sea,
Thy faith and reverence unto me!

EDMUND BURKE, B.A.



The Old Violin.

By MADELEINE VICTOR.

PART I.

"On the road of Life one mile-stone more,
In the book of Life one leaf turned o'er!
Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and the evil men have done;
Naught can to-day restore."

LONGFELLOW.

IT was the close of a summer day, and a gentle grace of sunset stillness lay over the smiling country. Ripe fields of wheat and barley extended to the right and left, clothing the slopes with a golden garment, which rustled in the evening breeze as it whispered softly the hymn of nature to the loving Creator. In the distance, the purple hue of heather-clad mountains lent softness to the horizon, while near at hand,

the grey steeple of an ivy-clad church pointed upwards, as an extended finger, to the land above.

Six o'clock! The Angelus rang out from the tiny belfry, and the sweet summons to prayer fell on the listening silence "with a touch of infinite calm." From a cottage garden, facing the west, arose the murmur of voices, repeating the Angelical Salutation; then came a pause, broken by a soft voice saying:

"And now, my little one, just one last petition. 'May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace!'"

A childish treble repeated the words slowly; then, "Auntie, where are the faithful departed?"

"Very near God, if not already before His face, my darling," replied the first speaker.

I moved slowly down the path leading

to the hidden cottage and came upon a scene of peaceful beauty, which touched my spirit and warmed my heart. A tiny white-washed structure, with miniature Gothic gables, and latticed windows stood in the midst of the waving corn-fields, like unto snow on a golden platter. An exquisitely-kept garden stretched in front of the rose-covered porch, filled with all the bloom of generous summer. The scent of sweet brier and delicate hued carnations

turned at the sound of my footsteps. Such a winsome face! with blue eyes shining as clear stars, and a lovely peach-like blush on the rounded cheek. She pulled at her companion's dress:

"Auntie, a strange gentleman," I heard her whisper. Then she got up and dropped a shy little curtsy with a grace I have not seen equalled in noble circles.

I came forward and apologised for my intrusion, explaining that I was on a walking tour through the country and knew not where I might find shelter for that night.

"You are kindly welcome to such rest as we can offer," said the woman, gently; "if you do not mind a humble dwelling, I shall be glad to see you within our door."

I bowed, marvelling at the wonderful self-possession and dignified courtesy of this simple peasant (for such she appeared). Then, before further excuse was possible, she rose and motioned me to enter.

"My nephew sleeps above and shall see to all your wants when he returns," she continued, as soon as I had followed her within the cottage. "Magdalen, child," she added to the little girl, who had followed us in, "show this gentleman where the armchair is, and bid him welcome. You will excuse me," turning her face again

in my direction, "but I go to warn our little servant of a guest's advent," and with an old-fashioned, yet stately, gesture she withdrew.

I was puzzled. The Irish peasantry are renowned for their innate courtesy and warm hospitality to the passing stranger,



NESTLING AT HER FEET WAS A LITTLE MAIDEN OF SOME SEVEN SUMMERS

hung in the air as a fairy's cloak, while the songs of countless birds filled the eventide calm with indescribable melody.

Sitting by the open door was a white-haired woman, dressed in grey, and, on a stool at her feet, nestled a little maiden of some seven summers. The sunny head

but this woman struck me as being something different from others of her kind. To whom did this beautifully-tended little habitation belong? A servant was kept; therefore my hostess, as I now inwardly called her, was in a somewhat better position than the majority of such villagers. Who was the nephew referred to? And was the child by my side an orphan? Such, and countless other thoughts, flashed through my mind as the little one drew shyly to a large chintz-covered arm-chair by the open lattice. I sat down and proceeded to talk to my little companion, who responded with a gravity beyond her years. During the half hour which elapsed before the reappearance of my hostess, I learnt that the latter's name was Egerton; that she had spent her youth in Spain, and that she had brought up her nephew and his sister (my tiny listener) ever since the death of their parents some six years previous.

"And what is your name?" I inquired, as the little maid paused to arrange some roses, whose fragrant blossoms peeped in at the open window, and nodded their sweet heads in the gentle breeze.

"Magdalen Chudleigh, and my brother is called William, after his uncle. Uncle is, perhaps, one of the faithful departed," she concluded, with a certain quaint melancholy in her tone which appealed to me. Then, the "perhaps" sounded strangely in my ears.

"Is your uncle dead?" I said gently.

"Auntie does not know; he was lost as a boy," was the reply; then she added, softly: "we pray for him often during the day, and Auntie always looks upwards when she mentions his name—but she can't see the blue heaven, though her eyes seem to."

"Can't see! What do you mean, my child?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled.

"Auntie is blind."

"Blind!"

I was amazed; no trace of cecity had

been visible, as the quick-toned woman spoke, and welcomed me within her dwelling.

"Yes, quite blind," continued the child, in reply to my exclamation; "she lost her sight completely two years ago, but it had been growing weaker and weaker for a long time before then. She knows her way about just as well as I do, and often seems to see things I cannot see."

At this instant the door opened briskly, and a bright-faced lad of about fourteen looked into the room. At once his little sister rose and went towards him, saying gravely:

"William, Auntie bids you see to this gentleman's welfare; he is going to stay here to-night."

The boy glanced in my direction, and bowed with something of the same stately courtesy which had struck me in his Aunt. I held out my hand and said a few words which seemed to dispel all constraint, for soon we were talking freely as if the word "stranger" were foreign to our ken.

My hostess's entrance brought me to my feet.

"I fear you have been somewhat fatigued with my Magdalen's chatter," she observed, smilingly; then begged me to follow her to another room where refreshments had been prepared.

During the discussion of the simple, but wholesome, country fare, I watched the gentle face opposite my chair, and marvelled anew at the absence of all fretfulness, of all anxiety, of all embarrassment, such as might very naturally appear in the countenance of one afflicted with complete loss of vision. No, nothing of all that, only a look of deep peace, tempering, as it were, some very keen sorrow.

As our conversation lengthened, so did our acquaintanceship grow apace, till, by the time we rose from the table and adjourned once more to the cottage porch, we seemed no longer strangers, but almost friends. A passing reference of mine to a

previous year's travel through Spain, awoke my hostess's interest, while the mention of a name mutually familiar, brought us on to well-known social ground.

Instead of leaving the village on the following day, as had been my intention, I remained, at Miss Egerton's invitation, for nearly a week under her hospitable roof.

One evening, about an hour before sunset, we, that is, my hostess, her nephew, his little sister, and myself, were sitting under a beautifully spreading apple-tree in a sheltered corner of the garden. Presently the children rose and sauntered down a side path. My companion listened to the sound of their steps crunching on the gravel, then raised her eyes upwards.



WILLIE TRYING HIS UNCLE'S VIOLIN.

Nothing in the appearance of those calm-looking blue orbs indicated blindness, and I found myself wondering if indeed she had an inner vision hidden from grosser human sight.

"Lift up your eyes, and behold the fields white for the harvest," she said softly, and the deep blue eyes seemed as if contemplating the golden grain bending before the breeze.

I looked up as the words fell from her lips, and admired the exquisite picture anew.

"You seem to see the fields," I observed

slowly. "Doubtless you remember the landscape, so that it all comes up before you as if—"

As I spoke, the faint sound of a soft-toned violin came stealing through the open window at our backs.

Miss Egerton sat erect. A faint rose flush came to the delicate cheek as the melody rose and fell on the evening silence.

"It is Willie trying his uncle's violin," she said slowly; "he has a marvellous talent, but not like my brother's; no, not like unto his," and her voice trembled somewhat.

I saw that painful memories had awakened beneath the touch of music, and forebore speaking. Presently, she continued in a low, soft tone, as if talking in a dream:

"You do not seem a stranger, for you knew my oldest friend (this was a reference to our mutual acquaintance), so that I can tell you what no one around us knows, save only our parish priest. Would you care to hear?"

"Care to hear? I should feel honoured."

She smiled, then the gentle eyes glanced upwards once again, as if seeking some unseen form amid the rosy-tinted clouds.

"There were only three of us," she commenced quietly. "William, my sister, and myself. Our parents died when we were quite children, so we were brought up by an old Aunt, who lived in Madrid. I was always a common-place child, but William! Ah!"

The speaker's voice took a very tender inflection, as she uttered the name. The sightless eyes, still looking upwards, filled with tears.

"If it pains you," I interposed gently, "do not inflict fresh wounds by speaking of the past."

"Nay," was the quiet rejoinder, "no fresh wound can be inflicted; the old one is ever new and bleeding; though forty-one years have rolled by since we were parted, the sorrow has never aged, nor seen decay. Daily I lift up mine eyes and behold, in

spirit, the waving corn-fields ripening for the harvest; some day, perhaps soon, I shall see the Reaper sharpening his scythe, standing in the midst of the bearded grain. Then, then I shall know that the summer has arrived; the day when I may lay down my burden at His feet and be gathered into the barns of the Master. William will be standing at the golden gates, ready to welcome me, after my Lord has bid me enter, and the sorrow of my life shall pass out of sight for ever.

She paused for a moment, and once again the sound of the violin fell on our ears, this time with a note of wailing and of pleading.

"Yes, he plays wonderfully," she murmured, turning her head in the direction of the sweet melody.

"Ah! but my William! But I must hasten my narrative, I lengthen it to weariness. My brother had an extraordinary talent for music, his whole being seemed saturated with it, and, of all instruments, the violin appealed most strongly to the gift within him. At fourteen he played as an angel. I have often thought the angelic choirs must sound somewhat like unto the exquisite strains he evoked from those marvellous strings. When only a child of eight he was a favourite with the Queen, and played before the Spanish Court, where our Aunt was a constant visitor. You see us here in this humble dwelling, and can scarcely credit it, but, indeed, it is true. We had rank and wealth once upon a time, but the latter vanished, and the former is but vanity."

As the speaker said these words with a gentle smile, I responded to the confidence, and told her that my memory now recalled perfectly the family to whom she belonged, although at first I had not connected the names together. Then she continued:

"A few sunny years passed by, and William was spoken of throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was a

true genius and made his violin speak, as if the chords had a soul. When he was sixteen, my sister married—the mother of those children you see—and William played at the High Mass on her wedding-day. It was wondrous to hear; something never to be forgotten. I can see, as if it were yestereven. The vast Cathedral at Madrid filled with the élite of the city. In the sanctuary sat the Cardinal Archbishop, surrounded by his priests, their serried ranks swelled by the presence of



HER SIGHTLESS EYES, STILL LOOKING UPWARDS,
FILLED WITH TEARS.

monks and friars. The Benedictine cowl brushed the white cloak of the Carmelite, while in the front sat several sons of Saint Francis, whose brown habits showed out in sombre contrast beside the spotless robes of Dominicans. All seemed absorbed as the exquisite strains floated through the vast nave, and I, young girl as I was, could not but be struck by the prayerful influence, if I may so call it, which my beloved brother's playing exercised over all present.

At the conclusion of the Mass he played again, and no one would move until the

last note had quivered and died away. The Cardinal was deeply affected by the marvellous music—all could perceive this, for he repeatedly raised his handkerchief to his eyes—and after the ceremony expressed a wish to see the youthful violinist. My beloved William knelt for his blessing, and replied modestly to the venerable old man's questions. He told him that he was an English boy, and that he intended

ried his precious violin, a superb Cremona it was, given him by the King of Spain, and during the evening he played for our Aunt and for me just as beautifully as when the crowd hung upon his quivering bow. Success, flattery, adulation, praise, nothing changed my beloved William's nature from its lovely simplicity and boyish truth.

"Oh! my beloved brother! God saw my exceeding love for you, and willed it to be tried in the furnace of pain, there to be purified and made perfect."

My companion ceased for some minutes, as if plunged in thought; she seemed to have forgotten my presence for the nonce, then recalled herself to the present with a soft sigh.

"I weary you?" she asked once more.

"I love to hear you," was my reply, and I meant what I said.

"The following morning he was late coming down and Aunt went upstairs to see if he had overslept, for the previous day's fatigue indeed had wearied him. She knocked, no answer; then again, still no reply.

Then she tried the door. It opened. No sound within. She called his name, silence. Then I came up, hearing her repeated calls. What had happened? Was he ill, or dead? No, he was not there."

"Not there!" I ejaculated in amazement.



HE WAS A FAVOURITE WITH THE QUEEN.

to go over the sea some day to play before our Queen. I remember seeing the good Cardinal smile at his patriotism, as he gave him a final blessing, and bade him consecrate his talent to God.

Then we went home, and William car-

"No, not there. He had not slept there, for his bed was undisturbed. Nothing seemed out of place, nothing unusual, save his absence. He, my beloved brother, was gone."

"Where?" I asked.

"I know not. We searched; the whole of Madrid sought him; the King ordered mounted messengers to scour the country; all without avail. No trace of my William; he had vanished, as it were, into air. Various theories were mooted and threshed out, but all in vain. He was never found. I have never seen him from that day to this. Now, I could no longer see him, but I would know his step, I would recognize his voice amid a million; but, alas! no sound has ever fallen on my ear during these forty and one years; my beloved brother must be dead. His harvest was gathered in. Where? when? I know not, I only know he is not here."

We remained silent for some time. Surely this fate was a strange, an extraordinary one. She wept for one as dead. Much sorrow, *this* sorrow, had silvered her hair, and traced lines of pain on the open brow. Yet it had not ruffled her soul. She still hoped, and prayed, and loved the Hand whose weight

to some less faithful ones might have proved too heavy to bear.

Once more she resumed the strange, sad story, but with evident effort.

"My poor Aunt never recovered the



"NOT THERE!" I ejaculated in amazement.

shock and sank to her eternal rest within eight months of our William's disappear-

ance. Then I lived with my married sister, and thus the years went slowly by, until my youth took unto itself wings and left me what you see. Death claimed all my friends, one by one, but I was left still waiting. Then came the death of those children's parents, a few years back, and I left Spain, with merely humble means,

"Then that did not disappear at the time!" I exclaimed thoughtfully.

"No we found it in his room when he was gone."

This set me thinking. How came it that the youth left his beloved instrument? If he had gone away of his own accord, for some extraordinary and unexplained

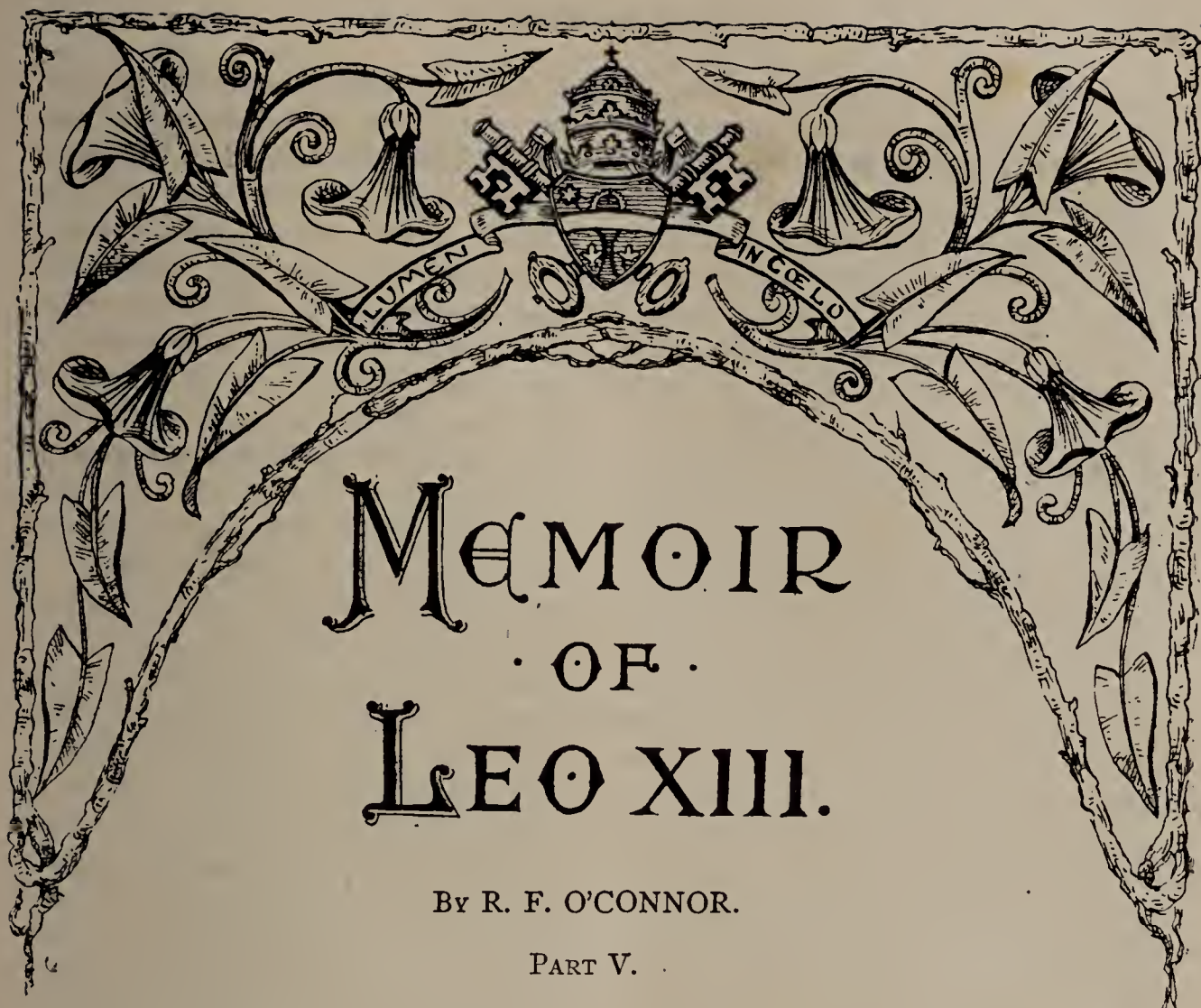


WE FOUND IT IN HIS ROOM.

to bring them up in the love of God and their neighbour. Willie inherited my beloved brother's gift, though in a far less degree, and that violin you hear is the Cremona jewel left behind."

reason, he would never have parted with his violin, which must have been a part of his being. What then? Was there any chance of foul play? I resolved to work this problem out to a logical conclusion.

(To be continued.)



MEMOIR OF LEO XIII.

By R. F. O'CONNOR.

PART V.

BORN while yet the nineteenth century numbered only ten years, Leo XIII.—a second Leo the Great—bids fair to witness its close. Like a luminous orb traversing the heavens, his career, which occupies a large space of that century, can be followed by the track of light which it has traced in its course. He can truly say of the age in which he lived, with the Latin poet, "*quorum pars magna fui.*" The world—particularly the world of faith, of intellect, of all that makes for true progress, for its moral and social betterment—has been the richer by possessing such light and leading as he has given it; it will be much the poorer by his loss when his place shall know him no more. "*Lumen in cœlo,*" the legend foreshown by Saint Malachy, or ascribed to that saintly Primate of Armagh, happily designates the great Pontiff, whose wisdom,

drawn from heavenly sources, has been as a light descending from above upon this nether world of moral darkness, a lamp to stumbling feet, to guide their footsteps over the burning marl. He has been one of those men of Providence who rank among the makers of history. He has moulded and directed the policy of the Vatican upon lines distinctly his own. All close observers of current events were early conscious of the change which his presence and influence peacefully and prudently brought about without any precipitancy or perturbation. He feels that he has a special mission given to him, the visible head of the Church, by Him who is its Invisible Head; or, rather, that his work is to convince a doubting and unbelieving age of the great fact of the Church's mission in the world, that it is what Lacordaire described it, "the one thing truly great in history," as, like the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire

by night, which guided the Israelites across the desert, it pursues its solemn stately way along the ages. In a retrospect of the first six months of his Pontificate addressed to Cardinal Nina, after his appointment as Secretary of State, in succession to Cardinal Franchi, he wrote: "In the very first days of our Pontificate, and from the height of this Apostolic Chair, we turned our eyes to Society as it is at present to ascertain its condition, to examine its needs, and to discover proper remedies. Since then in the Encyclical letters addressed to all our brother Bishops we lamented the decadence not only of the supernatural truths made known to us by faith, but of the natural truths, both speculative and practical, the prevalence of the most fatal errors, of the very serious peril of Society from the ever-increasing disorders which confront us on every side. We said that the first reason of this great moral ruin was the openly-proclaimed separation and the admitted apostacy of the Society of our day from Christ and His Church, which alone has the power to repair all the evils of Society. In the noon-day light of facts, we then showed that the Church, founded by Christ to renovate the world, from her first appearance in it, began to give great comfort by her superhuman virtue, that in the darkest and most destructive periods, the Church was the only beacon light which made the road of life safe to the nations, the only refuge where they found peace and safety." Frail in form but firm of hand, the Pope still guides the barque of Peter, so often tempest-tossed, but still breasting the waves as they surge around it. The end is not yet, it is hardly in sight. "The Pope," said an English-speaking prelate recently, "is firmly persuaded that his work is not yet done. He is determined to be a consistent Pope, and to leave in the history of the Church the impress of a great and completed idea. Therefore, he intends to live until he has completed his task."

When an American Bishop the other day was taking leave of the Pope on the completion of his visit "*ad limina*," his Holiness said interrogatively, "You will come again?" "Not," said the prelate, with a certain emotion, "for five years." The Pope marked the innuendo, and replied, with a touch of rebuke, "I will be here, and I shall be glad to see you." One of the Cardinals said lately, in reference to his distinctive social and progressive policy, "The series of the Pope's encyclicals have laid a firm basis, and whoever may succeed him, that will remain."

In his encyclical letter for Pentecost, 1897, he said: "We have endeavoured to direct all that we have attempted, and persistently carried out, during a long Pontificate, towards two chief ends: in the first place, towards the restoration, both in rulers and peoples, of the principles of the Christian life in civil and domestic society, since there is no true life for men except from Christ; and secondly, to promote the re-union of those who have fallen away from the Catholic Church, either by heresy or by schism, since it is most undoubtedly the will of Christ that all should be united in one flock under one Shepherd. But now that we are looking forward to the approach of the closing days of our life, our soul is deeply moved to dedicate to the Holy Ghost, who is the life-giving Love, all the work we have done during our Pontificate, that He may bring it to maturity and fruitfulness."

"It would seem," says Cardinal Satolli, and he speaks from an intimate personal knowledge of the Pope, "as if from the time when Leo XIII. succeeded Pius IX., he had formed a grand plan in which he took cognizance of all the needs of humanity, and determined on the provisions he would make for those needs during the whole course of his Pontificate. We can best distinguish this design of the Pope in three particular directions. Firstly, in the Holy Father's ardent zeal for the develop-

ment of studies*; secondly, in the continued interest which he has shown in social science; and, thirdly, in his untiring efforts to bring peace into the Christian countries by the spread of civilization, the teaching of religion, and the promotion of concord between Church and State. The whole world knows how well the Pope's encyclicals have carried out his plan, and for this reason, they have their own peculiar character, by which they are distinguished from the Pontifical utterances of other Popes, even those of his immediate predecessor, Pius IX. The ecclesiastical history of his Pontificate, the civil history of Europe, the universal history of the human race, will in the future have to give pages of the highest praise to Leo XIII."

The democratic side of the Pope's policy is by far the most striking in its conception and development. When he entered upon his Pontificate, the atheistic and materialistic tendencies of the age were strong. It was said that there was an unnatural divorce between the Church and modern society. He has restored the "vinculum." He has shown the world that the Church is the saviour and protector of Society. Both his encyclical to Princes and rulers on June 20th, 1894, and his letters on the labour question and Socialism have brought out that fundamental fact into strong and clear relief. The democracies of the Continent had drifted more or less from their moral moorings, had become estranged from the Church by the irreligious propagandism of the secularists. He has brought, or is bringing them back. "Leo XIII.," says Mr. Marion Crawford, "is the leader of a great organization of Christian men and women spreading all over the world; the leader

of a vast body of human thought; the leader of a great conservative army which will play a large part in any coming struggle. He will not be here to direct when the battle begins, but he will leave a strong position for his successor to defend, and great weapons for him to wield, since he has done more to simplify and strengthen the Church's organization than a dozen Popes have done in the last two centuries."

He has Catholicised Socialism, and is using it as a means of re-Christianising the de-Christianised democracies of Europe. In this way he will restore the political and religious equilibrium, disturbed ever since the great upheaval of the French Revolution. The movement of Catholic Congresses and what is known as social action have in Italy, France, and Germany brought Catholics as a body, and by consequence the Church, into closer touch with the modern world, particularly the world of workers, whether they be toilers of the artizan class or brain workers. The movement, which has its primary source in the Vatican, and in the luminous mind which has set these currents of thought and action in motion, is not confined to Europe, but has spread across the Atlantic to the new hemisphere. Mgr. Bueglin, writing in the "New York Sun" of this radiation of ideas between the New World and the Old, says: "This triumph keeps on increasing. It stands out in relief from the Catholic point of view and in the perspective from the standpoint of Rome. It is one of the strangest and most interesting movements in history that, under the lead of Leo XIII., international Catholicism should have brought its ideals closer to the force-ideas of Americanism. The time will come, perhaps, when the tiara and the starry flag will join in pursuit of the same ends, to bring about the same force of civilization. Of late, if we consider only facts and results, social and democratic Catholicism has advanced under the pressure of interests and of youthful intelli-

* In this connection may be noted his interest in historical research evidenced by the new code of regulations for the Vatican Library issued on September 1879, when he threw open to scholars of all nations the Vatican archives, from which much of European history at first hand is to be gleaned

gence. To depict the movements of the currents is to bring out in relief the direction that at once fits in with the interests of the Papacy of religion and of democracy." One unceasing purpose runs through all the Pope's policy, which is daily gaining new adherents as it unfolds itself, and men see that it is not motivated by any thought of territorial aggrandisement, such as shapes the policies of other Powers, but to concentrate all the forces of good against all the forces of evil, and prepare for the Church's approaching triumph, whether that triumph is to come peacefully or after another conflict. A passion of humanity, born of Christian charity, is its mother-thought. As he said: "Love and sympathy are not confined to the bounds of the Alps and the sea, but are spreading day by day throughout the civilized world. How sad, therefore, it is to see calumniated or misunderstood by so many the aspirations of hearts towards Rome, the metropolitan depository of the Divine oracles, the dispenser of salvation!"

"In the midst of the storms of a forgetful and unbelieving age," he declared, "it is the renewed care for their own safety that directs minds to the Holy City, the polar star of souls, and the hope of possessing Christ that leads people to the throne of His Vicar. Every upright soul, every heart desirous of private or general prosperity should bless the present movement of Christian minds as a forecast and promise of future safety. God does not, as man does, leave His work unfinished, and sooner or later He will complete what He has begun, though we shall not see it, being at the end of our day. But we rejoice to foresee it and salute it from afar."

Papers and periodicals innumerable have from time to time contained pen-portraits of the Pope, and glimpses, more or less graphic and more or less truthful, of the Vatican interior, where the greatest personification of moral and intellectual power calmly surveys the world, upon

which he bestows his blessings and his benefits; and however sick about questions and strifes of words that world may be in the religious domain, or however divided on racial or political grounds, it must be said that it has regarded with respect, if not always with befitting reverence, the ruler of the oldest dynasty, and of the largest body of Christians in the universe. Painters and engravers have made familiar to all of us the frail form, now bent with age, of the venerable Pontiff, the contour of that noble head with its lofty and expansive brow—"the dome of thought, the palace of the soul"—the delicate outlines of that pale, transparent visage, the penetrating glance which surveys the present with keen eyes, and peers into the future, and the firm mouth, which expresses reserve and resolution.

Like all great Churchmen the Pope is an ascetic. His tastes are of the simplest, and it has been remarked that the older he grows the more accentuated his natural frugality becomes. No cloistered religious is more abstemious. The strictest economy is practised with regard to his own table. Although not very far off 90 he rises every morning, winter and summer, at six; and his meals, including his wine bill, do not cost more than £10 a month. "Leo XIII.," relates a visitor to the Vatican, "is an early riser. His valet awakens him at an early hour. The aged priest has not changed the simple habits of a lifetime because he is Pope. He is soon dressed in his cassock of pure white, and spends a few minutes in adoration at the altar of his private chapel. Then there is a half-hour spent in meditation or mental prayer on some of the great gospel truths or mysteries. This over, one of his chaplains recites with him Prime, Tierce, and Sext, and the Holy Father is ready for Mass. Immediately a white figure stands before the altar with his face turned to us, and the right hand holding a silver aspersory, sprinkling holy water on the assembled

worshippers. It is but an instant that he remains fronting us. The face is of alabaster whiteness and transparent almost, and the eyes are all radiant with the fire of piety and fatherly kindness. The words of blessing were scarcely audible. It was as if some of Fra Angelico's glorified saints had walked out of the canvass, or come down from the frescoes on the wall, and shone upon us for a moment, lifted his hand in blessing and murmured low

and toil. The shoulders and head are slightly bent, as if in reverence to the Tabernacle. Finally, the white skull-cap or biretta, is on a circle of snow-white hair. Every tone of the priestly voice is now fuller, more measured and instinct with deeper feeling. The holy rite occasionally seems to be too much for him. His frame is so shaken that you fancy he will fall if not supported by his chaplain. But the strong will sustains him, and during the



THE POPE'S BEDROOM IN THE VATICAN.

words of love and greeting, and then turned away. No man I ever saw at the altar so impressed me with the idea of one who is face to face with God. He uttered every word with infinite reverence and love. Everything is done so quietly, so reverently that you look on as if entranced. As Leo XIII. stands before us in his full priestly vestments it is painfully apparent how aged is that frame on which rests the awful burden of such responsibility, care,

Canon and after the Consecration there is a continual upward movement of head and shoulders, as if caused by a weight too heavy to carry." Describing the same solemn scene an eminent Franciscan writes: "Leo XIII. looks in very truth more like a spirit than a man. Fragile-looking to a degree, the cream white of his dress only serves to accentuate the sparseness of his form. Prepared to look upon the greatest man in Europe, his aspect at

once disarms you. And while your mind wanders over the greatness of his name, his encyclicals, his universal influence and the undisputed sovereignty of his word in the Councils of the civilised world, your eye again rests on the unassuming figure that humbly kneels and prays with such edifying recollection. The first sound of his voice quite takes you by surprise. After the first view of agedness you by no means expect the resonance and positive strength of voice, which agrees so well with your preconceived ideas of the commanding character of Leo XIII. All traces of fragility are completely absorbed in the dominating power of his speech. He has a peculiar movement of the whole body when giving emphasis to a phrase, as if he would lend every fibre of his frame to the vocal chords, and in his voice give you the entire man. But over and above all there are the fervour, the prayer, the piety, and devout emotion in every sentence he utters. He interprets every phrase of the sacred liturgy as he reads it, and not a single syllable seems to pass the threshold of his lips without having obtained the assent and benediction of his reflective thought. It is quite impossible to describe in words the simple devotion with which the Holy Father says Mass. There is indeed a grandeur and stateliness about it sufficiently awe-inspiring; but there is also a simplicity which surpasses grandeur and a sweetness which drives away awe. When the Pope turns to say 'Pax vobis' or 'Dominus vobiscum' he makes a perfect picture for an artist. Without turning fully round, he gives the impression of turning more than fully round. There is a majestic sweep of the right arm, originating from the shoulder, as he pronounces the 'Pax vobis.' Full was the heart and tremulous with the message was the voice, as to the Holy Father's 'Pax vobis' there arose the fervent answer, 'Et cum spiritu tuo.' The high sense of purest spirituality which was breathed in

the saying of the Preface and the 'Pater Noster' was remarkable. Nor can one resist to mention the wonderful mixture of petition and scorn which the Holy Father threw into the prayer to Saint Michael as he deliberately uttered the words, 'May God rebuke him.'"

It is a scene which no one has witnessed without emotion. The special correspondent of one of the London daily papers who was present in February last at the Pope's private Mass says: "The impression from the first moment to the last was one of startling energy. It is a singular scene. A small group, representing many races and conditions of men, is ushered, a few minutes before eight, from the Sala Clementina into the inner Audience Chamber, which opens, by a wide portal, upon the Pope's private chapel. His own bedroom—a model of simplicity—is in the same suite. When the hangings open, you see the simplest altar in the world, where his vestments, white with a simple embroidery in gold, are lying ready. At the stroke of eight there enters from the left, with a certain prompt, decisive action, the old man whose strange face is so well-known by its ineffectual portraits. He is a little bent, no doubt. His hand, which holds the benitier, shakes a little. Over his ordinary Papal dress of dead white he has thrown a long cape of some warm red purple stuff—a sort of morning wrap. Before you have time to think, he has gone to the altar, and is being assisted to vest. You hear the Latin of his ritual prayers, deliberately and strongly uttered in a strangely deep and carrying voice, a little nasal, which can be heard all through the chamber with admirable distinctness. He tolerates very little assistance, and indeed he does not need it, for his genuflexions, when he has to make them, are apparently less difficult or irksome to him than they are to an average elderly priest who is a little vexed with rheumatism or corpulence. His Mass takes him three-quarters of an

hour. Then one of his special chaplains — on the occasion of my visit it was Mgr. Merry del Val—says another Mass, at which the Pope assists, kneeling at a 'Prie-Dieu' on our left.

"It is now past nine, and one imagines that he will retire to eat something before he gives audience, for he is, of course, fasting. Not a bit of it. As soon as the chaplain's Mass is over, the Pope seats

ready eagerness, the Pope picks up and starts off, in his strangely growling voice, on any point that interests him. When I saw him, it was the English Universities. His wonderful face lit up and his eyes glinted as he spoke, with the enthusiasm of a humanist, of 'Cambridge et Oxford,' and expressed his great satisfaction at the arrangements lately made for the education of Catholics at both of them. Eng-



ENTRANCE TO THE POPE'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

himself in a raised chair against the left wall of the chapel, and the favoured people who have audiences—some dozen parties or so—are ushered in separately by the courteous Maestro di Camera. Mgr. Cajitano stands by the Pope and rapidly pours into his ears a sketch of each person. Rapidly and keenly, with a sort of

land altogether interested him. In fact, the one thing which was most notable was precisely what my friends had told me beforehand—he was a man who seemed to live by will-power and vivid energy, in whom not only the mental but the bodily fires still burned as strongly as in many a man with twenty years less upon his head."

Perhaps the most graphic of all these pen-pictures of his Holiness, if somewhat fanciful, was that contributed to the Paris "Figaro," by the well-known French journalist, Madame Severine, to whom the Holy Father graciously accorded the favour of a private audience in August, 1892: "Very pale, very upright, very attenuated, hardly visible, so little remains of material substance within that robe of white cloth, sits the Holy Father, at the end of the room, in a large arm-chair, behind which stands a table, surmounted by a crucifix. A light strikes full on the fine face of the Latin prelate, throwing the delicate features into relief—features of a face vivified, animated, electrified, so to speak, by a soul so youthful, so vibrating, so valiant for good, so sensitive to moral misery, so compassionate of bodily suffering, that its glance fills the onlooker with wonder. It seems a miraculous dawn hovering over a sunset. The incomparable portrait of Chatrain* alone can give an idea of that eagle glance, but even it has too worldly an effect, and all the flaming mass of purple behind the snowy cassock gives the cheeks a colour and the eye a brilliancy in the picture which are softer than the Pope himself. To explain what I mean I shall say that I found the Pope white, with a radiance more personal and more moving, less of a king and more of an apostle—almost a grandsire. A gentle benevolence, half afraid it would seem, lurks in the curve of his lips and shows itself only in his smile, and at the same time a straight, strong nose reveals the will, the unbending will, one that can wait. Leo XIII. resembles those profile portraits after Perugino, of donors one sees in the pictures of kneeling saints in antique cathedral windows, in their woollen habits, their long fingers humbly joined, among

* Madame Severine seems to have been unaware of the really fine portrait of the Pope painted by the well-known Irish artist, Mr. H. Jones Thaddeus, a native of Cork, who reflects additional honour on the city of James Barry and Daniel Maclise.

the apotheoses, the Nativities, the triumph of the saints, and the glory of God. He thus seemed to me to incarnate the arms of his house, the blazon of the Pecci; so tall and slender, as straight as a pine, outlined against the blue sky, and in his eyes that luminousness of the morning star, precursor of the dawn, which shines above the great heraldic tree. But what attracts and rivets attention almost as much as his face, are the hands—long, delicate, transparent hands, with contours of unrivalled purity, hands which seem, with their agate nails, offerings of precious ivory brought out from their casket for some feast. His voice has a far-away sound, as if it travelled to a distant country on the wings of prayer, and loved rather to soar towards heaven than to stoop to mortal ears. Nevertheless, in conversation, it turns from the Gregorian monotone with a note in major key, which besides—a mere trifle, a local habit—lends to his discourse a peculiar savour and spice of nationality." When Cardinal Gibbons saw him three years afterwards he appeared "pale and emaciated, with a pallor almost of death upon him. His body is more bent than it was eight or ten years ago," pursued his Eminence, addressing a congregation in Baltimore Cathedral, "but his eye is bright and penetrating, his voice is strong and sonorous, his intellect is remarkably clear and luminous, his memory is most tenacious. He has also an astonishing power of physical endurance, which enables him to hold audience for several consecutive hours, treating on most important subjects with Cardinals and foreign representatives, as well as with private individuals, passing with ease and elasticity of mind from one subject to another."

Such is Leo XIII. In bringing to a close this imperfect memoir of one of the master minds of the nineteenth century—and no one is more conscious of its inadequacy as an attempt to pourtray a great historical figure and a great career than

the writer—he owns to the same feeling to which Mr. Justin McCarthy gives expression, that it is hard indeed not to grow enthusiastic as one studies the records of such a career. “Statesmanship and philanthropy,” says the able historian of our times, “are combined in it, each at its best and highest. Pope Leo loved the

To him may be justly applied, and even more fittingly, the fine lines in which the late Laureate panegyrised Wellington. We may truly say of him that he was one

“Who never sold the truth to serve the hour;
Nor paltered with Eternal God of power,
Who let the turbid stream of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high or low”



LEO XIII AT THE PRESENT DAY.

working people and the poor, and strove unceasingly with all his power to lighten their burdens, and to brighten their lives. He showed to others the best and most practical way to the accomplishment of such objects. He spread the light of education all around him. As a great leader of men, endowed with unrivalled influence, he made it his task to maintain peace among his neighbours. Better praise no man could have earned; a better life no man could have lived.”

One whose more than eighty winters
“Freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed!”

The latest incident of note to be added to that record is his intervention in the Spanish-American crisis, with a view of preventing the outbreak of the unequal conflict, which is ending in the humiliating defeat of an old Catholic nation, with which we, Irish, have many ties, as we

have with the United States ; although the links that bind us to the latter do not stretch as far back in history. The world beheld with sympathy and approval the efforts of the Pope to avert the war ; and, if anyone was capable of doing so, it was the great statesman-Pontiff, whose words have such weight with both rulers and people. But it was not to be. There was something pathetic and pleading in the aged Pope's action. After saying Mass in the Sistine Chapel on the morning of April 13th, turning to those around him he exclaimed : " I prayed God, with the whole force of my being, with the deepest fervour, to avert this sad war, and not to allow my Pontificate to end in the smoke of battle. Otherwise, I have implored the Almighty to take me to Himself, that I

may not behold such a sight." Those who were present said he spoke with such emotion that they were all deeply touched. Providence is affording the Pope another opportunity of showing how faithful a representative he is of the Prince of Peace : for at the very moment when these lines are being printed he is making a final effort to bring the war to a conclusion, and to stop any further bloodshed, appealing, and we trust not in vain, to America to be generous towards an unfortunate, but chivalrous combatant, and to the Queen Regent not to compromise the monarchy by refusing to treat for peace. Peace, as we said at the beginning of this Memoir, has always been one of the dominant notes of the Pope's policy.





Our Foreign Letters.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

King William's Town,
South Africa.

THE Sisters of Saint Dominic have settled on fertile soil at the Cape of Good Hope. Branches of the noble Sisterhood have been established in the principal towns of the Cape. For nearly half a century have these good Irish Sisters worked in this part of the dark Continent, and their labours were richly blessed.

The foundation of the King William's Town Convent dates back to the year 1877, the late lamented Bishop Ricards being the founder. The Sisters came from the Motherhouse of Saint Ursula, of Augsburg, Bavaria. There were but seven Sisters at the outset, but the number increased considerably as years went on. The Prioress could but say in those days, "We are seven." God provided wonderfully for subjects and means to carry on His work that seemed so insignificant in the beginning. The zealous missionary priest, Monsignor (then Father) Fagan started the building of the Convent prior to the Sisters' arrival in the Colony; it was in successive years enlarged, and now it is one of the largest and most prominent buildings in the Capital. The town and

country was in those days just emerging out of Kaffir wars, and many were the difficulties and trials which the Sisters had to overcome. By indomitable pluck and perseverance so peculiar to the German race, they were overcome. The Sisters devoted themselves to the education of the children of the poor settlers, many of whom had laid down their lives in the defence of their country. By degrees a large boarding school was established. Pupils flocked to it from all parts of the country; Protestants as well as Catholics patronized the schools of the Sisters. The King William's Town Convent soon became famous; their pupils passed creditably as a rule the various University examinations, and success attended the school in all its branches. A special feature here is the training of young ladies as governesses, who, on leaving the establishment, find occupation on farms at distances from towns, and here a Catholic governess can do any amount of good, where a missionary priest has but seldom a chance of visiting the scattered flock. The Sisters have besides the boarding and day school for young ladies, also a deaf and dumb institute, where those bereft of the gift of speech and hearing are taught, or rather endowed with what nature has denied them. The system in vogue is the oral one. The boys' school is also in the hands of the Sisters, as well as a boarding establish-

ment for little boys. The number of children attending the Convent Schools is over 300.

Over 200 Sisters claim the Convent of the Sacred Heart as their Motherhouse. They are divided in the following branches—Convents: East London, Izeli Mission, Graaff Reinet, and Keilands Mission, in the Colony; Patchefstroom and Klerksdorp, in the Transvaal. The nursing Sisters of the Fort Salisbury, Bulawayo, and Fort Victoria Hospitals are also affiliated to the King William's Town Convent.

The number of children receiving their training at the hands of the Sisters may be roundly estimated at 1,200. But these are all whites, or European children. A com-

drive from King William's Town, lies on the banks of the Buffalo River, and is a place of interest. The farm was purchased in the year 1891 for the purpose of starting an industrial school for the "poor whites," and a native mission. The poor whites question is one that bothered the heads of the legislators of the Cape Colony for years. The problem is solved at the farm. Here the children receive a training that makes them useful for the world, and they acquire habits of industry so necessary for people who have to rely on their own resources. Whilst the Cape Parliament has given large aids to Poor Whites Institutions, of an undenominational character, without receiving an ade-



DOMINICAN CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

mencement has been made with Kaffir Missions, namely, the Izeli and Keilands Mission. In these places there are separate schools for natives, the attendance in both places is about 200. In Keilands the Sisters work under the Jesuit Fathers, teaching school and tending the sick Kaffirs. The most unique and interesting work carried on by the Sisters is the mission work at

IZELI.

The Convent farm at Izeli, an hour's

quate return in proportion to the outlay, the social and moral condition of the poor whites has not been a whit the better. As to the success of the Convent farm school a writer to the "South African Catholic Magazine" writes the following narrative: "I could not pass through King William's Town without spending a day on the Izeli farm. Here is a subject for the New Woman to meditate upon with profit. Instead of going about the country shrieking their equality with man, the Sisters of

Saint Dominic have quietly settled down to prove it. It is a genuine farm, and a large one, and there are two industrial institutions upon it, one for boys and one for girls. Yet this community is as entirely self dependent as any other in the country, and it is not only controlled but worked by the Sisters and their pupils, with the only exception of half a dozen unskilled Kaffir labourers. The nuns do their own ploughing and hoeing; they have built most of their own buildings themselves; all the carpentry was done by themselves. You are shown into a forge, where a lady-blacksmith, in Dominican dress, makes the sparks fly quite as deftly as her brothers elsewhere, and you are told that all the iron work wanted on the farm is done here. You begin to think the world is turned upside down, and that women have forgotten their own arts, when you are ushered into a room of peace, where nuns, such as the world has always known them, are seated in silence round frames of embroidery, or with familiar, yet mysterious, piles of "stuff" in front of them, plying needle and thread. This farm is the Catholic solution of the poor white question. Here the children of the poor learn to labour and to pray."

The natives in the environment of the Convent farm are, to a great extent, still living in paganism. Their strange customs and polygamous habits make their conversion extremely difficult. In the district alone there are 62,000 heathens—a large field for the Catholic missionary. And then this is no virgin soil. Protestant sendlings have established themselves, and instead of making the native a civilized being, they **make** him by their teaching more wily and arrogant. School Kaffirs are as a rule disliked by the Europeans. The Sisters have made their influence manifest among their dusky neighbours. To "work and pray" is their motto, and **by** degrees the natives will learn the "dignity" of labour. The chapel is crowded on Sun-

days with native worshippers, and some of the Sisters who can command the Kaffir language give catechetical instruction to those eager to join the Church. Only after a long probation are the native catechumens received into the Church. They make excellent Catholics; their piety and sincerity is most edifying.

Over three hundred baptisms, chiefly adults, have been entered during the last two years in the Baptismal Register at Izeli. The harvest time has come, but of the labourers in the Lord's vineyard there is a marked deficiency. South African gold and diamonds attract the eyes of the world, but the souls of those sitting in the "shadows of death," clamouring for redemption, seem to be uncared for.

The Sisters of Saint Dominic may claim the attention of the charitable to their work. They feed and clothe so many poor whites and natives for charity's sake, and those whom God has blessed with the goods of this world find here an opportunity of aiding a noble work.

Dominican Convent,

Newcastle, Natal.

LIFE here in the sunny South is, as you know, widely different in many respects from that of home. It is simpler, a wider freer life, breathing liberty, and to me strongly suggestive of the patriarchal ages. The wide expanse of veldt, cut by crude, sandy roadways, remind me forcibly of the Arabian plains, of which we read in the wanderings of the Israelites. The oxen-waggon, which is at once a cart or carriage, and a house on wheels, a portable dwelling; the tents that now and then dot the landscape; the sandalled feet and turbaned heads of the Indian men, and the scarf-like costume of the women—all speak to me of the primitive life of the

Hebrew nation. And yet, as if to prove the truths of the axiom that extremes meet, side by side, hand-in-hand with this free simple unconventional life walks our nineteenth century civilization bearing aloft the motto "Progress!"

Here in this pretty little town of Newcastle we are a polyglot people: British, Dutch, Indian, and African, which last race, instead of reigning, serve. Hard, is it not, and doubtless keenly felt by many a proud, brave heart, instinct with the power of manhood and the freedom of

ceived, and that is the Light of Faith, which, I hope, will rapidly diffuse itself and penetrate and illumine many a Kaffir kraal. And they seem to be a reverent people, in whose hearts the Word of God would find congenial soil and bring forth much fruit. I often mark with mingled feelings of delight and self-reproach the profound reverence of the Kaffirs and coolies who come to our Chapel, which is the only Catholic place of worship in the town—they evince such joy and pride in declaring themselves Christians. A few



WASHING DAY ON THE UMSINDUSI.

the plains, so long the heritage of family and race. Now the ordinary Kaffir is a despised being, a free slave, who performs all the drudgery; a human machine to move at his master's touch, and rarely, perhaps, treated with the same consideration as the house dog. Of course even here in Natal not a few petty Chiefs retain some of their ancient prestige, and generally speaking, the condition of the natives has been, in many respects, ameliorated by the inroads of civilization. One priceless blessing the conquered race has re-

times, when abroad in charge of the pupils of our boarding school, coloured Christians came to me, and finding I could not understand their language they made the Sign of the Cross, to signify they were of my faith, and on one occasion a man recited a part of the "Ave Maria" to let me know he was a Catholic. As sympathy has a magically communicative power they probably recognize the hearts that feel kindly towards them. My sympathy the coloured races have, and in unstinted measure, strong, deep, and tender; and this

doubtless it is which explains their friendliness towards me, and their evident desire to converse with me, even by smiles and gestures. Once, when out for a walk with our pupils, a Kaffir woman from a neighbouring kraal joined us, and after a few words, began to examine my religious dress — habit, scapular, guimpe, girdle, and beads, and then reverently took in her hands the crucifix suspended from my rosary, uttering, as she gazed on it, words of sorrow and compassion. Then she left us, but soon returned, bearing in her

sugar-cane plots, the natives live, for the most part, in their primitive state, in all the freedom of blanket, beads, and feathers. And all are ridiculously fond of ornaments of some kind, or indeed any kind, on head, neck, and limbs. Bead ornaments are evidently favourites, and are worn in great number, like bangles, on arms, wrists, and ankles, with a plentiful supply, in various devices, on neck and also suspended from the ear. The women also adorn with beads the scarf-like garment, which is often their only article of



NATIVE TOWN, INHAMBANE.

hands a bundle of sugar cane, which she presented to me for the children. The poor woman's generosity and graceful courtesy showed the kindness and innate refinement of her nature, and touched me deeply, drawing me, if possible, still closer to her and her race. The town Kaffirs have adopted civilized dress and customs, as have also those on the outskirts, but beyond, in the kraals scattered here and there, on all sides surrounded by their mealie-squares, their Kaffir corn and

dress, and bestow not a little care on their short woolly hair, which is arranged quite differently by maid and matron; even the food they eat may not be the same. All the domestic customs of the Kaffirs are governed by superstitious laws, as will be seen in their legendary lore, which possesses not a little beautiful imagery, and proves that the race is capable of conceiving and appreciating the good, the heroic, and the beautiful. One day in the near future their lives will be directed and

governed by God's holy commandments. Besides the natives there is also a large number of another coloured race, Indians, nearly all belonging to the Coolie caste, and employed as servants by the Government, hotels, and stores of every kind. Last week, being with our pupils in the play-ground during recreation, I saw a strange pageant, which was at once pathetic and ridiculous and most saddening to

towards the false god of his worship. He was clad in a loose, flowing, white robe, a tiger-skin across his shoulders; his hair closely cropped, and face and hair powdered, and round his head a circlet of large, berry-like beads. In his hand he held a book, from which he read at intervals, gesticulating and making obeisances, and frequently twirling round in a dance-like movement, and making grotesque pro-

strations before the pagoda and its idol. On either side of the priest were men who played on tambourine-like instruments. The female worshippers were all clad in bright-hued garments, the prevailing colours being red, green, pink, and yellow. Among the dazzling costumes were a few really artistic; one, a dark green velvet, and another of crimson velvet with an old-gold silken shawl thrown scarf-like over one shoulder, and looped up in graceful folds. The pagoda, which looked a miniature castle or tower, or a colossal bride-cake, was of wood covered over with all manner of devices, in gaudily-coloured paper, and decorated with ornaments of the same. It consisted of three square blocks, or stories, each one smaller than the other, and having a window on every side, the whole surmounted by an ornament, which looked in



PAPAWS TREE.

the Christian heart, it was the procession of an Indian idol, borne in a Pagoda, a portable Hindoo temple, which was placed on a cart, drawn by a few of the Coolies and surrounded and followed by a crowd of the same poor pagan worshippers. Before walked a priest, with face turned

the distance like a diminutive Japanese figure, and was kept in constant twirling motion round by one or more coolies, who were concealed within the pagoda to bear the idol company, and help in doing it honour. In its march through the town the strange procession stopped before the

principal houses and also before our schools, thus giving me an opportunity of understanding the various elements of which it was composed. It was a sight at which no Christian could look unmoved without experiencing a strong desire that all this worship should be given to the one true God; that our holy Faith may soon illumine the darkness of those poor idolators, and bring them to kneel in loving adoration before the Sacramental Presence of God in our tabernacles. But to effect this much help is needed—many more labourers in this far-off African vineyard of the Lord, where the harvest is great but the reapers few. In our ranks there is room for many, and for want of sufficient help much good work in Kaffir and Christian missions remains undone; earnest, urgently pleading petitions “for a few Sisters” have to be refused. It is hard, very hard, yet what can we do? We can only hope and pray that God will send us speedily some generous-souled subjects to aid in the glorious work of the Apostolate in this “dark” yet sunny land, to help to bring the light of Faith to many a pagan heart, and to preserve it a living flame in many a Christian heart. Such is the work of our Houses. But the work could be much more extended if our resources here were not so limited, if our number so few, comparatively. Where shall we turn for help, for material aid, and for generous hearts and willing hands? Where, if not to holy Ireland, pre-eminently the Land of Faith, the Mother of Apostles, who daily sends forth her children to evangelize even the remotest parts of the earth. Among the daughters of Saint Patrick there are, doubtless, many who desire to consecrate their young lives to the service of God in the foreign missions, and these we lovingly and earnestly invite to this large field of labour in our Lord’s vineyard; to these we say, come and join our ranks, and, clothed in the white habit of Saint Dominic, help us to extend the Faith, to pro-

mote the glory of God, and to make Our Lady of the Rosary known and loved in Africa’s sunny clime.

M. R. M.

Saint Joseph’s Mission of Tobago,
West Indies.

THE following letter is from a Dominican missionary in Tobago. He is the only Catholic priest in the Island, and is in great need of help. Since his appointment to the mission by the present Archbishop (Dr. Flood, O.P.), he has received more than 500 converts into the Church. We hope our readers will pray that the Lord may send new labourers into the vineyard. “The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few.”

Very Reverend Father,

This is to let you know that my two letters, one to the Propaganda of the Faith, the other one to the Cardinal Prefect, have been so far crowned with success. I have now 650 dollars in hand. But it is a great pity that I haven’t got a little more.

I have to build a school in town, another at Mason Hall, and a third at Delaford, and all three as soon as possible, in order to be prepared when the Government of Trinidad will take over our schools. If I had now a little more money I would prepare quickly and actively the grounds, and then I should be rewarded. His Grace, the Archbishop, knowing all things, has allowed me to contract a debt of one thousand dollars, but up to now I did not succeed in getting that money.

Oh, Very Reverend Father, see what you can do for me, or rather for our poor Catholic Missions in Tobago. On Trinity Sunday, 38 converts received the Holy Communion for the first time. It was touching to see them, so much emotion at the moment of the Holy Communion. All

their faces bathed with tears. Now, Rev. Father, I want at once one bell, for the new mission of Mason Hall. Please ask some good lady to send me one from Ireland. I require also Rosary beads, crosses, and scapulars of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Be good enough to supply me with some.

I am working very hard here, and it pleases God Almighty to try me a great

deal, though "*miscens gaudia fletibus.*" Our Ritualist parsons in town have "*le Diable au corps,*" and they succeed, alas! too much.

My Orphan Home is going on very nicely. If any lady in Ireland promises me 10s. monthly I shall take two more destitute girls in her name, and she shall be entitled to our daily prayers.

Fr. M. Reginald, O.P.



Book Notices.

"*Virgo Prædicanda.*" By Rev. John FitzPatrick, O.M.I. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

This is a little book of "Verses in Our Lady's Praise," which the Rev. Author sweetly dedicates to his sisters, in memory of their mother. A spirit of tender piety breathes through these carefully-written and touching verses.

Devenish (Lough Erne): Its History, Antiquities, and Traditions. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Enniskillen: A. Weaver.

Ireland has few places more worthy of a visit, or richer in traditions and antiquities than Lough Erne's many islands. Inglis has described the Erne as the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms. Tourists to the famous island of Devenish, situate upon Lower Lough Erne, will need a "guide, philosopher, and friend" to duly appreciate its wealth of lore and ruins, and occasionally afterwards to revisit in fancy this beautiful scene. This little book, though it is not a guide book in the

strict sense of the word, will be all this to them. Its pages are profusely illustrated, the type and paper are good, and the price the modest sum of one shilling.

Ada Merton. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Father Finn's stories are so popular that we need not do more than tell our readers that "Ada Merton," which is from his pen, has reached a fourth edition. That speaks volumes for its worth. For young people it is a charming story.

The Dutiful Child. From the German of Rev. F. R. Wetzel. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Here we have not one story, but fourteen short ones, illustrated with examples to impress upon the minds of children their duties to God, to their parents, and to their superiors generally. We advise our readers to buy as soon as possible "The Dutiful Child." It will answer the question, "Which is the Way to Heaven?"



LUIS MORALES PINX.

"HE THAT TAKETH NOT UP HIS CROSS, AND FOLLOWETH ME, IS NOT WORTHY OF ME."

ST. MATTHEW, X. 38



Vol. II., No. 9.—SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Savonarola.

IV.—WAS SAVONAROLA EXCOMMUNICATED ?

BEFORE proceeding further with our reply to the *Tablet*, we think it well to give our readers the substance of an important work on the supposed excommunication of Savonarola, which has been recently published in Italian by Father John Lottini, O.P. It throws unexpected light on a question that was hitherto hopelessly obscure, and for that reason we are desirous that it should be made known without delay to all who take an interest in Savonarola in this country.

The author declares he does not mean to constitute himself an absolute judge in a cause so much disputed, and so difficult. "To the Church alone," he says, "belongs the right to pronounce an infallible judg-

ment on Savonarola, and to her I submit every sentiment of mine."

In order to understand the question it is necessary, first of all, to read attentively the last Papal Brief, after which, and because of which, Savonarola was believed to be excommunicated. The following is a translation. (The original is given in Villari, vol. ii., p. xxxix.):

ALEXANDER VI., POPE.

Beloved Sons, health and apostolic benediction.

We have heard, not without displeasure, from several persons worthy of credence, and noted for learning, how a certain Father Jerome Savonarola of Ferrara, at present, as it is said, Vicar of San Marco in Florence, has sown pernicious doctrine with scandal and detriment to simple souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ. But, hoping that when his error was made known he would soon withdraw from his dangerous way, and return with true simplicity of heart, humbly and with due

obedience, to Christ and to Holy Church, we commanded the said Fr. Jerome, in a brief, and in virtue of holy obedience, that he should come to us to clear himself of some errors imputed to him, and that he should suspend his preaching, but he would not obey. We then, showing him greater kindness than he deserved, accepted some excuses which he put forward at the time, and bore with his disobedience in continuing to preach, contrary to our aforesaid prohibition, hoping our clemency would lead him to the path of duty. But he persisted in his obstinacy. Where-



CARDINAL PAROCCHI, CARDINAL-VICAR OF ROME.

Tertiary of the Dominican Order and a Defender of Savonarola.

fore in a second brief (7th of November, 1496) we commanded him in virtue of holy obedience, and under pain of excommunication *latae sententiae* to be incurred *ipso facto*, that he should unite the convent of San Marco with the Tusco-Roman Congregation by us recently erected.

Even then he remained unmoved in his

obstinacy, thus incurring *ipso facto* the censure. We, therefore, solicitous for the salvation of souls, to seek which we are bound by the obligation of our pastoral office, in order that their blood may not be demanded of us on the day of judgment, command you in virtue of holy obedience, and under pain of excommunication, that on feast days in the presence of the people, you declare this Fr. Jerome excommunicated, and to be held as such by everyone, because he did not obey our apostolic admonitions and commands. And under like penalty we command you to

warn all and everyone of both sexes, whether clerics or seculars, priests or religious of whatever order, or grade or ecclesiastical dignity, that they are forbidden to assist him, to be present at his preaching by us prohibited, to seek directly or indirectly his favour, and to go to places where he is, as being excommunicated and suspected of heresy.

We command you, moreover, to obey and assist our Commissario, John Victor da Camerino, professor of Theology, in all that we have commanded him to do against Savonarola, whensoever he may call upon you to do so.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, the 13th of May, 1497, the fifth of our pontificate."

This brief, as is evident to anyone who reads it carefully, presupposes that Savonarola had already incurred excommunication, it is a brief declaring that he has incurred a censure, but not inflicting it; it is not addressed to Savonarola himself, but is only a command given to various religious bodies to declare to the people that he had already incurred the censure, through the transgression of a command to which an excommunication *latae sententiae* was attached.

In order to remove all doubt that this Brief did not inflict excommunication, but

was a simple declaration or notification of censure believed to have been incurred, it will be of use to make a few observations on the sentence of excommunication according to theologians.

The sentence of excommunication, they say, is either declaratory or inflictive. The first is an announcement made by a lawful superior of excommunication already incurred because of the transgression of a precept to which such penalty is attached.

The inflictive is an act of the lawful superior by which he imposes the penalty of excommunication on a transgressor, because of contumacy in a grave fault.

Saint Alphonsus, followed by many theologians, teaches, among other things, that "excommunication, according to common law, is invalid if inflicted for a sin which is altogether passed, and has no relation to the future; for instance, excommunication inflicted for a robbery, or a blasphemy committed in the past. Wherefore, if a person incurs an excommunication for a past robbery, it is valid, not on account of the robbery, but by reason of contumacy;" and this only when there is question of *inflicting* the penalty.

The same Doctor holds that, according to the general and most probable opinion of theologians, not even the Pope, of his *full powers*, can *validly* inflict excommunication without previous warning. Hence a simple "declaration," particularly if not addressed to the individual himself, but to others, even if made by the Pope, has not the inflictive value of excommunication unless the subject has transgressed a precept to which is attached excommunication *ferendæ sententiæ*, in which latter case the declaration would have the value of an infliction. I say excommunication *ferendæ sententiæ*, because, if excommunication *latæ sententiæ* were, instead, attached to the precept, then the declaration does not excommunicate but supposes the person already excommunicated.

* "Theol. Mor., Lib. vii. de censuris in genere, dub 4, n. 54, Bassano Edition 1837, Tom. iii., p. 107.

Let us, then, examine the Brief. It supposes that the Friar obstinately persists in an excommunication incurred from the 7th November, 1496, and from which he has not troubled himself to obtain absolution. Hence the object of the Brief must be none other than to manifest him as, or declare him, excommunicated. To inflict a new sentence of excommunication would be superfluous and preposterous.

Furthermore, the faults therein attributed to him are not such as to render him excommunicated by a simple declaration made to the public.

The first fault imputed to him is that of *having preached pernicious doctrine*. This would be sufficient motive to declare a person excommunicated, whose teaching was not orthodox but heretical. That Savonarola ever preached doctrine other than orthodox is no longer maintained by any side. Alexander VI. himself told the Florentine Bonsi that he did not condemn the teaching of Savonarola.

The other fault with which he is charged is that of disobedience to the command to go to Rome. But, leaving aside the strong arguments to prove that Savonarola did not disobey, it is enough for our purpose to know that the command was given simply in virtue of holy obedience, and without having any penalty of excommunication attached to it.†

In like manner, the injunction not to preach was not made under pain of censure. Besides, it has been proved that he did not resume preaching until he received the Pope's permission.‡

Wherefore it seems evident that the declaration to the public was made only on

† The order is thus worded: "In virtue of holy obedience we exhort and command thee to come to us as soon as possible and we will receive thee with fatherly love and affection." There is no mention of excommunication nor of suspension from preaching. See this Brief in Villari, vol i., p. civ., it is dated 21 July, 1495.

‡ Vide Luotto, pag. 460-478, Andrea Bernardi in his *Cronaca Forlivese* says: About this time the aforesaid gentlemen of Florence had obtained the favour of the Pope that the said Jeronimo might preach," P. 57.

account of a fourth fault imputed to him, that of having transgressed the command to *unite the Convent of Saint Mark with the new Tusco-Roman Congregation*, to which command it is said that the penalty of excommunication *latæ sententiæ* was attached. This is the censure he was supposed to have incurred.

Therefore, the brief we have been examining was not an infliction of penalty, as we have shown, but a simple notification that the Friar had incurred censure from the 7th November, 1496, for having transgressed the command to unite the Convent of Saint Mark to the new Tusco-Roman Congregation.

That Savonarola did not transgress that command can be easily shown.

First of all, strictly speaking, such a command had never been given to him, because in the Brief of November 7th, 1496, in which it should be found—and to it, in fact, the Brief of May 13th, 1497, refers us—it is commanded simply under pain of excommunication, not to oppose, or place any obstacle in the way of the institution made by the Pope himself of the new Tusco-Roman Congregation, uniting together several convents, amongst others that of Saint Mark, Florence. The Brief is not addressed to Savonarola personally, but to all persons of whatsoever rank, condition, etc., etc. This is the command: "We will furthermore, and according to the tenor of these presents, in virtue of holy obedience, we absolutely oblige, under pain of excommunication *latæ sententiæ* each and every person of whatsoever state, condition, or rank, that in nowise, whether of themselves, or by means of others, directly or indirectly, under any pretext whatsoever they dare presume to oppose or put any impediment to the present letter."

So that in the so-called Brief of Excommunication, Savonarola is reproached with having transgressed the order to unite the Convent of Saint Mark to the new Con-

gregation, whereas the fact is that he had only been commanded, under pain of excommunication, not to put obstacles in the way of that union. This is an important difference, for it shows that it was not known in what precisely the precept consisted, and that Savonarola was accused of what he was not guilty. The mistake may have arisen from the conviction that Savonarola, as Superior of the Convent, should, in virtue of this Brief, himself carry out the union, whilst, in reality, he received no such order; and, moreover, as we shall see, it would not be in accordance with the character of Briefs in general, nor with the tenor of this particular Brief.

Although not necessary for our purpose, it may be well to note here that Savonarola did not transgress the command which was laid upon him, in common with the rest, not to place themselves in opposition to the Brief of November 7th, 1496.

Did he oppose any impediment, either directly or indirectly, to the execution of that Brief? Certainly not. The object of the Brief was to join the Convent of Saint Mark to the new Congregation.

How was this union to be effected?

In order to be able to say that the Convent was joined to the new Congregation, and that the Friars were members of the same, nothing more was required than the notification of the Brief—it was not at all necessary that the brethren should give their assent. So true is this that if the new Vicar had been appointed after the Brief had been read they would have been obliged to submit to him as their lawful Superior—and this could certainly not be said if the notification of the directions contained in the Brief were not sufficient to unite the Convent and religious to the new Congregation. This is also evident from the formula made use of by the Popes, as can be seen in the Brief despatched the preceding year (September 8th, 1495), to Savonarola to unite the

Convent of Saint Mark to the Lombard Congregation, which simply reads as follows: "This Convent of Saint Mark, Florence, we now reunite, incorporate, and annex to the aforesaid Congregation of Lombardy." And in the Brief despatched the following day to Blessed Sebastian, constituting him judge of Savonarola, considering the union as accomplished, the Pope says:

"And in order that you may take under your charge the aforesaid monasteries of San Marco, at Florence, and San Do-

the aforesaid Lombard Congregation." Then forming the Sixteen Convents into a Congregation, he goes on to say: "And with Apostolic authority we decree that henceforward, in perpetuity, as well the aforesaid five Convents *separated by us* from the above-named Congregation, as the other before-mentioned Convents existing in the Roman and Tuscan province, and you Priors and brethren therein presently dwelling, we constitute you a new Congregation, to be known as the Tusco-Roman." Furthermore, the same Pontiff,



CORTILE OF THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, IN WHICH SAVONAROLA WAS IMPRISONED.

menico at Fiesole, which "we have *united* to your Lombard Congregation etc., etc."

And in the very Brief of November 7th, 1496, which we have examined, the Convents are separated from the Lombard Congregation by these words: "We separate and segregate the five houses of Santa Maria della Quercia, Santo Spirito of Siena, etc., etc., and you Priors actually dwelling therein, and the brethren, from

Alexander VI., in this same Brief, after the words we have given, considers the new Congregation as already established, and orders the absent members to return *to it* at once.

And to adduce a recent example from our own times. What was the action of the Franciscans when their Bull of Reunion was published? It would have been absurd to maintain, or even think that the union had not been effected, on

the pretext that some members had been opposed to it.

It remains now to be seen whether Savonarola transgressed the command not to hinder the union in question. As we have already said, the union took place by the notification of the contents of the Brief made by Savonarola to the brethren. Unless, therefore, we consider as an impediment what was the most efficacious means of union, it cannot be said that he placed obstacles in its way at the time when the union took place. Had he done so previously? If he had wished to hinder it beforehand the best way would have been to destroy the Brief. But, on the contrary, he published it to all the members of his Community.

If others had received the Brief in his stead, and that to them had been assigned the task of notifying its contents to the community, it might possibly be said, although without reason, that he had striven by persuasion and acts to prevent the Brief from being read to his religious, and that in that way the union had been hindered. But, as he had received it himself, it was he who, assembling his brethren, notified to them its contents; so it cannot, without evident absurdity, occur to anybody that he had put such hindrances in the way as involved the excommunication threatened.

Besides, in the last Brief in which he was declared excommunicated, he was not accused of having opposed the union; and, therefore, we cannot accuse him of it now.

But, abstracting from these reasons, is it likely that he would desire to place himself in opposition to the Brief?

The previous year the same Alexander VI. issued a Brief similar to that of November 7th, 1496, but much more explicit and touching Savonarola much more sensibly, being directed solely against him. It was dated September 8th, 1495, and re-united the Convents of San Domenico of Fiesole, and San Marco of Florence, over which Savonarola had jurisdiction,

with the Lombard Congregation, from which they had been with much difficulty separated. He submitted absolutely to the Pope's will; and the latter expressed himself fully satisfied with his submission. Wherefore, acknowledging his innocence, the Pope changed his mind, and allowed him to remain as heretofore, Superior of the two Convents.

And now, a year later, would he have put obstacles in the way? If he had not much knowledge of canon law and theology, he might have done so through ignorance; but deeply versed in such matters, as he was, the thing is impossible.

If to these reasons it be added that in Florence it was said, and generally believed, that the object of the Brief was to withdraw him from Florence, and to lessen his influence in the city—and of this he was fully aware—then, in truth, we have a clear argument for maintaining that he never in any way opposed the Brief. He knew full well how many and how powerful were his enemies, and that they would not have passed over such an indictment, had there been any grounds for it.

Well he knew what an injury it would be to him if they could only write to the Pope that he had incurred excommunication by opposing the Brief, since Alexander was already greatly prejudiced against him by the evil reports with which he was deafened. In any case he was too prudent and submissive to put himself thus in evident opposition to the Holy See.

Having published the Brief to his religious, and made it known also to many citizens, to whose families the novices belonged, Savonarola well understood—and it was easy to foresee it—what serious difficulties had to be encountered, not for the union, which was already made legally, but for its stability. He saw that the Pontiff would have to retrace his steps, because the religious, who numbered 250, made opposition, put forward the gravest

reasons for so doing, and wrote to the Pope beseeching him to allow their Convent to remain separate, as heretofore.

Certainly the re-union was not pleasing to Father Jerome, but he deemed it best to remain altogether passive, and to allow the religious to act.

In like manner, many of the principal families of the city, to whom a large number of the novices belonged, made their complaints, and threatened to recall their sons if the decision were not changed.

What should Savonarola have done? Should he perchance persuade the religious not to make known to the Pope their desires and their reasons? Should he exhort those families not to make any appeal to the Pope?

He saw clearly that no slight evil would follow from the union, particularly in the case of the novices, who were to be scattered among houses in which, unfortunately, there was some laxity and inobservance of rule, as may be gathered from the history of the period.

But even supposing that Savonarola ought to have exhorted the religious and the families interested to acquiescence, have we any right to assert that he was bound to do this under pain of excommunication *late sententiæ*? Where was the command to do so? The Brief was addressed to all the religious. Were all bound under pain of excommunication to remove the obstacles which it might possibly meet with on the part of others, either at the time of the union or afterwards? Surely no one would for a moment say so.

We should take commands as the Superior imposes them, and we have no right to twist them according to our fancy. Still

less may we add thereto, especially by annexing excommunication and interdict.

Savonarola was assuredly displeased with the union, from which he feared hurtful consequences, and which he foresaw would lack stability. But he did not put any obstacle in the way of it. He received the Brief, and we do not find that he refused to submit to it. So far from that the very time he read it, he acknowledged himself already a member of the new Congregation, and remained purely passive.

He was ready to obey; but he was



SAVONAROLA IN THE PULPIT OF SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE.
(From a painting by De Bacci Venuti.)

satisfied that he was in nowise obliged to take an active part in the union—rather was he convinced that, in conscience, he could not do so on account of the serious harm such union would entail on the novices and young priests of San Marco. Let us hear him in his own defence:

"And since our adversaries have maintained that I would not obey, and consent to unite the Friars of San Marco with the rest of Tuscany, many times have I answered that such persons who carried stories to the Pope did so not through a motive of religious zeal, but solely to persecute me, and by this means to find an opportunity of proceeding against me, believing that I would not consent to such an ill-advised change; for they felt that, as it would certainly be productive of evil, I would not do so. I said that, being a stranger here, if our fathers and brethren would give their consent, I could not oppose it, and if they will *not* consent I cannot compel them, and thus I have left the matter to themselves. Now, they have written that they are not willing to consent, but would rather endure excommunication, imprisonment, and martyrdom. If the matter stands thus, why impute disobedience to me? Simply because these enemies are only seeking for one man out of hatred of the truth. So you see clearly, beloved, how great is the daring of our adversaries, who do not blush to tell barefaced lies to the Pope."*

We are well aware that in Rome and Florence Savonarola was believed to be strong enough to smoothe the difficulties raised, especially by the Florentine families and the 250 religious, and they would have wished him to take an active part in the union, in order to render it strong and stable. But was there any such special command put upon him, under pain of excommunication, either by the Pope, or the General of the Order? Had he even been so advised by them? No such command or advice was given.

Wrongfully, then, was he believed to have incurred excommunication, and wrongfully, therefore, was he subsequently declared excommunicated.

*Letter of Savonarola contra excommunicationem subreptitiam, Quètif.

This being so, in order to defend Savonarola there is no need, as so many suppose to have recourse to an *unjust and invalid* infliction of excommunication on the part of the Pope, because, as plainly appears from the Brief, such a penalty had never been inflicted. There was only an error of fact: he was held to be excommunicated, when, in reality, he was not.

And this is what Savonarola meant when he maintained that the sentence pronounced on him was of no value in the eyes of God or of the Church, and that he was not *entangled in any censures*.

His enemies had spread abroad in Rome the report that he had already incurred the censures. It may be this widespread calumny, backed up with other accusations, repeated with unfailing persistence, that moved the Pope to allow Camerino, who was a bitter enemy of Savonarola, to be the bearer of a command to various religious bodies to warn the people to beware of this supposed excommunicated man, and to keep away from him.

But the Pope soon disowned his responsibility with regard to the publication of the Brief. To the Florentine Ambassador he afterwards declared "That such publication at this time displeased him, and *erat omnino praeter mentem suam*—was not at all according to his intentions."—(Gherardi).

We put, in the last instance, the Friar's own testimony.

In every lawful trial the accused has the right to be heard. The day after the publication of the Brief, in which he was reproached with grave disobedience to the Pope, Savonarola wrote these solemn words to the public:

"Whereas they accuse me of disobedience, be it known that I have never been disobedient to the Roman Church, nor to the Pope, nor to any of my Superiors up to this present hour; and this I say not

in self-praise, but for truth's sake, and so I purpose and vow to do in this writing; and if I do not say the truth, I am satisfied to have it stand in judgment against me at the tribunal of Christ."

This allows no middle course. Either the Friar's innocence must be acknowledged, or to so many other charges must be added that of a liar and perjurer.

But someone may say, Father Jerome, publicly excommunicated, did not comport himself as such, and to avoid scandal he should have done so; hence, at least, in this his conduct is blameworthy.

So may it be said, unless we consider what scandal is, and in what circumstances the Friar found himself.

What we have already said seems to us to have smoothed the way to clearing up this point, yet it is still needful to make some observations.

We take the case of an individual lawfully excommunicated, and declared to be such. If he seeks to get absolved by the lawful authority, not only shall he comport himself as an excommunicated person until absolution has been obtained, but even after he has been absolved he shall not communicate with the public until the absolution be sufficiently notified and the danger of scandal removed.

Then we ask: What means would be sufficient to notify the absolution so that one might with prudence believe the danger of scandal to be removed?

Interposition of the authority of the Superior, a public declaration of the Bishop or of the Pope to the people would not be necessary—no law, either natural or positive, exacts that. When the Superior has absolved the subject from censures, he can use much simpler means to show that he has been reconciled to the Church.

It suffices to have persons worthy of credit acknowledge him absolved, and notify the fact to others; and thus from one to another, from family to family the opinion soon becomes general that such

an individual, once excommunicated, has been absolved, and that it is lawful for him to communicate with the people. After this nothing further is needed.

This is the general teaching of theologians. Saint Alphonsus maintains that to make it lawful for a person to hold intercourse with such an individual the testimony of one trustworthy person would suffice; nay, even that credence could be given to the individual himself if he was a conscientious man, and declared that he had been absolved.*

According to this teaching, it is very easy for a person, publicly excommunicated, when he has received absolution, to put himself lawfully in communication with the faithful. It would be enough for him to have a trustworthy friend, to whom the absolution is notified, or he may declare it himself, if he is worthy of belief, and by that means the news gets into circulation, and the desired object is attained.

What then should we say if instead of only one witness there were many to whom it was known that he was no longer excommunicated?

Let us now turn to Savonarola. Considering his case we find him in a better position than the person we have been supposing, because this latter, although absolved, had really been excommunicated, whereas Savonarola never had been. And inasmuch as he was conscious of his innocence, and had not incurred any censure, he had all the more reason for making use of the means above mentioned, in order to remove scandal.

The means Savonarola could make use of were, indeed, more powerful and efficacious. There are very few who could, more than he, rely upon the esteem of the people, and they were well aware of his enemies' plots. His words were believed by many good and pious men and women.

* St. Alphon. lib vii., de censuris ecclesiasticis.

His perfidious accusers were men opposed to the moral well-being. And with them he neither could nor ought to concern himself. He depended upon his great prestige and the esteem in which he was held, and in a public letter he announced that he was falsely accused, calumniated, oppressed. Justifying himself with regard to the charges from which he had at other times successfully exculpated himself he stated there were no grounds for excommunicating him, and that, in

getic way of preventing the scandal of the weak, although many knew his position to be that of a victim in the hands of unscrupulous enemies.

The 250 religious of San Marco, and 100 religious of Fiesole, all, according to unquestionable testimony, of exemplary conduct, and held in high esteem in Florence, were perfectly cognizant of everything; and, together with them, the most distinguished families of the city.

The Signory had always defended him in Rome as innocent, and had never proceeded to do so until after consultations held in the palace by representatives of the whole city, which shows that they acted with great deliberation.*

And to the people at large Savonarola had many times, before the arrival of the Brief, unmasked the plots of his enemies, and foretold the approach of graver troubles; so that the public had in hand much to make them suspicious, not to say certain, that Alexander VI. was moved by false representations. Of this, proof sufficient is found in the fact that the Brief was only published in the churches hostile to the religious of San Marco.

Matters being so, was it not natural that among the people the opinion should hold ground that the Friar

was not to be shunned as one excommunicated—for such, in truth, he was not; and that it all proceeded from the evil representations of the enemies of the city?

The increased boldness of his adversa-



A VIEW OF THE QUADRANGLE OF SAN MARCO.

truth, he was not excommunicated. In the meanwhile he had remained shut up in his Convent of San Marco for six months, and he not only abstained from all public functions, and suspended all preaching, but even refused to give spiritual conferences to the Nuns of Annalena, who had, through their confessor, requested him to do so. This was an ener-

* See these consultations concerning Savonarola, published by C. Lupi, in *Archivio Storico Italiano* serie iii., tom iii., p. I., pp. 25, and foll.

ries strengthened this opinion among the well-disposed. After the insult offered to the Friar on Ascension Day (May 4th, 1497) by the Compagnacci, "everybody took to gambling, and drinking, and evil courses," says Lauducci.

Not only was Father Jerome not allowed to preach, but no other preacher was heard. "We were deprived of the Word of God," continues Lauducci; "no one was permitted to preach in any church. . . . And the evil grew immeasurably after the publication of the Brief. . . . They returned to the brutal game of stone-throwing." "The audacity of the profligate," says Villari, "became unbridled, and great license of speech and action followed. . . . Evil habits seemed to increase by magic; the churches remained empty while the taverns were crowded.

. . . Women went out in indecent garments, etc., etc."*

The Signory, the chief Florentine families, the people themselves (I do not speak of the Friar's enemies, or of certain timid souls who had been led away by these), after having awaited in vain for a formal counter-declaration from the Pope, desired to have Savonarola return to the pulpit to raise his voice against the vices that had again burst forth.

What law, divine or human, obliged Savonarola to behave as if excommunicated, whilst on one side his conscience assured him that he had not incurred any censure; and, on the other, there was no scandal taken, except among the wicked, and a few weak souls over whom they may perhaps have had some influence.

It will not be out of place here to state what is the teaching of Saint Thomas with regard to scandal. The holy Doctor (2^a, 2^æ, 43, a. 7) asks if we are to give over spiritual goods because of scandal. Premising the distinction between active and passive scandal, he replies that active

scandal, being sinful in itself, must be always avoided. This kind of scandal did not occur in the case of Savonarola, as he was not really excommunicated. "But," proceeds the Angelical Doctor, "if there is question of passive scandal not amounting to formal sin, we should not (by reason of such scandal) forego spiritual goods which are necessary for salvation, because no one may sin mortally to hinder another's sin. If there is question of spiritual good, not necessary for salvation, we must distinguish if the scandal arises from malice, when, that is to say, some one wishes to hinder such spiritual good, then, no heed is to be paid to the scandal, because it is pharisaical scandal, which our Lord teaches us to despise.

If, on the contrary, it proceeds from ignorance or infirmity (*and this is the scandal of the weak and simple-minded*) spiritual good should be hidden and even postponed, *if there be no danger in doing so*, until reason being given, such scandal may cease. Then if, after the necessary explanation has been given, the scandal continues, it plainly appears to proceed from malice, and the spiritual good should not be omitted.

And in the 8th Article, putting the question whether on account of scandal, we should forego temporal things or goods, he replies: "If there is question of goods entrusted to us, as to prelates the goods of the Church, or to rulers the goods of the State, these should not be foregone. If there be question of goods belonging to ourselves, it is incumbent on us to forego them on account of the scandal of the weak, which proceeds from ignorance or infirmity; but the scandal should be removed by means of admonition."

And here we may add what the holy Doctor says in the Article preceding, namely, that when the admonition is given, if the scandal still continues, it appears to spring from malice, and is, therefore, not to be heeded.

* Villari, vol. ii., p. 31.

It may be added that the avoidance of passive scandal is laid on us as a precept of charity (L.c., A. 2), which does not oblige us when its fulfilment would involve serious inconvenience.

Hence it appears that even though some took scandal at Savonarola's conduct, it was perfectly lawful for him not to heed it.

And this will be still more evident if we consider that the endorsement by the Brief of the charges which his enemies had so many times brought against him, was in their hands a powerful means of inflicting fatal injury on the work of moral reformation, to which he had given himself with such indefatigable zeal.

Hence the shameless boldness of his enemies; hence the lamentations of the great preacher in the solitude of his cell; hence his anxiety to have the Brief revoked.* Hence, also, his sincere conviction that it was his strict duty to reappear in the pulpit, and to unmask the malice of the enemies of the Gospel, who were making havoc among the souls of the people.

Of the loss of his prestige, or the damage of his reputation, I do not speak—this could not be a strong motive with him. He had renounced riches and highest distinctions; he was so little concerned about his renown that, when accused of heresy, condemned as a heretic, without retracting a syllable of what he had preached, he went forth intrepidly to an infamous death, which even amongst his faithful followers would leave disturbing doubts. It would take more powerful motives than the loss of prestige to move him to defend himself. Speaking objectively and esteeming him as pre-eminently Christian, I should not hesitate to say that the only motives by which he was actuated were motives of a supernatural order.

*See with regard to this the important letter recently discovered of which a translation was given in THE IRISH ROSARY for June, page 292.

To him the salvation of souls was all in all; there was question of avoiding scandal, particularly the scandal which might be taken by a good portion of the people at his own life, and the life which he had introduced into Florence—not what in reality it had been and was, but such as his enemies wished to make it appear. To speak better, there was question of the scandal they sought to imbue the people with in regard to the very teaching of Christ—not because it was the doctrine of Christ, but because it was preached by him who had become anathema.

And in him, enamoured, as he was, of the Church of Jesus Christ, in him who shed burning tears because of the desolation of the sanctuary, many could not fail to see how the very authority of the Church was abused by a set of practical atheists, corrupt themselves, and corrupting others. He was convinced that if he did not defend himself, if he did not demonstrate his innocence, if he allowed himself to be held as a seducer, he would be strengthening the indictment of his enemies; he would be covering with infamy the doctrine preached by him; he would be giving in to the judgment of his enemies, who proclaimed his teaching not alone pernicious but heretical; he would be overthrowing the edifice which he had built up with so great toil, and would thus lay waste the vineyard watered by the sweat of his brow.

This would have been a real and true scandal in his eyes, and in those of all the well-disposed, and to do this would be intolerable to his conscience. With reason did he in his third sermon on Exodus, preached February 25th, 1498, exclaim: "Believe me, I am not a fool, not knowing whereabouts I am. And if I wished for human expedients, I should know how to extricate myself. I well know their cunning and subtlety. If I was satisfied to trample on my conscience, I too could be cunning; but since I know that the Lord is with me, I fear nothing."

And realising that because of the malice and perversity of the enemies of Christian morals, a simple declaration of his innocence would not suffice, he deemed necessary a public and solemn declaration thereof.

To place his innocence in full light, and to unveil the snares of his adversaries, he believed himself bound in honour not to demean himself as one excommunicated.

Besides, he saw that no command had been sent to him to behave as if excommunicated; he saw that, in reality, no censures had been inflicted on him; he knew that the people had never been forbidden to hold intercourse with him; and as regarded the Pope, whether before the publication of the Brief, of which he had some inkling, or after its publication, he had humbled himself as profoundly as his conscience allowed him.

And what was there for him to do? Was he to give ear to those so little acquainted with him as to promise to obtain absolution for him at a price? As a true Christian he could not be induced to purchase the Pope's favour sacrilegiously. Neither would he, by a guilty silence, confirm the scandal occasioned by the calumnies of his enemies. He simply adopted the proper way of justifying himself by addressing a humble, submissive letter to the Pope.

The Pope professed to be satisfied with a simple act of humility, of submission.* Savonarola made it, but his enemies were not satisfied. These perfidious men had sworn either to destroy his influence over the people, or to put him to death.

After this let the reader judge whether Savonarola, who on December 25, 1497, celebrated the three Masses of Christmas Day, was guilty of sacrilege, or whether all the religious and the thousands of

seculars who thronged San Marco were also guilty. Let him judge whether the sacrilege was renewed on the Epiphany, when the Signory attended publicly in the church of San Marco to do homage to the Friar. Let him judge whether on the 11th February, 1498, Savonarola, who, after a silence of six months, at the command of the Signory, and with the consent of the clergy, stood once more in the pulpit of Santa Maria del Fiore, was a rebel; and if the thousands of Florentines were also rebels who, on the 27th of February following, received communion from him.*

What we see him doing after he resolved to break the silence to which he had submitted during six months, is not against the Pope, but against the enemies of Christian life—against those who solely for their own wicked ends became the zealots of Papal authority. Against these he struggled till death, not against the Roman Pontiff, by whom he had never been really excommunicated, and whose obedient son he protested himself to be to his last breath. He struggled against a fictitious excommunication, which was declared by the Pope himself to be "an evil thing, and quite contrary to his will."

If these explanations, which seem to us reasonable and sufficient, be admitted, it will be henceforth understood why it was that great souls entertained such deep esteem and loving veneration for Father Jerome Savonarola, and even went so far as to invoke him as a martyr and a saint.

If this solution be rejected we shall

* Marchese Documenti nell Archivio Storico Italiano; app. n. 25, p. 157-162.

* A memorable circumstance is that of the nuns of the monastery called of Fuligno, in Florence, who notwithstanding the publication of the Brief in which Savonarola was declared excommunicated, continued openly, to attend, two at a time, his sermons. These nuns lived in a spirit of great fervour and regular observance, and they were subject to the Archbishop's Vicar, and governed by the Reverend Canons of San Lorenzo. Vid. Razzi vita ms. di Fra Girolam, codice Laurenzians, vol. 188. (1) V. Landucci, p. 193.

always see in that love and veneration an enigma altogether inexplicable and contradictory, for the arguments put forward by his adversaries to explain it can only be maintained by belittling the Saints, lessening respect for them and discrediting the very authority of the Church which has raised them to her altars.

Would it not be strange if Divine Providence permitted so many of the leading

champions of Christianity, in whom sanctity shone forth from the cradle to the grave, to show, not by some isolated act, but during the whole course of their lives, veneration and devotion towards a man who was excommunicated, disobedient, and condemned for faults of which he would not acknowledge himself guilty, even when face to face with death ?

(To be continued.)



Saint Dominic del Val.

SAINT DOMINIC DEL VAL was born at Saragossa, in the year 1243. His father, Sancho del Val, was of noble blood, a qualification in those days for the post of Notary of the Cathedral, which he held. Sancho belonged to a Confraternity which had chosen for its patron Saint Dominic, Patriarch of the Order of the Friars Preachers, canonized in the year 1234, by Pope Gregory IX.; and out of devotion for this Saint, he gave that name to the child whom God bestowed on him about the same time. Little Dominic, at the age of seven years, was chorister at the Cathedral. One day when returning from church, he was seized by some Jews with the ferocious Mossè Albaya at their head. He was crucified, being nailed to a cross painted on a wall, and his side was pierced, in order to reproduce in every particular the Passion of Christ Our Lord. The body of the martyred child, with the head, which the Jews had separated from it, was thrown into the Ebro, and a fisher-

man, guided by a supernatural light, found the holy relics, which were conveyed to the Cathedral.

There the cultus of Saint Dominic del Val began, to be afterwards extended to the New World in parts of which it exists even now. This Saint is the Patron of Collegians, and of Acolytes. Formerly it was the custom in the Church of Saragossa on the 31st of August, the Saint's feast, to charge boys with the care of adorning his Chapel. These children offered flowers on a tray to the Canons, after which they caused the relics of the "Little Saint" to be venerated by the faithful, and carried them to the Archbishop, who made the boys a present of 50 ducats. Many were the graces obtained through these relics, but none is more touching than the conversion of the Jew, Mossé Albaya, who, kneeling before them, abjured his errors, and, fully repentant, received Holy Baptism. Such was the revenge of the amiable martyr.





Cloudlets.

EVERY day some little portion
Of the cross lies on our path ;
Life, for us, some precious fragment,
Rough and all un-shapen, hath
Some small clouds that, hour by hour,
Hide the sunbeams from our way,
When we fain would in their brightness
Bask from morn till close of day.

Thorns, whose gentle touch affrights not,
Meeting only our disdain
As they, one by one, shoot upwards,
Till we feel their sudden pain ;
And we wonder how the pathway,
In its seeming bright and fair,
Could have had so much of shadow
And of roughness lurking there.

Thus it is, joy comes and leaves us,
With alternate smile and frown ;
Lest the brightness should e'er dazzle
Or the gloominess cast down ;
And some heavier ills awaiting
Should, too darkly, cast their pall,
Did no warning cloudlet daily
Let its gentle shadow fall.

Sacred pains ! which somewhat liken
To a patient, suffering God,
Who had borne a cross before us,
And life's weary journey trod.
Hallowed traces hath He left us,
Lest our wayward footsteps stray,
And a sunny path allure us,
From the narrow, certain way.

What hath shown the strength of heroes ?
Not the changeless sun of life ;
Not its ease and smiling pleasures,
But its battle and its strife.
In the combat, what has nerved them ?
Not the dream of dull repose,
But the prospect of a conquest—
Glorious victory over foes.



By JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M.D.,

[LATE CONSUL OF THE U.S. OF AMERICA, AT BAGDAD.

A sorrowful moan,
A multitude's groan,
Was heard throughout earth from the Land of the Dawn.

CHAPTER I.

FACE the rising sun, O thoughtful and compassionate reader, and follow me, in your imagination, into a land of grievous afflictions and sorrows, where the rivers are dyed red with the blood of martyrs, and the lakes are brinish from orphans' tears. Behold a vast and beautiful region, where bounteous nature has lavished her rarest gifts, yet men famish, while wolves and vultures feast, and foreign oppressors ravish, murder, and pillage—a country fertile and fair, but whose name her own sons may not speak above whisper and live; for it is a name tabooed throughout the Turkish dominions.

Our story opens on the last day of the Ramadan,* in the year of the Hijrah, 13??.

* Throughout this month Muhammedans are obliged to fast from sunrise till sunset, during which time not even a drop of water may be swallowed, and when the Ramadan comes in

For thirty days faithful Muslims had buried hatred and enmity, feuds and strife, and with fasts and prayers gained Paradisial bliss in Muhammed's seventh heaven; but as the sun sank below the horizon, the boom of cannons announced the beginning of the feast of Beiram,† and the Muezzin's sonorous voice called true believers to prayer, which ended, and hunger and thirst appeased, a wild and tumultuous revelry began, free vent was given to

summer, many die of thirst. Travellers and sick persons as well as young children and those who are very old and feeble are exempt; but whosoever is exempt because on a journey or sick, must fast the prescribed number of days later. During this month one must also abstain from injuring anyone in thought, word, or deed. This is not always observed.

† On the 20th of February, or thereabouts, of the present year, fell the feast of Beiram, in the year 1315 of the Hijrah, or flight of Muhammed from Mecca to Medina, which occurred on the 16th of July, A.D. 622. The Muhammedan year being about eleven days shorter than ours, it will occur that much earlier next year, and so on. Thus this number of THE IRISH ROSARY will reach the reader in the fourth month, called Rabi'-ul-akhir, of the year 1316 of the Hijrah.

pent-up feelings and passions, and well might Christians tremble. How many that night died a martyr's death Heaven's recording angel knoweth.

In a village of mixed population, situated on the Eastern bank of one of the tributaries of the Tigris, and some thirty miles in a south-westerly direction of Lake Van, a motley concourse of Turks, Kurds, and town Arabs was on this occasion moving down the principal street, singing and yelling with dissonant voices. Curses and imprecations, highly flavoured with obscene jests and ejaculations, rent the air, and to anyone unfamiliar with the ribald-ous orgies of Eastern races it would seem as if the gates of pandemonium had been left wide open, and a thousand demons let loose at once.

The leader of this ribald band was a wealthy middle-aged Syrian apostate from Christianity and convert to Islam, Abdallah* by name, who had travelled in foreign lands, and taken post-graduate degrees in all the vices of the East and of the West. A religious devotee and a self-indulgent sensualist, his chief occupation was to exterminate Christians; nor did he withal neglect to fill his coffers by unlawful means. Lavish expenditure of money had won him great prestige and a number of parasitical satellites, and his proposal to pay a visit to the quarter of the Giaours† was, therefore, hailed with loud shouts of approval.

"Kill the uncircumcised dogs!"—"Let fire teach their lying tongues to pronounce '*la ilaha illá Allah wa Muhammed rasúluhu*,'‡ and then, *inshállah*,§ we shall silence them for ever, before they apostatize; and Allah will amply reward you for successful propagation of Islam."

* This name signifies "Servant of Allah."

† "Giaour" is a term of contempt applied to Christians.

‡ "There is no God but Allah, and Muhammed is His prophet."

§ "If it be the will of Allah," an expression constantly on the lips of Muhammedans,

"Propagate the true faith by word and sword, punish with fire such as stubbornly resist, and send new and doubtful converts to heaven, while it is time."

Such and similar exhortations fired the fanatics with missionary enthusiasm, and incited them to carnage and radical proselytism, as they proceeded to "paint the town red"—with Christian blood.

"Gratify your desires as may please you best," said Abdallah, with a diabolical grin, "you may kill and plunder to your heart's content, but leave me to deal with that accursed ass, Seropé Kouyoumdjian,|| and take care that no one harm his moon-faced¶ daughter, nor her little brother, who is beautiful as Joseph, for whose sake Zuleikha's guests cut their own hands, and sweet-voiced as David, who, with his song, charmed beasts and birds and mountains, compelling them to chant with him the praises of Allah. The children belong to me."

With blazing torches, the wild procession marched along, and, having reached the Christian quarter, the dwellings were fired and looted, while their occupants, alarmed by the stifling smoke and the crackling of the rapidly-spreading conflagration, fled from the flames, only to leap into the open jaws of hell, where a thousand devils stood ready to seize them, as they emerged from the privacy of their homes, and ruthlessly drag them away to death by tortures slow but cruel, compared with which the fate of witches in the so-called dark ages was merciful.

Seropé Kouyoumdjian, a Catholic Armenian, and the head man of the Christian community, the majority of whom, however, were schismatics, led an honest, God-fearing life, and was universally beloved by his neighbours. As a merchant

|| "Kouyoumdjian" corresponds to the English name "Goldsmith," while the baptismal name "Seropé" signifies "Seraph," and "Keropé," stands for "Cherub."

¶ Orientals describe a beautiful woman as moon-faced," i.e. having a face like the moon.

he had accumulated considerable wealth, which, however, was now fast dwindling away in the vain attempt to stay the ravages of famine and pestilence, and prolong the lives of the starving wretches who wandered about in great hordes, walking skeletons, feeding on leaves and roots, because others had been reaping where they had sown. He had two children, a daughter, Miriam, now in her sixteenth year, who had been educated in the Convent of the French Sisters of Bagdad, and a son, some six years younger, who was

aught in persuading the father to sacrifice his only daughter, he swore to wreak dire vengeance on the whole family for what he considered an unpardonable slight. One day he attempted to kidnap both children, but his base design was frustrated by the vigilance and courage of Abd-ul-Karím, who, after severely chastising the vile and cowardly abductors, restored the frightened children to their grateful parents.

Hence Abdallah's exultation on seeing the Kouyoumdjian family, as well as his



WITH BLAZING TORCHES THE WILD PROCESSION MARCHED ALONG

called Joseph. Miriam had been betrothed to a young man named Abd-ul-Karím,* a Chaldean Christian of excellent character and high moral worth, a true type of noble manhood, rarely met with in these degenerate days.

Abdallah, who had been attracted by Miriam's handsome face and graceful figure, wanted to marry her, and neither threats nor fair promises having availed

* A common name among the Chaldean Christians, signifying "The Generous Servant."

mortal foe, Abd-ul-Karím, in his power, knew no bounds. The hour of revenge was at hand, and he raked his ingenuity in the hope of being able to invent new modes of torture to be meted out by slow degrees, not only to Miriam's lover, but to the whole family. There they lay before him, bound hands and feet, together with the other captives. He could do with them as he pleased, and there was no one to say him nay. And, as the cat enjoys playing with the mouse before crunching

it, so he now determined to have his enjoyment in keeping alive and tormenting his victims, as long as he could devise any possible means of prolonging their agonies. A few wept and wailed, but the majority kept rigid silence, well knowing that neither words nor tears would soften the cruel hearts of the savage brutes, in whose clutches they were, nor in the least alter or ameliorate the fate of a single individual.

Miriam, however, seeing the preparations of torture, and well understanding their portent, turned her face towards Abdallah, and addressed him as follows: "I appeal neither to thy conscience, nor thy sense of justice, nor thy pity, for thou art devoid of either; but I appeal to thy selfishness and greed. Neither do I plead for the life of my lover, for he would not accept mercy at thy hands, but will bear with fortitude whatever indignities and sufferings thy cruel hand may inflict upon him. Still, if thou wouldst spare my parents and my brother, and permit them to depart in peace, I shall follow thee as thy slave, thy meanest household drudge; and gold and precious stones worth many thousand liras I willingly on thee bestow."

"Ah, listen to the silly jade!" retorted Abdallah, tauntingly; "am I a fool that I should buy what I already possess? Why barter sweet revenge for thy favour, when I can command thy submission? But I shall spare the lives of thy parents and lover long enough that they may witness thy humiliation. As for thy brother, I shall fit him for the responsible duties of guarding the harem, and in time, if he prove himself worthy, elevate him to the rank of chief eunuch of my household."

Miriam's heart sank within her, and commending herself to the care of the Blessed Virgin, she offered up a silent prayer to God, who sees all things, asking speedy deliverance for her distressed people, and for herself strength to bear her fate with Christian resignation.

The "sport," as the fiends expressed it, was now to begin, and each vied with the others in devising new and more effective methods of intensifying the agonies of their victims. Strenuous efforts were made that the entertainment should not become monotonous for lack of variety, and surely the programme, as well as the manner in which it was carried out, could not fail to delight his Satanic Majesty himself, the arch-devils and other fastidious denizens of hell, and to evoke their vigorous applause.

Men, women, and children were, irrespective of age, alike subjected to the most barbarous indignities; a spirited game of football was played with tender sucklings, while a three-year-old was impaled on a spit, roasted over the glowing embers of one of the burned down houses, then carved up, and slices were forced into the mouths of the terror-stricken parents and others; men were suspended by their heels and made to swing to and fro, while some of their tormentors engaged in rifle practice, the ears and noses of these living pendulums serving as targets, and keen was the contest of markmanship, wonderful the skill of the contenders.

But even such amusements grew vapid; it was needed that they be spiced with blasphemy.

A man was hung up by the wrists, with arms outstretched, in the form of a cross, his toes barely touching a table which was placed beneath. Before this extemporized "altar," as they called it, the venerable old village priest was tied to a tree and ordered to celebrate Mass. Remaining silent, an iron bar was heated to redness and applied successively to his face, neck, and arms. His mouth was then forced open, and the iron pushed down his throat.

One of the blaspheming scoundrels now addressed the Christians, saying: "You see that your pastor refuses to perform the

duties of his holy office. Say ye, therefore, '*lā ilaha illā Allah wa Muhammed rasū-luhu*,' that dying as Muslims, your torments may be remitted both in this world and the next, and the favour of Allah accorded you."

On hearing this a few wavered, for their sufferings were extreme; but now, by the lurid glare of the burning debris of their homes, the priest's charred lips were seen to open, his scorched tongue moved, and

forgive you, as I have forgiven you, and hope to have my sins forgiven, and may He make you see the error of your ways, for you know not what you are doing." Then having pronounced the benediction on all, his head fell back and he was dead.

The dying priest's last words made the weak strong, and the despairing hopeful; but the devilish work went on amid loud jeers and laughter.

"*Māshāllah!* but this is capital diver-



BLASPHEMY WAS ADDED TO TORTURE

with husky, yet distinctly audible voice, he pronounced these words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen. Dying I absolve you, my beloved children, from your sins. Remain steadfast till the end; die as martyrs to your religion, and you shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. As for you who have this day so grievously sinned against God and against us, may the most merciful God

sion," exclaimed Abdallah. "When abroad I visited the places of amusement known as 'varieties,' which have been invented by the accursed Giaours, but the fun there was tame in comparison with this." Then turning to Abd-ul-Karīm, who lay bound on the ground, and with the Kouyoumdjian family, had until now been spared the physical torments to which the others had been subjected, to be re-

served for more flagitious indignities, he said: "No doubt, my spruce young fellow, you would like to contribute material for a wedding present for Miriam," and with a sharp knife he forthwith proceeded to flay his breast and neck, and having removed about a square foot of integument, he approached Miriam, saying: "I shall have this tanned and a purse made of it for thee. I know thou wilt cherish it, for it hath lain near thy lover's heart this many a year."

Miriam vouchsafed him no reply, but regarded intently, and with admiring eyes, her stoic lover, who, in return, sent her a look of grateful approval.

"Dost thou not reward my generosity with a single smile?" exclaimed Abdallah, angrily. "Only wait, I shall teach thee better manners, wench!" Then, turning towards his companions, he continued: "Rest from your labours during the minutes intervening between the first and the second act of this interesting drama, and listen to the words of wisdom and consolation proclaimed by the learned expounders of the 'Perspicuous Book.*' It is written that Jews and Giaours shall burn in hell for ever and ever; but for each true Muslim there has been prepared a mansion in Paradise, where, seated on a hyacinth with a rose for her foot-stool, and robed in seventy garments of such exquisite fineness that their combined weight hardly exceeds that of a single hair of your head, awaits him a Húri, unsurpassingly beautiful, and so sweet that if she spit in the ocean, its bitter waters will become sweet as honey; her hair is of such dazzling brightness that if but a single one fall on earth, it would illumine the whole world, while the fragrance of her breath is like the odour of orange blos-

soms; and, moving in an atmosphere perfumed with the attar of roses, ambergris, and musk, she is attended by seventy thousand beautiful damsels, each more bewitching than the other, who, arrayed in gorgeous robes which change colour seventy times every minute, shall while away the tedious hours with music, song and dance as many times seventy thousand years, as he has fasted days in Ramadan. The aforementioned mansion, in which he shall dwell, is constructed of alternate gold and silver bricks, inlaid with diamonds and other precious stones; and the doors are of rubies, the tables of pearls, and the chairs of the finest beryl. In Paradise there are also rivers which never dry up, flowing with camphor water, cool and refreshing, and with milk and wine† and clarified honey, and delicious fruits and viands, the quality of which never deteriorates and the quantity never diminishes; and Paradise birds as large as Bactrian camels fly—flown by God!—nine hundred and ninety-nine devils possess them! But they shall not escape me; dead or alive I will catch them. Ah! there I hear their retreating footsteps among the trees. Fire! Empty your rifles into their worthless carcasses! An hundred liras for their recapture!"

What had happened was this:

During Abdallah's eloquent harangue which so held the attention of the enraptured audience that they forgot all else, Miriam had succeeded in disengaging her hands and untying the chord with which her feet were bound. To pick up a dagger which one of the miscreants had dropped, and cut the chords which held her father, her mother, her brother, and her lover

* Besides the Koràn, often called the "Perspicuous Book," the Muhammedans have their "Traditions," which are held in great veneration, except by the Wahhábíyah, a reformed sect in Central Arabia; and those who are versed in Muhammedan Eschatology will easily recognise what follows.

† Although the Koràn forbids the use of wine, a river of the finest wine is said to flow through the Muhammedan Paradise. Of this the elect are to drink one day in the week, to wit, on Tuesday, while the Sunday drink is honey, and for Monday it is milk. On Wednesday a beverage called "Salsabíl" is drunk, on Thursday ginger wine, on Friday an extra quality of wine from bottles sealed with musk, is served, but on Saturday all drink water.

captive, was but the work of an instant; and before the libidinous and blood-thirsty monsters could realize what had happened, they were fleeing and would soon have been hidden in the darkness, had not the sound of footsteps aroused the fiends, who sent a volley of shots after them. Kouyoumdjian and his wife, as well as the partly flayed Abd-ul-Karim, fell instantly dead, their bodies riddled with bullets; but the children remained unscathed, and Miriam, seeing that her beloved ones were beyond human aid, took her little brother by the hand, and, running as fast

Meanwhile Miriam and Joseph fled silently, hand in hand, towards the mountains, often stumbling over stubs and stones, but getting up again and speeding on, until suddenly they fell headlong into a narrow gully, from which exit seemed impossible. Worn out, bruised and bleeding, they soon fell asleep. God's guiding hand had led them into this safe retreat, where, guarded by angels, they slept in security, while Abdallah and his band scoured both hills and valleys for miles around, and in disappointment and rage, had to return to the village the following evening.



MIRIAM AND JOSEPH.

as their feet would carry them, they disappeared from view.

In fleeing they had performed unwittingly an act of mercy towards their fellow-captives, who, without further torture, were dispatched with sword and bullet, that there should be no hindrance to the immediate departure of search parties to scout the country on all sides, and bring the fugitives back. Not for a moment did they doubt but that they should soon overtake them.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the children awoke it was broad day. Great was their anguish on recalling to mind the events of the previous night, dismal the present, dark and foreboding the future. Orphaned, bereft of home, friends, and country, hounded by fiends incarnate, who would destroy them body and soul, they turned to God, their last, their only refuge, and, on bended knees, they offered up a suppliant and fervent prayer imploring Him to, in

His infinite mercy, enfold the steadfast martyrs' souls yet on the threshold, or but for a moment's while, within the portals of eternity; and for themselves and other persecuted Christians His continued protection and strength to endure they humbly asked; and thus the day began.

Miriam unfastened the gold and silver coins and other valued trinkets which adorned her raven tresses, childhood gifts from dear ones now in heaven, and hid them with her necklace, brooch, and bracelets from prowling brigands' eyes.

Examining the gulch more closely they found a passage leading out into a wider gorge, through which a rippling brook flowed into the valley below. Having drunk from the cool and limpid waters, they felt much refreshed, and would have set out; but hearing voices near, they hastened back to their place of concealment, where they remained unobserved till night-fall, gaining strength and courage by Rosary devotions.

Then cautiously crawling out, they picked their way by the dim light of the pale young moon, who modestly veiling nearly her whole face, for them retired all too early. Yet following the little water-course, they pursued their wanderings all night.

In the morning Miriam ventured into a peasant's hut to exchange one of the smaller coins for bread, and after breaking their two days' fast, they again sped on until noon, when hiding in some bushes near the road, they slept a few hours.

The moon, growing bolder with age, kept later hours as time went on, and gradually unveiled till, fearlessly her beautiful face disclosing, her watchful eyes the wanderers' path illumed; nor sought she rest till morn.

The nights were cold, and so they travelled by moonlight to keep warm, sleeping only during the darkest hours, and a little while at noon.

Over narrow, crooked paths they marched, shunning men and their habitations, except when forced by hunger into some lonely hut in quest of bread. Thus speeding on by day and night they hoped in time to reach Mosul, where Miriam would invoke the protection of His Grace the Archbishop,* asking him to place her brother in school, and aid her to enter cloister and take the veil, for she had re-

solved on dedicating her life to the service of God and suffering humanity.

Meeting on the road other homeless starvelings who, more wretched than themselves, were wandering aimlessly about, the children shared with them their scanty food, and the joy which these charitable deeds procured them was as an oasis in the burning desert of misery through which they passed.

All along the road lay the unburied skeletons of those who had fallen by the way side—men, women, and children, whose bones had been picked by vultures and wild beasts.

One day, hiding in a thicket, while travellers passed by, they heard feeble moans, as of a person in extreme agony, but too weak to cry out. Following the sound, Miriam discovered a poor waif, a girl hardly in her teens, whom sickness and hunger had so reduced that she could get no further, and had lain down to die, alone, unmourned.

Nude but for a coat of filth and shapeless tattered shreds of what was once a gown, consumed by fiery fever, her sordid-covered lips and tongue refused to utter speech.

With water from a rivulet flowing by, Miriam laved her face, her limbs and body, ever and anon pouring a few drops of the cool refreshing liquid between her parched lips, then soaking pieces of bread she laid them on her tongue. After a while she was able to swallow, and having drunk and eaten a little she revived sufficiently to thank her succourer, and then fell asleep.

When she awoke and had again partaken of food and drink, she was strong enough to tell her woeful story, which I shall give in her own words:

"My name is Hannah Skender,* and I am ten years old. I had a sister a year older and a brother two years younger

* The present Archbishop of Bagdad, and Apostolic Delegate to Babylonia, Kurdistan, and Armenia Minor, Monseigneur Henri Altmayer, who resides at Mosul, is an Elsassian by birth, and a Dominican.

*Hannah is a Christian name for both men and women. Skender corresponds to Alexander

than myself. My father tilled the soil and had sheep, cattle, and horses. We were well-to-do Christians. Last autumn soldiers came to collect taxes. There were about a dozen of them, and they took all we had. When father remonstrated, they dug a hole in the ground, and, having buried him up to the neck alive, they smeared his head and face over with honey, telling him he was so sour and crabby that he needed sweetening; and thus they left him to be devoured alive by ants, mosquitoes, and flies. Then before his very eyes, he being now unable to defend us, they also tortured mother and us

received. He expired in the most horrible agonies, and we had to leave him for the wolves and other wild beasts that prowl around, feeding on the dead and unburied Christians. Mother, sister, and brother have since died, and I alone remain to bear my misery and grief."

Listening to the sick child's gruesome tale, Miriam almost forgot her own woes; at least these now appeared trivial to her. What could she do to smooth her more unfortunate sister's last hours on earth? This and similar questions now occupied her thoughts, for even her young and inexperienced eyes had detected grim



MIRIAM LAVED HER FACE, HER LIMBS AND BODY.

children unmercifully, hoping thus to force us to discover hidden treasures, after which they fired our house, loaded our horses with the booty they had secured, and carried it off, together with our sheep and cattle. Father's distorted features were fearful to behold, as the skin and flesh of his face and neck were being consumed by the millions of insects. When the soldiers had departed, we roused water over him and attempted to remove the earth, and get him out, but we were too weak from the ill-treatment we had

death's ghastly mark on the other's brow. Little, she felt, she could do except to remain with her till the end, nurse her, pray for her and with her, and console her in her misery. There was no human habitation near, where she might ask for help; and even had there been she had learned to look upon every strange human being as a possible, nay, probable enemy. But the end came even sooner than she expected. In the evening the fever became more intense, the little one's mind began to wander, and towards midnight she

passed into an unconscious state, from which she never awoke. An hour before sunrise she passed away.

Miriam would have buried her, but having nothing with which to dig a grave, she covered the body with a few branches that she cut with the dagger she had carried away with her when fleeing, and after a short prayer for the repose of her soul, she hastened away from the sad scene, leading her brother by the hand.

Footsore and hungry, yet hopeful and

and she would have sank to the ground ; but certain that if discovered, they were lost, she sought strength in mental prayer, and signing to her brother to follow her in silence, she turned up a dark and narrow alley, hoping thus to escape their watchful eyes. Evidently they had followed her and her brother on horseback, and passed them on the road. No doubt they had their spies about, and were perhaps even now aware of their arrival. The thought caused her to shudder. Soon



"WE POURED WATER OVER HIM, AND TRIED IN VAIN TO REMOVE THE EARTH."

rejoicing, they arrived late one evening, after many weary days' tramping, opposite Mosul, and, crossing the river, Miriam was about to ask her way to the Archbishop's residence, when, quite near by, under the glare of a lantern, she espied her dread foe and relentless persecutor, Abdallah, and two of his followers. Extreme terror took possession of her, her knees shook,

she was conscious of being followed, seemingly by an old woman ; and her terror increased, for in every moving shadow she now beheld one of Abdallah's hirelings.

Silently speeding on through a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous, dark, and apparently deserted streets, they succeeded at last in evading their pursuer.

(To be continued.)

A Glimpse of Poland.

ONLY a few months ago the writer of these lines was still living under the shadow of Saint —, Dublin, and within hearing of its great booming bell, which, hour after hour, from early morning until late, sends out its vibrating voice to call the faithful in.

From Ireland to Poland is a long way,

cruel oppression by the greater and stronger country of the smaller and weaker, by means of the enforcement of a foreign language, laws, and schismatic religion upon its people—conquered, it is true, but not subdued. The similarity of the treatment of Poland and Ireland by their rulers has created a bond of union between their people that exists firmly



A VIEW OF WILNA.

geographically speaking; in reality it is but a step from one Catholic country to another, persecuted alike and treated unjustly by their respective Governments. The histories of Poland and Ireland in their struggles for faith and freedom are, in many respects, identical and parallel. Here, as there, it is the old story of the

and surely, and to-day Irish and Polish hearts are beating in sympathetic unison, born of a common heritage of religious persecution and political wrongs.

School books tell us that Russia subdivides her immense area into "governments," just as Ireland is divided into counties. Each "government" has a chief

town of the same name, from whence the laws of that particular district are administered. These towns are military stations, and the base of police operations—of police ever active and vigilant throughout the whole empire. It can be said that in Russia the eye of the law never sleeps, and can almost see through stone walls.

We would carry our readers, in imagination, to Wilna, one of these little capital towns, lying on the lovely river Wilia, which empties itself lower down into the Nieman, and whose beauties has inspired

tianity into his land, which had remained, until then, in pagan darkness. We see thus how Lithuania's and Poland's interests became one. To this day, however, the Lithuanians retain a physical and mental type, which clearly show their descent from a robust and sturdy origin.

What the Celt is to England, the Lithuanian has been to Poland, and so, whether it be in literature, art, or on the battlefield, the great names which stand out as beacon lights in the history of Poland, are those of her Lithuanian children.



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF WILNA

the great poet of the country, Mickiewicz, with some of his happiest rhymes.

Centuries ago, Wilna was the capital of the Province of Lithuania, which ran up along the shores of the Baltic Sea and embraced great tracts of land extending to the Black Sea in the South. At the end of the fourteenth century, this Province was joined to Poland by the marriage of its Prince, Jagiello, with Hedwige, Queen of Poland, one condition of the union being that the Prince himself should be baptized and introduce Chris-

The town is built on the flanks of hills, which clothed in the characteristic arborage of the country, red pines, fir, and silver birches run gently down into the river at this point, and earn the name of Little Switzerland for this part of the country. With the exception of two or three main arterial streets, the town is built most irregularly. The houses being of every shape and size, and, as is the custom here, gaily painted or white-washed. The side streets and alleys are narrow and tortuous, with here and there

perilous descents and awkward corners. The town is paved entirely with great rough stones, compared with which cobbles are dainty. The noise of the traffic over these is absolutely deafening. The drainage of the town is confined to the gutters, which run along either side of the street. To cross there, save by means of the hatchways, which are to be found before the doors of the principal shops and houses, would be often a matter of difficulty and disgust. Custom has it that each landlord is responsible for that part

street, and during the intense heat of the summer months the dust of traffic is allayed by the aid, twice daily, of the primitive garden watering-can! It has not as yet struck the Corporation that much trouble and work could be spared, and greater comfort obtained by the connection of a hose and pump with the river flowing at their feet. The motley crowds of peasantry, in their multi-coloured dress, long-bearded Jews, swarthy, high-cheeked Tartars, Circassians, heavy-faced Russian officials, popes (the Russian priests) wearing their hair falling to the shoulders, from under their high black hats—fill the streets. Every point and corner presents us with studies of local colour, fully as interesting and as beautiful, in their own way, as any to be found in the world.

The great feature of Wilna, however, is the magnificent churches. These are, like the houses, of all shapes and styles—from the tiny Gothic gem of architecture, dedicated to Saint Anne, to the great Cathedral or the Church of Saint John, which holds a congregation of from four to five thousand people. The



FRONT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

of the pavement which lies before his house, the result of this being often disastrous to the pedestrian, as, naturally, when a man can do a thing cheaply, he will not waste money on that which his neighbour wears and tears as much as himself; and so the orthodox pavement of trimmed wood becomes often a mere couple of planks, rotten and yielding to the foot. The landlord is also responsible for the watering of his section of the

Russian Churches (which have all been stolen from the Catholics), are also very fine, and with their distinctive bronze and gilded domes flashing back the sun's rays, form striking objects in the panorama of the town.

The Cathedral is worthy of special mention, with its lovely chapel dedicated to Saint Casimir, the saintly prince of Poland. This Chapel is decorated throughout with white stucco work, designed by celebrated

Italian artists, and of which one can see many beautiful examples in some of the Dublin institutions and private houses.

The floor and walls of grey and black marble throw out into admirable relief the life-size silver statues of different kings and saints, all standing guard in their niches round the chapel.

On the altar, with front and sides of silver, stands the exquisitely-wrought

tabernacle, with its purple veil, it seems as if the whole chapel were in a glory, and one cannot help but admire the purity and refinement of taste that has designed and raised such a monument to the honour of God and His saints.

Opposite the great door of the Cathedral can be observed an ancient pagan temple, now converted into a belfry; it is a pity that one cannot see on our pic-

ture the wonderful smoothness and polish which the clay of which it is built has attained. Towering over the Cathedral is the Zamkova Gura (i.e., the castle hill), on the top of which is the ruined palace and fortress of the Prince of Lithuania. From this point a wonderful view of the whole town and country-side is to be obtained. One of the first objects on which the eye rests being the church of Saint Catherine of Sienna with a large convent attached. This is alas! empty now, save for some four or five nuns who alone are left of a once numerous community. On the death of these, which must happen



CHURCH OF ST. ANNE.

CHURCH OF THE BERNARDINES.

Tabernacle of gold and silver. This, in turn, supports the silver coffin of the saint, whose body rests beneath the altar.

The wall against which the altar stands is covered with delicate stucco work representing the Assumption of Our Lady into heaven, escorted by angels and cherubs. When, from the dome above, the light falls on the gold and silver taber-

soon, owing to their very advanced age, the convent will probably be adapted to some secular use, or left to fall into complete ruin. Inside, the church is very impressive—exceedingly high and spacious, with a fine choir. The altar pieces are said to be very fine. Strangely enough, Saint Catherine's was the only church of Wilna in which the office of

Tenebrae was held during Holy Week. The Mass here on Sunday is heard by crowds of young girls who seem to have a special devotion to this great Dominican Saint.

Not far off is the church of the Holy Ghost, once the chapel of a noted Dominican seminary. It is a fine building

world the wonderful paintings of Fra Angelico, and was the scene of Savonaroli's labours.

The most celebrated preacher of the whole country-side can be heard here on Sunday, when the church can hardly hold the crowds who come to listen to his words. It would seem, indeed, as if the



MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF OUR LADY OF OSTRA BRAMA.

with a magnificent organ and many altars. Lofty corridors, with frescoed walls and ceilings, run round the church; and viewing these, one's mind is carried away to that great Dominican convent in Florence—Saint Mark's—which has given to the

mantle of the great Preaching Order had fallen on him and wrapped him in its eloquence: the Order, we know, has been suppressed, but its spirit seems to linger yet amid its former haunts.

It goes to the heart to learn that the

officers' club-house was once the church of the Jesuits. Their convent has been converted into barracks and storehouses—a fate which has befallen every convent in Wilna which has not been taken for private use. The concert hall of the club-house was the chapel in olden times; a pianoforte and orchestra occupying now the very spot upon which stood the high altar; the side-aisles, separated from the chancel by marble pillars, now form the lounges for idle purveyors of gossip and scandal; and in niches which used to

the oldest in Wilna, is extremely original. With the exception of the floors of reddish tiles and the walls of a certain coarse cement, the whole church is built of oak: now black with age. The altars stand at the base of the pillars which support the roof instead of as usual round the sides of the church. The organ, choir stalls, stations, altars, and the great communion rail, are all of this beautiful material, elaborately carved, the whole presenting a very rich though somewhat sombre appearance.

The great shrine of Wilna, to which thousands flock from every part of the country throughout the year, is that of Our Lady of Ostra Brama (Our Lady of the Gateway). In the accompanying illustration the church itself may be seen extending along the left-hand side, while a little chapel may be observed built right across the street. Over the altar of this chapel hangs the miraculous picture of Our Lady, held in veneration not only by the Catholics of Poland and Austria, but even by the schismatic Greeks. So great is the honour in which this picture is held, that neither Jew nor heretic would dare pass under the gateway without removing his headgear in token of respect. In Rome itself, no sight more likely to kindle devotion or incite enthusiasm can be found than that presented by this street when full of kneeling worshippers during



CHURCH OF OSTRA BRAMA WITH THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE OVER THE ARCH.

contain the pictures of the Stations of the Cross, hang the portraits of kings and emperors. One cannot view this desecration without emotion.

Close to the little church of Saint Anne, which we have already mentioned, stands that of the Bernardines. From the sacristy of the one, you can enter the other; but we have not been able to trace the history of their close connection. The decoration of the church, which is one of

the sacrifice of the Mass on the altar above, or at the recitation of the Rosary at evening-time, when the picture is lit up by thousands of tapers and lamps. When it is understood that this is the principal street leading to the railway station, the traffic which passes through can be imagined. All vehicles go at walking pace, their drivers reverently uncovered, and no one on foot would continue their way, however hurried, without kneeling.

down to ask a benison on their doings. It could be well called a path of prayers and sighs crossed by a bridge of love.

On the last illustration can be seen the churches of Saint Raphael on the right, and Saint James on the left; the latter having a large hospital attached. It is also in this church that the bishop of the diocese opens the devotions of the Month of Mary, which are carried out here with extraordinary zeal and fervour.

June, July, and August, are months devoted to a great pilgrimage to an ancient Dominican church some miles out of the town, called Calvaria. Our readers might like something about this at a future date.

We have refrained from speaking of the public institutions of Wilna, or of its political life, as being, perhaps, not so interesting to our readers as the Catholicity of this old town, once so celebrated as a centre of religious life and learning, and

where now, alas! the teaching of Catholic doctrine by anyone save the parish priest, in the parish church, at certain hours—and that under police surveillance—is prohibited as offensive to the state! The writer must often think with pride of Dublin with its magnificent schools, convents, and charitable institutions of all kinds, and compare the lot of those who live under the shadow of their fostering care with that of these poor Poles. Those who have ever lived in Ireland amid the poetic fancies and religious fervour of its people, must acknowledge with grateful hearts the many privileges and advantages they have enjoyed—Ireland, the greatest Catholic stronghold in the world. More, the Faith seems part of the soil, flourishing as vigorously as the native shamrock; and Erin's children—simple and strong in that Faith—form to-day, as always, the staunchest bulwark round mother Church.



The Chord Divine.

LIKE the touch of that Unknown Harpist
 Who strikes upon chords unstrung,
 Like the voice of that Unknown Singer
 Who whispers of songs unsung,
 From the depths of the living spirit,
 Where lights of the Unknown shine,
 There arises aloft to Heaven
 The breath of the Chord Divine.

Not alone in the souls of poets,
 Nor heart of the holy saint,
 Has that mystical chord vibrated
 With rapturous, tender plaint;

In that breast which is steeped the deepest
 In misery, sin, and crime,
 There awakes to the touch of conscience
 A chord which is all sublime.

For the soul of the wretched sinner
 The Unknown's design is still,
 E'en that heart which is foul with murder
 Can never *His* impress kill.
 And we pray that, by His kind mercy,
 The weary may find reward,
 And on High, through the endless ages,
 May praise Him upon that chord.

RICHARD HAZLETON.

The Feast of St. Rose at Viterbo.

ITALY is a land of many phases and of startling contrasts. Within its limits one finds the modern city, noisy, populous, lighted by electricity and altogether up to date. A little further on, nestling in the very heart of the green country, or perched upon the side of a mountain, there are quaint grey-roofed villages, picturesque spots which have stood apart for centuries, unnoticed in the onward rush of progress and civilization. Then again, there are the towns of mediæval aspect, with their art treasures, their frowning palaces and lofty towers, all teeming with historic memories of a glorious past.

Viterbo, the city of our theme, is especially rich in these old associations, being the central point of the extensive grant called the "patrimony of Saint Peter," bestowed by the Countess Matilda of Tuscany upon the Papal See, and also the birthplace of the youthful maiden who, many centuries ago, wrought such stupendous marvels in behalf of the Church of God. It is a quaint old town, filled with Roman and Etruscan antiquities, and surrounded by ancient Lombard walls and towers; a town, whose secluded squares and moss-grown courtyards echo to the musical splashing of many fountains, and which from time immemorial has been noted for the beauty of its women.

There, amongst these narrow winding streets, the voice of the past is never silent. Italy, the so-called "United Italy" of to-day—with its petty enmities, its futile ambitions, and its feeble misplaced efforts to revive a vanished glory,—is forgotten, and the gazer's thoughts recur to

the time when the world was younger and life less complex than is the case at the latter end of this nineteenth century. In the broad piazza facing the cathedral, the ardent rays of a July sun once shone down upon the uncovered head of the Emperor Frederick I., when, as befitted a vassal, he held the stirrup of Pope Hadrian IV.; and yonder, amongst a group of mediæval buildings, stands the now dilapidated Episcopal Palace, where Gregory X., John XXI., and Martin IV., were elected by the Conclave in 1271, 1276, and 1281.

Space, however, will not allow us to dwell upon the many spots of interest with which Viterbo is so abundantly supplied, for, in the words of the old-fashioned romances, it is now time for our heroine to make her appearance on the scene.

At the end of the steep-cobble-paved incline which bears the name of Via Margherita, and adjoining the Convent of Poor Clares, stands the Church of Santa Rosa, where the incorrupt body of the Virgin Saint lies a richly decorated Sarcophagus. Until two hundred years ago the skin of the face and hands presented a perfectly white appearance, and the sombre hue which it now wears is owing to the fact of the adjacent draperies having caught fire, with the result that the sacred remains were blackened, but otherwise miraculously preserved from destruction. It is necessary to obtain permission from the Vatican before visiting the humble dwelling where Saint Rose was born, and where so many heavenly visions were vouchsafed her, as it is inside the strict enclosure of the "Poor Clare" Convent. Of this holy abode there now only remains

two rooms, and over the door are inscribed the words: "Casa nella quale nacque, visse, e morì, S. Rosa di Viterbo." "House in which Saint Rose was born, lived, and died." The smaller room is converted into a chapel where Mass is frequently celebrated, and here can be seen the little window at which, as we read in the Saint's life, our Blessed Lady appeared to her and bestowed upon her the Tertiary garb of penance. The dwelling-room of the family is somewhat larger, possesses a low raftered ceiling, and is adorned by numer-

so well. During the remainder of the year Viterbo wears the deserted appearance of a land "where it is always afternoon;" but, from the 3rd to the 6th of September, a distinct change comes over the spirit of its dream, and visitors and pilgrims from far and near arrive in their hundreds, and the whole place wakes up to a state of eager and bustling activity.

Italy is noted for its gorgeous "festas," but surely the picturesqueness of the ceremonies with which Saint Rose is honoured surpasses all others. It is on the eve



PALAZZO ALESSANDRINI, VITERBO (13TH. CENTURY).

ous paintings representing St. Rose's many miracles, and depicting various episodes in her short but eventful life. Here also are to be seen the cannon balls which the intrepid maiden miraculously caught in her scapular at the time that her native city was being besieged by the French.

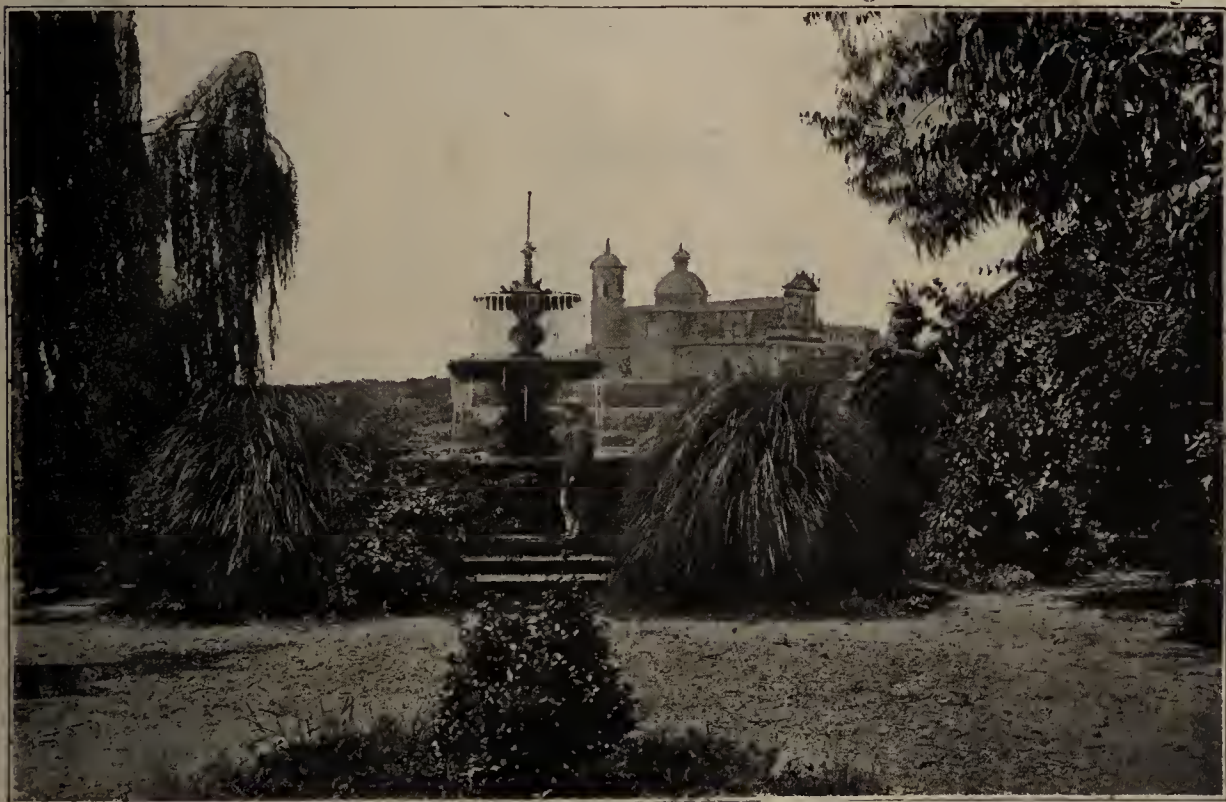
It is in September, when the ardent warmth of the Italian summer is beginning to grow just a little cooler, that the feast of St. Rose is celebrated with much solemnity in the grey old town she loved

that the quaint and lovely procession takes place, a custom of ancient origin which vividly recalls the mediæval days of yore. The whole town is illuminated with coloured lanterns, and every window and balcony is resplendent with crimson draperies; the streets are filled with a dense crowd of people, and lined with a detachment of soldiers; and a burst of triumphal music announces that the procession has started.

Sixty men dressed in costumes of white

and red, bear on their shoulders a gleaming tower of gigantic dimensions, tier upon tier of twinkling lights, with the rose-crowned statue of the saintly Tertiary of Saint Francis on the summit. This tower, or "macchina" as it is called, is composed of carved wood and cardboard, on which are painted scenes from the Saint's life, and measures more than fifteen metres in height (fifty feet). Slowly and majestically is this tower of living flame borne through the densely-crowded streets, preceded by the municipal band and followed by a troop of soldiers. Then, with a celerity marvellous to behold, when one

olden times, when the tower was even larger and heavier than is the case at present, and the danger consequently greater, it was obligatory on those who carried it to prepare for any casualty which might occur, by going to the sacraments; but in these days the performance of this pious practice is left to their own individual devotion. From early dawn on the 4th, until the hour of noon, a succession of Masses are celebrated in the church of Santa Rosa. Pontifical High Mass is sung at ten o'clock, and a function, during which the sweet voices of the Poor Clare nuns are heard



VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF PALAZZO COMUNALE, VITERBO, WITH TRINITY CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.

considers its immense weight, it is carried up the steep hill leading to the church of Santa Rosa. There the procession ends and the mighty "macchina" is deposited in the small piazza where it remains on view during the following day.

In the early portion of the afternoon previous to the procession, the sixty bearers assemble together in the church to receive the blessing "in articulo mortis" in case of any unforeseen accident. In

in the choir, takes place shortly before the bells of the "Ave Maria" ring out over the grey old city.

Festivities of a more frivolous character are also not lacking in the programme. In the afternoon of the "festa" itself there is a race meeting, and a brilliant display of fireworks takes place in the evening; a set piece representing the famous "macchina" being one of the principal attractions, and greeted by wild

shouts of enthusiasm. The following day is celebrated by a "Tombola," a feature rarely absent from any Italian merry-making.

By the 6th of September the town is again deserted; pilgrims, tourists, and "forestieri" of all kinds—those who have come out of idle curiosity,¹ and those who, filled with a lively feeling of devotion, have hastened to the shrine of Saint Rose, have all taken their departure, and the picturesque city of Viterbo relapses into its normal state of calm tranquillity.

The "festa" of Saint Rose is over,—the echoes of her chanted praises have died away, the gleaming tapers are extinguished, and the glittering "macchina" has returned to its obscurity,—but the spirit of the heroic maiden, who, in eighteen short years, achieved such marvellous perfection, smiles down from heaven upon her dearly loved city, and her earnest intercession for the triumph of the Church, and the deliverance of the imprisoned Pontiff, "rises like incense before the throne of God."

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



Notes.

AUSTRALIA.—Three Irish Dominicans, Fathers Spence, Larkin, and Headley, left Ireland last month for Adelaide, South Australia, to establish there a house of the Order.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Those who read our African letters last month may be interested to know that two of the Dominican Sisters there, Mother Patrick and Mother Jacoba, have come to Dublin to go through a course of lectures and take out their certificates as nurses, in accordance with new regulations made by the Government. They hope to find among the young women of Ireland some who will join them in their glorious work for God. Both these Sisters were honoured lately, for their heroic services, with the Order of the Royal Red Cross. They are staying at Saint Mary's, Eccles Street, during their visit to Dublin.

CATHOLIC AUTHORS' DIRECTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.—We cannot omit to call the attention of Catholics in general, and especially of all those who in any form (book, brochure, pamphlet, periodical publication, etc.) have contributed to religious or secular literature, to the

"Catholic Authors' Directory of the English-Speaking World," for which materials for some time past have been accumulating, and which, we are glad to hear, has already made considerable progress. We need not point out how much such a work will contribute to the spread of healthy literature by noting its rise and progress, and by helping the student to form an estimate of the activity displayed in different departments of Catholic science and culture. We consider it, therefore, the duty of Catholic writers,—whether cleric or lay, whether ladies or gentlemen, whether authors, editors or translators of books, etc.; editors of, or frequent contributors to periodicals—to give to the work a hearty welcome, and to co-operate in its success by forwarding their names, with full address, to the editor, Wm. Bellinghausen, Esq., Freiburg (Baden), Germany. It is also desirable that each, while sending in his own name, should accompany it with the name and address of some other author or authoress, for the simple reason that this notification may escape the attention of many who are entitled to recognition in the ranks of Catholic literature. Contemporaries are requested to copy.



The Old Violin.

BY MADELEINE VICTOR.

PART II.

"O world, whose days like sun-lit waters glide,
Whose music links the midnight with the
morrow :

Who for thine own hast beauty, power and
pride !

O world, what art thou ? and the world replied :
'A husk of pleasure round a heart of sorrow !'

O child of God, thou who hast sought thy way
Where all this music sounds, this sun-light
gleams,

'Mid pride and power and beauty day by day !
And what art thou ?—I heard my own soul say
'A wandering sorrow in a world of dreams.'

W. H. MALLOCK.

A YEAR had passed away, and the little country cottage, where so strange a history had been told me, was somewhat of a dream. Business, family afflictions, and personal cares had contrived to

clothe the memory of it as with clinging moss, which needed a determined hand to pull aside, but something occurred at this period of my ramblings which recalled the matter very vividly to mind. I was spending the evening at the British Embassy in a certain foreign city, and was enjoying the conversation of a great traveller recently returned from the Holy Land. On the return journey he had fallen in with a band of Arabs, who treated him with marked courtesy, and invited him to pass a few days in their midst. One evening, within a day's ride of Joppa, the Shiek, or chief, asked him if he liked music. Long experience of Eastern melodies and instruments led him to hesitate an affirmative reply.

"The Western breeze sighs not more softly than the bow of him who shall play to thee," was the Arab's grave observation.

Giving a signal, the folds of the tent were lifted aside to give ingress to a tall figure, clad in the flowing robes of a son of the desert. His sun-burnt face was grave and almost majestic, while an expression of singular sweetness softened whatever of severity might strike the casual beholder.

"I had never seen such a marvellously saintly countenance, if I may use such a term of an Arab," observed my companion to those crowding about us, "save in some of Fra Angelico's frescos at Florence or Fiesole."

"Never amongst us, for instance, my dear Baron!" ejaculated a young worldling in the rear, with a quizzical smile.



A VIOLINIST IN THE DESERT!" EXCLAIMED
OUR HOSTESS.

"No," was the grave rejoinder, "the world sets a different stamp on its votaries. We men in Society rush after pleasure, and power, and pride, and the sign-manual thereof is weariness. Those simple travellers, such as I met and conversed with during my stay across the seas, always reminded me of what Montalembert would have termed the aristocracy of the cloister. There was courtesy and kindness, and loving service to one another. The monks

of olden times possessed this spirit, a Benedict, a Bruno, and a Bernard were steeped in it."

"The Baron has a poor opinion of the present age," remarked the same youthful worldling who had spoken before, "he would have us all Arabs or—"

"Saints, eh?" and the first speaker smiled. "Well, well! This is serious converse for an Embassy reception. I must hie me back to my Arab."

"The Sheik had not exaggerated about the sweetness of the musician's touch. I have heard, I may say, all the great violinists of this generation, and even of the past, but never any man equalled this Eastern player."

"A violinist in the desert! My dear Baron you are more interesting than usual!" broke in the voice of our hostess, who, together with a bevy of her fair guests, had come up during the conclusion of the traveller's speech.

The latter turned, and bowed smilingly. "Like unto a swan in the coal-cellar! you would say, my Lady; nevertheless, it is quite true. Seated under my snowy tent, with an Eastern sky above me, and golden sands for my carpet, I heard such ravishing strains that my soul fled, for the nonce, to regions unknown before."

"And he had a fine instrument?"

"I know not, the melody lay in his soul; perchance the instrument was a poor one."

"What aged man was he?" I inquired, as a sudden supposition flashed into my mind.

"I cannot tell, for his turban concealed his hair, but, judging from the firm set of the features, I should fancy he was between forty and fifty. I spoke to him in Arabic, and noticed a peculiar accent in his speech which made me uncertain as to his true origin. Odd to relate, I had a most mysterious, yet foolish, I doubt not, idea that he was of European extraction."

An exclamation broke from me. I had

a positive conviction now as to the Arab's real identity.

"What is it?" asked our hostess, for she, doubtless, saw my face change.

In the midst of a profound silence I told my tale. The tiny Irish cottage, the rustling wheat fields, the glowing sun-set, the silver-haired, blind mourner, with her youthful charges, all rose up before me as I spoke on, and methinks some of the pathos of her life-history must have warmed the world-wearied hearts around me, for unwonted emotion appeared on countenances long unaccustomed to openly-expressed feeling.

The great traveller seemed strangely moved. "I shall return to the desert," he said quietly, as I concluded, "nor shall I rest until I have found him out."

"You believe with me that that Arab was William Egerton?" I asked.

"Yes. Why he did not speak English to me was very natural. I conversed in Arabic, and we had no opportunities to make any private acquaintance. Now that I think of it, I remember being struck by a certain reluctance of the Sheik to leave us conversing together. Some mystery lies there and, with the aid of the Almighty, I shall penetrate it."

A buzz of excitement followed these words. Then the Ambassador said suddenly:

"You shall not go alone, my dear Baron. With your kind permission, my son and an escort shall accompany you. If this 'soi-disant' Arab be really the missing genius, he has a right, as an Englishman, to his countrymen's aid, and that you shall have."

As said, so done. The papers teemed with romantic accounts of the projected expedition, which had filtered into public notice, after the fashion peculiar to "private" affairs. All kinds of wonderful reports spread and grew as the weeks passed, until, when the long and much-talked-over journey became an accomplished fact, the Arab had become an Eastern potentate, the blind sister was transformed into some royal personage of a European Court; while the great Baron and my humble self



THEY LISTENED ATTENTIVELY TO MY TALE.

were invested with marvellous powers of travel, and accredited with superhuman feats of courage and valour.

In the meanwhile, how fared it with the gentle woman whose heart ever yearned over her long-lost brother?

I sped over to Ireland during the preparations for our Eastern journey, leaving word with our Ambassador of my intention to join the expedition at Marseilles. After detailing the whole story to some

old friends in Dublin, and begging the prayers of some dear friends for our success, I hurried down for a parting conversation with Miss Egerton. Not one word of the extraordinary excitement which prevailed in Continental circles over the coming search for her brother escaped my lips. If it failed, why raise hopes doomed to a painful blight? If, on the contrary, suc-

appearance. As the dear, blind lady knew what an interest I had taken from the first in her sad story, she never suspected anything unusual, and answered all my queries with calm precision.

"He was exceptionally tall for his age," she remarked, "and promised to be a fine specimen of manhood. What was he like in feature? Well, rather of a Grecian

type, with a broad, white forehead shaded by golden-brown hair. His eyes were very deep set, of a blue grey tint, while the mouth was very firmly, but delicately, cut.

"I remember," she continued, raising her sightless eyes upwards, as was customary with her when she spoke of her brother, "hearing one of the ladies-in-waiting remark that my William's mouth had kept all the soft curves of childhood. I am sure he would look gentle and sweet-tempered even in old age," and the speaker sighed, as if a vision of the lost youth rose before her to bid her hope anew.

"Had he a talent for languages?" I asked quietly.

"Yes. He spoke Spanish like a pure-bred Castilian, and knew all the gipsy dialects of the country, like one of themselves. I remember his being very friendly with those strange people; he often went outside Madrid to their camps, during the spring-time, and used to play for their King, as the chief one called himself. William loved the woods, and vast plains. He told

me that he felt nearer God when away from the habitations of men. My dear aunt used to say he would have been one of the desert solitaries had he lived in those saintly ages."

The desert! As the words fell on my ear the Arab musician whom we were



"I REMEMBER," SHE CONTINUED, RAISING HER SIGHTLESS EYES.

cess crowned our efforts, why anticipate the welcome which the missing man would give from his own lips? No; silence was golden, as it usually is, and I contented myself with asking many questions, put in a guarded manner, as to William Egerton's personal appearance at the time of his dis-

going to seek rose up before me. I pondered. Had he sought a wilderness for himself, and fled deliberately from the haunts of man? Time would prove.

"Had he ever thought of entering the cloister?" I inquired thoughtfully.

Miss Egerton paused a moment before replying, as if searching memory's silent halls.

"He was a reserved boy," she answered at last, "especially in matters touching his spiritual life, but to me he spoke somewhat intimately, betimes. We loved each other very dearly, and therefore communed together in freedom. Yes, he had thought of becoming a monk, but the gift of music within him struggled sorely against the sacrifices entailed by such a life. His whole being was attuned to melody, and his soul spoke in music. To pursue his art ardently and yet be a perfect religious was not possible. The violin demanded too much time, and William foresaw loss to his soul if he did not sacrifice the former's requirements.

"After he had played to us that night—remember what success he had had at the nuptial Mass in the morning!—he lingered with me for a short time after our Aunt had retired. You know what perfect nights we get in Spain during the late Spring? Well, the garden at our feet lay bathed in silver light, and the deep silence was only broken by the splashing of a distant fountain. He drew me to the open window, and laid his hand on my head, saying: 'Sister mine, do you love God?' I answered 'Yes.' Then he replied very softly: 'And so do I, far more than His gift to me.'"

"After these enigmatical words he left me, to retire to rest, and—you know the rest."

Long after I had made my adieux at the little cottage, and while my train was whirling me through the sunny slopes of Southern France towards the great seaport, where I was to join our search-party, the various details given me by Miss Egerton concerning her brother's last evening in his Spanish home, came vividly before me, and marshalled themselves into systematical array. The more I reflected over the boy's last words, the stronger grew my conviction that his disappearance was premeditated. He was evidently a youth of an affectionate and deeply sensitive nature; to give up his violin, to part from a loving relation, and an adoring sister; to endure their supplications or to witness their tears, if he announced his determination to retire from the world—all such emotions may have swept through his soul as a mighty torrent. He loved God more than God's gift to him! Such were his words. Perchance they contained a sudden unexpressed resolve to leave all things, to seek safety in flight, to strengthen his resolution by some irrevocable act of sacrifice. Who, save the God, whence came the inspiration, could tell us of these things? A soul may be heroic in will, yet may fear its weakness if exposed to extraordinary trial. Methought William Egerton might have been one of these.

(To be continued.)



Sublime and Heroic.

OUR readers must have all heard of the terrible disaster that occurred about a month ago, when the "Bourgogne" went down in mid-ocean with nearly all on board. The loss touches all Dominicans very nearly; and has thrown the Dominican Province of Lyons into sorrow and mourning, for three members of the Order, who were returning to France, went down with the ill-fated vessel.

Father Cyprian Florisoone, Prior of the Convent of Rosary Hill, New York; Father Bernardine Merlin, Professor of Theology in the same Convent; and Father Joseph Baumann, who was only 24 years, and had just been ordained priest, left New York by the "Bourgogne" on Saturday, July 2nd. On the 4th, about five o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock made the passengers spring from their berths. A heavily-laden vessel, bound for Philadelphia, had struck the "Bourgogne" midships, making a frightful breach, through which the water came rushing in. Immediately all was confusion, men and women came crowding on deck with such articles of clothing as they had snatched up in their hurry. One cannot picture the scenes on board. At first the people seemed too dazed to take in what had happened. But gradually it dawned upon them that there had been a collision, and that the ship was steadily sinking. Nearly 600 people, full of life and vigour, who but a few minutes before had been sleeping quietly, never dreaming of danger, now saw that in a very short time they would be engulfed beneath the waves.

The three Dominicans so conspicuous in their white habits, were quickly surrounded by the agonizing people. Their own danger they never thought of; face to face with death they did their duty, true priests, heroic priests to the end.

Those who were saved tell that in the fearful struggle for the boats, when strong men so far forgot their manliness as to

fling aside the shuddering women and helpless children, and look only to their own safety, the sons of Saint Dominic, like true men, did their utmost for their fellow passengers, amid the dreadful confusion.

When all hope of escape was gone, the people threw themselves on their knees, crying for forgiveness, asking the Fathers to pray for them, and to absolve them. Then, in the name of Jesus Christ, whose ministers they were, the Fathers urged everyone to make the sacrifice of their lives with resignation in reparation for all their sinfulness, and, raising their hands, they pronounced those words that wash all sin away.

Having confessed to one another and received absolution, the Fathers went up and down the ship, saying a few consoling words to each. Then followed a scene which one of the survivors says was "sublime and heroic." Some of our readers may not be aware that at the death of any religious of the Order, the Community gather round the death-bed and chant the "Salve Regina." So those faithful priests were true Dominicans to the end. There on the deck of the sinking ship, with the hissing waters rising round them, the three Fathers knelt side by side and began that chant they loved so well, "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, Our Life, Our Sweetness, and Our Hope."

The waters rose higher and higher, but the Fathers sang on calmly and sweetly, sang as they had never sung before, until as the last notes were dying away, the ship sank beneath the waves, and then came the awful stillness of death. Rarely has faith seemed more noble or more beautiful. These three Religious give for all time an example of true heroism; and may we not hope that Mary, their Mother, the Star of the Sea, whom they called upon in that last terrible hour, was with them and guided them sweetly and securely into the Haven of Eternal Rest and Peace.

"Sealed Up."

A TALE OF LA VENDÉE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART.

CHAPTER II.

THE wonderful presence of mind evinced by little Raoul, together with the tricolour badge, explained all to Fanchin. Rigaud approaching, looked at the fisherman from head to foot in utter contempt.

"You come from Brest," he said; "what did you go there for?"

"I will tell you all that when I have had my supper; at present I shan't open my mouth but to put something more substantial into it than the dust of this room," replied Fanchin.

"Be it so," said the Revolutionist, who flattered himself that he would be able to draw from the fisherman, when drunk, the secret he had failed up to this to discover.

"Be it so; I shall have supper with you too. I also have just arrived from Brest."

"You have come from Brest! That is impossible or we should have met on the road!" exclaimed the sharp Breton.

The two men left the room, the one full of confidence in his own powers, the other trusting all to God.

Meanwhile the Marquis and Comtesse were in agony of mind as to what had become of the Comte and his brother. Had they been arrested? or were they waiting outside? They were horribly perplexed. One minute elapsed after the exit of Fanchin and the Republican ere a word was uttered, then Raoul said:

"Here they are," and opening the door showed his astonished mother and grandfather the Comte and Baron de T.

After the first few moments, there were conflicting emotions—joy at seeing them after such a long absence, sorrow and anxiety at seeing them in such peril.

When the Comte and the Baron had embraced the family the former related their adventures. They had been pursued to the village of Trinity by mounted soldiers, whom they eluded by plunging into the forest and hiding there some hours, after which they proceeded to the rendezvous, where they met Fanchin. On arriving at the Castle they entered by a back door, of which the Breton had the key. The hour at which they returned, and the dangers they had escaped made them take these precautions, and this was why they entered so noiselessly and came straight to the Comtesse's room, little thinking of the danger there awaiting them. "Raoul," he said, pointing to his little son, "did the rest."

On hearing this his mother pressed the child to her heart.

"But what are you going to do?" said the Marquis. "You can't stay in there; that man might enter at any time; before leaving he will surely search the house again, and then! Ah, when will he leave the house! Just think only a small partition separates you from where he means to sleep. He could easily hear your breathing."

"Go away! Go away!" cried the Comtesse, getting pale with fear. "But,

my God! where have they to go to? Is it not a miracle that they are here, and now that that man is downstairs, could they traverse the house a second time without being heard?"

"It is quite true, father," said the Comte, "even if we were able to get downstairs unseen, the Blues would search the woods until we should be discovered; we will pass the night without sleeping."

The Marquis still insisted that they should leave Plonerneck Castle at once, but while they were thus deliberating the Comtesse heard the stealthy steps of a man in the corridor.

"Silence," she exclaimed, "they come."

The door presently opened gently, and in the doorway they saw a figure; it was the faithful Fanchin.

"It is I," he said in a whisper. Hide yourselves, M. le Comte and Baron. The Blue is at the foot of the stairs. That wretch, Rigaud, wanted to make me drunk, but I made him. Ah! I nearly forgot to tell you that he has a piece of sealing wax and a copper plate. What he is going to do with it I know not, but be on the watch."

The Revolutionist was now heard approaching, singing one of these horrible drinking songs. The fisherman went to meet him, while the Comtesse passed hastily into the apartment of the Marquis.

"There you are, you devil of a sailor," shouted the drunkard to Fanchin. "Did I not tell you to fetch me two of my men? Take this light and bring them here quickly, or—"

Fanchin felt very much inclined to give this insolent wretch a blow, but he controlled his feelings, knowing it might make matters worse for his master. However, on taking the light he caught the rogue's hand and squeezed it so tightly that all the bones crackled. This little act of revenge consoled him slightly.

"Will you let go, villain," screamed Rigaud, "or else I'll—I will guillotine you."

As the Revolutionist entered the Marquis's apartment, he suddenly transformed himself. Now he walked steadily, and expressed himself like a sober man. Then looking around him, hatred gleaming in his cat-like eyes, said:

"You are alone here, Citizen T.?"

The old nobleman, who had expected to find a drunken man, was almost afraid before the stern and icy face of the ex-coachbuilder.

"Yes, yes, I am alone," said the Marquis; "my daughter was fatigued and has retired to my apartments, where she will take her rest for the future."

"So the little Citizeness is gone, is she?" said Rigaud.

"And why shouldn't M. le Comtesse go to bed if she is tired?" demanded Fanchin, who had just then returned with the two men.

"I have two observations to make, Citizen Fanchin," said Rigaud. "First of all, no one should speak as you have done to a citizen of the Republic; secondly, remember, the titles of Comtesse and Marquis exist no longer; only those who are guillotined call themselves so. Do you understand?"

As he spoke he took from his pocket some paper and sealing wax, and proceeded to set the seals. What on earth is he going to do, thought Fanchin. My poor sons are lost, thought the unhappy father.

At four o'clock in the morning Rigaud had finished his work, and proceeded to affix the seals of the Republic on the rooms in the Castle which he thought might contain documents valuable to the Government. He left only two rooms to the Marquis and his family, namely the one to which the Comtesse had retired, and that in which the scene just described took place.

Rigaud had a bed made up for himself in the Comtesse's former bed-chamber. As for the dark closet in which the brothers were hiding, that, like all the

other rooms in the castle, were sealed up; downstairs the kitchen and dining-room were reserved for the servants and the soldiers. The first light of dawn penetrating the Gothic windows of Plonerneck revealed a curious scene. It was a kind of dumb drama, in which all the characters were arranged by chance in a picturesque manner. An artist wishing to paint such a scene would not have succeeded so well. In this silent room there were all the elements of a magnificent picture. Worn out after the fatigues and sufferings of the night, the Marquis fell asleep in the arm chair on which the Comtesse had been resting some hours previously. His handsome white head was leaning on his right arm, his face bore the imprint of deep sadness, and from the restless movements of his eyelids one might understand the agony he was suffering interiorly when it could show itself during sleep.

Rigaud also slept. After completing his work of sealing the rooms, he resolved not to retire to his own apartment, as he wished to watch the old nobleman. He hoped to discover from the troubled dreams of the latter the secret so jealously guarded while awake, but sleep overpowered him likewise. One could see his pale, wicked face, gleaming from under his jet black hair, his two long thin hands were opening and shutting in spasms, as if eager to seize on their prey; sometimes a nervous tremble ran through his limbs and made him shiver on his seat—the man was feeling in sleep all the torments he had inflicted on his victims by day. God reserves this unknown torture for murderers. But the most striking figure in this picture was Fanchin, who had not

yielded to sleep for a single moment. Stretched on the carpet, his head resting against the door of the sealed closet, at the least noise he would glance at the Revolutionist, upon whose face the light of a candle fell, and watch the slightest movement of his eyelids, ready to warn the prisoners. For a long time the two brothers fought against the horrible fatigue overpowering them; but at length they, too, fell asleep. The noise of their breathing could be distinctly heard, and as at every minute this grew louder and louder, words fail to tell all that the noble



HE SAT WATCHING THE OLD NOBLEMAN.

fisherman suffered. He hesitated to awaken the young men, knowing they had not slept for three days and three nights, being unable to find a single quiet moment; therefore, to them this sleep was a delicious balm. Nevertheless, he feared Rigaud might hear them, and then—all would be lost!

The Breton, in his agony, never took his eye off the Revolutionist's face; when the respiration of the young men disturbed the silence of the night he thought his heart would burst. When Rigaud made a movement on his chair, he felt his

hair standing on end, and the blood froze in his veins. That night was awful for all, but for Fanchin it was most horrible.

It was very late when the Republican awoke. Long before he had opened his eyes the Marquis and Fanchin were up, and the prisoners warned.

That day passed quietly enough, but towards evening, at an opportune moment, when Rigaud was absent, the brothers told Fanchin that if they did not get something soon to eat they would surely die of hunger and thirst. This news disconcerted the faithful servant. Neither he or his master had thought of this new danger. The complication of events gone by had so absorbed their attention that this very simple and natural one had not struck them.



FANCHIN WAS LYING ON THE CARPET

"What is to be done," said the Comtesse.

The Marquis was the first to offer a suggestion.

"Could we not make a hole in the partition," he said.

"Would it be possible to break the seals and replace them afterwards," asked the Comtesse.

"A few pistol shots would soon rid us of them," murmured Fanchin.

Not one of these was practicable. The first presented great difficulty; the second was dangerous, and the third too violent to be wise.

"We shall wait till to-morrow," said the young men, "but then we must get something to eat."

A cloud of unusual sadness sat on the brow of the little family circle, as Rigaud entered the room.

"Citizen," said he, with a hypocritical smile hovering over his wicked face, "to-morrow I go to Brest, where I am wanted for affairs of State: I shall leave a few men here to guard the seals. You will take care of them, won't you? I shall be back on Monday."

Night had now come, and Rigaud did not delay long in retiring to the little room he had selected. The Marquis slept in the outer one, and Fanchin, who had rested three or four hours, was at his old post, but this time he had only the prisoners to watch.

Towards midnight one of the young men fell asleep, for one instant his breathing could be heard dis-

tinctly. Then it stopped.

Fanchin shuddered from head to foot, but was re-assured when the sound ceased.

Nevertheless, all was lost!

The Republican, troubled with insomnia, had heard all. At first he could not believe his ears, but doubt disappeared before such evidence. He understood all now, and with frightful sagacity.

(Conclusion next month.)

An Ancient Dominican Priory.

IT was a cloistered building. The cloister was an enclosed space of ground laid out as a garden or courtyard, of quadrangular form, and flanked on each of its four sides with an open colonnade. In the midst of this square, it was an ancient traditional usage to place a fountain, typical, we may presume, of the scriptural "well of living waters which springeth up to life everlasting." Under the tiled, or flagged pavement of the covered portico, places of sepulture were ranged along, and on the walls might be seen tables of stone with monumental inscriptions. On the vaulted ceiling were storied in fresco, or otherwise represented, memorable scenes taken from the lives of the Saints belonging to the Order or particular monastery. The piazza, which swept around the cloister was sacred to silence. When used as an ambulatory, the Religious paced slowly along, intent on holy thought, or ruminating in secret on the memories of the good and great men who had illustrated the chronicles of the Order, and had already passed from this world into the regions of bliss. The sacristy, refectory, and other public halls of the Convent were conveniently disposed on the several sides of this solemn arcade, which likewise communicated with the Church by two doors, the one leading to the choir, the other into the nave or aisles. A staircase conducted to the upper stories, or dormitories, which extended over the length of the cloistered passages below. Four large single windows, one opening at the end of each of the corridors, were sufficient to supply abundance of air and light, and during night as many lamps lit up the darkness of these long, silent galleries. The corridors were wide and lofty. Their only splendour was their uniform neatness. It was pleasing to the eye to trace the line of symmetry, along which the doors of the

cells and other apartments, all of equal size and form, were arranged. On the walls, in the interstices between the doors, were hung, in antique picture frames, geographical maps, plans of cities, drawings of castles, tabular sketches of the Convents of the Order, and a thousand other similar memorials of things belonging to earth and heaven.

At the sound of the Church, or Convent, bell, summoning the Community to Choir, or Chapter, or Refectory, or Study Hall, or some other place of duty, all these doors turned on their hinges with sweet and obedient accord. Then might be seen issuing forth from their cells, all of them clothed in the same blessed white habit of their Order, the representatives of every period of human life—fine old Fathers, blanched with age and serene in countenance; ascetics of ripened manhood, with looks grave and steps more solemn than usual at their years; and younger brothers, over whose features and movements, habits of strict discipline, mingling with their adolescent bloom and vigour, shed an ineffable charm of spiritual, yet manly, beauty and gracefulness.

Each cell was poor, just fitted for the cenobite who had chosen it for his dwelling-place on earth. A bed of straw or hair, one table, with two chairs, a crucifix, and some pious pictures were the only furniture and ornament of the humble chamber. From this voluntary entombment, within the precincts of his narrow cell, the good Religious was borne, when his course was run, to the tomb which, for him, was the porch of a blissful immortality. And here, in his last earthly resting place, he was not wholly separated from his living and departed brethren in the Order. They laid him in his grave with his habit for a shroud, under the floor of the Choir. His ashes mingled with the mouldering remains and sacred

dust of those who had gone before him from the society of the same holy brotherhood, while above the earth in which he slept, the Brethren who survived and succeeded him, in the same cloister daily, at various hours, chanted in sweet psalmody the praises of God, sufficient, if aught could awake the devout sympathies of the

dead, to rouse him from his death slumber.

Oh! abodes of saintly men, beloved mansions! Magnificent palaces may be raised, and glorious temples built, but the genius and heart of man, with all the aid that art may give, can never surpass the sublime simplicity of a monastery.



Book Notices.

The Psychology of the Saints. By Henri Joly. London: Duckworth and Co. 1898. Cloth, small 8vo, pp. 184. Price 3s.

This work is the fourth of a series on psychology by the learned author, who was formerly professor at the Sorbonne, and at the College de France. In the three first he treated successively of the psychology of the inferior animals, of great men, and of criminals. It is also the first of another series, "The Saints," by various authors, but under the general editorship of M. Joly, while the English translation will be under the supervision of Rev. Father Tyrrell. In reading the lives of the Saints we too often mistake the halo surrounding them for the light within. The essence of this book is that from the love of God spring humility, self-denial, and action, and these constitute the foundation of sanctity. Let us never lose sight of this truth if we would grow in holiness. But the book must be read—not once or twice, but often, and essential passages marked. To many of us the Saints will then appear in a new light, and we shall see that the difference between them and ourselves is one of degree, not of kind.

The Religious Life and Vows. London: Burns & Oates, Limited, 1898.

This valuable treatise on the Religious

Life is a translation of three chapters in Mons. Gay's work on "The Christian Life and Virtues." Religious of both sexes who have consecrated themselves to God by the Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience will find in this book before us incentives to love their state and faithfully discharge its duties, while those who are not religious can study its pages with spiritual profit. The translator has done his work well, no small inducement to the use of a book of this kind.

Manual of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. By a Benedictine. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

We hail with real pleasure this devotional work, which will recommend itself to the faithful, not only for its compactness and the style in which it is got up, but also for the variety of its prayers. Most of these prayers are, as the Compiler tells us, from the Bible, the Missal, the Breviary, and other, especially old, liturgical works. These are sanctioned prayers, and in our estimation they give to this little book its chief value. An appendix, which has a merit of its own, contains morning and evening prayers, the ordinary of Mass, and prayers for Confession and Holy Communion. This is a distinct gain, as it precludes the necessity of carrying several books when one comes to church.



HAVE RECOURSE TO THE QUEEN OF THE ROSARY.' —LEO XIII.



Vol. II., No. 10.—OCTOBER, 1898.

The Rosary.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, in one of his feast-day sermons, says:—
“This is the feast of a virgin—we must speak of virginity,”
and, borrowing his idea, we may say, as this is the month of the Rosary, we must address to our readers something on the Rosary.

We draw attention to a well-known fact, namely, that the Rosary is a universal devotion in the Catholic Church, finding its way wherever Catholics are to be found. From this admitted fact we draw the conclusion that there must be an exceptional excellence in this form of prayer, and furthermore, that this excellence is duly appreciated by the faithful. Father Lacordaire finds in this fact, too, a satisfactory proof that the Rosary meets the spiritual requirements of all classes.

If anyone is disposed to find fault with

these conclusions we invite him to point out where they are faulty.

It may be said that the simplicity of the Rosary goes far to explain its world-wide diffusion. This, surely, is a full admission of what we have asserted. Its very simplicity is one of its chief excellences; for it comprises, within a short compass, the chief mysteries of our Redemption, and affords a comprehensive and touching method of reflecting on, and applying to oneself, Divine truths, the forgetfulness of which is fatal to solidity in virtue, and to unction in devotional practices. Besides, as it has been wisely said by the late Cardinal Manning, the want of simplicity in some modern devotions is one of their chief drawbacks—for this we assume is the meaning of his words, “one of the obstacles to piety are modern books of devotion.”

Or it may be said that the phenomenal propagation of the Rosary is largely due to the immense indulgences attached to it. But this is to confound cause with effect. We know that the Church is guided by the wisdom of God, and that she does not lavish her special favours without reason. The action of the Church in enriching the Rosary with so many, and such exceptional, spiritual blessings is a virtual declaration on her part, if others were wanting, of its high excellence. These indulgences but enhance the intrinsic value of the devotion itself.

It may be well here to remove a false impression under which a certain class of persons labour in regard of the Rosary. We have found from time to time persons who can read imply—at least their words imply—that only ignorant and uneducated people use the Rosary beads. It ought to be scarcely necessary to point out that the beads are to be found in the hands of the prince as well as of the peasant, and the learned as well as the uneducated are provided with these badges and instruments of piety. The Rosary is not the devotion of any particular class. From the Pope down to the most youthful cleric, from the titled magnate down to the shoeless beggar, all love and practise the Rosary.

But there is a very much larger class of persons who need timely instruction on the subject of the Rosary. How often do we not find among those who daily recite the Rosary, and who ought to know better, many who are utterly ignorant of the Rosary Confraternity, and of the almost innumerable indulgences to which membership would entitle them? They lose very much through their ignorance, or, we should rather say, their negligence. To recite the Rosary under any circumstances is a most laudable and profitable exercise of devotion, but to recite as members of the Confraternity is still more desirable, and renders their telling of the beads still more profitable. Why lose so

many indulgences which can be so easily gained — gained, we may say, by complying with a mere formality? Perhaps the word confraternity sounds formidable to many who associate the idea with sodality meetings and the like. There is absolutely none of this. A person becomes a member of the Rosary Confraternity by simply getting his name enrolled on the Register of the Rosary, which is kept in every Dominican Church, or in churches where the Confraternity is canonically erected. If a person lives at a distance, and cannot have easy access to a Dominican Church or priest, application by note is sufficient. There is no subscription of any kind, or on any pretext.

Nor is it necessary that any additional prayers be said. Those who are in the habit of reciting the Rosary daily gain all the indulgences granted to the members of the Confraternity. Nothing more is required.

It has often seemed strange to us that there should be such an amount of ignorance—or indifference, if you will—on this and kindred matters among intelligent Catholics. Yet it is true; for of the millions who daily, or occasionally at least, recite the Rosary, there are very many who forfeit its richest indulgences which might be so easily gained, merely because, through ignorance, or carelessness, they fail to comply with a condition than which none could be easier. Are the Church's indulgences of such small importance to the individual who has, perhaps, a great many temporal debts still outstanding against him on the books of Eternal Justice, and which these spiritual favours could so effectually remit? Or is it such a trifling consideration to withhold from the suffering souls in Purgatory these reliefs which are as plentiful and efficacious as they are easy of application?

And what shall we say of the beautiful devotion called the family Rosary? Thank God it is still found in a flourish-

ing condition among our people. What blessings has it not brought to them? In the dark days that have passed—let us hope for ever—it was their solace and support, and supplied, in great part, for the want of other succours of religion of which they were deprived by iniquitous laws. How many fond memories are there not linked with this devotion? In how many cases has not the remembrance of the nightly gatherings of the family for the recitation of the Rosary in earlier years served like a guide-post in the devious ways of after life? In many cases, too, the same family prayer, by its efficacy, seemed to secure, as it were by anticipation, mercies for the individual members amid the temptations of later years—mercies which seemed to follow the footsteps of the poor sinner in all his wanderings from God. How often has not this family prayer prepared the young man or girl to battle later on against the frightful odds cast against them by the bad ex-

ample of the world and its wily seductions, while they cling more fondly and courageously by the teachings of faith, thanks to the same beautiful prayer.

May God grant that our people may ever hold fast by this anchor of salvation in the days that are coming. The heads of families should be watchful to preserve inviolate this sacred and most beautiful custom. Where it has been neglected it should be restored without delay; where it has never existed it should be at once introduced. The home may be humble, its shelter of the scantiest, its comforts narrowed down to the veriest necessities of life, but if it is sanctified by the sweet incense of the nightly family Rosary it becomes more dear to God, and more worthy in His eyes, than the palaces of kings. Every house thus blessed becomes a cradle of faith, a school of virtue, and a citadel of the Church against the assaults of immorality and irreligion.



THERE is a science of God, and it is the greatest of all the sciences. Look around the shelves of great libraries. You behold the work of the giants who studied God, and tried to interpret Him to men. There is Gregory, who filled tomes with the mystery of the Divinity. There is Basil, who has fought at such length for God's attributes. There is Augustine, who has written of His relations to man's life and spirit, and to the world's history. There is Denis, called the Areopagite,

with his sublime researches into the Being of the Lord and His angels. There is Anselm, who lifted a curtain from some mysteries of His existence. There is Thomas of Aquin, who studied Him with the devotion of a Saint, the learning of all the doctors, and a luminous penetration, which was all his own; and whom all the throng of following divines, each with his huge volumes of Divine exposition, have agreed to call their master.—DR. HEDLEY, O.S.B.



To Mary Our Hope.

(From the Italian of Saint Alphonsus.
By THOMAS CONDON.)

FAIR star of hope, clear shining
Mary, thou art my pleasure,
My love, my life, my treasure,
My rest and peace art thou.

Beneath thy sweet protection,
O dearest Lady, ever
I wish to live, and never
In death from thee to part.

When thee I call in prayer,
On thee, O Mary, thinking,
Such joy my heart is drinking,
I tremble with delight.

And if I die thus hap'ly
In thy sweet love reposing,
O Mary, at life's closing
The joys of heaven are mine.

Should sinful thoughts come ever,
My peace of mind assailing,
They fly with terror paling
When I thy name invoke.

Extend thy chains around me,
And to thy service bind me,
That I may ever find me
The captive of thy love.

O'er life's dark stormy ocean,
Star shining ever brightest,
The struggling bark thou lightest
Of my poor weary soul.

And since my heart, O Mary,
Is thine, not mine, oh take it,
To Jesus; consecrate it,
And keep it evermore.





Two Storms.

By MAGDALEN ROCK.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a wild night, and on the platform of a railway station that lay on the borders of Tyrone and Londonderry half a dozen porters were discussing the weather in a sheltered corner. The Dublin mail was behind time, as was to be expected on such a night. It had been snowing all day, and the wind that set the porters' trolleys moving and tore down the posters from the walls, blew yet more fiercely in the growing darkness. The girl in charge of the bookstall gathered her store of newspapers and periodicals together, as if she expected no more customers, and buttoned her jacket more closely round her.

"'Tis the worst storm we've had since '38," one of the porters remarked in a quivering treble. He was an old man,

grey-haired and bent, yet quick in his movements. He was the first to hear the whistle of the approaching train.

"There she is," he cried, "and half-an-hour late. I wish she may reach her journey end this night."

The porters dispersed along the platform as the stationmaster appeared, and some half-dozen passengers issued from the waiting rooms. A second later the train, sprinkled with snow from buffer to rear, drew up. There was a momentary hurry as the passengers took their seats, and the porter deposited their baggage in the van.

The stationmaster was speaking to the driver of the train:

"Can you make the journey, Pat?" he asked.

"Aye, sir, if the line's no worse onward," the driver replied, tying his cap more tightly under his chin.

The stationmaster stepped back, and

gave the starting signal. As he did so a girl, carrying a heavy burden, and covered with snow, rushed along the platform and made a hurried grasp at the door of a first class compartment.

"In you go, Miss," the old porter shouted, as with wonderful alertness he flung the door of the carriage open, and thrust the girl into it. The train with

"You were almost late," she said, with a pleasant smile, "and—. Is it a baby you are carrying?"

"Yes," the girl replied stiffly, as she unfolded the wraps in which the child was enveloped. She was very young, not more than twenty, and as she bent over the baby her fellow-passenger saw two or three tears fall on its face. When she had arranged the sleeping child in a more com-

fortable position on her lap she looked up and asked:

"Isn't this a first-class carriage?"

"Yes," her fellow-traveller replied.

"I didn't mean to travel in it, but I was so afraid of missing the train."

"Oh, well, you can make that all right with the guard. Are you travelling far?"

"To Dublin," hesitatingly.

"Indeed! so am I," the elder woman said, with the pleasantness that seemed natural to her. She was wondering how it came that the girl and child were travelling alone on such a night.

"She is very beautiful," Mrs. Terriss said to herself, as she surveyed the girl, and noticed the exquisitely-moulded features and big violet eyes still wet with tears. Her

thick masses of reddish brown hair were covered with powdery flakes of snow.

"Will you not remove your cloak and shake the snow from your hair?" Mrs. Terriss questioned. "I can hold the baby meanwhile."

"No, no," the girl responded hastily.



THE GIRL IN CHARGE OF THE BOOKSTALL EXPECTED NO MORE CUSTOMERS.

heavy, measured throb was steaming out of the station, as she fell on the cushioned seat, and glanced around her.

The only other occupant of the compartment was seated at the opposite end of the carriage, and she smiled as the girl's affrighted eyes met hers.

"I can manage myself, thank you," and she threw back her cloak with one hand.

Mrs. Terriss noticed the plain gold ring on the third finger. Her next few remarks were answered so briefly that at length she drew a Rosary from its case, and began saying her usual nightly devotions.

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, and half rose to her feet, as the carriage gave a sudden lurch.

Mrs. Terriss smiled re-assuringly. "It

"Have you no relatives, no friends there?" Mrs. Terriss asked.

"I have an aunt, but I do not know—that is I am not quite sure of her address. To-morrow I can find it out."

"How old is the baby?"

"Four months; she is only four months," and the speaker bent fondly over the child. When she spoke again it was to ask some question as to the time, and Mrs. Terriss consulted her watch.



"IS IT A BABY YOU ARE CARRYING?"

is owing to the snow, my dear. There is no need to be frightened."

"I have travelled very little," the girl said, with a faint smile and a movement towards Mrs. Terriss.

"You are a Catholic?"

"Yes, thank God."

"I'm so glad," the girl said with a sigh of relief. "Perhaps you will be good enough to direct me to an hotel in Dublin—some cheap, quiet place."

"It may be a few minutes more or less," Mrs. Terriss said, as she replied to the query. "I meant to regulate my watch before leaving Derry, but I forgot to do so. I just landed from America to-day."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I am an American myself, though I have resided in England from my marriage. Since my husband's death some years ago I have had to pay an occasional business visit to my native coun-

try. I hope this one will be the last for a time."

"I—oh, I wish I could speak freely to you!" the girl said impulsively.

"And why not?" Mrs. Terriss said, taking a seat by her companion's side. "I have been wishing you would, for I saw you were in trouble."

"In sore trouble," the girl said; "and through my own fault."

Mrs. Terris moved nearer, and the girl began:

"My name is, or was, I should say, Kate Nealon. My mother was a school teacher, and lived not far from Strabane. She gave me the best education in her power, hoping I might also be a teacher; but I was delicate and unfit to bear the requisite training. It was when my mother was on her death-bed that I met Walter Durrand. He was a gentleman, and a Protestant, but he wished to marry me. My poor mother was anxious I should not be left alone and unprovided for—her only relative, a sister, had married in Dublin, but there had been little correspondence between them. I was only too willing, and we were married. It was after our marriage that Walter told me it would have to be a secret for a time, until he could bring his relatives to approve of it."

"Well?" Mrs. Terris asked as the girl paused.

"He took a small house for me in Co. Derry, and there I lived since with an elderly woman for servant. When baby was born I thought it unkind of Walter to remain in England, but it seems he was ill."

"Yes?"

"Well, to-day his mother came to where I lived. Oh, she is a cruel, hard woman! She told me I had destroyed her son's prospects; that the uncle whose heir he hoped to be, would never countenance his marriage with a Catholic. She said she had Walter's authority for coming, and that he desired her to bring the child to

England, where she would be brought up a Protestant."

The girl tried to keep her voice steady, but in vain.

"She then left a number of notes on the table, and said Walter did not wish to see me again. Oh, she was hard! hard!"

"Did you take the notes?"

"No, no! I did not. They are on the table still. I told the servant to give them to her. I suppose she thought I was willing to agree with her wishes because I could not speak. She was staying at the village inn, and was to return in two hours, with a carriage, for the baby. When she left the house I made up my mind to go away. I could not part with my little Mary, nor allow her to become a Protestant; and I resolved to seek my aunt in Dublin. She may help me."

"Perhaps," Mrs. Terriss was thinking of another way of aiding the girl.

"Yes," the girl said in answer to the doubtful tone, "she may not; but I have some money, and I can surely get some work to do."

Mrs. Terriss made no answer, but lifted the sleeping child to her own knee.

"My dear, you are worn out," she said kindly. "Nay, you need not fear but I shall take care of the little child. I had a little one like her once, but she has been in heaven for twenty years."

Mrs. Durrand timidly touched her hand.

"And I am a lonely, wealthy woman. Will you consent to come with me for a time till we find out something about this husband of yours. You can—"

Mrs. Terriss stopped suddenly, and moved, with the child in her arms, towards the window.

"What is the matter?" her companion cried.

"I am not certain, but I'm afraid the hinder part of the train has broken away. If so, God have mercy on us!"

Even as Mrs. Terriss spoke the carriages that had been rushing backward with ever increasing momentum, left the

rails. There was a terrific shock and then darkness.

For a second or two Mrs. Terriss cowered in her corner. Then she spoke her companion's name:

"Kate!"

There was no answer, but the child in her arms moved.

"The child is unhurt," the woman thought, as she gasped a word of thanks to God for her deliverance. "But the mother? Will someone not come?"

Help was at hand. The driver of the engine had noticed the runaway carriages, and flung back the reversing lever, and willing hands tried to extricate living and dead from the debris. Mrs. Terriss, with the child still clasped in her arms, was among the first released. She stood trembling in the snow while her fellow-traveller was carried from the wrecked carriage.

"Is she hurt?" she asked, stepping forward, where the light of a lamp fell on poor Kate Durrand's white features.

"She's dead," a man answered. "God have mercy on the poor girl's soul!"

"Amen!" Mrs. Terriss said, solemnly, and then she fainted.

CHAPTER II.

AN anxious group was gathered round a gentleman in the saloon of the Royal mail steamer, "Bras de Fer." The steamer was on her way from Flushing to Gravesend, and for two nights and days had encountered a terrific snow storm.

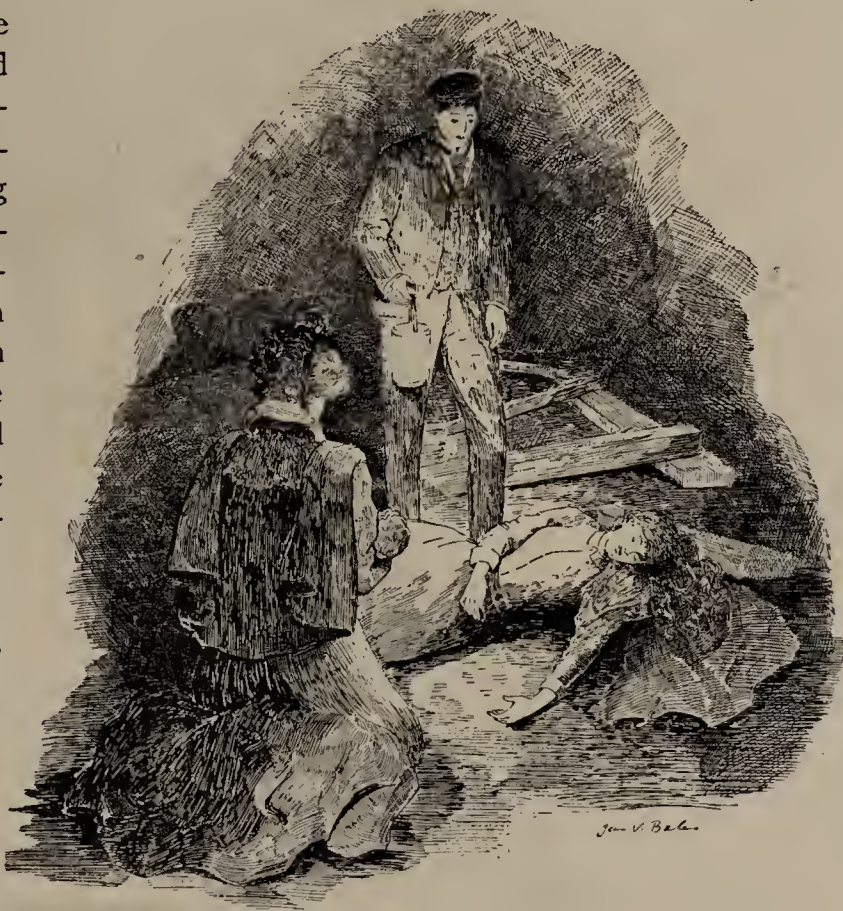
"Is there any danger?" a pale, fright-

ened school-girl asked, holding Mr. Stratton by the arm.

Mr. Stratton had just descended from the deck, where officers and men were busy taking the soundings.

"There is always danger in a storm like this," Mr. Stratton said quietly, "particularly when near the coast. However, we must hope for the best."

Mr. Stratton removed the girl's hand from his coat with an encouraging word, and moved to where a white-haired, serene-



"SHE'S DEAD" A MAN ANSWERED.

faced lady and a young girl were seated on a sofa. The elder lady made a movement with her hand, and Walter Stratton sat down by her side.

He had met Mrs. and Miss Terriss in a little Flemish town some weeks before and had been of some slight service to them. It had been with natural pleasure that he and the ladies met again at Flushing. There was no word spoken for some time after Mr. Stratton seated himself, and when he did speak it was not of their perilous position.

"Miss Terriss reminds me very much of...a person I once knew," he said slowly.

"Indeed," Mrs. Terriss said. "But one does often meet with such accidental resemblances."

"I suppose so," the gentleman assented, and was silent. He was a grave, self-contained man, yet there was a flash, now and then, in his eyes that told of another na-

"Is Miss Terriss easily frightened?"

The young girl smiled, and shook her head.

"Not very easily," she said, "but I wish we were in England."

"So do I," Mr. Stratton responded, and lowered his voice. "I am afraid we are near the Goodwin Sands."

"Well, we are in God's keeping," Mrs.



A WHITE-HAIRED SERENE-FACED LADY AND A YOUNG GIRL WERE SEATED ON A SOFA.

ture. His age might have been about forty-five, though he looked years older.

"Will the 'Bras de Fer' reach Gravesend, do you think?" Mrs. Terriss inquired.

"God knows," Mr. Stratton said with a look towards his questioner's daughter.

Terriss said, folding her hands. Her daughter had moved to a secluded seat not far away, and for a space she and her companion remained silent.

Suddenly Mrs. Terriss said:

"Mr. Stratton, will you undertake a little commission for me in case—" the

lady paused as if to pick her words—"in case you and Mary," the lady indicated her daughter, "reach England and I do not?"

"Certainly; but I trust we shall all reach it."

"By my will Mary is well provided for, but in my desk at Northtowers, Taunton"—Mr. Stratton produced book and pencil, and noted the address—"there is a little packet, tied with a piece of red tape. The words "Relating to Mary" are on it. Will you please give this key to the parish priest, Father Davies, and tell him to see its contents."

"Yes," Mr. Stratton said, taking it.

"I meant to leave the documents in his hands before I left home, but I neglected to do so. You see, Mr. Stratton, Mary is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter!"

"No, she is no relative of mine. In the papers I speak of I tell what I know of her history. It may be she should one day know it.

"She does not know now?"

"No," Mrs. Terriss said, "she does not. It was on such a night as this that—I claimed her."

"Indeed," Mr. Stratton observed, but without any great appearance of interest.

"Yes, I was travelling from Derry to Dublin," Mrs. Terriss went on, forgetting for the moment their imminent peril, "and at a station a girl was hustled by a porter into the carriage in which I was. She was very young, and very beautiful, and evidently much troubled. She had a baby of four months old in her arms."

Mr. Stratton started.

"I tried to induce her to say something of herself, but until she knew I was a Catholic she was very reticent; then she told me her history."

"Go on," Mr. Stratton said.

"She had married a Protestant, who was much above her in social rank, I understood. He was anxious to keep their marriage secret, but Walter Durrand's

mother learned it, and appeared at the house where the mother and child were that very day. She told her daughter-in-law that her son had sent her to convey the child to England, and said he did not wish to meet his wife again. The poor, innocent young Irishwoman was terrified and bewildered, but she was determined that her child should not be taken from her, and while the English lady was making her preparations at the nearest hotel, she fled through the storm, intending to seek a relative in Dublin.

"She had just finished her story," Mrs. Terriss said, after a pause, "and I had taken the baby in my arms, when we were astonished by the backward movement of the train. It seems the screw connection between the carriage had given way on the incline, owing to the jerking in the snow drifts, and someone had neglected to fasten the chain links. The carriages dashed down the descent, and finally ran off the lines. Two or three persons lost their lives, and among them Kate Nealon."

"Are you certain?" Mr. Stratton demanded. He had risen to his feet, and stood leaning towards the speaker.

"Yes," Mrs. Terriss said, wondering at her companion's manner. "I resolved to keep the child as my own, but a priest whom I consulted advised me to advertise for Walter Durrand. I did so, but I was very glad that nothing came of it."

"I never saw such advertisement," Mr. Stratton said, and the lady's wonder increased.

"You would never notice such."

"But I am Walter Durrand."

"Walter Durrand!" Mrs. Terriss ejaculated.

"Yes. It was one of the conditions under which I inherited my uncle's property, that I should take the name of Stratton," Mr. Stratton explained hastily; "but go on, Mrs. Terriss."

"There is no more to tell. There was a formal inquiry, and someone identified poor Kate, and as no relatives came for-

ward I had her buried in a lonely Catholic church among the mountains."

"I know the grave," Mr. Stratton said, brokenly; "but I never was really certain that it was Kate's. And now, listen to my story, and you will not think so badly of me, perhaps."

"At the time of the railway accident I

went to Ireland, as you know, and sought my wife. I can only pray that God may have pardoned her conduct to my poor girl, for she is long dead."

Mr. Stratton paused.

"When she returned she said nothing whatever of an interview with Kate, but showed me the local paper with an ac-

count of the disaster. As soon as possible I went to Ireland, but the servant that had been with my wife had died suddenly, and I learned but little. I never really believed that Kate was dead. I thought some other person had been mistaken for her. You see I could not understand how it was that the child was not with her."

Mrs. Terriss nodded. Overhead there was a sudden rush of feet, but neither she nor her companion noticed.

"Well, years went by. I can now attribute my conversion to the Catholic faith to my dead wife's prayers. Thank God her child is a Catholic, too!"

"Yes," Mrs. Terriss said, "and she is a dear good girl. She has been for the past year in a Bel-

gian Convent, but a couple of months ago I received a telegram telling me she was very ill, and I hurried to her, leaving my affairs rather confused. I meant to leave the packet I told you of



MARY AND HER FATHER.

was recovering from a dangerous illness. When I had thought myself very near to death, I had told my mother of my marriage, and begged her to see my wife and child. When I was out of danger she

with the priest, lest it should be ever necessary that Mary should know the truth."

Mr. Stratton looked to where the girl sat.

"She is like her mother."

"Yes, and also like you. It was not merely because you were a Catholic and kind to us that Mary and I liked you. Shall I tell her who you are now?"

"No, no; wait till we reach land, or to——"

An excited passenger rushed up.

"There is something wrong. Will you go up, Mr. Stratton?"

The gentleman did so. In a few minutes he returned smiling.

"The danger is over, but ladies and gentlemen, we may thank God for it. We were on the very edge of the Goodwins,

the steward informs me, when the flare light of a barque that had already struck on them was seen. There was barely time to starboard the helm."

Some hysterical cries were heard, and Mr. Stratton resumed his seat.

Mrs. Terriss was quietly murmuring a thankful "Hail Mary."

"You won't take her altogether from me?" she said at length, with a tearful smile.

"God forbid I should be so ungrateful!" Mr. Stratton said.

"I was just thinking I found her in a storm and might lose her in one."

"No, no. Mary will have love enough to bestow on both."

"I think she will," Mrs. Terriss said.

THE END.



The Earliest Recorded Apparition of the Blessed Virgin.

I KNOW of no instance earlier than A.D. 234, but it is a very remarkable one. St. Gregory Nyssen relates that his namesake, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, shortly before he was called to the priesthood, received in vision a Creed which is still extant, from the Blessed Mary, at the hands of Saint John.

He was deeply pondering theological doctrine, which the heretics of the day depraved. "In such thoughts he was passing the night, when one appeared as if in human form, aged in appearance, saintly in the fashion of his garments, and very venerable both in grace of countenance and general mien. Amazed at the sight, he started from his bed, and asked who it was, and why he came; but on the other calming the perturbation of his mind with his gentle voice, and saying he had appeared to him by Divine command, he took courage at the word, and regarded him with a mixture of joy and

fright. Then, on his stretching his hand and pointing at something on one side, he followed with his eyes the extended hand, and saw another appearance opposite to the former, in shape of a woman, but more than human. When his eyes could not bear the apparition, he heard them conversing together on the subject of his doubts. And thus he is said to have heard the person in woman's shape bid 'John the Evangelist' disclose to the young man the mystery of godliness; and he answered that he was ready to comply with the wish of 'the Mother of the Lord,' and enunciated a formulary, well-turned and complete, and so vanished. He, on the other hand, immediately committed to writing that Divine teaching, and henceforth preached in the church according to that form, and bequeathed to posterity, as an inheritance, that heavenly teaching."—CARD. NEWMAN.



The Old Violin.

By MADELEINE VICTOR.

PART III.

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares which infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

LONGFELLOW.

A VAST, silent, motionless expanse of sand, whitened unto silver by the beams of an Eastern moon. Above, the inscrutable face of a midnight sky, illumined by the soft radiance of countless stars; below, the immensity of the desert clothed in the majesty of stillness.

Suddenly, through the silence, came the sound of an English tongue, expressing itself in forcible terms concerning the ad-

visability of halting "somewhere" if folks didn't want to find themselves "nowhere."

This expressive opinion was followed by further sounds, as of a troop being dismounted and picketed, some laughter and disjointed conversation.

All these disturbances of the midnight calm came from the caravan composed of the British Embassy's picked escort. The great traveller, Baron Herzy, the Ambassador's eldest son, and myself, were surrounded by a corps of sturdy Englishmen, chosen for us expressly by the English Consul at Joppa, and admirably adapted for the search which was the object of the expedition.

Rumours of our intent had preceded us, and from the East and West came offers of help and men. Already had six weeks passed since we first entered the billowy expanse of golden sands, but they

had been productive of nothing, save fatigue and disappointment. Countless bands of Arabs, hostile and friendly, had been sighted, and betimes interviewed, but without satisfactory results. When questioned concerning an Arab learned in music, some of our swarthy interlocutors looked incredulous, others irritated. Only the previous evening we had fallen in with an encampment of Bedouins, whose chief struck me as being anxious to conceal something which it might import us to know. I whispered my suspicions to the Baron, and he forthwith questioned the man very closely, but had to own himself foiled.

"He may know something, but we shall not find out what it is unless he pleases," observed my companion, who had a wide experience of Eastern peculiarities. "As I am a *persona grata* amongst his fellow-Bedouins for various reasons, he may impart his information to me later on; we must have patience, and travel with his band, that is all."

Accordingly we had journeyed, the Arabs and ourselves, during the cool of the night, and thus found ourselves, at this point, picketted for a rest an hour after midnight.

After the camels had been watered and the men's wants attended to, all of which was done under the watchful eye of Baron Herzy, we settled down outside his tent for a quiet smoke and chat. The Arab chief joined us, by the Baron's invitation, and proved a most interesting companion. He had known the celebrated traveller, Sir Richard Burton, and entertained us with glowing accounts of his prowess and daring.

"He was as a lion in strength and nobility, but as a Cashmere kid for gentleness and delicacy amongst those who trusted to him," observed the Baron, who had likewise met the great Englishman some years before at Cairo.

The Bedouin glanced up approvingly:

"My Lord hath judgment," he ejaculated laconically, then lapsed into silence.

An unbroken silence reigned for a few minutes; then, through the stillness, came the soft tinkle of a distant camel-bell. Something of melancholy vibrated in its gentle cadence, and soon the entire camp appeared hushed, as if in solemn thought.

The Arab drew his white mantle together with a sigh, and gazed away through the surrounding darkness, as if contemplating sights unseen to those beside him. Again we heard a faint tinkle of the distant bell.



THE ARAB CHIEF JOINED US.

"Some one of the Eastern tribes is at hand," observed the Baron, who had bent his ear to the sand.

"My Lord hath delicate hearing," said the Bedouin, looking round at the speaker with an expression of faint admiration. "I am a son of the desert and know whence the various bells draw their melody, but my Lord is not one of us, yet he is not deceived. A band of the Eastern stretch lies encamped within brief distance. The powerful Amud-Abir is its Sheik and my brother."

The Baron showed no surprise, but continued the conversation in slow accents, as if he cared not to know further than his companion desired.

Then he said quietly: "Perchance can the Sheik give us news of *our* brother, whom we seek with tears of the soul, and deep groanings. This, my friend (pointing to me), hath left his fireside and country to find him."

The Bedouin looked at me thoughtfully.

"My Lord hath sought his brother in the midst of the desert! Why?"

"Tell him the whole story," said the Baron, in English. "I know these Eastern races; confide in them at an auspicious moment, like this one, and they are touched to generosity."

Thus abjured, I turned to the watchful Arab. My tongue long unaccustomed to the flowing Arabic, nevertheless formed the syllables distinctly and, perchance, my very hesitation but emphasized my meaning.

Our escort had drawn nearer during my story, and its close was greeted with a respectful and sympathising murmur.

Manly hearts beat warmly beneath the rough leather of military wear, and stout English "grit" has its abode amongst our soldiers all the world over.

The Bedouin's impassive countenance changed and grew somewhat tender.

"My Lord," he said, turning to the Baron, "hath silver in the flowing of his language, and mine ears hear more softly. I shall signal to my brother, with my Lord's permission; he may possess value for the heart of the blind mourner beyond the seas."

The Baron bowed silently, and immediately a soft whistle of peculiar sweetness rang out through the silence. A faint response came after a few moments, followed by the tinkling of rapidly-approaching camel-bells.

The Baron rose to his feet and we all faced towards the South, watching the ever-nearing caravan.

The Bedouin bent his head in stately salutation as he left our midst, and walked forward alone to meet those whom he had summoned.

Fifteen minutes passed away, and still we stood, waiting. Then our Arab returned, accompanied by a tall figure, whose face was partly hidden beneath the folds of an immense turban.

"Amud-Amir, the Breeze of the Desert," he said slowly, "hath inclined his understanding to my Lord's message. Will my Lord speak further?"

The Baron stepped forward and said a few words of welcome, which seemed to please the newcomer exceedingly.

"As sweet spices in a garden, are the thoughts of my Lord's heart," ejaculated the Sheik in a low, rich voice. Then he turned to all of us, with a gesture of invitation: "If my Lords will honour my tent with their footsteps, the sands shall be as their servants."

Our escort once again settled to rest, while the Baron and our two selves followed the Sheik and his brother to a large tent which had been unfolded by his caravan during our converse. We seated ourselves in a circle and partook of refreshments handed us by swarthy Arabs, whose graceful movements aroused my admiration.

Soon, once more, I was called upon to repeat the wherefore of our journey through the desert, and again I forced my rough English tongue to utter the soft tones of Arabic.

The Sheik listened attentively, and stroked his long flowing beard very thoughtfully, as my history proceeded.

"As the dew of night on parched roses, are the tears of the mourner on my desert-bred heart," he said slowly. "It may be that my Lord shall cull a fair blossom from the soil at our right hand."

Turning to his brother he gave some rapid order which I could not understand, but which fell on the Baron's trained ear with grateful cadence.

"We have reached the term of our wanderings," he said quickly to me, in English. "Your eloquence has conquered the heart of the most powerful of the desert chiefs."

Unbroken silence for five minutes, then the tent entrance draperies were raised and a tall Arab stood inside our circle without speaking.

"Pearl of Melody, thy sighs have brought thee steeds from the north wind;" exclaimed the old Sheik, rising to greet

if exhausted, and covered his face with his hands.

Then spoke the Arab, who had listened without giving one movement of surprise.

"Forty years and one have cast their shadows over our intercourse, and behold our souls have become united with mighty bands which no man may snap asunder. From the day when mine enemies tore me from cloistered paths and bore me away into servitude, thou wert my faithful friend. True, thou wouldst not permit



'PEARL OF MELODY.'

the newcomer with a gesture of affection. "Mine old age must not seek solace in harmony but in the doing of a golden action. These mighty lords have arisen to seek thee, and thy sister's tears have spoken to me. Go, my son, and forget not the hearts of the desert's children, who have loved thee in the midst of peril and sickness."

The speaker sank back into his seat as

my feet to know the paths of my country, and didst forbid all to aid me in fleeing from the desert; yet wert thou loving towards the youthful stranger, whose worship was not as thine own. Didst thou forbid me to pray in the faith of my fathers? Nay. Didst thou favour my tastes for seclusion, and pardon my distaste for the society of our maidens? Yea, verily. My gift of melody won

golden speech from thee, and thy servants sought amid the tents of aliens for an instrument worthy of the harmonies of heaven sent into mine heart. And now, when thy hairs are whitened and thy frame bowed with the weight of years, thou dost draw aside the tent-curtain and bid me depart with these strangers. Wherefore this ?”

As the speaker continued, his voice deepened and quivered for a brief moment, then with a quiet gesture he took off his turban and seated himself at the Sheik's side. I scanned him closely. Yes! it was the face drawn for me by his sister's description, though mellowed by the lapse of many years. The features were Grecian in outline, the brow lofty, the grey eyes deep-set; even the finely-cut lips had kept those childish curves spoken of by the Baron at the Embassy. Truly this must be William Egerton. His words, just uttered, implied some violent separation from monastic seclusion. Possibly he had fled to some Spanish cloister, and strange events chanced to him there. We could ask this later; at present, it imported us to take him away from these sons of the desert, and that swiftly; for danger might lurk in the folds of other tents.

The “Breeze of the Desert” would be true to his promise, and deliver his captive, but we could not answer for the friendly views of other Bedouins, whose loss of their “Pearl of Melody” (beautiful name) might anger them to pursue us.

The Baron, therefore, who had instantly recognised the face of the Arab as that of the musician heard the previous year near Joppa, entered into lengthy negotiations with the Sheik and his brother. After some conversation, the Baron turned to the silent Arab, and spoke in English.

A sudden flush rose in the latter's sun-browned cheeks as the sounds familiar to childhood fell upon his ear. Then he answered in the same language, but slowly and as if seeking his words.

“My sister still lives ?” he said quietly.

“Yes, and mourns you as one dead.”

“If God wills it, I shall go with you to dry her tears, but, perchance, the desert winds may woo me back when my mission shall be completed. It is long since I dwelt amongst men of my nation, and their customs are as an unknown tree in the midst of rocks.”

We spoke together some time longer, and, finally, all arrangements were terminated. We were to remain as the Sheik's guests for two days longer, then to depart with our long-lost countryman. He was singularly reserved and silent, after we became settled, so we did not venture to press him for an account of his adventures during the past forty-one years. The old chief, likewise, volunteered no further information, but treated us with a saddened courtesy, which smote us sorely, even though we knew our mission to be a rightful and just one.

At last came the close of our stay. There is a certain melancholy which attaches to every parting, even if it be from persons or places not long known. The characters of the former clothe themselves in softer colours, while the latter appear bathed in a subdued radiance, which speaks of another and better Land, where partings shall be no more. Something of sadness, therefore, crept into our last quiet talk with the old Sheik, who sat with us at the tent entrance, watching the departing rays of the setting sun. Flecks of ruddy glory decked the Western sky, amid the molten gold spreading on every side. He gazed long and silently at the exquisite picture, then turned to the departing Arab (so we still called him) with a melancholy smile.

“Pearl of Melody,” he said slowly, “the bread of separation is dipped in tears, but thine hands can break it gently to my withered palate. Let the evening star harken to the trembling of the strings of music, and my heart shall forget its weeping.”

The Arab bowed in silence, and withdrew for a moment within the tent. When he returned, a peculiarly-shaped violin was clasped in his hand, which he raised swiftly to his shoulder. Almost as by magic, so softly, so gently was it summoned, a strain of music fell upon the listening silence, with unearthly sweetness in its trembling tones. The lofty figure of the player seemed to grow still more in stature as his fingers guided the bow over the quivering strings; his snowy *burnous* fell back in majestic folds, as his movements grew more earnest, while his grave, dignified countenance glowed as a tower lit from within.

"The saintly face I spoke of," whispered the Baron to me impressively; "it shines like a seraph."

I nodded silently, too much overcome by the beauty of the melody to utter a single word.

A last full, rich quivering chord, then the bow dropped, and the player turned to the old chief with a look full of affection.

The latter rose silently, bowed to us with stately courtesy, and withdrew with the Arab into his tent.

We knew full well that their last communings should be uninterrupted, so with a brief good-night to those around, we withdrew to our own encampment.

The desert was but a mirage now, for behold us, that is, the Baron, William Egerton, and myself, seated in an Irish express *en route* for the country village, where dwelt the blind mourner. I had wired my arrival, but, of course, said naught concerning my two companions.

The returned wanderer was still clad in his picturesque Arab garb, and had excited much attention, all through our journeyings, as much on account of the strange costume as of his wonderfully striking appearance. He spoke but little, but gazed abstractedly out of the window as the train passed rapidly through the ripening harvest-fields and fruitful orchards.

Sometimes I saw him glance upwards, as if in prayer, and on such occasions I was forcibly reminded of his sister's upward gaze whenever she mentioned his well-loved name.

The train slackened speed and we alighted at the tiny station.

Soon we had tra-

versed the short distance separating us from the cottage, and all three stopped short as we caught sight of the quiet garden tenanted by a single occupant. Miss Egerton lay back, as if tired, in her chintz-covered armchair, which had been brought forward outside the rose-embowered porch.

The Baron and I withdrew into the



HE RAISED IT TO HIS SHOULDER.

background, as the Arab—if such we may still be allowed to call him—drew nigh the open door. His footsteps made no sound on the velvety sward round the flower-beds, so that he was able to come close up to his sister without her keen ear detecting anything unusual.

On the window-sill lay her nephew's violin; her nephew's! nay—her brother's well-beloved instrument, which he recognised immediately. We saw his beauti-

suffused, as with the blush of a maiden, while she clasped her thin white hands, as if in silent prayer. Then I drew near and spoke her name. She smiled at the sound of my voice, then pointed to where her brother stood waiting in silence with poised bow.

"His touch!" she said gently; "I do not dream surely! I would know that chord amid a legion."

Once again the player drew the bow across the responsive instrument, and wave after wave of heavenly melody rolled over our heads in the silent garden.

A look of extraordinary peace settled on the mourner's features, and slowly, she sank back into her seat as if resting.

As the music continued, she spoke slowly, as if to herself, and the words seemed to fit in with the music.

We listened intently.

"He is dead, and his spirit hath called me! God is love, and sent him to warn me of my approaching release. Brother of my soul! well-beloved of my heart! thou summonest me to the Land where our Master dwelleth. My eyes shall view the harvest, and thou shalt gather it with me into the heavenly barns. Come, Lord Jesus!"

The voice sank into silence; the fragile figure lay back motionless, while the Arab dropped his old violin quickly as he hurried to his sister's side.

He called her name; no answer. He touched her hand; no response. The gentle spirit had fled.



HE HAD EXCITED MUCH ATTENTION DURING THE JOURNEY.

ful face change colour, as he took the bow in hand. Then he glanced round at us with a lovely smile and raised the violin to his shoulder.

One chord! One only, and the blind woman rose swiftly from her chair, and turned her sightless orbs in the direction of the music. Her pale cheeks became

We have but little to tell now, for the blind mourner has passed away to a distant and lovelier country.

Her brother? A moss-grown grave, within monastic walls, covers his worn-out frame, and none may read his life-

Baron and myself, over the body of his devoted sister. They are beautiful, and touching, and true:—

"Euntes ibant et flebant, mittentes semina sua.
Venientes autem venient cum exultatione portantes manipulos suos." (Ps. cxxv.)



"HIS TOUCH! I DO NOT DREAM, SURELY!"

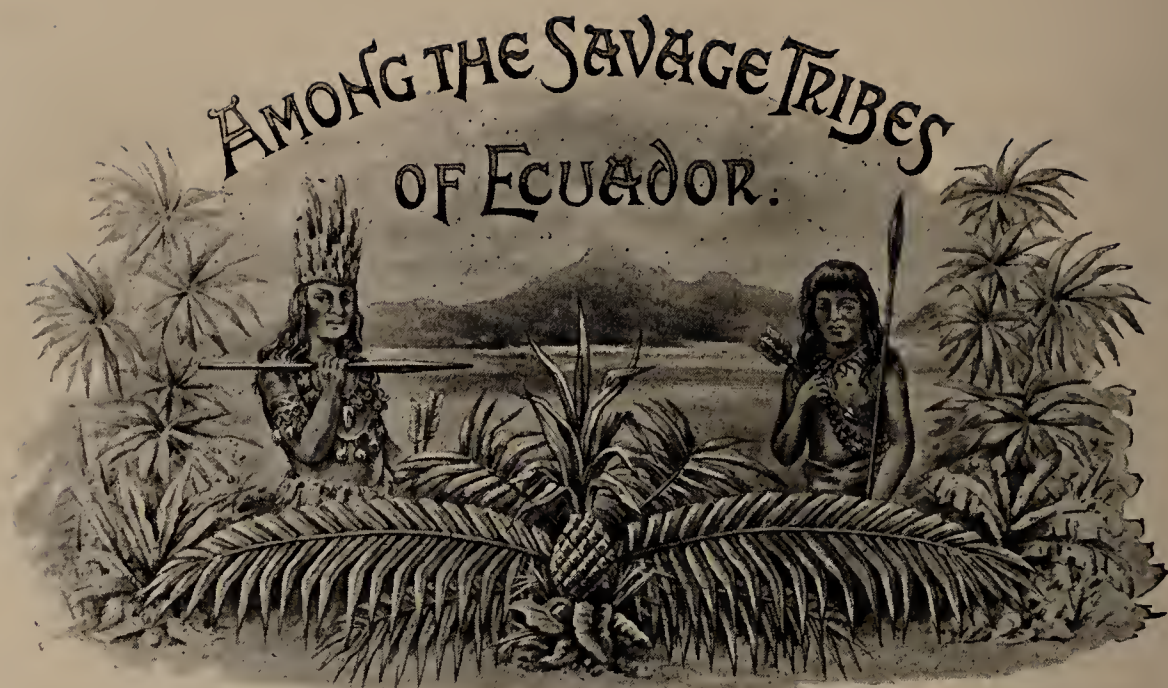
history, save God alone.

Those who pass the modest black wooden cross, marking his last resting-place, can read the same words as those on the marble tomb, erected by the

"Going they went, and wept, casting their seeds.

But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves."

THE END.



ADVENTURES OF A DOMINICAN MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

From Quito to Papallacta.

FROM the north to the south of the Republic of Ecuador, the eastern chain of the Cordilleras of the Andes extends itself like a gigantic wall, an insurmountable rampart. It is so formidable a frontier that one may naturally ask if those two divisions of the same nation, so completely separated from each other, ever enjoyed anything like national unity. To the west are high table-lands, and fertile valleys, situated between the two branches of the Cordilleras; then on sloping plains, whose western chains descend towards the Pacific, the civilized part of the country is to be found—the Provinces with their capitals, Esmeraldas, Guayaquil, Cuença, Ambato, and Quito, the queen of the provinces.

To the east are the savage districts of the country. Leaving behind us the civilization, such as it is, which is found in the western provinces, I will ask my readers to follow me in my travels

through the provinces that stretch eastwards.

We go on horse-back. That is not easily accomplished. Before us are mountains from 16,000 to 20,000 feet high, and as art has not yet come to the assistance of nature in this region, we seek in vain for a road, a path; for something which will remind us of the picturesque tracks which facilitate access for the European tourist through the Alps and the Pyrenees.

In order to enter this new world the traveller has no other way, except the gap made in the mountain by the streams, which rush down in foaming cascades from the snowy summits of Cayambe, Antisana, Cotopaxi, and Sangai; the only road is the narrow, deep gorge which serves as the bed of the torrent. Confined, dark, damp, and cold at its head, it widens in proportion as it recedes from the Cordillera; seeming to expand in the sun, it opens, at length, into a broad and magnificent valley. The impetuous torrent, which was concealed by rocky banks, displays itself there as if pleased to have a respite after such rough restraints. During its course every obstacle seems to be swept aside. Rocks are rolled about and broken; trees are uprooted and borne

away like so many osiers; the cascades are high and grand, and now we have no longer a torrent, but a large river. It is the Coca, or the Napo, or the Curaray, or the Bobonaza, or the Pastazza; let us name them all, for we shall meet them all again on our way. We resolved to penetrate into the Indian country by the River Coca. Why? Because we were told we should encounter fewer obstacles; because Archidona lay in that direction, and, being the centre of the mission of the Jesuit Fathers at the north of Napo, it offered me the prospect of a hospitable and fraternal reception from

at the extremity of the long pass of Guamani, which unites the eastern and western parts of Ecuador, there is a vast expanse of water. It spreads itself in crystal sheets, and forms one of the most beautiful and superbly-framed lakes that it is possible to behold. Such is the Lake of Papaillacta, so called from being situated near the Indian village which bears the same name. The overflow waters from this lake empty themselves through a deep channel in the rock. Here we have the river Maspa rushing over the boulders that lie scattered at the base of the sharp declivities of the Cordillera of



QUITO.—VIEW OF THE DOMINICAN PRIORY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

them. It would also enable me to procure some fresh provisions, and to make many inquiries about the different territories and their inhabitants. Finally, and chiefly, I was anxious to secure an experienced guide, who would accompany me as far as Canelos. We shall see how Providence heard my prayers.

The River Coca, formerly called the Maspa, descends by a thousand rivulets from the glaciers of Antisana. Almost at the summit of the eastern side of the Cordillera, at a height of at least 13,000 feet,

Guacamayo. For a moment it slackens its pace, as if to take breath, on the verdant table-land which stretches above the village of Papaillacta; its waters then divide, tracing a thousand fantastic figures in their passage over the prairie; winding along till they plunge into the narrow and deep gorge of Guacamayo, to meet afterwards the Quijos, the Vermijo, and the Cosanga, finally merging into the great River Coca.

I now proceeded in the direction of the Pass of Guamani and Papaillacta.

A three days' ride enabled me to reach the village. On the evening of the second day I found myself at the opening of a defile called the "Corral of Tuga."

It was already becoming dark, and I searched in vain for some habitation where I could prepare a frugal meal and spend the night. At length I found an empty cow-shed, the broken roof of which had recently admitted heavy rain, which

These brave fellows welcomed me with touching cordiality, and did the honours of their miserable lodging with a warmth and delicacy of feeling which touched me deeply. A large fire burned in the centre of the hut; they placed some dry grass on the ground, and as it was growing cold I installed myself as near as possible to the fire.

Whilst the cook, who was evidently a Maritorne, with immense limbs and long hair, flowing like a mane, helped to amuse me, I took a mental inventory of our rustic palace, and entered into conversation with my hosts. The hut was covered with a leafy thatch, whose edges were slightly browned by the sun. The walls, about thirteen feet square, were of wicker-work, through whose chinks the wind whistled—such was our cabin. There was neither door nor chimney; and the smoke, whilst escaping through the cracks in the roof, blinded and suffocated us. The furniture inside resembled that used at an early epoch, and consisted of three earthen pots and some wooden vessels. There were neither chairs, bench, nor table, nor any of those things which constitute in Europe the essential accessories for housekeeping of the humblest kind, not even a bed!

Here resided the families of two charcoal-burners; men, women, and children, numbering altogether thirteen persons!

Three strong mastiffs guarded the place, to protect us from wolves, which almost every night descended from the heights to make incursions into the valley.

"My good friends," I said, "why do you not build a larger and more comfortable hut?"



THE DOMINICAN PRIORY AT QUITO

helped to remove, to some extent, heaps of refuse, and thus rendered the place approachable. I was greatly perplexed when I perceived at a short distance a light column of smoke, a certain indication of a human dwelling: it was the hut of some charcoal-burners.

"Ah, sir, if it belonged to us!"

"But there is plenty of wood in the forest?"

"Yes, sir, but it is not ours!"

The reply seems to be always the same. There are even here persons who are cruel enough to grudge these worthy people the ground which they occupy, and the air which they breathe! The bird makes a nest for its offspring, a spacious, compact, and secure nest, which it can build in a sunny aspect, or near the edge of a limpid stream; the wild beast makes its home in a den in the midst of the forest; inflexible laws restrain the encroachments of inferior creatures. Man alone is unfortunate enough to see himself denied by his equal air, space, and even the necessary shelter for his family!

I discovered, now that I was with Indians, natives of the interior of the Republic, who might reasonably be considered civilized, because they live amongst those who claim to be their superiors. Yet those poor creatures belong to one of the most degraded and ill-treated races that exist under the sun! Already I felt my heart wrung more than once on hearing the recital of their sad fate; but I was even more grieved by the night of physical and moral torture which I passed in their midst. Partly suffocated by the smoke, shivering with cold, notwithstanding the crackling fire, without bed or covering, I saw them dine on grains of maize, and then stretch themselves on the ground like cattle!

"My poor friends," I said, "do you never think of praying to God?"

"Ah! that is the truth, sir."

We then recited the Rosary, and I tried afterwards to induce them to go to Confession, but without success.

In reality slavery exists in parts of America! This Republic bordering on the Equator, so justly renowned for its laws, customs, and the courtesy of its inhabitants, is an exception amongst civilized nations. If its laws were studied,

one would draw a different conclusion; but facts must be taken into consideration. By law the Indian should be free; in reality he is a slave! He is a mercantile commodity, an object to be bought or sold in business transactions, and can be taken as saleable property from an insolvent debtor, just like a horse or a mule! Yes, by right the Indian should be a free man, and the law loudly declares his liberty; yet the same law authorizes also his slavery and oppression. The law permits him to live, to get married, to procure a piece of ground, to erect a shelter for his children, and at the same time allows him to be sold to pay some debt. Once the infamous bargain is concluded, and the dollars are in the



TAKING LEAVE.

safe custody of the seller, the poor man becomes a slave, and his wife, children, and grandchildren are slaves, poverty rendering the survivors unable to pay off the debt. A hut, in the style which I have just described, is built for him; he is allowed to cultivate a few acres of land for his own use, yet he is more rigorously bound to his owner than the serfs of feudal times. He is used as a kind of beast of burden; he is treated worse, and not so well fed as his master's horse. This

shameful compact is called here a *concierto*; it is a peculiar term. Is it not truly a melancholy arrangement, and completely out of harmony with the decrees of the Great Creator, Who commands us to alleviate the sorrows and labours of our unhappy brethren? The sound of the lash and the stroke of the rod are followed by the groans and sobs of the victims who are tortured.

Next morning at six o'clock, I mounted my horse. All my hosts surrounded me.



IT WAS A POOR LITTLE DOG.

I thanked them for their hospitality, and, giving them a small sum, parted from them with regret.

The Pass of Guamani possesses no attraction for the traveller. It is a long, interminable ravine, where the stormy winds have full sway. According as you advance through it, and climb its rough declivities, vegetation diminishes perceptibly. Very soon we meet only a few small shrubs, with hard and shining foliage; even these scanty bushes disappear, and we meet only a sickly-coloured grass, with long, fibrous stalks.

We are, indeed, in a solitary and dreary desert. Whilst we descend towards the east, the lonely aspect remains unchanged. I continued to advance in that direction, consulting my compass from time to time, and having complete confidence in the strength and steadiness of my horse. The noble animal achieved feats worthy of a gymnast. Scaling—I do not exaggerate—inaccessible rocks, running such risks on slippery declivities that he was obliged sometimes to crouch on the edges of an abyss to avoid being hurled into it; sinking often in mire, even to the breast, yet always sure-footed and willing.

No one in Europe can realise the power of endurance possessed by the horse in these regions, which are amongst the most inaccessible and mountainous in the world.

All the surroundings were so sad and sombre that the scene before me made me melancholy. In the icy north wind which cut my face, there was something which weakened, crushed, and overwhelmed me. The gigantic walls of rock, with their hard, sharp ridges, looked so oppressive that one devoid of religious feelings might be led to indulge thoughts in unison with the desolate aspect of nature.

Happily Providence sent me just in time a travelling companion. I met him on the edge of a marsh, his paws in the water. He looked at me with the one eye which remained to him, but that look was so mild, supplicating, and despairing that I jumped off my horse and took him in my arms. It was a poor little dog, evidently suffering and dying from hunger. He had probably been lost amongst the mountains, and injured by some wild beast. Poor abandoned creature, his condition induced me to adopt him at once. "Perico, Perico! You shall not die, my friend! I have what will restore you!" Then, caressing him, I fed him with bread and meat. Perico is the name of a pretty parrot, with

blue wings. Why did I call my new acquaintance "Perico"? I do not know. The name occurred to me at once. Quite happy now with my acquisition, I wrapped him in my travelling cloak, and placing him before me on the saddle, resumed my journey cheerfully. There never was a dog better cared and loved than Perico! During the two months spent in travelling together, his wants were assiduously supplied. Perico was no longer young. I endeavoured always to husband his remaining strength, to give him some reprieve from the inroads of age, and to feed him as well as I could. The result was that the poor animal became so much attached to me that neither during the day nor night did he ever leave me, following my steps with the same fidelity as a blind man's dog, until the very end, when he fell a victim to a huge wolf.

At the close of the day, I reached the further end of a vast amphitheatre, in which lay the peaceful waters of Lake Papaillacta. I descended to the water's edge, by gentle stretches carpeted over by verdant mosses, while here and there were mimosa bushes and wild fuchsias, and rugged trunks of trees many centuries old. I then crept like a shadow along the borders of the lake, and entering a narrow and obscure path, which led to the village, found myself, at half-past five o'clock, in Papaillacta.

Papaillacta is a typical Indian hamlet. It is divided into two parts; one comprises the uncivilized quarter, which is

situated towards the east; the other, the civilized part, which extends towards the west. The Papaillacta Indian is a hybrid creature. He is a savage who is, so to speak, grafted on a cultivated stock, but bitter sap predominates, and renders the fruit extremely sour.

"Avoid Papaillacta!" has been said to me a thousand times; "it is a nest of vultures!"

In truth, all those huts isolated from each other on the sides of the mountain, and built on rocks which project over the valley, strongly resemble vultures nests. The Indians darted out suddenly from their dwellings at my approach. With unerring instinct they have scented their prey, and a swarm of them throw me on my back. There were cries, gesticulations, threats, and inexpressible confusion on all sides. They were evidently disputing as to who should have the privilege of entertaining me, guiding me through the forest, and carrying my baggage. But they seemed chiefly to quarrel about their charges! In order to restore peace, and get myself safely out of this tumult, I simply unbuttoned my coat and showed them my white habit. All was over; the chiefs surrounded me respectfully;

the vultures, transformed into doves, kissed my hands, and, strange to relate, their charges for everything became suddenly more moderate!

I must here say on behalf of these Indians that their manners are uncouth simply because there is no one to civilize



A WATER-CARRIER AT QUITO.

them. These pirates of the desert require only one thing to make them loyal and faithful Christians, and that is, to send them priests who will instruct and live amongst them. How quickly their rudeness disappears, and how docile they become under the guidance of a prudent and patient priest! How many efforts and entreaties have those poor creatures made to obtain a school and a pastor? But even here a school has been refused to them, and a priest is rarely permitted to visit them, except during the last few weeks of Lent.

The day after my arrival was spent in

he knew one was in his power. In dealing with him it was necessary to avoid making the slightest concession, otherwise all was lost. Every concession made to these Indians is a noose slipped around one's own neck, as their demands increase in proportion to one's weakness. They might conclude the bargain by strangling you! I realised my position at once, and reversing my tactics, endeavoured to regain lost ground. Placing myself before the commander-in-chief I addressed him thus:

"You do not intend to harm me, I know. But should you permit your fol-



CROSSING THE CORDILLERA.

conversing and negotiating with the chiefs, in purchasing provisions, and making other preparations. I never met more suspicious beings. They are crafty, sullen, and hard to be pleased. They are like a colony of owls, presided over by an old commander-in-chief, whose cunning appearance was augmented by a cast in one of his eyes, and a harsh and piercing voice. He was cold, selfish, greedy of gain, and all the more inexorable when

lowers to molest me, another priest will never again enter your territory!"

This threat had the desired effect. It was finally decided that four Indians should accompany me to Archidona, and that each of them was to get twelve francs as remuneration.

Our departure was arranged to take place on the following morning at six o'clock sharp.

Hoping to be soon delivered from those

birds of prey, I spent the remainder of the evening surveying the valley, and visiting the mineral springs which abound there, and whose waters gush out on every side. Nobody here seems to use these springs, whose high temperature and sulphureous odour attest their strength and efficacy. Their beneficial effects are unknown, and their waters flow on to mingle with those of the Maspa. It is said that one side of the mountain abounds in salt mines, and that there is a sheet of water so impregnated with a

saline flavour that the Indians use it to season their food. The place I allude to is situated at the foot of the snowy cone of Antisana, at the entrance of the Pass of Guacamayo. It is shut in in a kind of alley, whose only opening faces the glaciers. Almost all the whirlwinds, storms of snow and rain, of which Antisana is the centre, rage here. There is not on the equator a damper, colder, or more disagreeable climate, although it is within a short distance of an Eden, and on the very borders of the virgin forest.

(To be continued.)



Interesting Experience of a Jesuit Missionary.

A JESUIT FATHER in Australia relates that some years ago he was sent to celebrate Mass in a Catholic house in the interior of the country, where a priest had never been seen before. The country was wild and parched. Countless grass-hoppers and an occasional kangaroo seemed to be the only denizens of the waste. After going a good distance his attention was attracted by a strange object. He saw a column of smoke apparently issuing from the ground. He turned his horse's head in that direction, although it was a mile and a half out of his way. On reaching the place he found a sort of hut in a deep depression in the earth, and presently he saw by his side a man whose wild appearance was not at all calculated to allay the apprehensions that he felt on the occasion. Ned Kelly was the man's name. His hair grew down upon his shoulders, he wore a pair of ponderous earrings, and his cap was made

of the skin of the native cat. When he saw the brown collar, he asked was I a priest, and I said Yes. Then he said his father was dying inside. I went in and saw an old man of a hundred years of age. The old man was telling a rosary beads of large size, and evidently of great age, and when he was informed that the priest had come, he expressed his great joy at the realization of his wishes, and said he had been long praying to God and the Virgin Mother that he might not die without the Sacraments. When administering Extreme Unction the body felt like dry dust, and was practically dead, but the spirit was kept up by continuous prayer. He received the last consolation of religion and in four days after passed peacefully away, and God and the angels received among them the soul of the poor old hermit of the Bush.



By JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M.D.,

LATE CONSUL OF THE U.S. OF AMERICA, AT BAGDAD.

CHAPTER III.

BUT Miriam felt it would be unsafe to remain in Mosul. The same town could not harbour her and the slayer of her parents and lover at the same time. She would go to Bagdad, the convent would afford her shelter for a time, and she would ask the kind and generous Mr. Asfar to give her brother and herself a passage to Europe in one of his ocean steamers. She wanted never again to set eyes on a Muhammedan. In Christian France or England people were secure and happy; thither would they journey as soon as practicable. This resolution, formed in an instant, needed but little planning to carry out.

Close by flowed the mighty Tigris, not a slow and sluggish stream with shoals and sandbanks as in autumn, but a raging torrent, ever rising, ever swelling, by

reason of the melting of the mountain snows.

The swift current would carry them down to Bagdad in a few days, and there they would be safe; thence under the flag that "rules the waves," they would sail to other climes, where no one, so she had heard, is denied the right to live and enjoy liberty of conscience.

The waning moon had not yet risen, and the night was dark. Now was their opportunity, and no time was to be lost. Hastening down to the river bank, where a number of kalaks*, loading wool and marble for Bagdad, lay tied up, Miriam

A "kalak" is a raft built of timber and having great buoyancy, being laid on inflated goatskin bags, of which there may be several hundred, and even thousands, under a single craft. In his excavations of Niniveh Layard found stone tablets with engravings of them which proves them to be of great antiquity. The Assyrian soldiers of old crossed rivers and lakes on swimming skins; and even at the present time it is not unusual to see a traveller leisurely floating down the Tigris astraddle of, or lying on, an inflated goatskin; while the inhabitants of the marshes of ancient Chaldea never go anywhere without their swimming skins.

stealthily detached from one of these eight inflated swimming skins, bound them together, and with her brother crawled on to this extemporized raft; they quietly pushed off into the stream, and then let themselves drift down with the current.

Towards morning they landed near some willows, which they cut down and therewith built a kalak, after which they continued the voyage so auspiciously begun. The day was beautiful and warm, and their clothes soon dried in the bright sun-

the world, and "he who has drunk of it once will return to drink of it seven times," say the Arabs. With an abundance of good water, then, to drink and to float them, free of cost, to their destination; the sun to warm and cheer by day; and to dispel the gloom of night the countless myriads of twinkling stars, which, here in this region, shine with greater lustre, and are more numerous than anywhere else in the world; in early morn a visit of coquettish Luna, now in her periodic bashful mood, coming forth



MIRIAM AND JOSEPH ON THE TIGRIS

shine. In the evening they obtained some bread and milk, and a buffalo hide to lie on, from Arabs camping near the river bank. These were of the Shammar tribe, and kindly disposed, as are all the Arabs, except the degenerate dwellers of towns.

The voyage down the river was void of incident worth mentioning. The Tigris water is said to be the most delicious in

with half-veiled face to announce the advent of dawn, and cast phantastic shadows on the shore; kind Arabs to supply them with food; they surely lacked no material comfort. In the evening they landed near some Arab encampment, and warmed themselves by the friendly camel-thorn fire.

In the afternoon of the third day after leaving Mosul, they glided by Tikrit, Saladin's birth-place, and in the night they

passed Samara, with its noble Shiah Mosque and ancient and majestic tower, rival of the famous one of Babel.

The shadows were lengthening fast, when on the following day, sighting trees in the distance, they knew they must be nearing Bagdad. Floating down between beautiful gardens, with Imam Musa's gilt-domed mosque of Kathemain on their right, and on their left Ma'azzam's, with its profusion of Koranic inscriptions and richly-ornamental glazed-tile mosaic, there burst upon their view a glorious panorama: long rows of magnificent palaces line both shores, while from out the green luxuriant palm groves rise lofty minarets and graceful cupolas in countless number, bathed in the golden rays of the setting sun.

This was the far-famed "City of Peace," the "Queen of the Desert"—a painter's dream, when seen from afar, a sanitarian's nightmare on nearer view, Sodom resurrected to the initiated.

The transition from day to night was almost instantaneous, and the thousand lights illumining the river banks were cheerful to behold, whilst the darkness on the river was intensified by the contrast.

Passing beneath the bridge of boats as near the eastern bank as possible, and close by the old university building, erected by the wise and magnanimous Caliph Mustamsir Billah, once a world-famed seat of learning, but now an infamous robbers' den, known officially as the Custom-house, they were about to effect a landing a little below the mosque of the Dervishes, sometimes also called "at-Takiyah," and just where the Christian quarter begins, when suddenly a little steam launch loomed up out of the darkness, and bearing straight down upon them, demolished their frail craft. Unharméd, except for the wetting, they were quickly picked up by the occupants of the launch, which, heading down the stream, was in a few minutes anchored before a large and beautiful mansion, the facade

of which appeared an endless succession of highly ornamented saracenic arches.

Landing in a cuffah* they were conducted into a luxuriously furnished room, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and all the comforts and conveniences of the East and of the West seemed harmoniously blended.

Having doffed their wet garments, and put on dry ones, which had been provided for them, the host entered, and coffee having been served, he solicitously inquired after their health, and expressed himself delighted on hearing that they were in no way injured by the accident, for which he blamed his coxswain.

Then begging to be informed who they were, whence they came, whither bound, and how it came that they were navigating the Tigris alone in such a manner, and these various questions having been satisfactorily answered, he expressed profound sympathy for them in their condition, and approval of Miriam's resolve to become a nun. He told them he would gladly assist them in any way he could, that he had considerable influence both in Asia and in Europe, and would be able to place the boy in a good school, and afterwards open up for him a career. He also promised to communicate in the morning with the good Sisters; but, for the night, they must now remain his guests.

His kind and courteous treatment, and deep solicitude about their welfare could not but fill the two orphans with gratitude; still both experienced in his presence an uneasiness amounting almost to fear, of which, despite every effort to do so, they could not wholly rid themselves.

There was certainly nothing in either his

* A "cuffah" is a boat of wicker-work covered bitumen, round as a wash-tub, having great carrying capacity, and perfectly safe in a heavy sea. Herodotus describes these boats which seem to have been in use on the Tigris since the remotest period of the world's history; but he says they were covered with the skins of animals. Possibly bitumen, of which there is an abundance in the neighbourhood of Hit on the Euphrates, had not then been discovered.

actions or appearance to excite distrust, except that his restless gray-green eyes never looked at those with whom he conversed. He was a middle-aged man of slight build, and a highly nervous temperament, with sallow complexion and a heavy moustache of darkish colour, partly concealing a somewhat protruding lower lip. But for a supercilious over-politeness which characterized his manner, he seemed generosity and courtliness personified.

He was, moreover, an accomplished linguist, for in the launch he had (though scolding his crew in Greek more vigorous than elegant), addressed Miriam in classical Arabic, which is spoken only by the learned, he conversed with her in French, and with Joseph in Armenian, while to his different servants he spoke Chaldean, Persian, Russian, and Hindustani, to his Cawasses Turkish or Kurdish, to his butler English, to his body servant Italian, and to his secretary German.

That he was a person of rank and wealth all his surroundings indicated.

Dinner being announced, he conducted them to the table which was literally groaning under a profusion of the most savoury viands and delicacies, such as would have tempted the palate of a surfeited Roman.

Surrounded by fish, fowl, and fruit of every description, in a large silver dish lay a whole roasted sheep on an island of rice and raisins in a sea of melted butter; and besides this Arab national dish there were jams, jellies, and sweet-meats of all kinds.

With a reverential bow and a pleasant smile he begged Miriam to excuse the absence of ladies, he being himself, unfortunately, he said, a lonely bachelor, and his mother and sisters residing in Europe.

At table he was exceedingly attentive,

and offered them the most delicious morsels. His wines were of the choicest, and he insisted on their tasting of them. Miriam, notwithstanding her unreasonable antipathy for the man, could not help wondering why he remained a bachelor. She could not understand what peculiar charm there could be in a life of solitude in a palace suited for an Eastern monarch; and, to tell the truth, many of the author's lady friends, both mammas fond and maidens fair, are lost in similar wonder. For all such I, who know him, have but one word: "BEWARE!"

Dinner ended, he seated himself at the piano, saying he had no entertainment to offer except music; and from the instrument he evoked such bewitching tones that the children were charmed into forgetfulness, and with songs of countries beyond the sea and of the beautiful Rhine, over which are cast strange morning shadows of the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," he awakened longings in their hearts for adventure and romance.

At his request Miriam also sang—accompanying herself—a pathetic improvisation, recounting the sorrows and troubles of her people.

In voice tremulous with emotion he said, when her song was ended: "You are indeed a musician and a poet too, and it would be a pity to bury such talents within convent walls. Believe me, your voice was given you to stir the hearts of nations and control their destinies. What a glorious future lies before you! What power is yours! I see you, in prophetic vision, the crowned queen of melody, graciously swaying the sceptre of fate, and from the operatic stage enslaving the world. Then shall you free your now unhappy land and break the shackles of tyranny with magic song. Under the tuition of Europe's greatest masters you must study; the trifling outlay you will, I beseech you, permit me

to advance, and my mother's house will, during the years of preparation, be your home."

This was a tempting offer. Miriam was passionately fond of music, and she knew she had a good voice, and a fine ear; but she did not like the idea of becoming an opera singer; she dreaded the vanities, and the dangers of the world, though in reality they were almost unknown to her. Yet, if she could in any way benefit her oppressed people, she felt she had no right to throw away the chance. But would he keep his promise: and even if he did, would the result be what he predicted? Then she censured herself for doubting one who had only shown them the most marked kindness and evinced the greatest solicitude for their welfare. So after a moment's hesitation she replied: "I cannot find words to express my sense of gratitude for your generosity; but before giving a decisive answer, I must consult the Mother Superior of the convent and also the Carmelite Fathers, and if they approve, it shall be as you please. In the meantime let me assure you of my high appreciation of your kindness; and might I also be permitted to ask by what name I may call our benefactor?"

"Your request to know my name," said he, taking from an elegant card case a delicately perfumed visiting card and handing it to her, "is a well-deserved rebuke. I have truly been guilty of gross negligence by being remiss in ordinary politeness; but my fear for your safety, and the shock I received at the time of the accident, caused me to forget. Can you forgive me?"

Miriam had to turn her face away to hide the pallor thereof, and she felt as if the floor were sinking or dissolving under her feet. The name she had read on the card was one she had often heard before; and she now knew that their host was a demon in human disguise, an oily-tongued traitor to religion, a desecrator of the Church and her sacraments, a reviler of

the righteous, a relentless and underhand persecutor of religious orders, a destroyer of Christian schools, a mocker of holiness, a ravenous wolf in the sheep-fold, a venomous serpent in the pasture—all this and more; nay, that although a Paris-made boot concealed his cloven foot, he was by good and pious people, bishops, priests, and laity, regarded as the visible incarnation of the arch enemy of the Christians and of Christianity, and the instigator and perpetrator of more wickedness than all the Turks put together. To remain would be unsafe, to escape by precipitate flight impossible; she must devise some stratagem by which to get away. So hiding her terror and confusion as best she could, she said: "Both my brother and I are now rested, and our clothes are dry, we have enjoyed a grand feast, been cheered by the magic of melody, and bright hopes animate us; therefore, to encroach longer on your hospitality would be wrong. As I, moreover, long to again meet the good sisters, my former teachers, I beg of you to grant us your permission to depart at once. I know the way perfectly, and we shall need no one to guide us."

"Ah, I perceive, alas!" replied he, "that I have been wanting in attention and sadly performed my duties as host; but I cannot let you go to-night; my house, my servants, and every comfort that Bagdad can supply, are at your disposal, and to-morrow morning a skilled lady's maid shall be in waiting to execute your orders. Till then I shall obey your commands, and endeavour by anticipating your slightest wish to gain your pardon. But it is time for tea."

A Russian attendant appeared with the bright and steaming Samowar, and tea was served, to Miriam in a cup, and in glasses to Joseph and the master of the house. Siberian nuts, manna, and other dainties were also brought, and the remainder of the evening was passed in making inroads upon these and discussing

at the same time Miriam's and Joseph's future plans; but it was difficult for Miriam to keep up a conversation which to her had no longer any interest, for she was now busy with her own devices, and her answers frequently showed that her thoughts were elsewhere. But this was attributed to weariness.

At five o'clock, Turkish time—that is to say, five hours after sunset (the Turks call sunset twelve o'clock, and thus, in order to be correct, have to set their watches every evening), Miriam and Joseph begged to be permitted to retire. Separate apartments had been prepared for them at opposite ends of the house; but on asking to be allowed to remain together, as since their parents' death they had never been parted, two beds

were placed for them in the same room, which, after bidding their obsequious host good night, they entered and closed. Kneeling by the divan they poured out their thanks to God from overflowing hearts for all His bounties, and asked the continuance of His protection for the night. In a low whisper, Miriam now told Joseph that it was not good to remain there till morning, that in the stillness of the night they must flee to the convent, and that in order to succeed vigilance, silence, and courage were needed. Therefore, by way of preparation, they would first recite the whole Rosary, meditating, in Hope and Faith, on its fifteen mysteries, and by this means invoke the Holy Mother of Mercy to guide them aright.

(To be continued.)



THE soul of the Rosary is the meditation. The Paters and Aves attached to the beads are but the body of the prayer. To get at the religious philosophy of the Rosary we must go to its soul. The body of the Rosary is the vocal Our Father and Hail Mary, its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness and leave the attention more free. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual in all classes by its use, who without it could never

have become so. I once gave a rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments and extraordinary shrewdness—a convert. I said, "Say that for three months, and ask me no reason for it. After that you will give me yourself a good reason." He did so, and at the end of it he said, "I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride, to make me simple and child-like, and to get into the habit spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off again."—ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.

"Sealed Up."

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART.

CHAPTER III.

RISING noiselessly, Rigaud opened the door and entered the Marquis's room. By the light of the moon Fanchin saw him go towards the bed. He was walking on tip-toe. The old man was sleeping heavily, but a sad smile lingered about his lips like a presentiment. Rigaud cast on him a look of intense hatred, such as a tiger might on a sleeping traveller. Then he approached Fanchin, who, looking at him from under his eyebrows, snored loud enough to make the windows tremble. The revolutionist stooped down and scrutinized his face for some instants. Is he asleep or is he not? To assure himself he bent so close to the fisherman's face that the latter felt his hot breath on his hair. Then rising, muttered "he sleeps," and returned to bed.

The next morning both Rigaud and Fanchin had decided on the parts they were each to play. The first resolved not to leave Plonerneck, to let the Comte and Baron de T. suffer the pangs of hunger for some little time longer before handing them over to the executioner. The second determined to save the whole family at any cost, and that within twenty-four hours, or else, with the aid of the Castle servants, he would do away with Rigaud and his companions. During breakfast Rigaud intimated his intention of remain-

ing in the Castle, but would have, he said, two men sleeping in his room. He also ordered a strong guard to be placed all round Plonerneck.

Fanchin told the Comtesse they were discovered and that she was to be ready to fly that night at the first signal he would give them.

"Where could we go?" said the Marquis; "I am old, my limbs would not carry me far, and my daughter and little grandson? The soldiers would rejoin us before we should have gone three miles."

Never fear, M. le Marquis," answered Fanchin. "I shall show you a road where bad horses will go every bit as fast as good ones, and where Mdme. le Comtesse and M. Raoul can run as fast as M. le Baron's huntsman. Only remember, the moment I tell you to be off, there won't be a minute to spare.

The family now occupied themselves cautiously in preparation for departure.

The Marquis gave Fanchin a jewel casket containing gold and diamonds, saying:

"This will help us to live; we shall divide this little fortune, if God favours your designs."

Fanchin smiled sadly, but did not answer.

An hour later the faithful fisherman was in his cabin at Conquet.

"Pierre," said he to his son, a tall, energetic boy, whom the waves had tempered as fire does steel—a true son of Brittany—"Pierre, at midnight be with our boat behind the rocks at Benagüet. Bring plenty of provisions, as you will winter in Eng-

land with M. le Marquis and family. Here is a casket of jewels and money. Take what money will be necessary to procure provisions, and bring the rest with you. At midnight, no matter what kind the weather is, be at the rendezvous, be punctual, for a quarter of an hour's delay might be the death of six persons."

"I shall be behind the rocks of Benaquet without fail, father," replied Pierre.

"God bless you, my son, and guide you," said Fanchin, kissing the hale forehead of his only child.

On his return to the Castle, the fisherman found Rigaud conversing with him. He was giving them his instructions.

"You die this night if we do not save ourselves," thought Fanchin, whistling, with a well-assumed indifference.

He was going to tell the Marquis his project for that night.

The two young men, who were weak from hunger, approved of it without hesitation, but the Marquis, timid, like most old people, saw many difficulties in the way.

"How shall we elude the vigilance of these demons," said he; "we shan't be

two steps away when they will be pursuing us."

"As for that, you need have no fear, M. le Marquis; if the Blues attempt to pursue you they shan't do so long in this world, any way."

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"You will see, M. le Marquis."

Just then Rigaud came into the room with an assumed look of good humour on his false face. He bowed to the Comtesse almost politely, looking furtively at the sealed closet.



HE WAS WALKING ON TIP-TOE.

"Fanchin," said he to the fisherman, who was standing respectfully behind the old nobleman, "you are a very heavy sleeper if you did not hear last night the noise the rats made behind the door you use as a pillow."

The Marquis and Comtesse grew pale.

"If I could hear anything when I'm asleep it would be myself," answered Fanchin, with a toss of his head.

"It is well for you to be able to sleep so well," interrupted Rigaud, casting a cunning glance at his face. "I don't sleep like that, I don't."

"Ah!" said the Breton, carelessly.

"Why do you choose for a bed the floor

and for a pillow the door of that sealed closet? You have a very hard bed, it seems to me."

"Every man to his taste; it is a habit. Any way I never leave M. le Marquis night or day."

Seeing he could not embarrass the Breton, Rigaud kept silence. He thought himself sure of his victims, and by a refinement of cruelty, enjoyed letting them suffer the horrors of famine.

That evening Fanchin descended to the kitchen, and chatted with the servants for a few moments. He then placed on the table several bottles of Spanish wine, and a flagon of excellent brandy, after which he went cautiously to the stables and saddled a horse. This accomplished he went to view the weather and find out in what direction the wind blew. It was a bright moonlight night, the ocean could be heard gently breaking against the rocks off Point Saint Matthieu, and the wind, though cold and biting, blew in a favourable direction. Of this he assured himself several times by holding his hand above his head.

The Republicans were supping when Fanchin returned to the house. He went to the door of the dining room, which was closed on account of the cold. Looking through the key hole he saw Rigaud seated before the fire with his back to the rest, to whom he spoke without turning his head.

"Don't drink so much, you drunkards; remember that each one of you must watch some hours to-night. You, Romangael, from ten o'clock to midnight; and you, Pricon, from midnight to two o'clock, I until morning. You see I have not reserved the best hours for myself. Above all, if you hear the least noise awake me at once. It would not do for these devils of aristocrats to escape us. But you drink too much. I tell you, Romangael, you drink like an oyster. I could have arrested these d— Vendéen's and sent them to Citizen Carrier's guillotine long ago, but, bah! I am not sorry to let them suf-

fer the pangs of hunger before handing them up to the executioner. Once again, Romangael, I tell you, you drink too much."

"Miserable assassin," muttered Fanchin under his breath.

"We went to great trouble about them, any how," said one of the men, emptying his glass; "but for this horrid forest we should have captured them before they arrived here. We are not badly off, however; good bed, good fire, good wine, good cooking!" and he filled his glass again.

"Do you know, Citizen Rigaud," said another, looking longingly at a roast joint which a servant had just placed on the table, "that these arr-arr-tocrats would give all their titles, and something more besides, for a little piece of this meat. Two days without eating, ma foi! it is no joke for them; but it is droll."

At this all laughed coarsely, Rigaud's hiss being heard above all the others.

Exasperated by these fiend-like jokes, Fanchin felt himself boiling over with rage; therefore, to avoid a rupture which might betray all, he thought it more prudent to retire. As he entered the Marquis's room he found the old man conversing with his daughter near the fire, whilst little Raoul was speaking in an undertone to the prisoners.

"My poor young masters," said Fanchin, "three hours more of suffering, and then you are free. Mind, when I say go, do not hesitate one instant; all the doors will be open before you; run as hard as you can to the rocks of Benaguet, there you will find my Pierre with a good boat, your money, and provisions. In an hour or so you will be on open sea out of danger of pursuit. Besides I shall wait here to protect your flight."

"What!" exclaimed the family, "you are not coming with us, Fanchin?"

"No; I shall have to stay here till next day to prevent them from pursuing you, M. le Marquis."

"But," began the Marquis.

"It must be," interrupted Fanchin firmly, yet respectfully.

At that moment the dining room door opened, and the sound of songs could be heard upstairs.

"They are drunk," said the fisherman; "that will make our task all the easier."

"But they are coming up! Good-bye, Master," added the faithful Breton, kneeling down to kiss the old nobleman's hand.

"What! our benefactor on his knees!" exclaimed the Comtesse; "embrace him, father."

Fanchin threw himself into the arms of the Marquis.

"Ah, silence! here they come," and Fanchin wiped a tear of emotion from his cheek. Everyone was in his place when the Revolutionist entered, accompanied by Romangael and Pricon, the two men chosen for the watch that night.

The Breton was looking out of the window, the Comtesse was looking at pictures with Raoul; whilst the Marquis was gazing into the fire. Nothing betrayed the great project on hands.

Rigaud, who had got drunk towards the end of the feast, stared fixedly at the family circle, and was apparently satisfied at what he saw.

"It is all right," said he to himself; "one night more of famine for the two aristocrats in the sealed closet, and then I send them off to Nantes."

When eleven o'clock struck Fanchin, who had been sitting in silence for some

time, rose and went to the window. The night was still fine; the forest was alive with inarticulate murmurs; the sea was somewhat rougher than when last he viewed it, and the Marquis slept in spite of danger.

In the rooms adjoining the breathing of the Republicans could be distinctly heard. Romangael is doing his duty, thought



HE WAS ABOUT TO CALL RIGAUD WHEN HE FELT THE COLD MUZZLE OF A PISTOL ON HIS FOREHEAD.

Fanchin. I shall do mine. He took from under the Marquis's bed a brace of pistols and left the room barefooted, and on tip-toe. He went to warn the Comtesse and her son to be ready at the first signal; also, to open the back door of the Castle, and then be prepared for flight.

At half-past eleven he awoke the Mar-

quis, broke the seal on the door of the closet, and liberated the prisoners.

Romangael did not sleep!

"Go! go quickly; don't waste a moment, go! I would give my life that you had wings."

The Marquis, Baron, and Comte found the Comtesse and Raoul awaiting them on the doorsteps. Although the young men, weak from hunger, were barely able to stand, their peril imparted to them a momentary strength; they ran without stopping, till they reached the sea.

Fanchin watched them pass like shadows and disappear behind the rocks

the light of the moon, peering at him. He was about to call Rigaud when he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol on his forehead.

"If you move, if you say one word, you are a dead man," whispered the Breton in his ear.

The drunkard, paralysed with fear, fell back on his bed, and did not move till morning. The first glimmer of dawn had peeped through the windows of Plonerneck Castle when Rigaud woke up.

"You have been on guard all night," said he, yawning, and rubbing his eyes.

Fanchin now thought it time for him to make his escape. He ran to the stables,



THEY WERE RAPIDLY APPROACHING PLYMOUTH HARBOUR.

of Benaquet. "Now," said he to himself, "I must, at all hazard, gain time; two or three hours in advance and they are saved." So thinking he gently opened the door of the Republican's room.

Romangael was lying on his side, in the attitude of a man who listens. Though drunk he had succeeded in keeping half awake, and had heard some noise.

"Romangael," whispered Fanchin, stealing near the bed which the Republican occupied with his companion.

Romangael, astonished, saw Fanchin by

jumped on the horse he had saddled the night before, and fled into the forest.

Rigaud got into a paroxysm of rage when he found the cage empty. He caused a detachment of Grenadiers to come from Brest, who, with the fellness of hyenas, beat about the woods for three days.

But it was of no avail. The Marquis and his family were rapidly approaching Plymouth Harbour, whilst the heroic Fanchin had already gained the headquarters of the Vendéen Army.

THE END.

Savonarola.

V.—THE EXCOMMUNICATION (CONTINUED).

IN the *Tablet* of the 23rd of July, there is a statement, which at first sight seems of little importance. It is, however, in reality one of great moment regarding the supposed excommunication.

"Alexander VI.," says the *Tablet*, "had not long to wait for an answer to the Brief *Reformationi et augmento*, whereby he erected the Romano-Tuscan Province of the Order of Preachers. The brethren of S. Marco immediately forwarded to the Pope a joint letter of remonstrance, and *this was quickly followed by a manifesto (the Apologeticum) addressed by Savonarola himself to the public or the faithful at large.*"

The motive of the Brief of excommunication, as was pointed out in our last article, was Savonarola's supposed opposition to the union of the convents. Here it would seem we have a clear proof of that opposition in the publication of his *Apologeticum*. The Brief uniting the convents was issued on November 7th, 1496. According to the *Tablet* Savonarola published his *Apologeticum* in opposition to the union almost immediately after the reception of the Brief. Therefore, if the *Tablet's* statement be true, Savonarola publicly opposed the union of the convents, and beyond doubt, incurred the excommunication. "To appeal to the public," says Father Ferretti, "immediately after receiving the Brief of union, would certainly have been for Savonarola not only an inexcusable act, it would have been sufficient to cause him to incur the excommunication *ipso facto* in as much as the censure was directed against all who would in any way dare to oppose the union."

But, we find that the statement made by the *Tablet* is not accurate. The *Apolo-*

geticum was not published in 1496, but in the June or July of the following year, as is evident from its preface. "It was only," says Luotto (page 513), "after the Brief of excommunication, when things could no longer be hidden, and silence would tend to the prejudice of truth, that Savonarola put his case before the public, as he himself tells us in his preface to the *Apologeticum*."

The reader will remember that Father Lottini's chief proof that Savonarola was not excommunicated is this: "the Brief of the 13th of May, 1497, *inflicted* no censure, but only *declared* that he had already incurred a censure. But as a matter of fact, Savonarola had not incurred a censure previously. Therefore the new Brief brought no censure, and Savonarola was not excommunicated." If he had published his *Apologeticum* immediately after receiving the Brief of union, as the *Tablet* would have us believe, he would certainly have incurred the censure. But not having done so until he was forced by the publication of the second Brief, to make a public statement, it cannot be said that he incurred the excommunication.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* from which the writer in the *Tablet* seems to draw his inspiration, objects to Father Lottini's proof, and says we must judge of the morality of the act by which Savonarola resisted the excommunication, according to the estimate he himself formed of the censure. But we know, argues the *Civiltà*, that after the Brief of the 13th of May, "he was himself convinced that he had incurred a new, special and terrible censure, by virtue of that Brief. All that he said or did in his own defence at the time, points to this conviction; and although he could easily have put forward

SOME OF THE BISHOPS TAKING PART IN THE SAVONAROLA
COMMEMORATION.



1. MGR. GIALDINA, Bishop of Montepulciano.
2. MGR. GRASSELLI, Archbishop of Colossi.
3. MGR. PIO DEL CORONA, O.P., Bishop of San Miniato.
4. MGR. BOCCANERA, Bishop of Narni.
5. MGR. PARSI, Bishop of Bagnorea.
6. MGR. VELLUTI ZATI, President of the Centenary Committee.
7. MGR. BELLUCCI, Bishop of Chiusi and Pienza.

8. MGR. QUINTARELLI, Bishop of Rieti.
9. MGR. TOTI, Bishop of Colle Val d'Elsa.
10. MGR. GARGIULO, O.M.C., Bishop of Sansevero.
11. MGR. JORIO, Archbishop of Taranto
12. MGR. TANNACHINI, Bishop of Telere Cerreto.
13. MGR. CARDELLA, Bishop of Sovano and Pitigliana.
14. MGR. BORRACHIA, Bishop of Massa Marittima.
15. MGR. DI GIOVANNI, Bishop of Teodosiopolis.

the distinction by which it is now proposed to show that he was not really excommunicated, he never thought of it for a moment."

"That he never thought of it," answers Father Ferretti in the *Quarto Centenario*, "no one has the right to affirm, and that he could easily have had recourse to the distinction that is now made, is a statement we cannot admit."

Suppose Savonarola, after the Brief had been published in the churches of Florence, said to the people: "That sentence is only declaratory, not infictive; it inflicts no ecclesiastical censure on me, it only declares that I have been for some months past excommunicated, which is a mistake. I am not excommunicated. I have escaped the censure." If he made a statement to that effect, would it be wise or prudent? Would his enemies not hasten to obtain a new Brief that

would be really infictive, which although leaving him free from sin in the sight of God, would nevertheless put him under greater restraint, and oblige him to behave as one separated from the communion of the Church? Savonarola was prudent, and therefore made no allusion to the defect in the form of the Brief, but confined his statements to what was known to all, namely, the false motives on which

the Brief was based, and his own innocence; declaring the excommunication null and void, and that he was free from all censure in the sight of God and man. He never ceased to say Mass privately, and it was only "per timor dei pusilli," not to scandalize those who did not know of the invalidity of the Brief, that he abstained from celebrating publicly for some months, until permission came from Rome, or the possibility of scandal was otherwise removed.

Moreover, we do not find that Savonarola ever sought absolution from the Pope, as he undoubtedly would have done had he believed himself excommunicated. His letter to the Pope, which was published in the June Number of THE IRISH ROSARY (page 293) was headed: *Ad Papam pro absolutione*, but the words are not Savonarola's; they were added afterwards by some other



PROFESSOR LUOTTO.

(Author of "Il Vero Savonarola e il Savonarola di L. Pastor.")

hand. Besides, the tenor of the letter shows that he did not consider himself excommunicated, for in it he declares that he has been guilty of no grave fault, without which excommunication cannot be validly inflicted.

Moreover, we are told that Alexander himself from the 17th of June, began to think that he had no need of absolution (see Bracci's letter to the *Ten* in Gher-

ardi, page 172); and we know the Pope without absolving him from any censure, sent him before his death the plenary Indulgence and blessing *in articulo mortis*, which he would not do without first absolving him from the censure, if he considered him really excommunicated.

These articles will now be discontinued,

THE END.



Marmoutier and its Saints.

ALTHOUGH so much has been already written respecting Saint Martin of Tours that doubtless every Catholic child is familiar with his history, yet to those who, it may be, have neither time nor inclination for the perusal of a lengthy work, a short account of the Saint's home at Marmoutier may not be unwelcome. Saint Gatien, first member of the famous band of Solitaries, was sent by the immediate successors of the Apostles, it is believed, to evangelize the Southern Provinces of France. Consecrated first Bishop of Tours in the second century, he, like his great successor, Saint Martin, frequently sought brief periods of repose from the arduous cares of his episcopate, in the caves of Marmoutier. These grottos, which vary in size, are literally hollowed out of the solid rock in the side of the hill, on the summit of which stands the Castle of Rougemont, where the Abbot-house formerly stood. The grottos are practically unaltered, and that one which was the dwelling-place of Saint Leobard still contains the tomb which he prepared for himself, with his own hands. Altars have been erected in two or three grottos, and figures of the Seven Sleepers (the title under which they have always been venerated), placed in the rough apertures which served

at least for the present, as the writer is about to publish a translation of Dr. Luotto's invaluable work: "Il vero Savonarola e il Savonarola di L. Pastor," which he considers the best refutation of the many charges and insinuations made by the *Tablet* against the great reformer of Florence.

as windows. The peace which pervades the whole place is indescribable, an ideal spot, indeed, in which to rest and pray. In the near distance is the Loire flowing onwards to the sea, and on its banks the old cathedral and town. At your feet, the convent buildings and grounds, and the merry voices of the children at play, and above, the cloudless sky, from whence we can picture the Saints looking down with tender pity on the struggles and trials of their children. Here is still to be seen the well which Saint Gatien caused to spring out of the rock, and in which he baptized the earliest converts to Christianity. In the walls of the adjoining grotto, where, in after years, Saint Martin made his home, are deep fissures, the result, tradition tells us, of the malice of the demon, who sought to compass the death of the Saint by causing the rocks to fall upon and crush him. Saint Martin was frequently consoled by visits from Our Lady and Saint Agnes. By degrees the soldier-Saint and Archbishop was joined by a number of holy men, now canonized Saints, desirous of serving God in silence and solitude. Notable amongst them were seven youths, full of fervour and the love of God. On one occasion, Saint Martin having celebrated Mass and given Communion

to his companions, these seven men fell into an ecstasy, retaining all the while the colour and appearance of life. After the ecstasy had continued many days, their watchers became aware that they had fallen into that sleep which shall know no awakening until the morning of the Resurrection. Pious hands, therefore, buried them where they lay, in the little chapel dedicated to Our Lady, and here they rested, undisturbed, till the time of the French Revolution, when this sacred spot was ruthlessly desecrated. Of the few relics since discovered, the greater part have been placed in the Cathedral of Tours. The remainder are shown in the Chapel of the Seven Sleepers, which has been carefully restored, and where Mass is still said. It is recorded of Saint Martin that when his disciples complained to him of the scarcity of water, and begged his assistance in their need, the Saint offered up fervent prayers, and, lo! when Office was ended, a spring of water was discovered, welling out of the solid rock. There it flows to this day, clear as crystal, a silent witness to the efficacy of prayer, and thither flock many pilgrims, not a few of whom have received evident answers to their petitions, and been restored to health at the miraculous well. Some years after the death of Saint Martin, in the fourth century, a number of canons, belonging to the Cathedral of Tours, came to live at Marmoutier, and commenced a building which was eventually completed by benedictine monks, who settled here

about the seventh century. They erected a magnificent church and monastery, of which, alas! but few traces have survived the ravages of time, and the iconoclasm of the French Revolution. All that now remains of the handiwork of the sons of Saint Benedict is the fine gateway, a portion of the adjoining building and tower, some remnants of the Abbey Church, and the great bell tower which, although not attached thereto, stood close beside the sacred edifice. There were, in former times, miniature towers at each corner of the enclosure wall, and several of these, as well as portions of the wall itself, are still in existence. The monastery flourished until the French Revolution swept everything away. The study and cultivation of ecclesiastical music, and art in all its branches, was entirely due to the fostering care of the monastic Orders in the early and middle ages, and pre-eminently so, to the sons of Saint Benedict, who have ever made it their special study and care to sanctify every gift of nature and grace to the greater glory of God. In spite of the machinations of the unscrupulous and ill-omened Baude Noire, the abbey lands of Marmoutier have once more, through the goodness of Providence, passed into the hands of Religious, who, by the zeal and purity of their intention, and the simplicity of their lives, are fit successors of the holy monks and solitaries who first brought the Faith to sunny France.

M. R. F.



Note.—The Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.P., respectfully requests that priests who write to him for faculties to bless beads, &c., give their christian names in full, and mention the diocese to which they belong.



Our Foreign Letters.

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

CONVERSIONS IN A STORM.

OF all our Blessed Mother's beautiful titles, that of Star of the Sea rejoices most the exile's heart. Only he who has crossed the great ocean, who has been rocked in its storm-depths, and threatened with its devouring might, can realize the full significance of light, hope, comfort sympathy, companionship, protection, guidance, heavenly love, found in the invocation of our Queen as Star of the Sea.

O ye stay-at-home folk! whose peaceful lot is to pass your lives on the sacred soil of your native land, amidst your fellow-countrymen, dear to you next to your next of kin, can you realize what it is to be out on the ocean when "the storm-fiend" is let loose? 'Tis night,—Cimmerian darkness all around, as though the silver moon and the wondrous stars had whirled away from the Sin-planet, leaving it to itself. The roar of the foaming billows, as in blind fury they rage, breaking against each other and against the ship's sides, with thundering menace; the whistling, moaning, rushing of the wind as it tears through the rigging, a wild death-cadence singing; the

shouts of the sailors, sounding like fateful echoes borne from afar; the reverberating thuds of heavy footsteps madly hurrying; the sudden orders, trumpeted fiercely against the "din of the elements;" the labouring and creaking of the vessel, as if every groaning joint would come asunder; all unite to fill the mind with a presentiment of coming disaster. The waves rise mountains high; now the ship rides triumphantly on the billow-crests, now glides into the deep valleys between,—will she ever rise again? Lowering over her like a pall are the black sky-depths,—will she sink into the trough of the sea and nevermore be heard of, bearing her living freight to the regions of death? Will the wild waves shoreward dashing, tell this tale:—

"We tossed them like a plaything,
And we rent their riven sail,
And we laughed our loud ha, ha!
With the demons of the gale
In their ears.

And they battled all in vain
With their puny tiny strength
In our grasp they were as nothing;
Down, they sank at length
In the sea."

'Tis a terrible scene;—in moments of such appalling danger even the atheist will invoke God, whose avenging wrath is symbolized by the resistless ocean: but the faith-illuminated heart is raised in trust-

ful prayer to Him, "Whom the winds and seas obey," and mindful of its sinfulness, it turns to Mary Star of the Sea, to her it appeals, to shine through the darkness, and illumine the way with a light not of earth.

Some time ago, a Protestant minister with his family was on his way to New Zealand; the tornado common in these latitudes, burst over the vessel in the Southern Ocean. All seemed lost. A Catholic servant in the employ of the minister, threw her scapulars into the

event, the remembrance of which is still green, lingering round the church of our Lady, Star of the Sea, with a lonely sorrowful wail. About three years ago, the pastor on a stormy winter's day crossed over the bay to say Sunday's Mass at Portobello, a village under his care, situated on the Peninsula which forms the barrier between the bay and the Pacific. To the honour of his native city be it told, the pastor was from Dublin, a zealous priest, a genial, kind, true-hearted honourable man. By a strange coinci-



A VIEW OF PORT CHALMERS FROM NEAR JUNCTION.

foaming waters,—faith calmed the tempest and Mary Star of the Sea manifested her power. The minister and all his family were converted on the spot, and immediately on landing in New Zealand they were received into the Catholic Church—the Church that through the ages has been ever faithful in proclaiming the power and prerogatives of the Mother of God.

DEATH OF FATHER NEWPORT.

SAD, sad to tell is the mournful, tragic

dence, the last Gospel in the Mass of that Sunday contained our Lord's warning: "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is." The good priest was returning to Port Chalmers early in the afternoon, accompanied by two lads, to whom it had ever been a privilege to go with the priest on what was to them an excursion. One boatman managed the boat; a sail was set; the little company started off merrily. They had just reached a spot about half way, when the wind suddenly veered, a squall

struck the boat, the boatman could not manage the sail, the boat toppled over, and all were thrown into the water. The priest swam for a while, bidding the more helpless of the boys to hold on to him. Suddenly, he was seen to turn on his back, and those in the water soon perceived that the pastor was dead. The rest of the party swam in safety to "Quarantine Island," not far from the scene of the accident. The floating body of the priest, which, though heavily weighted with top boots and overcoat, had never sunk, was recovered soon after. Old sailors, who had travelled the world over, and had wit-

lonely death-pillow on the squally waves of Dunedin Bay, our Heavenly Star of the Sea shone in his soul with a saving radiance.

"One quiv'ring sheath in a grassy plain
Is man's epitome;
One trembling drop in the shower that falls
On an ever changing sea.
Then wherefore weep in the face of fate,
'Neath the cross so hard to bear,
For the peace withheld in this life of ours
Awaiteth us elsewhere."

A NEW SISTERHOOD.*

LATELY, a sisterhood has rescued the children from the fatal influences of the godless state schools—the pet folly of the



PORT CHALMER NEW ZEALAND.

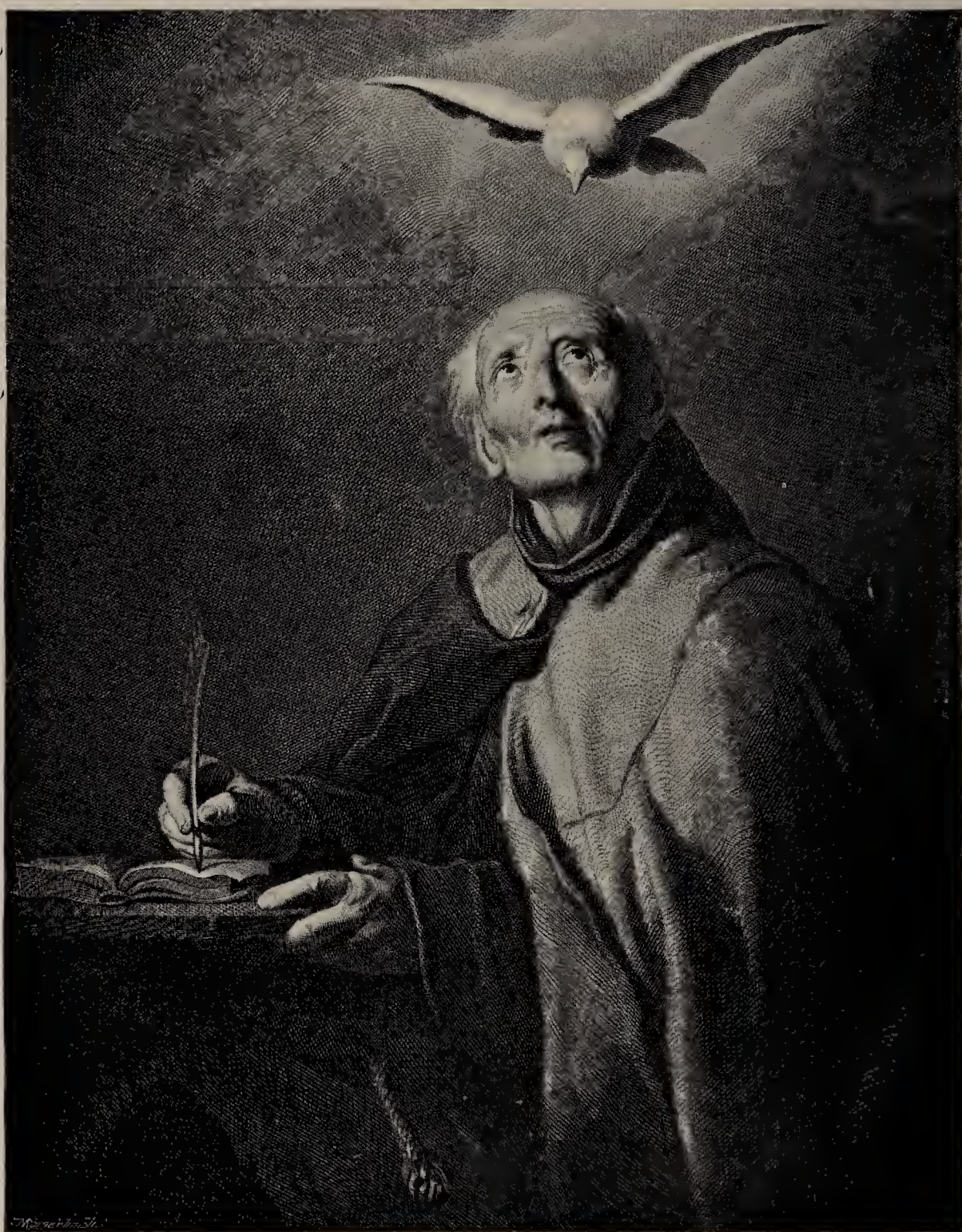
nessed many a scene of death, wondered, saying "it was never known that a drowning body did not sink three times." In the breast pocket of the coat was found the Pyx, undamaged, in which he had carried the Blessed Sacrament to a sick girl at Portobello.*

Many an anxious thought, and many a weary labour, had this good priest experienced in the cause of the Church of Mary Star of the Sea, and our hope reaches certainty that as he sank on his

socialistic New Zealand government—by opening a school at Port Chalmers. This Sisterhood is a congregation founded in Australia to meet the peculiar wants of scattered populations. Its foundress still lives—"lauda mortuum." This much we may say. the history of her life furnishes a very beautiful illustration of "God's wonderful ways."

ALF. L'ESTRANGE.

*The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart.



ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA.

ZURBARAN, PINX



Vol. II., No. II.—NOVEMBER, 1898.

[The Friars in the Philippines.—No. 1.

A RECENT traveller designates the Philippines as the birth-place of typhoons, the home of earthquakes—epithets undoubtedly strong, yet well-deserved—and typhoons at certain seasons of the year, with earthquakes at uncertain periods, when taken together with the torrid heat, trying at all seasons, and the malaria, fruitful of fevers, make these islands of the Eastern seas, which otherwise would be a veritable Paradise upon earth, an undesirable place of abode to the average European, unless, indeed, he is attracted thither by greed of gain, or by the nobler desire of missionary enterprise.

For Nature, bountiful there almost to prodigality, revelling in all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, has always at hand, as

a set-off to her gifts, grave dangers and terrors of the inhabitants of that disturbed area of the earth's surface. The seventeenth-century navigator, William Dampier, in his own quaint and amusing way, describes how the natives and the Spanish Colonists of Manila strove to guard against the double danger of earthquakes and typhoons, and how they both failed ignominiously. The Spaniards built strong stone houses, but the earthquakes made light of them, and shook them so violently that the terrified inmates would rush out of doors to save their lives, while the natives from their frail bamboo dwellings, which were perched on high poles, placidly contemplated their discomfort. All that the earthquakes meant to them was a gentle swaying from side to side. But the Spaniards had their turn when the fierce

typhoon blew, against which their thick walls were proof. There, from the security of their dwellings, could they view, with a certain grim satisfaction, the houses of the natives swaying every minute more violently in the wind, till, one by one, they toppled over, each an indescribable heap of poles, mats, household utensils, and human beings.

To come to a general description of the Philippine Archipelago, it consists roughly of two thousand islands, of all shapes and sizes, two of which, Luzon and Mindanao, are much larger than Ireland, and with the rest, varying in size down to mere islets, rocks, and reefs, stretch altogether from north to south, a distance as great as from the north of England to the south of Italy.

The vast bulk of the population, of about seven millions, is of the Malay race. Luzon, the largest of the islands, which contains the Capital and several large towns, was always more accessible than the rest to the influences of religion and civilisation, as it is not far across in its widest part, and has some large navigable rivers. The population, with the exception of 60,000 pagans, is Christian, and consists, in addition to the Spanish Colonists, of three million Tagal Malays. When we say Christian we mean Catholic, for Protestantism has never obtained a footing in the Philippines. The Christian population inhabiting the Visaya group, as the islands are called which lie between Luzon and Mindanao, and include Palawan, numbers altogether about 2,500,000. Mindanao itself was, till lately, the home of a fierce, fanatical Mahomedan population, nominally subject to Spain, but, in reality, independent to all intents and purposes. The small Sooloo Islands, which lie to the west of Mindanao, had been for centuries a nest of pirates, whose sanguinary expeditions were the terror of the neighbouring seas till they were finally conquered by the Spaniards in 1876.

This description is necessary for the right understanding of the true position of affairs in the Philippines, which have drawn upon them, first owing to the insurrection, and later on to the Spanish-American war, the attention of the civilized world.

Ominous rumours reached Europe last year that the insurrection had something of a religious element in it, or, rather, was animated by a spirit of deadly hatred against the missionaries who were pursuing the work of evangelization in the islands—rumours which received a startling confirmation in the cruel torturing and murder of some of the missionaries themselves. A further confirmation of the rumour lies in the fact that after the surrender of Manila, which was crowded during the siege with missionary priests, who had fled into it from all parts of the Archipelago, outgoing vessels carried them away in hundreds from a country in which their position had evidently become intolerable.

We are, perhaps, on the eve of seeing a dissolution or banishment of all the religious Orders in the Philippines—Dominicans, Jesuits, Augustinians, Franciscans, Recollects, Benedictines, and Capuchins, some of which have been working in the country for more than three centuries; in fact, from the time of the first Spanish occupation. We may say with truth that it was the missionaries who conquered the Archipelago for Spain. There was no conquest in the strict sense of the term. The Spaniards in most places simply showed themselves to the natives, and the religious, who accompanied them, persuaded the untutored savages to submit to the King of Spain, through whom they would obtain the double blessing of civilisation and Christianity. The retention of these rich and fertile islands, so great a source of revenue to the mother-country, has been on the whole a very easy task. The religious Orders planted themselves firmly in the colony and spread

themselves over the islands, and being all Spaniards, inculcated the principles of loyalty to Spain as well as the teachings of Christianity. They were thus the real bulwark of Spanish power there, which was kept up rather by gentle persuasion than by force of arms. Up to a few years ago profound peace reigned, and a garrison of 4,200 soldiers, 3,500 gendarmers, and 2,000 sailors and marines was considered sufficient to overawe a population of seven millions, besides keeping in check the

and came in 1565, four years before the Philippines were formally annexed to Spain. They were followed in 1577 by the Franciscans, and the labours of both Orders were so fruitful that Manila was erected into a bishopric in 1579, and two years later, Salayer, a Dominican father labouring in Mexico, was chosen the first bishop. He brought Dominicans with him to Manila, and about the same time the Jesuits and the Recollects, or discaled Augustinians, entered the country. The suc-



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MANILA

fanatical and bloodthirsty pirates of the Sooloo group.

The history of the missionary efforts of the religious Orders in the Philippines, including those of the Dominicans, of which we shall give a full and detailed account in subsequent numbers of this Magazine, reads like a romance. The Augustinians were the pioneers in religious enterprise,

and the success of the missionaries was so great that at the end of the century Mendoza could say: "According unto the common opinion, at this day there is converted and baptized more than four hundred thousand souls." The work was not effected without bloodshed. Mahomedanism had been introduced into the islands, especially the more southerly groups, long before Christianity,

and the Mahommedans waged a long and bitter warfare both against missionaries and neophytes, numbers of whom sealed their faith with their blood. Up to the present time so bitter is the hatred of all Christians prevailing amongst the Sooloo Malays that to kill a Christian, and especially a Spanish Christian, is considered a most commendable act. Still, in spite of persecution, the Church prospered in those early days. William Dampier, an English navigator, who visited the Philippines towards the close of the seventeenth century, testifies to the wonderful progress made even then in civilisation. He says: "In every village is a stone church, as well as a parsonage house for the rector, who is constantly (always) one of the monks. These last, who are all Europeans, are very much respected by the Indians, while the secular clergy, who commonly are Creoles, are held in contempt. Hence the Government shows great deference to the rectors, for, generally speaking, the Indian always consults them on entering on any enterprise, and even as to paying his taxes." One century had changed the people from savagery to civilisation. In Manila, Dampier found the natives pursuing all the avocations of civilised life—they were merchants, skilled artisans in various trades, clerks, etc. There were three large colleges: two under the care of the Dominicans, and one carried on by the Augustinians. There was a Poor Clare convent containing forty nuns, together with a hospital and an orphanage. The religious establishments occupied one-third of the city as it then stood. This may seem out of proportion to the religious needs of the city, but we must remember that in Manila, then as now, priests of the various Orders were in training for the numerous missions of the Archipelago, Tonquin, and China; and, at the period of which we are speaking, of Japan as well.

Let us now pass on to the present cen-

tury, and by the testimonies of fair-minded Protestant travellers, refute the false charges and calumnies of recent writers and correspondents, who are actuated by the sole motive of driving the religious Orders out of the country. The Rev. David Abul, a Protestant missionary, says of the Philippines: "The Church of Rome has here proselytized to itself the entire population. The natives have become bigoted Papists. The influence of the priests is unbounded." In the year 1858, Mr. Crawford, who was formerly governor of Singapore, made the following declaration at a public missionary meeting: "In the Philippine Islands the Spaniards have converted several millions of people to the Roman Catholic faith, and an immense improvement in their social condition has been the consequence." Mr. MacMacking, a Scotch Protestant, who spent some years in the Philippines, says of the natives that "The warriors who gained them over to Spain were not their steel-clad chivalry, but the soldiers of the Cross—the priests, who astonished and kindled them by their enthusiasm in the cause of Christ." He confesses, also, that the suppression of the Jesuits, who were banished from the Philippines in 1768, "was attended with the worst effects to the trade and agriculture of the islands." He says that "religious processions are as frequently passing through the streets as they are in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe." He adds that "the Church has long proved to be, on the whole, by much the most cheap and efficacious instrument of good government and order—even the common people generally learn reading by its aid, so much at least as to enable them to read their prayer-books and other religious manuals. There are very few Indians who are unable to read, and I have always observed that the Manila men serving on board ships and composing their crews, have been much oftener able to subscribe their names to the ship's articles than the British

seamen on board the same vessels could do." Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt, a German Protestant, who is universally acknowledged to be the most competent authority on all that regards the Philippines, spoke most highly of the missionary and scientific work of the religious Orders there, at a meeting of the Vienna Geographical Society in 1896. He also gave the following statistics, gathered by himself in a recent tour of the Islands, of the flocks under the care of the different Orders:

on till lately by the Dominican Order in the Philippines, and especially in Manila. The University of Manila was founded about two centuries ago, and confided to the care of the Dominicans. It is attended almost entirely by the natives, or Filipinos, as they call themselves. The following account of the studies pursued in the University, and taken from the official report of the year 1893-94, is a sufficient refutation of a calumny lately spread by a correspondent of the "Daily



SANTA MESA, MANILA.

Calced Augustinians (1892)	2,082,131
Discalced Augustinians (1892)	1,175,156
Franciscans (1892)	1,010,753
Dominicans (1892)	699,851
Jesuits (1895)	213,065
Secular Clergy (1892)	967,294

	6,148,250

"It is difficult," he said, "to estimate the number of heathens and Mahomedans; they cannot be under 500,000, nor can they exceed a million."

And here it may be well to give a short account of the educational work carried

Telegraph": "The education of the people has been exclusively in their (*i.e.*, the religious') hands; it is enough to say that practically it does not exist."

Other writers too, treating of the Philippines within the last few months, though they speak in high terms of the Municipal Athenæum, make no account whatever of the University.

The Faculty of Theology and Canon Law has the following courses of lectures:

1 A course of Ontology, Cosmology, and Natural Religion.

2 The Controversial Course.

- 3 Dogmatic Theology.
- 4 Moral Theology and Sacred Eloquence.
- 5 Sacred Scripture.
- 6 Canon Law.
- 7 Ecclesiastical Procedure and Discipline. especially as used in Churches in the East.

8 Ecclesiastical History.

The eight lecturers in this faculty were Dominicans. There were thirty students.

Faculty of Jurisprudence.

- 1 Metaphysics.
- 2 Spanish Literature.
- 3 Constitutional History of Spain and Natural Law.
- 4 Canon Law.
- 5 Political Economy.
- 6 Ecclesiastical Discipline.

There were six Dominican and nine other professors teaching in this faculty. The students numbered 405.

Faculty of Law.

In this faculty one Dominican and eleven other professors lectured. There were 60 students.

Faculty of Medicine.

- 1 Physics.
- 2 Chemistry.
- 3 Mineralogy and Botany.

Three Dominican and thirteen other professors lectured in this faculty. There were 277 students.

Faculty of Pharmacy.

There were 89 students. In the schools of practical pharmacy there were 216 students. Three Dominicans, who lectured on Chemistry, Zoology, Mineralogy, and Botany, and seven other professors taught in this faculty.

Besides imparting higher education in the University, the Dominicans gave secondary education in two colleges in the city of Manila, both attended by hundreds of scholars, one principally devoted to a

classical education, and the other suited to those intending to engage in a mercantile career. Besides these, they had colleges in the town of Cebu, Jaro, Nueva Caceres, Dagupan, and Vigan. Whether any of these colleges are still working, or whether the whole educational system has been disorganized and broken up by the war, we are not in a position to state with absolute certainty, but we fear that the latter supposition only can be the correct one.

Scattered through the various islands are the posts or residences, where the fathers of the various Orders devote themselves to the "nuevos Christianos," as they are called, or latter-day converts from Paganism. The recent traveller,* whom we quoted at the beginning of the article came in contact a good deal with the Dominicans during his stay in the Philippines, visiting several of their outlying stations and receiving everywhere the greatest kindness and hospitality from them. He says: "Everywhere you enter the monastery as though it was your own, eat and drink unstintedly, and sleep and depart with thanks and a cordial God speed from the fathers, and nought to pay for the entertainment." Alas! the good fathers did not know the viper they were nursing. Pity they could not recognise in the smiling Englishman who so readily accepted their hospitality and "paid nought for the entertainment," the man who would speak of them as dirty monks, who would consider it worthy of sneering record that they did not shave when on board ship, and who, though not able to discover any evil himself, would repeat gross calumnies about them, got from hearsay. What he saw with his own eyes belies his wicked innuendos. He says: "It was plain that they cared naught for the fretting of the world. In many a dismal place, even in the remotest spots, I found the clusters of

* "The Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East." By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 1889.

monastic exiles perfectly happy—the outer world dead, or too far away—craving for no other fate. They are enchanted to welcome and give you of their best; will even, if struggling overland, lend a vehicle or a riding-horse to convey you to the next convent on the way. Cheery, kindly, simple people, practical sermons on ‘Content.’ The monks of Ramblon, a dozen or so all

were the products of this little island.” A fair-minded man would have duly interpreted their joy of mind and kindness to strangers to religious feeling—to the love of God, for whose sake these Spanish missionaries had given up father and mother, friends and worldly prospects to spend their lives, year in year out, without hope of earthly reward in these spots, dismal



CHURCH AND PART OF CONVENT AT ILO-ILO.

told, were delighted to show us all that was to be seen. A homely little church was duly exhibited, built of a local wood, which cuts into planks of extreme width, adorned with a grain which is brought cut with wax and oil. The columns were of solid ebony, the floor of four marbles, white, gray, black, and brown. All these

enough to the ordinary tourist, but to them bright and cheery, as they were the spots allotted to them by Divine Providence for the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

“The provincial stations,” he says in another place, “are in reality governed by the priests.” How could it be otherwise?

With a government notoriously weak and inefficient, with lay officials notoriously corrupt, unwilling to exile themselves in these parts remote from civilisation, unwilling to condescend to learn the many various dialects in use in the Archipelago, civil authority has been forced upon the missionaries by the very nature of their position. Unlike the Spanish officials, who come to Manila, make a fortune by extortion and other unlawful means, and return home as soon as they can, the missionary lives among the people, as one of themselves. They look up to him as a father, and he treats them as children. As there is no one else fit to govern in the provincial stations, it simply resolves itself into a choice of the paternal government of the missionaries, or of anarchy. Unfortunately, jealousy follows power, especially if vested in the hands of religious men; and just as it drove the Jesuits in the last century out of Paraguay, which they had civilised, and which relapsed into barbarism after their departure, it is now driving the Dominicans, Jesuits, and other missionaries from the provincial stations in the Philippines with a certainty of the same results to follow.

It is, therefore, a blessing to the people to be in the care of missionaries, and thus escape the bad government of lay officials. About these latter gentlemen, Thomas Comin wrote in 1810:

"In order to be a chief of a province in these islands no training, or knowledge, or special service is necessary. It is quite a common thing to see a barber, a Governor's lackey, a sailor, or a deserter suddenly transformed into an Alcade, Administrator, and Captain of the Forces of a populous province, with no counsellor but his rude understanding, and no guide but his passions."

Here are some edifying facts concerning Spanish officials in the Philippines. In five years Governor-General Manuel de Arandia amassed a quarter of a million

dollars; a successor of Arandia, within the last few years, is reported to have made 700,000 dollars in a single year; while another is commonly said to have placed millions to his credit during a short term of office. Men talk openly in Manila of bribing judges to put cases off and off. Little wonder, then, that with such a state of rottenness, bribery, and corruption obtaining, the missionaries on the remote stations have, in the interests of the people, looked after their worldly affairs.

The missionary zeal of the Jesuit fathers, who have charge of the Municipal Athenæum at Manila and the normal school for teachers, and conduct an important meteorological observatory, has carried them even to Mindanao, an island so inaccessible by reason of its mountains and volcanoes, its impenetrable jungle, its unnavigable rivers infested with alligators, and pirates, its fierce and savage inhabitants always at war with one another, that the Spanish Government exercises only a nominal sovereignty over it, and was not ever able even to get its interior surveyed. When the Jesuits came there some years ago they found a Christian population only on the east and north coasts, and in a few isolated spots of the other coast regions. Of the interior tribes many were known only by name. Owing to the zeal of these fathers, not only in missionary enterprise, but also in geographical and ethnographical exploration, the net-work of rivers in the great island is now very well known, the fathers having recorded the results of their explorations in numerous sketches and maps. They have also fully described the manners and customs of the heathen tribes. As an instance of the savagery of the Mindanayas, for the most part fanatical Moros or Mahommedans, it may be mentioned that head-hunting seemed, till lately, to be the great object of their existence. The man who had chopped off sixty heads was entitled to wear a scarlet turban for the rest of his mortal

life, and scarlet turbans are still far from uncommon among them. As there was an inordinate desire among the doughty and dusky warriors to wear these turbans, it follows that the population was being gradually but surely thinned out. Yet even here on the sea coast of Mindanao the Jesuits established their stations, living in the midst of their small flocks with their lives in their hands, in close proximity to pirates, savage alligators, and still more savage scarlet turbans.

The correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" blames the missionaries for not teaching the elements of the Christian doctrine in Spanish to the natives, contrary, as he says, to an express law, of which they have been continually reminded by the Governor, and this accusation is echoed by a writer in the current number of the "Century Magazine."* The reason to which he ascribes their conduct, is that they are afraid that if the people were able to read Spanish books and newspapers they might come to know too much. Any argument, however absurd it may be, is evidently good enough, in the eyes of these writers, for use against priests. They are well enough acquainted with the ways of the Spanish officialdom to know that that law is a piece of blatant stupidity devised by Spanish officials too arrogant, or lazy, or indifferent, to learn the native languages themselves. Picture to yourself, if you can, the missionaries scattered over that vast archipelago, among a people comprising several millions, and speaking

thirty different languages and dialects, attempting to teach the catechism in Spanish to their flocks. The supposition becomes still more absurd when we reflect that the Spanish element in the colony does not exceed eight or nine thousand, gathered in and about Manila, and a few other large towns. The missionaries devote themselves so thoroughly to their flocks, and identify themselves so completely with them, that instead of being able to teach them Spanish they are in danger, in some instances, of forgetting it themselves. Wingfield came across a Dominican missionary who apologised for his bad Spanish on the ground that having lived continuously for eighteen years with the natives, speaking Viscaya the whole time, he had almost forgotten his own tongue. Our experience in Ireland, even at the present time, is that in Irish-speaking districts, those children who are taught their catechism in the native tongue, though they may know English, have a far firmer grasp of the Christian doctrine than those who have been taught it in English. This fact alone shows the patent absurdity of the law quoted with such assurance by the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph."

In our next article we shall endeavour to get to the bottom of the secret anti-religious influences at work for some time past in the Philippines—disastrous influences which have raised such a storm of anti-clerical fanaticism against the religious Orders, that they are in danger of seeing their work utterly destroyed, a work to which so many generations of noble and self-sacrificing lives have been devoted.

(To be continued.)

* "Knotty Problems of the Philippines." By Dean C. Worcester. "Century Magazine," Oct., 1898.

The Martyrs of Sandomir, O.P.

Six hundred years ago one night
The priests of Sandomir
Had chanted matins in the choir,
And then sat down to hear
The lesson from the martyrs' lives
For the ensuing day ;
For thus the blessed Dominic
Had taught his sons the way
To sanctify the hours that men
In pleasure and in sleep
Are wont to spend, and they took care
His Holy Rule to keep.

The book lay open on the desk
At the appointed page ;
The youngest novice who was scarce
More than a boy in age,
Stood up to sing, and on the book
Looked down with earnest eyes—
At once across his features stole
A movement of surprise ;
And then with clear and steady voice
He sang the forty-nine
Martyrs of Sandomir, and laid
His finger on the line.
Sadoc, the prior, almost knew
By heart that holy book,
And rising in his stall, he called
The novice to his side, and said :
" My son, what hast thou sung ?
From jest within those sacred walls
Twere meet to keep thy tongue."

" Father," the novice answered meek,
" The words are written all
Upon this page," and brought it straight
To Sadoc in his stall.
The illuminated parchment shone
With gold and colours bright ;
But brighter far than all the rest,
With an unearthly light,
Beamed forth the words the youth had sung.
The prior saw the sign,
And said : " My brethren, 'tis from God—
Are we not forty-nine ?
It is a message from the Lord.
Rejoice, for by His grace
To-morrow we shall be in heaven,
To-morrow see His Face.
What matter if the way be hard
And steep that leads us there,
The time is short, let us make haste,
And for our death prepare."
Then one by one at Sadoc's feet,
They all their sins confessed
With true contrition, and rose up,
In peace absolved and blessed.
And when the Eastern sunbeams came
In through the windows tall,

Sadoc the Prior said Mass, and gave
The Bread of Life to all.

Like other days that wondrous day
The holy brethren spent,
As their rule bade them, to their meals,
To work, to prayer they went ;
Only from time to time they said :
" Why are the hours so long ?
We thought we should have been ere now
Joining the angels' song."
The evening came, the Compline bell,
It called them all to choir,
" God grant us all a perfect end,"
In blessing said the Prior.
And when the Compline psalms were sung
They chanted at the end :
" Into Thy hands, my Lord and God,
My spirit I commend."
Again, and yet again rose up
Those words, so calm and sweet,
As when an echo from a rock
Doth some clear note repeat.
Fierce war-cries now were heard without,
Blows shook the convent gate :
The heathen Tartar hordes had come,
With fury filled and hate.
The brethren heeded not nor heard
The clamour of their foes,
For from their lips the holy hymn
" Salve Regina " rose ;

And two and two in order ranged
They passed down through the nave,
And when they turned and kneeled, the Prior
The holy water gave,
But as they sang, " O Mother dear,
When this life's exile's o'er
Show us the face of Christ, thy Son,"
The Tartars burst the door.

With savage shouts and yells they came
With deadly weapons bare,
On murder and on plunder bent.
The sight that met them there
Of that white-robed, undaunted band,
Kneeling so calm and still,
A moment checked them in their course ;
The next the powers of ill
Had urged them on, and they began
Their work of blood and death ;
Nor stayed their hands till all the band
Had yielded up their breath.
So Sadoc and his brethren all
At Sandomir were slain.
Six hundred years in heaven have paid
That hour of bitter pain.



By JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M.D.,

LATE CONSUL OF THE U.S. OF AMERICA, AT BAGDAD

CHAPTER IV.

AN hour having passed in prayer, Miriam arose and, cautiously opening the door, peered out into the darkness. Silence reigned throughout the house, all sentient beings seemed lulled in sleep, except a few scorpions who, having left their hiding places, were promenading about.

It will now be necessary to briefly describe the house. Like other houses in this part of the world it was built around a spacious court, which had been converted into a miniature forest of lofty palms, orange trees and rose bushes, where the nightingale revelled in dulcet carol. The numerous attendants occupied the ground floor, beneath which was the Sardab, a large underground cellar, where the day is spent during the hot season, when the temperature in the

shade, at times, rises to 128° Fah.* Into this Sardab a number of wide chimney-like ventilators, which communicate with the roof, open, letting down a good supply of fresh air, when the wind blows from the north-west, as it does at least five days in the week.† The low and narrow, but heavy, gates, constructed of logs of wood, planks and iron, and secured with a dozen locks, bolts and bars, is well-nigh cannon-ball-proof. Ascending a broad stairway,

* This is the highest temperature I have observed. Once also it reached 116° on the roof of my house at two o'clock in the morning. But although the air feels like a blast from a furnace, and the bridge of the spectacle frame burns one's nose, there is nothing oppressive about the heat. This is because the atmosphere is dry and pure, so dry that the ink dries on the pen between the inkstand and the paper, and in writing one has to dip the pen for every word and twice for a long one.

† The south-west wind, which is also called the "sick wind," because everybody feels unwell when it blows, was regarded by the ancient Chaldeans as a fierce demon; and they made an image of him that was horrible to the eye, and placed it above the door of the house, so that when the south-west wind should come along and see himself he should get frightened and turn back.

the first floor, which is used as winter dwellings, is reached. Broad verandas surround the open court, and from these wide doors communicate with the apartments, the windows of which, opening outwards, are heavily latticed and iron barred. Thus every house is an impregnable fortress. On the roof above the nights are spent in summer, and nothing can be more delightful. From May till November not a cloud in the sky as big as one's hand is apparent, and the atmosphere is so transparent that millions upon millions of stars, invisible elsewhere, light up the heavens, while those which are seen on cloudless nights in other climes seem nearer, larger, and more brilliant. No wonder the Chaldeans were the world's first astronomers; no wonder if old Father Abraham felt dubious in mind when told to go out and count the stars, if he could.

But I am wandering off from my subject. Miriam, having ascertained that all was quiet, went to the stair leading to the roof, but found egress that way barred by a locked door. She then walked all around the veranda to see if it would be possible to reach the roof by climbing up one of the palm trees, but none of them was near enough to its inner edge. She next bethought herself of the Sardab and the ventilators, and having torn up bed sheets and blankets into strips, which she twisted and tied together, thus extemporizing a rope of sufficient length to reach double from the roof to the ground below, she left a few liras on the table as payment, and a hastily-pencilled note of explanation and thanks.

Beckoning her brother to follow, she descended into the court-yard. They now entered the Sardab, which, fortunately, they found open, and having groped their way to one of the ventilators, Miriam tied one end of the rope around Joseph and the other around her arm, and then in the manner of chimney sweeps, she slowly climbed towards freedom. Scarcely had she reached the roof when a large mastiff,

that was tied under a shed in a corner near by, began to bark ferociously. Hurriedly she pulled her brother up after her, and quickly passing the rope around a post, letting both ends hang down, they slid down after each other and landed safely in the street.

Miriam was about to pull the rope down after her, when, looking up, she beheld a man rapidly sliding down. Flight being out of question, she hastily unfastened her silken scarf, and before his feet touched the ground, she had thrown it twice around the scoundrel's neck, and then she pulled till his face was blue, and his eyes almost protruded from their sockets. As gasping for breath he opened his mouth, she pushed her handkerchief forcibly between his jaws, and having bound it there tightly with a piece of the rope by which they had made their escape, she proceeded to securely tie his hands and feet (she had learned from subjective experience how this is done), after which she loosened the neck-tie she had so unceremoniously provided him with, placed a brick under his head, and otherwise made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He had now fully regained consciousness, and in parting Miriam observed facetiously that, as soon as she could reach the Convent, she would send the gatekeeper to release him. Alas! unforeseen circumstances prevented her from fulfilling her promise. To an Arab who found him in the morning, he told he had been waylaid and robbed by Kurds near the entrance to his own house, and rewarding him liberally, he charged him not to speak of it, at the same time threatening to take his life, should he divulge the secret to anyone. And thus the frequenters of the cafés lost an interesting subject for gossip and conjecture, and the "Zaurá"* reporters, had there been any, material for a sensational article.

* "Zaurá" is the name of the Bagdad weekly newspaper which, however, never contains any news. It is printed both in Turkish and Arabic, and is under strict censorship.

Turning to the left the children passed up the street which is running parallel with the river, by the French and English Consulates, stumbling at times over sleeping dogs and Arabs, who made the uneven street pavement their nightly couch.

Opposite the police station they entered a narrow lane on their right, leading to the French Convent. The night was dark, and it was beginning to rain; but Miriam knew the neighbourhood well, and feared nothing now, especially as the streets seemed quite deserted. In a few minutes the Convent gate would be opened to them, and they would be received with open arms by the kind Sisters, with whom they would temporarily find a safe asylum. Light-hearted and hopeful by nature, and having been taught from their earliest infancy to ever put their trust in Him without whose permission a sparrow shall not fall to the ground, they now considered their difficulties and dangers ended.

Had they looked back, as they turned into the lane, they would have seen two men prowling about the café on the corner, regarding them intently and obviously with evil intent.

Suddenly, when but a few paces from the Convent gate, they were seized from behind by two marauding ruffians, gagged, and carried off by force.

Where this outrage was committed, the lane, becoming extremely narrow and making a letter S curve, is in part roofed over by second-story passages between vis-à-vis houses, the walls of which have witnessed many dark crimes.

Almost dead from fright, they struggled helplessly in the powerful arms of their abductors. Were these persecutions, then, never to cease? Was it Abdallah's hirelings or those of their late host into whose power they had again fallen? Not that it would make much difference whether they were to be sacrificed to an Asiatic or an European villain; for while the former openly brags of cruelties and crimes that would make a hyena weep, the folds of



THEY WERE KIDNAPPED BY TWO MARAUDING RUFFIANS.

the latter's ample cloak of piety conceal such unutterable foulness, that even Turks have shuddered at the mere mention thereof. Still Miriam wondered, her mind being so filled with terror at the thought of ever again encountering either of these two monsters, that it never

occurred to her now there could be anyone else in the wide world so wicked. They were conscious of being borne swiftly along narrow and winding passages, through an iron gate, which, on a signal, given by one of the dastardly fellows, had been quickly opened, then across a spacious court, again through another gate, and up broad stairs, when, the gags being removed, they were ushered into an apartment, the door of which was at once bolted and double-locked from without, and they were left to their own meditations, just as, from a neighbouring mosque, the Muezzin called the faithful to their morning devotions.

CHAPTER V.

MIRIAM and Joseph also knelt down and sought renewed strength in prayer, convinced that God, Who had already brought them unscathed through so many dangers, would not forsake them now. While thus pouring forth from overflowing hearts their gratitude to the Almighty for having thwarted the base designs of the perfidious hypocrite, from whose clutches they had so recently escaped, and beseeching Him not to withdraw His protecting hand in trials and dangers to come, the sun rose and sent his cheerful, warmth-giving rays through the interstices of the latticed and iron-grated window of their prison cell.

Presently a eunuch appeared with refreshments: bread, sherbet, conserves, sweetmeats, and coffee.

Well knowing the greed of these sleek-faced slaves, Miriam toyed with a gold lira in such a manner as to attract his attention, and then demanded of him to know where they were and why thus imprisoned, when with a hideous grin, revealing teeth of ivory whiteness, which contrasted markedly with the polished ebony colour of his face, he opened his mouth and showed that his tongue had been cut out—an effective method of silencing garrulous slaves, and making them trusty conservers of state and family secrets.

Miriam shuddered, for she instinctively felt that this artificially created mute had witnessed many dark crimes, and that his breast guarded horrible secrets.

The question whether he could read or write having been answered with a head shake of negation, she gave him the lira, and requested him to bring her writing materials, telling him at the same time, that if he would get a trusty messenger to take a letter for her to the French Convent* and wait there for an answer, a liberal reward would follow. The eunuch bowed assent, and while she did not trust him, misfortunes and deceptions having taught her to trust no one until tried and proved worthy of confidence, there was nothing for her to do but make the attempt to, in this way, get a letter to the only friends that she knew could be relied on. So after partaking of some of the dainties set before them, for she felt that their safety lay in preserving all their strength, she sat down and wrote:

REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR AND SISTERS:

"You will remember your former pupil, Miriam Kouyoumdjian. I have come to Bagdad with my brother Joseph to seek your protection and counsel. Our parents and other beloved ones have fallen victims to Muhammedan persecution. They were most cruelly murdered, we alone barely managing to get away with our lives. Last night, after almost miraculously having escaped horrible dangers, we were kidnapped near the convent gate, and carried, we know not whither. Only this we know that we are imprisoned in some wealthy mussulman's house. We have gone through terrible experiences lately, wherefore it is also my intention to renounce the world and humbly present myself to the blessed mother of Christ.

I implore you: *Save us while it is time*. From the messenger you will be able to find out where we are. I have bribed a mute eunuch to send this, and wish to shield him from harm for having served me.

"Your grateful pupil,
MIRIAM KOUYOUMDJIAN."

* The Sisters of the Presentation Order of the Blessed Virgin (Tours), who are also Dominican tertiaries, have been established at Bagdad about twenty years. They have on an average six hundred children in their school. In this number are included some three hundred orphans whom they house, clothe, feed and educate. One of the Sisters also acts as Pharmacist to the Catholic dispensary.

Having folded and sealed the letter she addressed it thus:

"To the Mother Superior, or any of the Sisters at the French Convent "

Then she handed it to the eunuch, who, of opinion that his fair prisoner would prove a valuable gold mine, bowed with cringing servility, and left the room.

Signing to one of his fellows to look after the "Giaours," he passed out through the gate and into the street.

It was about three o'clock Turkish time, or, at the season of the year, when this oc-

curring gait peculiar to his kind, past the long row of stately edifices skirting the open square in front of the Holy Shrine, and disappeared in the intricate labyrinth of crooked lanes in the direction of the Christian quarter.

Let us follow and keep him in sight.

The rain of the previous night had converted the public thoroughfares into rivers of mud; and cautiously picking his way, he jumped from edge to edge, ever gliding, slipping, sliding into the mire, or being tightly jammed up against the walls



SHE BEGGED HIM TO BE SEATED.

curred, a little after nine a.m., that the eunuch, emerging from a large and pretentious-looking house in the quarter of the city known as "Mahallat-ush-Sheikh," and near the magnificent mosque and world-famed mausoleum of Abd-ul-Kadir Gilání, and, nodding familiarly to the guard without the gate, lighted a cigar and sauntered leisurely along with the swag-

ging of the houses by the Bagdad waterworks, goat-skin sacks on donkeys' backs.

In about twenty minutes he halted before a large house with numerous bay windows, and signalled in a peculiar manner with the heavy brass knocker, when the gate was immediately opened, and he stepped within.

He seemed to be well known, for without

further ceremony he walked upstairs, where he was received by a red-haired, freckled, squint-eyed, vicious-looking haridan, who, greeting him familiarly, and inquiring about "the colour of his health"* begged him to be seated, and sat down herself on the divan beside him. Coffee, lemonade, and cigarettes having been served, she smiled upon him her sweetest smile, saying:

"What good fortune brings my silent friend at this early hour?"

The mute eunuch handed her, by way of reply, Miriam's letter to the Mother Superior, which she hastily opened; and having carefully perused its contents, and translated them orally into Arabic for the benefit of her companion, she added with a malicious grin: "We must, indeed, contrive some means to keep them from harm. But, excuse me, while I pen an answer to this innocent epistle."

So saying, she crossed over to a little table and, having sat down, wrote as follows:

MY POOR DEAR MIRIAM:

"I and all the Sisters were greatly shocked on learning of your misfortunes. Believe me we shall do all we can to get you out soon. We know where you are, but it is necessary in these troubled times to proceed with caution. You are in no danger; have patience, therefore, and keep up your courage. Your brother, too, shall be cared for. Trust the eunuch implicitly.

Yours faithfully,
MOTHER SUPERIOR."

"This, I think," said she, handing him the letter, "will satisfy our bird for a day or two; go back now, watch developments and keep me posted."

CHAPTER VI.

MIRIAM'S joy on seeing the eunuch enter with a letter in his hand, knew no bounds, and she tore it open without even looking at the superscription. This poor muti-

lated, speechless, but compassionate, slave had been faithful after all (so reasoned Miriam); in other words, he had been open to a bribe. But her countenance soon fell; she knew the handwriting of the Mother Superior and all the Sisters, and this was not that of either. But hope is always hopeful: there might be a new Mother Superior. So she continued reading; but the words breathed no message of sympathy, they seemed cold and heartless, there was an absence of that refinement which she had learned to so love in the good Sisters, and, what was still more convincing, the orthography was incorrect. The letter was then a base forgery; of this she was fully satisfied. She knew, moreover, that instead of hoping for any aid from the eunuch, she must be on her guard against him; no doubt he was soul and body devoted to those who would destroy them.

Perhaps he had given the letter to his master, who probably knew French, and found amusement in a cruel joke. But the handwriting and style indicated that the letter had been written by a woman. Who could it have been? Miriam was more and more bewildered, more and more mystified.

But she was also cool-headed. She must not appear to suspect; that would spoil all. She must dissimulate in order to gain time; so, graciously thanking him, she gave him another lira, which he pocketed with self-satisfied contentment and inward pleasure.

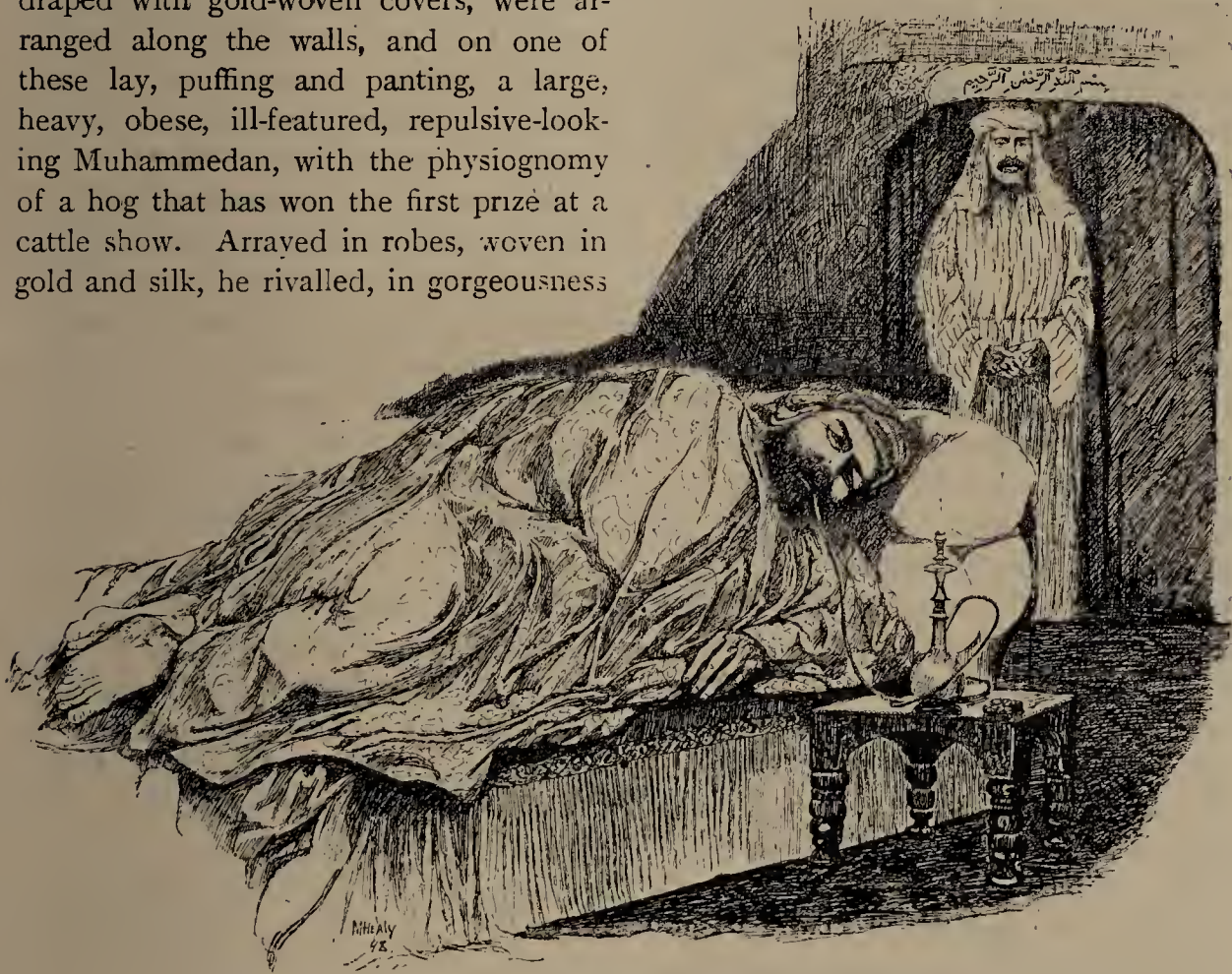
Towards noon a substantial breakfast, consisting of bread, fish, mutton, milk, honey, and dates was brought; and when the meal was ended their silent guardian beckoned them to follow him, which they did with fear and trepidation. Passing through a long lattice-screened corridor, they heard the sorrowful wailings of a thousand mourners who, having rent their garments, beat time on their naked breasts to dolorous funeral chants. Death had claimed someone's darling.

*The Bagdad expression for "How are you?"

They now entered a spacious hall, the walls and roof of which were gorgeously decorated with Koranic inscriptions in exquisitely-executed mosaic, and garnished with prismoidal mirror facets to reflect the lights from magnificent chandeliers, hung with thousands of glass prisms. The floors were covered with the finest Persian rugs, tiger skins, leopard skins, and other rare pelt. Luxuriously-cushioned divans, draped with gold-woven covers, were arranged along the walls, and on one of these lay, puffing and panting, a large, heavy, obese, ill-featured, repulsive-looking Muhammedan, with the physiognomy of a hog that has won the first prize at a cattle show. Arrayed in robes, woven in gold and silk, he rivalled, in gorgeousness

Near him on a richly-carved mahogany table, from far-off Cathay, stood a hukkah,† resplendant with costly jewels, and a large golden snuff-box, studded with sparkling diamonds.

As they entered, he raised himself on one elbow to a reclining posture, and a slave approaching tucked pillows around, so as to support him, while another lighted



THE GHOUL OF BAGDAD.

of attire, even King Solomon in all his glory, while the green turban encircling his head proclaimed him a Seyyid, or lineal descendant of the Prophet; in truth, the blood of many famous saints* flowed in his veins, and pilgrims from distant lands brought him of their treasures' abundance rich offerings—gold and precious stones.

* Holiness seems according to Muhammedan ideas, at least among some sects, to be hereditary]

the hukkah and handed him the golden mouth-piece. Having inhaled a few whiffs of rose-scented tobacco smoke, there escaped from him a grunt of contentment, and he was about to lay his head back on the pillow, when one of the white-turbaned Mullahs in attendance advanced

† A "Hukkah" or "Nargileh" is a pipe, so constructed that the smoke passes through water, usually rose water. In India it is sometimes called a "hubble-bubble," a name indicating the sound emitted when it is being smoked

fawningly, made a low obeisance, and said :

"O mighty and noble chief! O blazing torch of religion! O most illustrious descendant of a most illustrious ancestor and guardian of his holy shrine. Haji-ul-haramainà Seyyid Suleimàn ubn Abd-ul——"

Miriam heard no more, her eyes no longer perceived the light, her trembling knees refused to support her, and she fell in a dead swoon; for the name she had heard was one known to every child in Bagdad, whether Muhammedan, Jew, or Christian—the name of a being, revered as a saint, and feared worse than Satan: the dreaded Ghoul of Bagdad, who feeds on children's hearts,* and thus perpetuates his life in youthful vigour.

CHAPTER VII.

ON regaining consciousness Miriam found herself in darkness. She called her brother's name, but no answer came; she was alone. Rising, she groped her way to the door; it was locked. The iron-barred window it was useless to try. There was nothing to do but to put her trust in God and resign herself to the inevitable. Still the agony of uncertainty regarding her brother's fate was unbearable; so when the eunuch entered with a light, she demanded to be brought to him at once.

Beckoning her to follow, he led her along a dark and narrow passage until further progress was barred by a wall, in which was a small iron-grated opening, transmitting a faint light and a sickening odour; and through it he signed for her to look. Almost paralyzed with fear, she obeyed mechanically. Below her appeared an abyss, and deep, deep down in this underground pit a fire was burning, shedding a ghastly glimmer over the surroundings. Kneeling on the floor in prayer was the horrid ogre, in whose power Miriam knew herself to be; on a

bench lay the nude and blood-stained corpse of her brother, with, over the region of the heart, two long and deep gashes made in the form of a cross, while seated by the fire was a hideously deformed dwarf, who was frying something in a pan.

Miriam's cup of misery was full to overflow, but her presence of mind did not forsake her. Now there was no time for swooning. Turning to the eunuch she ordered him to immediately conduct her to her brother's murderer, that she might slay him; and her right hand grasped the handle of her dagger convulsively. The black, putting his hand across her mouth and attempting to hold her back, she, with almost superhuman strength, struck him such a blow in the face that he staggered, and she would have rushed past him, had there not at this moment suddenly glided between them a tall, white-robed, ghost-like figure, polished steel flashed in the apparition's hand, and buried itself in the eunuch's breast. With a groan he fell bleeding at their feet; a few convulsive movements, a gurgling sound accompanying the attempted respirations, and he was dead.

The apparition, speaking in the Persian tongue, and with a woman's voice, now addressed Miriam, saying:

"I am Gauhar-i-Fârs* the beautiful and fair, the ravisher of hearts, the beclouder of the reason, the enslaver of the will, the guiding star and comforter of my lord,

Even now from the fibres of thy brother's heart he draws renewed youth and vigor. Depart thou hence and Gauhar make thy friend, or stay and share thy brother's fate; for then I shall denounce thee to my lord as his most trusty eunuch's slayer."

'Whom each pure heart of guiltless youth
Which he with prayer and chants devours,
Yields up its vital strength, forsooth,
With wisdom, valor, magic powers.'

Heartsick, crushed, benumbed with terror, Miriam eagerly seized the opportunity thus offered to get away from this den of horrors. Having with a sweep of the scissors sacrificed her long and beautiful

* "Truth is stranger than fiction," says the proverb. Yes, and often more horrible.

* The Pearl of Persia.

tresses, Gauhar quickly supplied her with a suit of male attire, including a large camel-hair abbá and fez; and, thus disguised, she had no difficulty in passing the gate-keeper.

Outside she was joined by a eunuch in Gauhar's confidence, who was to conduct her to the Convent—this, at least, was Gauhar's promise; but to the eunuch she gave different orders, more in harmony with his intriguing inclinations.

CHAPTER VIII.

FILLED with distrust, Miriam followed her guide. In a general way she knew in what quarter of the city the house was situated, in which such horrible tragedies were being enacted; but she was wholly unfamiliar with the streets, and would have been unable to find her way alone, even in broad day. The night being dark and rainy, it was with difficulty they were able to grope their way, wading in the slimy mud to over the shoe tops, and ever and anon slipping knee deep into some concealed hole, and Miriam was obliged to rely entirely on the eunuch. When he, however, stopped and knocked at the gate of a house which was unknown to her, she suspected treachery, turned, and fled.

Unfortunately she was overtaken at once and dragged struggling in through the gate and up stairs, where she was received by our morning's acquaintance, the red-haired harridan, who, addressing her in French, tried to soothe her, saying that the Mother Superior of the Convent had decided that, for safety sake, she was not to go there at once, but keep in hiding for a week or two, until the storm should blow over.

But Miriam was not to be so easily deceived, she penetrated the design at once. The features of the woman who, despite her efforts to appear genteel, showed her native coarseness but too plainly, seemed

also to bring back to Miriam indistinct memories; she had seen this face before, though where she could not tell. Anyway, she felt convinced that she had before her the author of the forged letter. Still, it would not do to appear to suspect; safety lay in dissimulation, so, thanking her hostess, she sat down and pondered and prayed. An excellent supper was brought, but she was unable to taste of anything; however, she took some meat upon her plate, and pretended to eat a little. A glass of wine, which was offered her, she dared not touch. Of her brother's fate she spake not, and she guarded silence to the utmost, planning meanwhile some stratagem by which to make her escape.

Watching her opportunity, she took from the silver castor a bottle of powdered cayenne pepper, and stealthily removing the cover, she threw the greater part of the contents into the face of her hostess—an unkind act, one would say; but despair had made her reckless. Then, while the odious hag was crying and sneezing, Miriam rushed out into the yard, screaming at the top of her voice to the servants, in Arabic: "Run for a doctor! your mistress is dying."

At once the whole household was aroused, men and women running aimlessly in all directions, vociferating and gesticulating like maniacs. Several started off in search of a doctor, and the gate, being for a moment left open, it was now Miriam's chance to pass out unobserved, and in an instant she had vanished in the darkness.

Alone in the street, bitter memory her only companion, her flight unimpeded, and breathing the cool night air, the delirium of liberty took possession of her, and she rushed madly through the crooked lanes, she knew not whither. At times she thought herself pursued; and redoubling her efforts she tried to out-distance her persecutors. Suddenly finding herself on the river's edge, she was obliged to halt;

but hearing voices behind her, she jumped into a cuffah, cut the rope by which it was tied, seized the paddle, and pushed the unshapely vessel with all her strength into the stream. Then paddling away for dear life she made for the opposite shore. The river was high and the current swift, so it was nearly a mile below the ruins of

sent the cuffah adrift, and crawling up the steep bank, hid among the trees. But peace and security were not to be found yet. The dogs on whose master's grounds she was trespassing, set up such a howling and barking that the whole neighbourhood was awakened, and to the clamour of yelping canines, braying asses, and



PADDLING AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE SHE MADE FOR THE OPPOSITE SHORE.

Harun-ar-Rashid's summer palace that she landed in one of the gardens that here skirt the river bank.

A moving light, the splashing noise of paddles, and sounds of muttered speech quite near the shore intensified her fear; for she felt her pursuers were surely gaining on her. So, with a vigorous push, she

crowding cocks were added the reports of firearms, for the fellahs,* thinking thieves were about and hearing Miriam's hurried footsteps, as she bounded through the palm grove, discharged their guns in the direction the supposed thieves were retreating.

* Tillers of the soil.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE SAVAGE TRIBES OF ECUADOR.



ADVENTURES OF A DOMINICAN MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER II.

Traveller's Costume.—The Departure.

AS I have already remarked, Paipallacta is a kind of transition stage between civilization and barbarism, situated between the east and the west of Ecuador. Take one stride forward and you find yourself in an entirely new world, surrounded by dense forests. Such a step must not be taken hastily, and certain disagreeable but necessary formalities must be submitted to. In the first place, it is not possible to travel on horse-back through these miles of primeval forest, so I was obliged to bid a tender farewell to my trusty steed, whose steady conduct, and sure-footed behaviour under past most trying circumstances had won my regard and admiration. A good-natured Indian undertook to ride him back to Quito.

The next thing to be considered (a most important one) was the question of dress. A traveller in this part of the world must have a special kind of costume for his journey, else *adieu* to any comfort. The

first item was a broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, a kind of compromise between a gamp umbrella and a lady's sunshade! It was destined to be rent and battered, through its struggles with choice thorny thickets, and I was often tempted to abandon it on the way; but that would have been an act of madness indeed, for the fiery rays of the tropical sun beat down unmercifully when I was crossing the rivers or walking along their unprotected banks. Let us now turn our attention to the indispensable jacket. This must be of white linen, short and close-fitting, like a huntsman's vest, and drawn in at the waist by a broad leather belt. Considering the amount of climbing and jumping to be got through on the journey, this last item must be particularly attended to, else many internal injuries would have to be suffered and deplored.

Farewell to the long flowing habit, or cassock, and trousers! A pair of bathing drawers must replace such garments, made of some light material which can be easily dried after a heavy shower or an unexpected bath. Neither stockings, gaiters, or leather boots are required, but only a pair of stoutly-woven hemp sandals. If you do not wish to leave your boots in

the quagmires it is wise to leave them at home, for the feet must be absolutely free in their movements, or equilibrium is lost.

Have a first-class compass and barometer in your pocket, by means of which you will be able not only to pursue betimes some interesting geographical studies, but to give valuable information to your Indian guide concerning the route to be followed; for in the midst of these pathless mazes even an Indian is not infallible.

Never forget your revolver, and let it be your inseparable companion by night as

finishing touches to my preparations. At six a.m. I had donned my travelling gear, and my four Indians only awaited the signal for our departure. Forward, therefore, and may God protect us!

My guides started off at break-neck speed. In vain I called, shouted at, and threatened them; it was sheer waste of time, they were already through the valley and plunging into the forest. All the Indians are up to this kind of game. It allows them a few hundred yards of advance on the unfortunate traveller, whose



MY GUIDES STARTED OFF WITH GREAT SPEED.

well as by day. Add to this a fast-shooting long-range gun, which will be an invaluable protection against wild beasts, and will stock your larder on days of want.

Now, what else? Nothing else; indeed this is already more than enough, because overweighting must be avoided at all risks.

The day of my departure having dawned, I rose at three o'clock so as to say Mass (a privilege of which I was about to be deprived for a long time), and to put the

luggage is in the meantime opened and rifled. But I had been warned of the manœuvre, and started after them at the same pace. Stumbling, falling over stones, rolling down steep places, I kept it up in spite of all and came up with them just as, in high glee at their cleverness, they were about to reap the fruits they desired.

"Ah! race of good-for-nothings, I have caught you! You'll pay for this!" and I administered a good blow on their backs

with the barrel of my gun, which soon brought them face downwards on the ground. It was a painful necessity, but there was nothing else to be done; these coarse-grained natures do not understand any argument which is not emphasized by brute force! Besides, far from being angry at the proceeding, the Indians picked themselves up laughing, kissed my hand, seized hold of my baggage, and started off as gay as larks. I owe it to them to add that henceforth they served me with admirable fidelity, and even ran great risks, later on, to protect me from danger; my energetic action had tamed

simplest of reasons: there was but one! My only road was a narrow gorge, which was, in reality, the bed of a torrent. I had no choice but to plunge forward with the river into dark places where the sun's rays hardly ever penetrated. Wherever the bank was accessible, I followed its windings, clinging to trees, roots of huge plants, creepers, and fragments of jutting out rocks, so as not to slip into the roaring torrent at my feet. Countless times I had to fray myself a passage through the bind-weed, bamboo, and palm-trees by hitting out right and left with a steel reaping-hook belonging to one of the guides, without



"AH! YOU ROGUES, I'VE CAUGHT YOU!"

them. The heart of man is a strange abyss! Who can flatter themselves that they know all its hidden nooks and crannies? who can gauge its depths?

CHAPTER III.

How Journeys are made Through a Virgin Forest.

I WAS not embarrassed over the choice of routes leading to my destination, for the

which I could have made no progress.

Sometimes the banks became too steep to climb; they rose up on either side of the river like glistening perpendicular walls, devoid of any vegetation save dwarf ferns, maidenhair, and harts'-tongue, and here and there patches of multi-coloured mosses. On these occasions I had to unhesitatingly plunge into the river itself, choosing for this dangerous part of the progress the white line of foam by the breakwaters; although the waters hiss and

eddy they are not deep. The way to succeed in these evolutions is to plant your long stick into the clefts of the rocks, lean heavily on it, and then jump forward. Should the deafening noise of the torrent, or the blinding spray make your head giddy and your feet unsteady, then call for help instantly, for if the Indian guide does not come to your assistance at once, you are lost!

An accident of this kind happened to me on two occasions between Papailacta and Archidona. We were fording two very rapid rivers, the Cosanga and the Jandache, which is a tributary of the Misacualli. A sudden swelling of the waters

baggage over to them to be rifled at their discretion, and how I enjoyed their delightful greediness over its contents!

When the river winds in a very irregular fashion it would be both dangerous and a great waste of time to follow it in its zig-zag course. The wisest thing to do is to turn aside and climb some of the Cordilleras. This is no easy task: feet and hands are called into requisition in clambering over sticky rocks, and in grasping the bind-weed, so that the traveller is not unlike a West Indian monkey, or better still, an English sailor running up the ropes of his vessel.

On the road over these Cordilleras fallen



THEY SEIZED ME BY THE FEET AND DRAGGED ME TO THE BANK.

surprised us when we were in the middle of the river; a torrent of swift-flowing water caught me in the chest and carried me off my feet, and I felt myself being whirled along like a feather in a storm. Thank God, my faithful Indians (those whom my prompt chastisement had so effectually and radically transformed) were watching over me; they seized me by the feet and dragged me to the bank at no slight risk to their own lives. With what deep gratitude I now handed my slender

tees are likewise met with; some gigantic monarch of the forest laid low by the weight of years, or uprooted by the fury of a cyclone, lies in the path of the unwary traveller for his disgrace and fall. Lost in a chaos of vegetable profusion, imprisoned by bind-weed, tripped up by straggling branches, and hopelessly entangled in a net-work of roots, he reappears with torn garments, bleeding hands, and wounded feet, wholly bruised and almost unrecognisable. Moss, lichen, and dead

leaves form the sole ornament of the luckless wight, from whose discomfiture let us turn away our eyes in silent compassion.

Nevertheless, when the mountain becomes a hill, and the steep crags soften into swelling plains, the journey changes its aspect and becomes less fatiguing, but I doubt if it be more agreeable.

True, there is no more clambering, but there are hours of splashing through water and mud! As the rain-water does not find sufficient outlet, it accumulates, becomes stagnant and mixes with decayed vegetable matter, which, in turn, forms a slushy marsh, filled with creeping animals of the most obnoxious appearance. Through it all we must advance, however, and if the foot slips and the body begins to sink in, one of the Indians throws us a long bamboo pole, which floats along, helping us to keep up for a while longer. One false step, one deviation of our cylindrical raft, one push from our companion in front or behind us and behold us flat on our faces in the gruesome compound, paddling frantically about like frightened ducks, and as sticky and muddy as a bog-eel. The Indian's delight at our mishap knows no bounds, and he laughs loud and long as we arise saddened and pitiful-looking men.

These marshy districts are the happy hunting-ground of the mosquitoes. These are to be met with, it is true, in all places; day and night they assail the innocent and the guilty, but here their name is legion. Their infernal music drives us mad, and when they fall upon us they cover our faces, arms, and legs like a thick cloud. It is better to be devoured by lions than to be bitten by mosquitoes. Even the Indians, who ought to be inured to this kind of torment, are driven frantic, and I have seen them rolling on the ground in a paroxysm of rage and pain.

Then if the rain (and rain at the equator means torrents unknown to us Europeans) comes to heap up the stack of suffering—oh! I know of no more lamentable a plight. As the Indian travels

almost naked the drenching showers run off his skin like oil, and his body dries at the first quiet moment. But not so with the unfortunate missionary. He is clothed, and his garments stick to him and keep up a dangerous dampness. No matter how warm the temperature, he begins to feel cold two or three hours after his involuntary shower-bath; then he shivers, and his teeth begin to chatter. If God does not help him, or if he has no invigorating cordial in his knapsack to bring on a reaction, fever sets in.

At last the first day's march came to a close. It was six in the evening, and we had been walking since six or seven o'clock in the morning. Granting that we took two hours' rest during the day, that means ten hours of sore tramping. We generally halted near some palm trees, and in the neighbourhood of a stream.

"Now, children," we exclaim, "hurry up with the fire and a tent," and the Indians scatter through the forest to seek for dry wood and palm leaves to shelter us during the night.

While this task was in progress, I went down to the stream to bathe. My hempen sandals were in bits (the stoutest barely last a couple of days) and I threw them into the water. Would that I could have thrown in my legs and feet as well! They were swollen, scratched, and torn to a frightening extent, and the noisome mud, through which we had been tramping, had caused two wounds to break out. I poured the clear water over myself, bathed the wounds with carbolic acid, and rubbed all my limbs with camphorated brandy.

I had a ravenous appetite. That was a good sign. No matter how badly a person is battered about if the appetite holds out the evil is only superficial; in reality, the health is good and there is nothing to fear.

Joseph, the Indian whose duty it was to look after the provisions, went to prepare the rice, but alas! there was the rice, and there were the people ready to eat it, but

no fire. Joseph had been flowing at it with balloon-shaped cheeks for more than three-quarters of an hour, but without result. Everything was damp in the forest, where it generally rains seven days out of ten. The Indian's cleverness, however, at making a fire is truly marvellous, and he will succeed where you and I would infallibly fail. He commences by hewing down the half-rotten trunk of an aged palm-tree, splits it, and in the hollow part (the medullary) which has necessarily escaped from the rain, seeks out all the bits free from sap. These he divides into fragments of the thickness of a straw, takes out of his string-netted bag the charcoal which he has kept from the previous day,

Robinson Crusoe tent, nor even a woodman's hut, for such luxuries are beyond us. Our *tambo* is a simple roof made of palm-leaves, one end rests on the ground, with which it forms an acute angle, and the other is raised up about six feet, and supported by two posts firmly fixed in the soil. Thus it is open in front and on the two sides. Inside are scattered a few palm leaves, or American rushes, and on these you extend your travelling bed.

This is all very well if the weather is fine, but if rain or storm-winds come on during the night the traveller is to be pitied, for the light roof which shelters him is blown away like a leaf off the tree. Vainly does he endeavour to recall



HE HAD BEEN BLOWING AT IT FOR
THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

and with his flint soon makes the sparks fly, and the charcoal glow. But now comes the question of communicating this glow to the damp wood; this is difficult, and will take two or three hours, so the traveller must needs buckle on the shield of patience and await the success of the operation. When at last it is fairly kindled the Indians dance around it with delight.

The Indian who looks after the clothing is the one appointed to erect the *tambo*, i.e., the shelter where we pass the night. Dear reader, do not hasten to imagine a

his sleep-clogged senses when awakened suddenly by the falling torrents! in vain does he try to collect his scattered baggage in the midst of the inky darkness! vain again are his appeals to the Indian guides, for the whistling of the wind, the cracking of the branches, which sway against each other and then fall, together with the pattering of the rain, all combine to deaden his voice. Besides, the poor creatures are themselves in great distress, and all their care could avail him nothing.

Suddenly, the sound of a frightful crash is heard, then a deafening sound, as if a mountain were toppling over.

"It has fallen," exclaim the Indians.

"What?"

"Jatunyma, the great tree."

This is their name for one of those giants of the forest, over 180 feet high, and whose girth, as its base, is more than 60 feet in circumference.

Yes! it has fallen beneath the accumulated weight of centuries and the pressure of the hurricane. But what havoc it has worked in its fall! This dethroned king

was not overcome without resistance. At his feet, and round his lifeless form, lie hundreds of his prostrate subjects. This monster trunk has flattened everything that came in its way. Its gigantic branches had spread out and entangled with other trees. Then the long streamers of bindweed which encircled it to its summit, have been hissing through the air, tossed hither and thither by the violent blasts, in their wild career through the air they have fastened themselves round the branches of the neighbouring timber, and so on, from one tree to another, the clinging net spreads, and with the mighty monarch of the forest a whole group of trees are brought to the ground. At dawn the Indians take you to the scene of havoc to view the wondrous sight.

We had the opportunity of witnessing this spectacle four or five times during our exploring expedition, whenever the hurricane overtook us in the forest. As the Indians are accustomed to these tragic events they are extremely prudent when choosing the camping-ground for the night. We saw one prodding all round the trees in the immediate neighbourhood with his iron staff, so as to make sure of their solidity. An Indian never allows himself to be deceived by the luxurious vegetation, and wealth of parasite plants on the mighty trees, for, as a rule, these are but tokens of a weakened sap and threatening devastation. He prefers to shelter beneath the shade of the pliant-stemmed palm-tree, whose bare trunk can hide no disagreeable surprises. We, on the contrary, inclined to take our rest beneath the giant trees where nature had already formed, as it were, spreading arbours for our shelter. Why tire ourselves with constructing miserable *tambos*, when others so attractive and comfortable were ready

at hand? But the Indians gave me no peace.

"Father, father," they cried, "you will be bitten by snakes, or crushed by a hurricane!"

Snakes are, as a fact, another danger. They take up their abode between the roots of the huge trees, and woe to man or beast who disturbs them in their quiet. When the hurricane leaves you in peace, the ants, scorpions, centipedes, and countless other winged or creeping insects undertake to make life a burden. Oh! the ants! torment of torments! They are everywhere, in the provisions, beds, and clothes. Some species, with formidable jaws, inflict such dangerous wounds that, besides the acute pain, a kind of numbness is entailed throughout the body, almost like the beginning of paralysis.

And what shall I say of the vampire,



THEY DANCE AROUND THE FIRE WITH DELIGHT.

that marauder of the night, that blood-sucker? Let no one imagine that they are rarely to be found. Like the mosquitoes, they are everywhere. A night never passes without someone falling a victim to its bite; and many children and animals die of exhaustion after they have been bitten. It prefers to attack animals, dogs for instance, but if there are none in the neighbourhood it fastens its hideous jaws in man. The feet, hands, or face, any exposed part, are the objects of its greedy

ness. It draws blood and never leaves off sucking until it is surfeited with the draught. Almost every night someone fell a victim. We were no sooner stretched on our leafy couches than its horrid wings grazed our faces, and the first of us who fell asleep received a visit from the hideous uninvited guest. It was known the next morning by the sufferer's bewildered and nerveless manner, and by his irritability. Thank God, I was never attacked, and owe my immunity to my faithful little Perica, who used to lie at my feet and receive all the wounds intended for me.

I shall say nothing of the tigers, leopards, and army of wild beasts which filled the forest with deeds of blood. We often

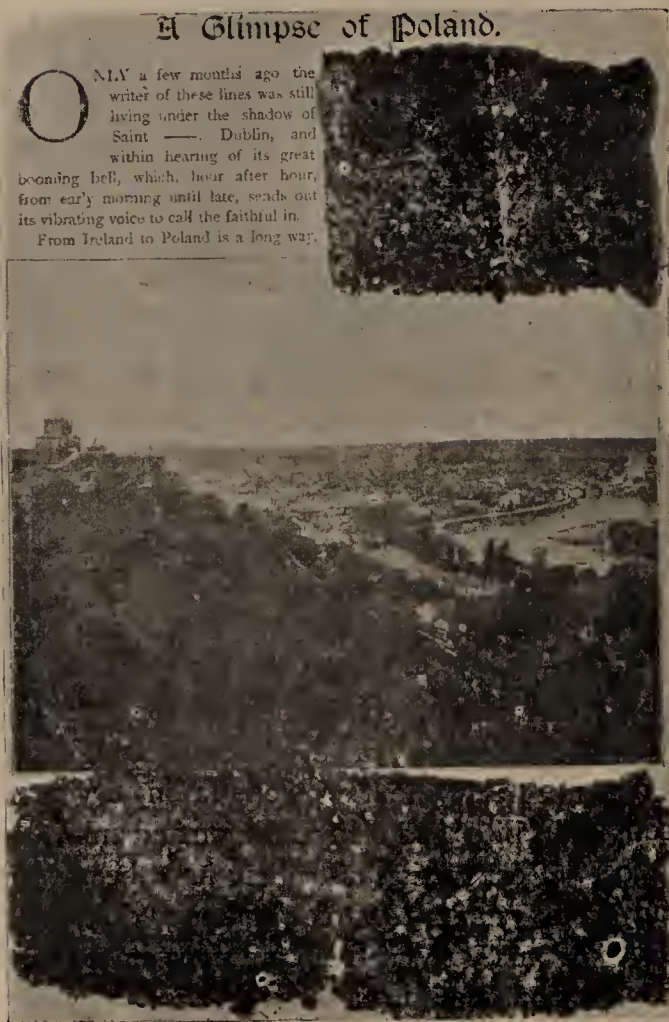
struck their trail, but never met them in person; and as this is vouchsafed to very few travellers, I cannot help seeing in the fact a mark of God's special protection. The animal which robbed me of Perica did it so swiftly that the Indians themselves saw nothing of it; the remains alone witnessed to the crime.

Getting up is always a sad business in a forest. You have slept badly, and consequently are not properly rested. Then everything round you is damp, and you are obliged to put on the soiled, bedraggled garments of the previous day and this sickens you. Well, well! "Sursum corda"—forward!

(To be continued.)



"The Irish Rosary" in Russia.



PAGE OF "THE IRISH ROSARY" BLOTTED BY THE
RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES.

IN our September number we published what we considered an innocent little article on the Churches and Shrines of Wilna, entitled "A Glimpse of Poland." It fared badly in the Government Offices of Russia. It seems the authorities considered it so revolutionary in tone, and so likely to stir up a rebellion in the land, that the throne of the Czar was in danger. They, therefore, resolved to obliterate several of its obnoxious passages before delivering it to our readers. This they did by daubing them over with Russian pitch, or some such substance. One of the copies thus mutilated was smuggled out of the country by a friend, and given to us as a curiosity. We reproduce one of the blotted pages to show our readers how the Government censors do their duty in the land of the Czar. The original is page 434 of the September number.



“The Lieutenant’s Daughter.”

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms of a common hostel situated not far from the Tower, a lady sat waiting one day in the reign of Elizabeth. She was a remarkably handsome woman, of perhaps twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, but a certain look of mockery and scorn in her dark eyes, and a certain hardness in the expression of her well-shaped mouth detracted from the beauty of her appearance.

That she was impatiently waiting the coming of some person was indicated by her restless tapping of her foot on the earthen floor. Suddenly she drew a letter from her breast and read it through.

“My good friend,” the note ran, “if thou canst meet me at the place thou knowest of on to-morrow at noon, I would fain have speech with thee over important matters.

“Ann, Arundel and Surrey.”

“The Countess of Arundel should keep to the hour of her appointments then,” Judith Blount said, rising to her feet. “It is long gone high noon.”

Even as she spoke the door of the room opened and a tall, majestic woman entered. She was plainly clothed, but Judith made her a low, if somewhat disdainful, obeisance.

"I must e'en crave your pardon, Mistress Judith," the lady said, and Judith noticed that her tones trembled, and that the hand that undid the fastenings of the cloak she wore shook as if with ague, and her reply was more courteous than it might otherwise have been.



SHE WAS IMPATIENTLY WAITING.

"Nay, your ladyship, it mattereth nought."

"I had a strange adventure on the way," the Countess said, slowly and painfully. "I came part of the journey afoot, fearing to attract attention, and I met a procession on its way to the Tower."

"That is not a thing to marvel at," and Mistress Blount laughed.

"It may not be, but it was horrid, horrid!" the lady pressed her hands together. "It was a poor Catholic gentleman suffering for his faith. I would fain have learned his name, but though the soldier in charge was not unwilling I was pushed aside by the mob."

"Better so," Judith Blount said sharply, "I trow the Queen hath matter enough against thee already."

Her listener smiled sadly, and shook her head.

"She thinks so, it may be."

Judith shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"But to business, my Lady Arundel."

"Thou remindest me well, Mistress Judith. And, indeed, I have made thee tarry unduly. But, tell me, is there not a priest named Bennet imprisoned in the Tower?"

Judith laughed shortly.

"Nay, I keep not count of the numbers that come and go," she said, evasively.

"But there is. I have been informed of the fact." The Countess lowered her voice. "Judith, my lord must have speech with him."

"Must he, then?" Judith Blount questioned.

"Aye, he must have shrift; for it were vain to deny that any day may see his death-warrant signed."

Judith stood silent.

"Nay, Judith, I prithee, think. He is a Catholic, and deprived of what he values most on earth, the chance of receiving the Sacraments. Thou canst aid him and me if thou wilt."

"But why should I? I am no Papist."

"I know that full well, Judith. But dost thou believe in the new faith?"

"Marry, then, not I! The years are but few since its birth in the land, and yet how many changes it hath undergone. The head of the Church of to-day, good lack, puts to the torture and gibbet them who believe as her royal father (who also claimed religious supremacy) would have had them believe."

"But, then, why——?" The Countess of Arundel hesitated.

"Why am I not with you?" Judith laughed bitterly. "Ah, well, perhaps, I care too much for this world and too little for the next, or, peradventure, I have met with some of your faith, my lady, who behaved as badly as any pursuivant could."

"I doubt it not. But, Judith, I see thou hast a story. Wilt thou not tell it me? It may ease thy mind, and bring thee comfort. And thou hast brought me comfort oft."

"Have I?" Something of the hardness left Judith Blount's voice. Over her, as over many others, the wife of the imprisoned Earl of Arundel had a powerful ascendancy.

"Aye, in truth. But sit down here, beside me, and tell me why thou speakest of Catholics in such fashion."

Judith hesitated only for an instant.

"My tale is, I misdoubt not, a common one. 'Tis but the story of a man's faithlessness."

The Countess pressed her companion's hand, and Judith added:

"We were brought up together, Hugh Daves and I, and it was early settled that we were to wed. The Blounts"—bitterly—"ever knew how to keep friends with the powers that be, and had, on Mary's

death, changed their religion. Sir Thomas Daves, Hugh's father, on the other hand, was a most determined recusant. Yet this was to prove no obstacle to our union.

"Well, within one week of the day appointed for our union Hugh left his house, and has never sent word or message to me."

"Some evil may have befallen him."

"Not so," Judith made haste to answer. "Truly for a time I feared so, and had many inquiries made, and to no purpose."



JUDITH MADE A LOW, IF SOMEWHAT DISDAINFUL, OBEISANCE.

Well?" her companion asked, as she paused.

"Well," Judith laughed bitterly, "he was, in Will Shakespeare's words, but 'inconstant ever.' 'Tis said he went to France to escape some threatened danger, for he was bold of speech, verily. Now, he is married to some waiting woman of the Duchess of Guise."

"Hast thou certainty of that?"

Judith paused a moment before replying. "I have heard it from those I should not doubt."

"But these are strange and evil days, Judith. Someone may have misinformed you, and, it may be with intention," the Countess of Arundel said.

"I think not," Judith spoke slowly, "I think not."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the elder lady spoke:

"And hast no other wooers, Judith?"

"They be more numerous than welcome," Judith said carelessly, "albeit, my father favours one not a little. This man I like or trust not. His name is Congrove."

Another silence fell. This time it was broken by Judith.

"But it is time I was elsewhere. If my father knew——"

"Oh, forgive me, dear Judith, forgive me, nor will I detain thee much longer," the Countess cried contritely.

"Nay, dear lady, hurry not. There be those in our service who are faithful to me howbeit I say or do. One good wench, Rose Lathorn, is as expedient in resources as true to me. She would never allow my father to suspect where I am. Nay, look not concerned, she is of thy own faith. Now, what wouldst thou have me do?"

"Simply to convey Father Bennet to my lord's chamber, if so you run no risk thereby, and, also, the necessary Church requisites for the celebration of holy Mass. Cans't thou do so?"

"Easily. Rose Lathorn will assist me. I have sole management of household affairs."

"Your mother?"

"She is dead."

"Poor girl! Mine own mother died ere I was a dozen years of age," the Countess said, sympathetically, and she rose and began to fasten her cloak. Suddenly she paused:

"But, Judith, would it not be possible to allow others of the Catholic prisoners the ineffable happiness of assisting at Mass?"

Judith's softer mood had changed.

"It would be over-daring, your ladyship; and, so far, I have no love for martyrdom, nor yet imprisonment."

The Countess sighed.

"Thou sayest truly it would be; and yet the happiness for them——"

"Content thee, lady, with what I have promised."

"I know, I know! I must for aye be thy debtor, Judith; but God will repay thee."

Judith laughed and made her adieux. At the door of the room she turned to say:

"Thou wilt not return to thy house afoot?"

"Nay. A chair is in waiting, I trow, already."

Then Judith drew the hood of the cloak she wore over her face, and hastened into the narrow street. From thence she sped onward quickly by unfrequented ways till the Tower was reached. When she was safe in her own apartment she stood for some minutes in thought.

"The Countess of Arundel asks over-much," she said, half aloud; "and yet it might be managed with Rose's help." She laughed. "What a pair of plotters Rose and I be."

CHAPTER II.

YEARS came and went from the day on which Philip Howard's wife and Sir Michael Blount's daughter met and parted in the old hostelry near London Tower, and many events had stirred men's minds. The Earl of Arundel had died of slow poisoning, without ever looking on his wife or children. The poet priest, who had been for a time his fellow-prisoner, had shed his blood, with hundreds of others, at Tyburn. England was sick with

horror, and still the blood of her bravest and best watered the land. The Countess of Arundel in her quiet home occupied herself in educating her children, and in works of charity. She had learned much of her husband's last hours—of his temptations to forget his faith, of his fortitude, his patience, and his cheerfulness.

As she stood one day in a room of the castle dispensing the various salves and simples she had acquired much skill in compounding, a waiting-maid sought her side.

"There is one, a lady and a stranger, craving an interview with your ladyship," the maid said in a lowered voice.

"Did she give no name?" the Countess asked.

"Nay. She said she but wished to see the Countess of Arundel."

That lady hastened to the apartment into which the stranger had been shown. She was standing by one of the windows gazing forth on the beauties of the park, for it was early spring, and the boughs were clothed as with filmy green mist. Many birds sang their gladdest lays in them, and the yellow daffodils tossed their saucy heads over the green sward. As the Countess advanced into the room the lady turned from the window.

"Judith!" broke in a sudden cry from the Countess's lips, and she held forth her hands.

"Yes, indeed," Judith Blount returned, "I did not think thou would'st know me."

"Yet I knew thee, and at once. True, it is thou art altered," the Countess said, looking sadly into the pallid face that

showed signs of much suffering, "and thy hair, Judith, it is streaked with grey."

"And little wonder," Judith commented.

"But sit thee down, Judith, and lay thy wrappings aside. Thou must for long be a welcome guest at Arundel."

Judith took the proffered seat, but shook her head.

"It may not be; though truth to tell I



"YES, INDEED," SHE REPLIED, "I DID NOT THINK THOU WOULDST KNOW ME."

would fain abide in such a sweet spot. But I am on my way to France."

"To France!"

"Aye, there, with God's help, to join a holy Sisterhood."

"You! You, Judith, a nun!"

Judith Blount smiled slightly.

"It amazeth your ladyship, does it not?"

"For a surety. Yet I ever knew, Judith, thou wert one with us."

"Ah, well, perchance, thou art right. I know how deep I sorrowed for your sorrow."

The Countess pressed her companion's hand, and turned her head aside.



"I KNEW HIM; HE WAS HUGH DAVES"

After a few moments she spoke:

"But, Judith, tell me of thyself."

"Thou rememberest our last meeting?"

Judith inquired, and her companion inclined her head. "Thou wilt doubtlessly, also, recall thy meeting with a prisoner on his way to the Tower?"

"I do full well."

"When I reached home I sat about devising means for thy dear lord to have the joy of Mass. It was not a difficult task. A more difficult one was to get the other Catholic prisoners a chance of enjoying the same privilege, but Rose and I managed. I had to seek a noisome cell where the last prisoner brought to the Tower had been lodged. When I entered the prisoner was lying on a bench near the door. Even in the dim light I knew him, he was Hugh Daves."

"Ah!"

"It seems he never had been in France. He had been arrested for his defence of a poor missionary priest, who was the butt of a group of village boys, and thrown into some remote prison, where he had long lain. From thence he had been removed to a castle near Ely, and thence to London. Some relative of his coveted his heritage, and that same relative had powerful friends at court, so poor Hugh had no chance of redress. His tongue had ever been a quick and imprudent one, and made him many enemies; and though I tried all my friends for aid for him I was unable to obtain any."

"Well?" the Countess of Arundel asked; but it was some time ere she was answered.

"It is only one of many such stories," Judith said at length, with a tremor in her voice. "A fortnight after he was lodged in the Tower he died at Tyburn."

"O poor Judith!"

"At least I was able to secure him every spiritual comfort. Do you know that he often knelt by your good lord's side in those days?"

"Nay, my news was, perhaps, meagre."

"He did then, often and often, and he went to Tyburn shriven by Father Southwell of holy memory."

The Countess murmured a prayer.

"Then it was I announced my intention of living a Catholic. My father was furious. Sometimes I think he had always known of Hugh's whereabouts. I told you there was a suitor he favoured greatly; and when I persisted in my refusal to marry this man I was sent to an aunt, who kept me enclosed within the walls of her house. I was never allowed outside, never allowed to see or speak to a stranger. Doubtless, I should still abide in Conglestone Priory—for so her home is named—but for Rose Lathorn. She discovered my place of detention and succeeded in obtaining a servant's place in the household, and it was not long after till I was free."

"And now?"

"And now I am on my way to France under another name. Nay, thou shalt not know it now, lest inquiries be made. Rose is not far distant. There is a vessel lying off the Sussex coast awaiting us. To-morrow night, should the wind be fair, we will look our last on England. We, Rose and I, are supposed by my relatives to have flown northwards."

"And hast thou no regrets, Judith?"

"For leaving England and home? Nay, not one. But, for a surety, many for mis-spent years."

There was a long silence, and Judith rose to depart.

"Nay, good Judith, not without refreshment. How remiss I be!" the Countess cried.

"I have need of none, and time presses. But I would fain thank you for the task you set me when last we met. But for that I might never have looked on Hugh Dave's face, never been as I am, a sad, unworthy, but, God helping, a faithful Catholic."

The Countess of Arundel was weeping.

"And now, farewell, noble lady. God lighten, or rather, God give you strength in your trials! And I crave your good prayers."

"I will be thy beads-woman for many a night to come," the Countess said, and then the two women parted with many tears and caresses.

Once, and only once, the Countess of Arundel heard from her friend. Her letter was written on the eve of her profession as a nun in a convent on the Belgian frontier, and spoke only of her happiness and peace. Later, a rumour reached her of her early death. An English lady who had stopped for a night with the Sisters of the Convent had asked who slept in a new-made grave in the chapel grounds, and had been told it was a newly-professed nun, named Sister Mary Joseph, and that her father at one time had been the Lieutenant of London Tower.

MAGDALEN ROCK.



PROCESSION LEAVING ST. MARY'S OF THE ROSARY COLMAR

An Encouraging Sign.

By J. M. E., C.SS.SP.

A PROOF of the growth of the devotion of the holy Rosary in Germany is to be found in the fact of the restoration to divine service of the ancient church of the Rosary, at Colmar, in Alsace. Built in the thirteenth century, it was one of the first foundations of the Dominican Order on the borders of the Rhine, and in after years it became the centre, or parent house, of the many confraternities of the Holy Rosary, established in almost every parish of the dioceses of Strasbourg and Basle, all of which are still in working order, and in the enjoyment of all their ancient rights and privileges.

At the time of the foundation, Colmar was an imperial free city of the Holy Roman Empire, under the protectorate of Rodolph of Hapsburg, whose ruined castle still overshadows the ancient town. Alsace

itself was divided into two hundred feudal principalities, whose *seigneurs* dwelt in those castles, the picturesque ruins of which are still to be seen in the Rhineland, and which formed, at the time, a long line of fortifications, keeping in check the barbarians on the other side of the great river. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the Dominicans were received in Colmar. The Emperor himself came in person to lay the first stone of the church. His secretary, Godfrey, Bishop of Passau, sang the High Mass, and blessed fifteen stones, of which the first was laid by the Emperor, and the rest by the princes and counts who formed the imperial court. What is remarkable is that the architect of this noble building was none other than the cook of the Convent, Brother Volmar, who had already signalized himself by erecting the Church

of the Dominican Nuns in the same town.

Desolation came over the holy place at the time of the French Revolution, when the priory was sacked and turned into barracks, and the church polluted by an altar of the "Goddess Reason." Later on, when peace was restored, the church was used as a covered market, and remained in this pitiful condition till a few years ago, when the Corporation and military authorities, yielding at last to the repeated requests of the parish priest of Colmar, allowed it to be restored to divine worship,

—Faith in Jesus Christ and in His promises, firm, solid, as the rock on which the Church stands. . . . These pillars, carrying aloft their almost invisible heads heavenwards, are the symbols of the Hope of every Christian heart which comes here to pour itself out before the altar, which is Christ, with mind and heart erect to God on high. And those lofty arches above, which bind together in one solid mass, walls, pillars, and roof, are the symbol of divine Charity, the bond of perfection in God, and between God and man, in one grand and loving embrace. The



MGR. FRITZEN,
Bishop of Strasburg.



MGR. MARBACH,
Coadiutor Bishop of Strasburg.

and also gave substantial aid towards the work of restoration.

A few words from the closing of the sermon preached on the day of the solemn re-opening of the church will not be out of place here. "These lofty walls, as firm to-day as when the sons of the great Saint Dominic prayed within their hallowed precincts, are for us the emblem of our Faith

altar is back—Christ is back with us in the sanctuary of His love. As Saint Mary's of the Rosary was once the mother-church of the confraternities of the Holy Rosary, continue, my brethren, to be fervent Rosarians, continue to be roses in that long wreath of roses so dear to her, all linked together in one living rosary, by the bond of charity. Be roses by your

virtues, white roses by the purity of your faith and of your holy lives ; red roses by your fidelity to God, even, if necessary, unto the shedding of your blood for God and His Church. Be the fragrant roses of the new decades linked on to the old

ones, whose names adorn the columns of the old Rosary Confraternity registers, still happily preserved. And may Mary, Queen of Heaven and Earth, ever bless you!"



Light through the Rosary.

THE following true narrative I give as I heard it from my husband's lips :

Amongst a party of tourists who stopped at my father's house while visiting the beautiful places near R., there was a Scotch gentleman, a Mr. McC., who took such a fancy to the place that when his friends were returning he begged my mother to give him accommodation for a while in our house, as he did not feel very strong, and thought the pure air and lovely rambles by lake and mountain-side would do him good. She consented. He was so kind, charitable, and genial, that in a little while we all became greatly attached to him. However, he did not grow strong, as he had hoped, and after a while was confined to his room. I suppose I was thought the steadiest of the youngsters, for my mother chose me to keep him company in his room in the evenings, while the Rosary was being recited below.

The first evening, when Mr. McC. heard the murmur of the voices, he asked me what it was.

I answered, "They are saying the Rosary ; does the sound annoy you ?"

"Ah, no," he said, "it is soothing ; it is like far-off music. But what is the Rosary ?"

I told him as well as I could, and, thanks to my good mother's teaching, I think I was able to explain pretty well.

Next evening he and I were chatting away gaily, when the Rosary began below.

"O Johnny," said he, "they are saying the Rosary again ; I wish I was with them. I never prayed much in my life,

but I would like to join in that prayer, it seems so earnest."

Well, of course, I told my dear, good mother what Mr. McC. had said, and what I had answered.

Next day she told our priest, Father John C., about it, and asked him if she ought to speak to Mr. McC., as I, being young, might not have sufficiently explained what he wished to know about the Rosary.

"No," said Father John, "don't interfere ; God's grace is working in his heart. Wait till he asks you about religion, and then explain all he wishes. Meanwhile, pray for him, offer the holy Rosary for him, and leave the rest to God and His Blessed Mother."

It was not long till Mr. McC. did begin to ask my dear, good mother for information about the Catholic religion, which she in her fervour and zeal, was only too glad to give, and lent him religious books, so that soon his enlightened mind was able to grasp and understand the doctrines of the one true Faith, to which he felt God, in His mercy, had called him.

He asked my mother to bring him Father John C. He came, received him into the Church, and attended him constantly for the short time God left him afterwards, till he saw him die a holy and happy death, with but one earthly wish, that as he had no near ties in his own country, he might be buried in G., where so many saints of the county in which he had received the great grace of his conversion were buried.—M. J. KEAN.

A Venerable Dominican Priest.

SINCE we went to press for the October number of THE IRISH ROSARY the Dominican Order in Ireland has had to lament the death of one of its most worthy and revered members, the Very Reverend Father Conway, which occurred at Drogheda, on the 27th of September. Venerable in years, loved by many friends, admired for the sanctity of his life, looked up to and respected by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, his death may be truly said to have left a gap it would be very hard to fill.

He was born in Dublin, of most worthy and respectable parents, on the 26th of September, 1822. At an early age he was admitted to the Dominican Order, and with three or four companions, was sent to make his noviciate and pursue his studies in the famous Convent of Corpo Santo, Lisbon. During those golden years of preparation, whilst he devoted himself with great earnestness to the study of philosophy, theology, the Fathers and other branches of sacred science, he learned deeply and well the yet more important lessons of religious perfection, and planted in his heart those grand principles of high virtue, which ever after ruled his life, and influenced all his actions. Of the many who wore the white habit of Saint Dominic none ever wore it more lovingly. To him his Order was more than father or mother, or aught else. Whilst, with the large-mindedness of a true servant of God, he rejoiced over the prosperity of other religious bodies and the good effected by them, the well-being of his own Order was his fondest concern. It was everything to him. Its laws, observances, and traditions were the cherished objects of his loyal love and un-

ceasing solicitude, and by word and example he endeavoured to instil the same spirit into his religious children and brethren.

On his return to Ireland, he laboured during the first years of his ministry in the "Old Chapel" in Denmark Street, Dublin; and when only thirty-three years of age he was appointed to the Priorship of Saint Mary's, Cork, which was then vacant owing to the elevation of Dr. Leahy, the former prior, to the episcopacy. For eleven years he laboured most successfully in Cork, and during that period he won for himself the love and esteem of all classes. After a lapse of more than thirty years he is still lovingly remembered by the older clergy of that city and diocese, and his memory is cherished with reverence by large numbers of the laity who had known him, and had come to venerate him as a saintly priest, and most holy and enlightened director.

From Cork he was transferred to Tal-laght, County Dublin, in the year 1866, to take charge of the novices. There he passed eighteen years. Those who had the privilege of hearing from his lips, in that quiet abode of prayer and study, the high and beautiful lessons he daily imparted to the novices, and who witnessed his edifying life, recall with emotion his zeal, his unwearying care, his paternal love, his thoughtful kindness, his tender solicitude for the advancement and happiness of all.

Owing to failing health he was transferred to a less laborious sphere of action in Drogheda, in 1884, and had imposed upon him by the Master-General of the Order the important office of immediate superior and confessor of the Nuns of Siena Convent.

He held the office of Prior many times, and was Provincial from 1872 to 1876.

Though of a very retiring disposition, and living with God rather than before men, his friends were many—friends who felt that in his presence they were in the presence of a real man of God; and though they loved him with filial affection they felt a kind of awe in speaking to him. Prudent, wise, sympathetic, gentle but firm, affectionate but reserved, endowed with a singular gift of penetration, he was just the one to exercise a great influence over those who sought his counsel, or came to him with their troubles, their doubts, their temptations.

He was a man of exquisite taste. Everything beautiful in nature, in human character, in art and literature had a fascina-

tion for him. His knowledge was deep, extensive, and varied, and though extremely modest in conversation no one could converse with him for a short time without feeling that he had been speaking to a highly educated and accomplished gentleman.

Ever shrinking from the applause of men, and striving to pass unnoticed before them, for that very reason we have felt it a duty, which we lovingly discharge, to speak of him to our readers now that he has passed away, and to tell them what manner of man he was. We have loved



THE LATE VERY REV FATHER CONWAY.

him in life, we mourn him in death, and we cherish his memory as that of a most holy priest, most loving father, and most fond and devoted friend.

"WHEN we are about to pass judgment on the dealings of Providence with other men, we shall do well to consider first His dealings with ourselves. We cannot know about others; about ourselves we do know something; and we know that He has ever been good to us, and not severe. Is

it not wise to argue from what we know, to what we do not know? It may turn out in the day of account that unforgiven souls, whilst charging His laws with injustice in the case of others, may be unable to find fault with His dealings severally towards themselves."—NEWMAN.

The Madonna della Quercia.

IT is possible that a brief account of the celebrated Dominican shrine of Our Lady of The Oak Tree may be of interest to the readers of *THE IRISH ROSARY*. The Church and Convent of La Quercia form the principal attraction of the little village of that name, which is situated at a distance of one kilometre and a half from the old town of Viterbo, and is composed of a colony of miserable dwellings, with, here and there, a villa, the property of some wealthy Viterbese. Two white-robed Friars alone keep watch and ward on the beautiful Church and Convent, whose fine old cloisters once echoed to the footsteps of numerous sons of the great Saint Dominic—acting also as loving custodians of the miraculous picture. This is the story of the “Madonna della Quercia.” In the fifteenth century, we are told, that the neighbourhood round Bagnaia was infested with murderers, brigands, and every description of evildoers, the forests being especially dangerous to the unwary traveller. In 1417 one Battista Jugganti, by way of placing this unpleasant district under the protection of the Mother of God, ordered the artist Marcello Manetto to paint a picture of Our Lady and the Divine Infant on a jade tile. This was accordingly done, and the slab fastened to an oak tree in such a manner that the green spreading branches formed a natural tabernacle. In 1447 a pious hermit who had a special devotion to the picture, conceived the design of removing it to his solitary cell, which was situated a mile distant. Before doing so, however, he dreamt that the painting returned to its former position, a marvel which actually took place when, notwithstanding his dream, he proceeded to put his idea into execution. Shortly after a man named Bartholomeo, possessed himself of the picture and carried it to his home, only to find that when he visited the tree the following day it was restored to its original place amidst the clustering branches. On the 8th of June, 1467, an inhabitant of

Viterbo was attacked by brigands in this very spot, and upon imploring the protection of Mary, was immediately rendered invisible, and thus saved from his enemies, who sought him in vain, cursing and blaspheming with much energy. Numerous are the miracles which have been wrought since that day by the “Madonna della Quercia,” and pilgrims from every part of the world hasten to her shrine to implore her powerful intercession. The miraculous picture represents the Virgin Mother with a face of ineffable beauty and sweetness, and the Infant Jesus encircling her neck with one dimpled arm, while His right hand clasps a swallow. Soon after the miracle of the 8th of June, a temporary chapel was erected by the oak tree, its place being superseded later on by a richly-adorned church. The imposing looking facade is of stone, and over the door are three lunettes in terra cotta, attributed to the Brothers Robbia. The interior gleams with gilding and coloured marbles, and the exquisitely-carved oaken stalls of the choir are said to be the work of Domenichino. Over the principal door, which is lavishly ornamented with carved wood, are two flags, gained from the Turks in the Battle of Lepanto, the victory being granted to the Christian armies through the intercession of “Our Lady of the Oak Tree,” and the famous picture itself occupies a place of honour over the high altar. The old Convent presents a most picturesque appearance with its quiet cloisters and the fountain in their midst: and here also are to be seen several well-preserved frescoes representing the miracles, beautiful in design and colouring, and many of them painted by the brush of the celebrated Francesco Mola. The feast of the “Madonna della Quercia” is celebrated in September, when pilgrims arrive in their hundreds to pay their homage at the Shrine, and the brilliantly-lighted Church, adorned with crimson hangings, echoes to the praises of Mary.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



Our Foreign Letters.

LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

SACRED HEART MISSION, OAKFORD,
VERULAM, NATAL.

THE IRISH ROSARY, coming like a welcome messenger from the shores of the "Emerald isle," awakens echoes in many an Irish heart which beats beneath the white Dominican scapular in this bright and sunny clime, and touches chords attuned to love of home and country—that once-while "Isle of Saints," whose noble sons and daughters have borne the Gospel light into every corner of the globe!

A kindred feeling prompts the confidence which rests assured that a little knowledge of the life and labours of Saint Dominic's children among the poor heathens of Natal, cannot fail to excite some interest in the readers of the Magazine.

The work of the Sacred Heart Mission, Oakford, Verulam, Natal, was commenced in 1884, by the Rev. Fr. Mathieu, O.M.I., who found the place a wilderness, but by untiring zeal and energy changed it in a short time into the "earthly paradise" that it now is—having received the flowery appellation from numberless visitors to the banks of the Umhloti, on which the Mission stands. Where once stretched hun-

dreds of acres of uninhabited and uninhabitable land—being densely covered with brushwood, though of richest soil—is now a busy human hive, containing upwards of five hundred souls. Tasteful buildings greet the eye on all sides—native church (with tower and belfry, boasting an excellent chime of bells), Convent of the Dominican Sisters, known as the Sacred Heart Priory, schools for natives, Creoles, and Europeans—all which have sprung up in a few years as if by magic, and nestle in the charming valley like sparkling jewels set in the crown of the dark surrounding hills!

The Mission was first intended solely for the Kaffirs, and the Dominican Sisters undertook the work of teaching them in 1889. On their arrival they received a most hearty welcome from the black population, especially the "lady" part of it, who came in crowds to say "Saku Bona," and shake hands with the white "Amakosazana" (ladies), believing them to be angels in human form who had dropped from Heaven into their midst—the white habit made such a wonderful impression on their simple minds. But when the Sisters began to speak to them in their own Zulu language, the delight of those poor creatures knew no bounds!

Soon, however, it was found that attention to the natives alone would never afford a means of subsistence, and hence board-

ing schools for children of European parents were set on foot, which have prospered beyond all expectations. In April, 1890, Saint Mary's opened with two pupils!—which promising number continued to be the sum total on the roll for three months; then an increase commenced which brought the list up to thirteen by Christmas! The ice of prejudice was broken—non-Catholic parents from all the surrounding districts mustered up sufficient courage to place their children under the care of “Roman Catholic Nuns,” and now so utterly have their false ideas of the Sisters been removed, that of the one hundred and five boarders we count at present more than half are of all

storms of adversity in embracing our holy Religion.

Saint Aloysius' was a tiny “mustard seed” in 1892, but now it has developed into a spacious and well-attended College, from the playground of which the ring of the merry voices of the rompers during recreation, breaks sharply on the stilly silence of our seclusion—for being situated five miles from the nearest village, Verulam (which station is twenty miles from the Port of Natal, Durban), we are completely removed from the noise and bustle of the outer world.

Though dwelling so long on the subject of our European schools, our readers must not imagine that the interests of our dear



CONVENT, CHURCH, AND SCHOOLS.

sects and creeds—even Jews and Wesleyans.

This statement calls for an observation which has lately been very nicely made by a celebrated bishop, viz., that the teaching of non-Catholic pupils is a special and fruitful mission in itself, seeing, that as a rule, those children in after-life recall the precepts and examples of their early years and form their conduct accordingly, in this very way doing much good not only in their own families, but to society in general; and many in the end are led to overcome all difficulties and brave the

Natives are forgotten, or claim only a secondary share in our attention! By no means! The work among them goes on briskly, as the catalogue of Catechumens and Neophytes plainly shows. A day school is attended by upwards of seventy little “dusky faces,” and there are also Native Boarders, who are fed and clothed at our own expense—all those children being under the patronage of our holy Mother Saint Catharine of Sienna.

During school hours the little ones are put through the ordinary rounds of Reading (English and Zulu), Writing and

Arithmetic—but when it comes to Singing, then the Zulu is in his or her proper element (for these people are passionately fond of Music in all its branches), and then it is that we wish our little home friends could get a glimpse of those dark children of Adam, and hear but once the wonderful effect produced by the natural blending of those rich melodious voices. It is most touching to hear these poor half savages singing a Mass or Benediction in praise of that God they have so lately learned to know.

Thousands of them in their rude state of heathenism surround us on all sides, the helplessness of their condition loudly calls for aid. Our priests are more than overworked, Religious Communities are bound down by want of members, and all the while the cry of these needy souls rends the heavens.

May these few lines encourage some noble hearts to take the brave and generous resolution of entering the ranks of Religion as missionaries, determined to do and dare great and glorious things for the honour of God and the good of souls in this land, and in this mission, where the harvest is indeed both rich and ripe.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"FOR me New Orleans and San Antonia are unique, because of their historical relations with early Catholic missions, and their loyalty to the Church." Thus spoke a Catholic Military Chaplain, who a short time since camped with his troops in our city.

New Orleans has ever been Catholic and cosmopolitan, and polyglot. Progress, in her regard, has had to fight hand to hand with evils, both physical and political; and happily has, in most cases, been victorious. Her chronicles equal in episode, colour, and fact the wildest creations of modern novelists.

History records how, in 1762, she was, without her knowledge, transferred by France to Spain, and how for thirty-four years she supported the retinue of evils consequent on such transfers; distrust of government, disregard for law and rejection of punishment. Hence in our cafés and halls, public squares and shady parks the haughty Castilian Don, fiery French cavalier, or sturdy Teutonic soldier frequently crossed swords and shed blood in defence of ill-defined honour!

Ours was a heterogeneous population. A few European princes and nobles; emigrants from every country of the Old World; Canadians, Indians, Negroes of every caste; 'Cadians and settlers from other States. Anyone who walked in the *Place d'Armes*, now Jackson Square, or on the *Grand Chemin*, the Levee, came in contact with incongruous crowds. Beside Spanish nobles or French knights in costly brilliant uniforms, stood or walked squalid Indians in blanket, feathers, and beads; negroes in *braquet* and coloured woollen shirts; Attapakas in home-made *cottonades*; galley-slaves, trappers, hunters, *voyageurs*, *coureurs-de-bois* and *émigrée* nobles banished under *lettres de cachet* for having interfered in their King's pleasures, or for having taken too deep an interest in the politics of *la belle France*.

The city buildings were like the people. The Cathedral, Capuchin Convent, Calabasa, King's warehouses, *boutiques*, Government house, restaurants, *halles*, and other marts, for all things religious, industrial, and commercial were grouped about the same square. Here God was honoured, and here, too, He was insulted in the very shadow of His temple. *Place d'Armes* was also a social resort, a parade for troops on fête days, and the scene of capital punishment when the law exercised its rigour.

Before 1718 the Jesuits came to New Orleans. During that year Bienville, its founder, consulted Father Beaubois, S.J.,

their Superior, in regard to a choice of religious teachers for the young girls of the colony. The Father suggested the Ursuline Nuns of Rouen, France.

Bienville applied, and the nuns arrived in New Orleans, February 22nd, 1727, five years before the birth of Washington.

The first Convent of the Ursulines was founded by Dcn Andres Almonaster y Ronas Andalusia. This baron also founded the Cathedral, Charity Hospital, a school for young girls, a Hospital of Lepers, and the City Court House. He was a man of thrift and enterprise, and at an advanced age married a beautiful Creole, by whom he had an only child, the charming and gifted Michæla, afterwards the famous Madame Poutalba, whose name comes down to us in the Poutalba Buildings that stand close to our Cathedral.

The Ursuline Convent, with its school appointments, was the largest building in the city, and was occupied by the nuns for ninety-four years, when in 1824, the community moved to the present elegant buildings, since enhanced by all improvements of modern times.

The old Convent was, for a while, the State House. In 1834, by desire of the nuns, it became the Archiepiscopal Palace, and such it remains. It is the oldest building in New Orleans, its panelled walls, broad corridors, and oaken floors speak of other generations, while its stone stair-case and iron balustrade, polished and thin, show the wear and tear of centuries.

What princes of Church and State have ascended these steps, paced these corridors! What Saints, what brave men, cowards, bigots, statesmen, generals, victors, vanquished, poets, artists, men and women, the young and the old, buoyed by hope or crushed by sorrow! All have been here and each has gone forth justified or comforted!

It was in favour of this old convent Our Lady of Prompt Succour exercised her influence in 1812, and the late Archbishop

Janssens held it in so great reverence he would never permit any change in its arrangements, nor would he exchange its faded grandeur for the glory of a new palace.

In a cell at the end of a corridor on the second floor, I think, "Chahta-Ima," the poet of solitude, Péré Rouquette lived for some years. When his last hours approached he was removed to the *Hotel Dieu*, where he died July 15th, 1887. He was a native of New Orleans, a saintly and gifted priest, and a devoted friend of the Chaetaw Indians.

In the cemetery of the present Ursuline Convent are buried the hearts of Right Reverend Louis Penalver y Cordanas, first Bishop of New Orleans, and of Right Rev. Louis William Dubourg, D.D., its third Bishop, who died Archbishop of Besançon, France.

The Jesuits and the Ursulines laid the foundation of the Catholicity and refinement that distinguish our city. They were the first religious in the colony, the pioneers in educational lines. The Ursulines sent out from their schools young women pious and accomplished, grounded in the doctrines of our holy Faith, versed in languages and learned enough in the arts and sciences to satisfy the wants of domestic life, and to broaden and enliven social circles.

All I have written is of New Orleans as she was nearly two hundred years ago. Modern civilization, with its nineteenth century improvements, and their train of incentives to ambition and pleasure, has replaced her primal simplicity and the questionable etiquette of the old French and Spanish Courts. Still she is two cities in one. Canal Street is the central business portion. South of it American customs, language, and mode of building prevail; north of it all are French in every particular. True, Germans, Irish, Spaniards, Dutch, Belgians, Italians, Cubans, Chinese, Negroes, Mexicans, Haytians, castes from Central and South America

are found on both sides, but they have no distinct section. They are less numerous, consequently their languages, though spoken, and their customs, though kept up among themselves, have never been adopted by any section of our State or City. In the old French quarter if you ask a question in English you will be answered with a shrug of the shoulders, a graceful extension of hands, and a blank "*Je ne vous comprend pas.*"

Speaking of the French town reminds me of Mr. Cable, who now lectures in England, and, perhaps, in her sister isles. He is a pleasant writer, but his descriptions of Creole life as it is are not accepted by Southern Creoles. The author means well, but he writes of Creoles as some authors do of Irish. Who would accept the Irishman as most playwrights stage him? And what Creole will accept his character as depicted by Mr. Cable? Mr. Cable has a grudge against our Creoles, which, unknown to himself, perhaps, crops out in his stories. The Spanish and French Creoles are most conservative, no blue blood of France was ever more tenacious of lineage, nor more exact in tracing pedigree than is our Southern Creole. Mr. Cable knows this, in fact Mr. Cable has experienced this, and it is this experience, this impossibility of his being able to penetrate the veil that hangs between the outer world and the sanctuary of the inner home life of aristocratic Creoles that has coloured his vision and somewhat acidulated his thought in their regard. Thirty or forty years ago the author's pictures of lower Creole life might be accepted as fairly correct. They do not hold to-day. Home is the Creole's most sacred possession; beyond its precincts the world becomes a great mart for gain. A Creole homestead descends from father to son, endeared with memories, whose value outweighs all charms the present may possess or the future bestow.

Now let us see how Catholicity has advanced in our city since 1727. When the

Ursulines came here New Orleans had only two or three poor Catholic chapels, two religious orders of men, the Jesuit Fathers and the Capuchins. The Catholic population was always pretty large.

Now, we have within city limits thirty-three fine churches, a handsome cathedral, twenty-six chapels, nine religious communities of men, about twenty of women, nearly eleven thousand white children, and three thousand coloured taught and trained in our Catholic schools, academies, and colleges.

The Communities of men are:—

Jesuit Fathers—Two churches and one college.

Redemptorist Fathers—Three churches.

Holy Cross Fathers—One church and a college.

Lazarist Fathers—Two churches.

Marist Fathers—One church.

Christian Brothers—One parochial school.

Brothers of the Sacred—One commercial college.

Brothers of Mary—Two parochial schools.

The Benedictines—One church.

Communities of women:—

The Ursulines—One convent, an academy, orphanage, and a free day school.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart—Two convents, two academies, two parochial schools.

The Dominicans—Two convents, two academies, two parochial schools.

The Sisters of Saint Joseph—Two convents, one academy, and two parochial schools.

Sisters of Mercy—Three convents, nine parochial schools, one orphanage, one house of mercy, the newsboys' home.

Sisters of Holy Cross—Five convents, one academy, eight or ten parochial schools, two orphanages.

Good Shepherd—One convent, refuge, house of correction.

Perpetual Adoration—Three convents, orphanages, and parochial schools.

Benedictines—Three convents, two or three orphanages, and parochial schools.

Sisters of the Poor—Two convents, two homes for the aged.

The Poor Clares—One monastery.

Discalced Carmelites—One monastery.

Sisters of Mount Carmel—Two convents, two parochial schools, and an orphanage.

Salesian Sisters — Three convents, orphanage, and parochial schools.

Sisters of Charity, Saint Vincent de Paul—Seven convents, three academies, six parochial schools, four orphanages, charity hospital, hotel dieu, and insane asylum.

Sisters of Christian Charity—Four convents, eight parochial schools.

School Sisters of Notre Dame—Four convents, two academies, seven parochial schools, and one orphanage.

Sisters of the Holy Family (Coloured)

—Four convents, four parochial schools, one academy, and one orphanage.

Sisters of the Immaculate Conception—One convent, two parochial schools.

On glancing over the Communities of men our readers will perceive we have no Dominican Fathers, though most of our Creole population are devoted to the Order, and for over thirty years a Dominican Father has conducted the Lenten services in our cathedral, and secular Dominican Tertiaries are numerous and regular.

In February, 1886, Rev. D. M. Saintourens, O.P., established the Perpetual Rosary, through the parishes of South Louisiana. This beautiful devotion has since been faithfully maintained. The Confraternity of the Rosary has existed for years in almost every church in our city.

L. B.



YOU ought to be glad in thinking how much more beauty God has made than human eyes can ever see; but not glad in thinking how much more evil man has made than his own soul can ever conceive, much more than his hand can ever heal. While you are young take care that your hearts don't want much washing; for they may need wringing also when they do. It is just as true for us as for the crystal, that the nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and unceasing energy. All doubt and repenting and botching and retouching tell of vice as well as misery.—RUSKIN.

PETRARCH relates of Dante that when the poet was at the Court of Con della Scala that Prince reproached him one day for his gloom and taciturnity, saying, while he stood among his courtiers, surrounded by buffoons and musicians, making him heartily merry:—"Is it not strange, now, that these poor fools should make themselves so entertaining, while you, a wise man, sit there, day after day, having nothing at all to amuse us with?" Dante answered:—"No, not strange; your Highness may recollect the proverb, 'Like to like!'"

Note.—The Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.P., respectfully requests that priests who write to him for faculties to bless beads, &c, give their christian names in full, and mention the diocese to which they belong.

Book Notices.

Cuimne Coluimcille. The Gartan Festival. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

On the 9th of June, 1897, there was a memorable celebration in honour of Saint Columbkille at his birthplace, Gartan, Co. Donegal. Addresses in Irish and in English were delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Dr. O'Donnell, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, and many distinguished priests and laymen. This celebration proved most happy in itself, and fruitful in good results. It did much for the revival of the Irish language, and brought to the minds of thousands a fuller knowledge of the life labours and virtues of Saint Columba. Truly such a festival deserves a permanent record. Dr. Maguire has given us a worthy one in the carefully edited volume now before us. The numerous illustrations with which it is enriched of course add considerably to its attractiveness and interest.

The Structure of Life. By Mrs. W. A. Burke, Author of "The Value of Life." With a Preface by Rev. W. Barry, D.D. London and Lemington: Art and Book Company.

As Dr. Barry says in his Preface, this little book deals with the make and the making of ourselves. In her previous work, "The Value of Life," the authoress pointed out why it is incumbent upon each individual to fully live his life, i.e., to live according to the fullest extent of his capabilities in his triple relation towards His Maker, his neighbour, and himself. The present volume deals with the materials with which we are to set to work. The "materials" which tend to make up each man as a whole, are his ancestry and antecedents, his surroundings and influences, his position, character, failings, and capabilities of mind and body. In proportion as a man is prudent in using, moulding, and disciplining these will he succeed in living his life in all its fulness. Rarely have such grave subjects been made so interesting to the general reader. This is due to the pleasing style of the authoress, and to the apt quotations from Spiritual writers, poets, and philosophers which meet one on every page. We trust this excellent work will have a wide circulation. Its attentive perusal must produce much pleasure and profit.

The Catholic Child's and Youth's Bible History. Old Testament History. The same. New Testament History. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1898.

These two little books are adapted to the use of junior and senior grades in primary and higher schools, and are compiled by the Sisters of Mercy, Downpatrick. They have the "imprimatur" of the Bishop of Down and Connor. Their popularity is attested by the fact that the Old Testament part has reached eighty-seven thousand copies. The two parts, which may be had separately at the modest price of threepence each, together form a bulk of more than 400 pages. We hope that this new and revised edition may meet with as large a sale as the first.

New Testament Studies. By Right Rev. Monsig. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This book is intended for teachers, whose duty it is to explain to children in a simple manner, the chief events of Our Lord's life. It is arranged in questions and answers. Scattered throughout are short and simple dissertations on the Bible. It is a most useful work, and supplies a need long felt. There are three clearly printed maps at the end. We highly recommend this work.

Notes on Saint Paul. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates.

Father Rickaby's work, though modestly styled "Notes," will, we are sure, find a prominent place among the standard commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures. It is a thoroughly up-to-date guide to the Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans. The learned author displays in the book, which lies before us, two things which are essential for the elucidation of any part of the Holy Scripture, and especially the Epistles of Saint Paul, namely, extensive knowledge and sound judgment in its application. For this reason we can cordially recommend this latest contribution to exegetical literature. Written in idiomatic English it will be a help to intelligent laymen, as well as to ecclesiastical students and priests, whose profession demands constant attention to this branch of their sacred studies.



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

(From the painting by Maratta, in the Church of Santa Maria de Popolo, Rome.)



Vol. II., No. 12.—DECEMBER, 1898.

The Friars in the Philippines.

NO. II.—THE FRIARS AND THE FREEMASONS.

TO all human appearances, anti-Christian Freemasonry seems to be on the point of destroying the Church of God in the Philippines. The powers of darkness have been waging war against the children of light, and unless Providence intervenes, the darkness bids fair to extinguish the light. Like a poisonous serpent, lying long in concealment, coiled up in its deadly folds, it has now reared its horrid crest and has enfolded its victims in its crushing grasp. Freemasonry, anti-Catholic, and anti-Christian, has indoctrinated the simple natives of the Philippines in large numbers with the modern watch-words of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—liberty meaning in this case, license, anarchy, cruelty, bloodshed; equality, the

confiscation of property; and fraternity, an impious combination against all opposed to their designs. And foremost amongst these were undoubtedly from the very first, the friars, spiritual guides of five out of the six millions of native Christians, and consequently drew upon themselves the bitter hatred of the members of the Craft. It thus happened that the friars found themselves denounced and vilified in Spanish newspapers, in circular letters issued at Madrid, in speeches at the lodges and clubs, and in the Cortes. The grossest calumnies, the foulest lies were industriously circulated, to lower their prestige and bring about a downfall of that spiritual power they had justly acquired and were exercising for the good of souls. Nothing was known of the struggle in these coun-

tries until the Spanish-American war brought the Philippines into prominence before the English-speaking world. Then the echoes of the struggle began to reach our ears. Unfortunately for the friars, the sympathies of the world were sought, and sought successfully, to be enlisted on the side of the freemasons, or insurgents, who, as we shall see in the course of this article, are all one and the same. As the news of the world at the present day is in the hands of Jews and freemasons, who deftly manipulate it to suit their own purposes, it has come about that the news from the Philippines, derived from tainted sources, is unreliable. Coming principally through "Reuter's Special Foreign," which receiving as it does news from all parts of the world, and transmitting it to the principal newspapers, should show strict impartiality to all sides; on the Philippine question, world-wide circulation has been given to false and calumnious reports and interviews with leaders of the insurrection, full of virulent *ex parte* statements, while no exposition of views has been sought for from any representative of the friars. As an instance of the unreliability of these interviews, circulated through such justly suspected channels, we give the following. The correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" sent a few months ago, through "Reuter's Special Service," an interview he had with Dr. Nozaleda, the Archbishop of Manila, who by the way is a Dominican. From this interview it would appear that the Archbishop is opposed to the friars in the Philippines. He is made to say: "The religious Orders must go. That is undeniable, because the whole people are determined on their abolition, and are now able to render their retention impossible."

His Grace is also made to blame the Orders for causing dissensions, and thus increasing the disfavour with which they are regarded. The correspondent adds that he heard privately from a native priest that the reason the Archbishop hopes for

the expulsion of the religious Orders is that the friars have grown too strong for him, and that he expects by getting rid of them to increase his own authority. Now apart from the fact that the Archbishop is a member of a religious Order himself, a fact worth a dozen arguments, we may dismiss the whole interview as unreliable, since very recently the Archbishop delivered himself to a representative of the "Chicago Record" of quite opposite sentiments. To the latter he declared that "the religious Orders whom they now slander, raised them from savagery, educated them, and planted amongst them industries that are sources of prosperity. The falsehoods with regard to the religious are circulated because they have been ardent in opposing revolution and anarchy." It is surprising, therefore, for more reasons than one, to find a Catholic newspaper like the "Independent" publishing a few months ago,* without any comment, a long interview with Senor S. C. Valdes, received through "Reuter's Special Foreign Agency." Considering the outrageous and the incredible charges made in it against a large body of Catholic missionaries, who, as the whole world knows, have had a glorious past, it was unwise, in the interests of religion to say the least, to have published it without comment, even when it was not thought imprudent to have published it at all. "Give a lie twenty-four hours' start and it is impossible to overtake it," is an old proverb. How impossible then is it for the friars in the Philippines to overtake the lies spread about them in English newspapers? They do not see them, and even if they did, could not, perhaps, read them. Their only chance would be through the all-powerful and world-wide news agencies, and these being in the hands of Jews and freemasons are closed to them.

Let us now take up some of the state-

* *Irish Daily Independent*, July 15th, 1898.

ments made by Senor Valdes. Desiring to prove that the inhabitants of the Philippines are not naked savages, he says: "The inhabitants of the groups of Luzon, the Visayas, and the coast of Mindanao are very advanced in their education. Seventy-five per cent. of them can read and write. There are many native lawyers, doctors, chemists, members of the military and scientific corps, naval and land architects,

secondary, and higher education in their hands, that the people are so advanced in education; and as regards the native lawyers and other professional men, we refer them to the official reports we have given of Manila University, with its two thousand students, carried on by the Dominicans. As to Mindanao, what the Jesuits have done there, can also be referred to. Valdes speaks of "clever and



COLLECTION OF SEALS AND STAMPS USED BY VARIOUS BRANCHES OF THE "KATIPUNAN,"
THE SECRET SOCIETY OF THE NATIVES.

merchants, naval officers, engineers, and also clever and competent secular priests." We believe Senor Valdes. In spite of what he says a little further on about numbers of them going abroad for their education, we will refer our readers to our last article, in which we prove that it is owing to the friars, who have all the primary,

competent secular priests," having no word of praise for the religious; and yet the higher education of the secular clergy is entirely in their hands.

After this eulogium of his own people by Senor Valdes, is it not curious to find quite an opposite statement, made for party purposes, by the Manila correspon-

dent of the "Daily Telegraph" ? Wishing to show the incompetence of the friars, he says: "The education of the people is entirely in their hands; it is enough to say that practically it does not exist." And this of a country in which seventy-five per cent. of the people, according to Senor Valdes, can read and write, a percentage that would put more than one European country to the blush.

Senor Valdes asserts that the friars exercise a tyrannical power in the Islands. He says that they generally consider it an act of disrespect for the natives to visit them except with bare feet. It is curious that Wingfield in his travels never noticed this, and he had an eagle eye for such deficiencies. Valdes is not afraid to make the incredible statements that "the friars and the military said that before the reforms should be granted they would first drown the insurgents in their own blood," and that General Weyler, when he was captain of the Islands, ordered the town of Calumba to be destroyed and set fire to, simply to please the Dominicans, who were anxious to show their power and influence. We want strong proofs and not mere assertions, Senor Valdes, when you accuse religious men, bound by vows, voluntary exiles from their country and friends, who have made their home among the native population for the purpose of civilizing them and bringing them under the yoke of Christ, of the cold-blooded atrocity of wantonly destroying innocent men, women, and children, for the sake of pleasing their own sense of vanity. The truth of the matter is that the insurgents form only a very small proportion of the native Christian population, a few thousand out of six millions. The great body of the population are passionately attached to the friars, several of whom they have lately seen with dismay, forcibly taken from their midst, and tortured and murdered before their eyes; and are passively, at least, loyal to Spain. Professor Blumentritt, whom we quoted in our last

article, and who is at present the first and most competent authority on the Philippines, and an impartial witness to boot, being a German Protestant, said last year when recounting his experiences as a scientific explorer in these islands—"There are not many colonies where less blood has been shed, and also not many where the conquered people have so little hatred of, or dislike to, their conquerors. Already so richly endowed with the climate and the beauty of their native land, as well as with the fertility of the soil, the natives of the Philippines are neither despised nor down-trodden by their rulers, whom they, in their turn, do not dislike. One must, therefore, reckon them among the happiest in the world." His words, of course, do not apply to the noisy demagogues, to the freemasons, to the insurgents, at least to that part of them who have not been forced into revolt by threats and terrorism, but they describe the state of the millions as yet untouched by the rebellion. Senor Valdes, and other men of his stamp, are fond of declaring the resolve of the inhabitants of the Philippines "to be free and civilized," and "not to be subjected to the domination of friars or monkish orders." They speak the sentiments of a small, but very active and noisy, portion of the population—the overwhelming majority are happy, peaceful, and contented.

We now come to the painful task of noticing some reckless charges made by Senor Valdes against the honour of the missionaries, a painful, yet necessary, task, as the accusations were laid before the Irish public some months ago without comment or contradiction of any kind. Senor Valdes may think he has scored a point in making such outrageous statements, but he falls into error by imagining that what would go down with freethinkers and anti-clericals in Spain and Portugal, will be swallowed as readily in England, Ireland, and America. Apostate priests and nuns, lecturing under the auspices of Mr. Kensit and the Protestant Alliance,

have long since made us familiar with this gross kind of calumny, directed against our own priests and nuns, repeated, too, year after year without proof or shadow of foundation, so recklessly and shamelessly, indeed, that the lecturers only excite the disgust of the sensible portion of the Protestant body. Senor Valdes, with unscrupulous audacity, tries to beslime the character of some of the missionaries, by

say with horror, "Can such things be;" but we learn from the memorial presented last April by the heads of the various religious Orders in the Philippines to the Spanish Government, that charges of a similar nature were constantly repeated in Spain during the previous eighteen months, both in public and in private; made the subject of speeches in clubs, published in anti-clerical newspapers—all



'MASONIC APRON USED BY THE "KATIPUNAN."'

falsely laying to their charge the foulest and most unnatural crimes, which, for decency's sake, we refrain from detailing. According to this vile traducer the priests are devoid of all honour, and all the moral virtues.

Now if this were the first time that these atrocious charges were made, we might

part of the campaign against the friars, all done to lower their prestige in the eyes of the people and to obtain their expulsion from the islands. If there were any truth in the charges, they would have been brought home to the friars long since; names, dates, and documentary proofs would have been given. A list of well-

proven cases, say twenty or thirty, would have been made up, and submitted to the Government, to whom the freemasons were clamouring for their expulsion. But like the stuff the anti-clerical lectures nearer home are made of, the charges were always vague, general, and indefinite. The religious, like men of honour, took no notice of these calumnies for a long time, hoping that gradually the storm would blow over, but seeing that it increased day by day, and that they were being constantly insulted by petty Government officials in the Philippines, they, at last, took notice of them, amongst other charges, in their memorial to the Government last April. They asked as a matter of right and justice, that names and dates would be given, that documentary proofs would be produced. They affirmed that the charges were not made by those who had access to them and saw them day by day; that their convents were open to inspection; that the lives of those living in the country parts were well known to their parishioners; that there, indeed, they could not act in disguise, as their Spanish nationality made them conspicuous objects to all eyes. They asked that in case their innocence were doubted, that proper judicial proceedings would be instituted.

A few quotations from Protestant travellers will go a long way of themselves in refuting these gross calumnies. "It is said," observes the wife of the American navigator, Captain Morrell, "that in Manila there are more convents (both of men and of women) than in any other city in the world of its size, and the general voice of natives and foreigners declares that they are under excellent regulations." And then she describes their inmates. "They all seemed full of occupation. There is no idleness in the convents, as is generally supposed"—and as her own account of the various works accomplished in them sufficiently proves. Moreover, "their devotions begin at the dawn of the day, and are often re-

peated during the whole of it, or until late in the evening, in some form or other. I was born a Protestant, and trust that I shall die a Protestant, but hereafter I shall have more charity for all who profess to love religion, whatever may be their creed." Sir John Bowring, in 1859, speaks of their influence, an influence generally acquired only by men of holy lives. He says—"They exercise an influence which would seem magical, were it not by their devotees deemed divine." Dr. Ball, an American Protestant traveller, speaks highly of the character of the Spanish friars in the Philippines. Of one whom he met at Manila, he says—"He has a fund of knowledge on almost every subject, speaks six or seven languages, and has declined an offer of the president of the seminary here, preferring to remain always in the capacity of missionary." Mr. MacMicking, another Protestant, who spent some years in the Islands, says in 1861—"Most of the priests I came in contact with appeared to be thoroughly convinced of, and faithful to, their religion in its purity."*

After reading these testimonies, we may well open our eyes in astonishment and wonder at the audacity of those who disseminate these flagrant lies about a body of men distinguished by learning and holiness. And yet no one, however holy and devoted his life may be, is safe from the tongue of the calumniator. George Louis Stevenson had to take up his pen in defence of the heroic martyr of the leper, Fr. Damien, vilified by a Protestant minister. And above all, nothing need surprise us in the words and acts of the Philippine insurgents and their abettors. As an instance of their power of concocting a story to bring the friars into disrepute, we give the following account of an attempted

* We have taken these extracts from Protestant travellers, out of "Christian Missions" by T. W. M. Marshall, a valuable and learned work, from which we also quoted in our last article.

poisoning of Aguinaldo by a Spanish prisoner and eleven Franciscans, taken from the "*Republica Filipina*," one of their journals—telegraphed at great expense to Europe by Reuter's Special, and inserted in English papers. The story goes to show that his steward saw a Spanish prisoner, who was allowed a certain amount of freedom, tampering with a bowl of soup intended for Aguinaldo. The steward tasted a spoonful of the soup and fell dead on the spot. On learning of the affair, the populace attempted to lynch all the Spanish prisoners, amongst whom are forty Spanish priests, detained as hostages, but through Aguinaldo's intervention, they were protected from violence. The next day at the sitting of the new National Assembly, Aguinaldo's representative told the story of his narrow escape, and the members unanimously adopted the chairman's suggestion that they should go in a body to the President's house and express their sympathy and congratulations. To crown this farce, a special thanksgiving service was held in the church at Malolos that evening. The really silly part of the story is that eleven Franciscan priests, confined as prisoners, were alleged to have been involved in the conspiracy against Aguinaldo's life, and it was evidently on this supposition that all the priests were on the point of being massacred. A few days afterwards the story was contradicted. After all the fuss and all the expense, it turned out that the steward did not fall dead, and that no priests were concerned in the supposed plot. Still the lie did its work, both in the Philippines and nearer home, for many heard it and read about it, who did not see the contradiction.

We are not at present in a position to follow Senor Valdes in his statements regarding the dissensions between the native and European friars, the rigorous exactions and tithes, "the friars calling themselves owners of the land cultivated by the natives, claiming rents and tithes which

the real owners refused to pay," but we believe them to be as baseless as his other accusations. Before he made them, the friars had already, in their memorial to the Spanish Government, taken notice of similar accusations, and asked for dates, names, and proofs. It is curious that no English travellers to these regions have taken notice of these supposed oppressions on the part of the friars. They are concocted with the design of expelling the friars from the Islands, and confiscating their property, which they have lawfully acquired and added to by three centuries of industry. It is true they are rich in landed property, but their riches do not enable them to live individually in luxury. They are used by the Orders for the purposes of the Orders, in furthering education, and in extending their missions not only in the Philippines but also in China, Tonquin, Japan, and Formosa. Is it not better in the interests of the people, that they should continue in their possessions than that they should be robbed of them, turned adrift and their property divided among needy adventurers? It is a significant fact that one of the first acts of the National Assembly of the insurgents was to vote a pension of 17,000 dollars to Aguinaldo, enough to keep several religious communities in existence. These political heroes are anxious to enrich themselves at the expense of others, and to spend in luxury what has been gathered together through three centuries of frugal living.

It will be plain to many of our readers by this time that freemasonry, anti-clerical, anti-Christian freemasonry, is at the bottom of the whole question. Freemasonry which has already caused most of the bloody revolutions of the present century, is alone to blame for the recent events in the Philippines, to which it has been working up for the last forty years; secretly at first, and latterly with increasing boldness, as its strength grew greater

and success was assured. The secret warfare against throne and altar which it carries on almost all over the world, takes a definite direction according to the circumstances of each country. In saying this we do not intend to express any opinion for or against the sentiments of Protestant freemasons in this country, many of whom, no doubt, reprobate the anti-Christian spirit it shows on the Continent. In the Philippines it found itself face to face with a simple, native population, mostly Christian, and an active body of Spanish missionaries belonging to various religious Orders, loyal to their native country, possessing unbounded influence over their flocks, and rapidly

bers of whom were already masons before they went to the Archipelago.

That the freemasonry in the Philippines has shown itself of a distinctly sanguinary nature, is not to be wondered at, when we consider its close connection with Spain. The Lodge of Action, or Red Lodge, composed of determined revolutionists ready to use the dagger, and prepared to wade through a sea of blood to accomplish their designs, represented by Mazzini and the Carbonari in Italy, has a large following in Spain, and was presided over, a few years ago, by Zorilla, the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Spain.

The following account of the growth of freemasonry in the Philippines, taken



THE ENGLISH CLUB, MANILA, A NEST OF FREEMASONS.

bringing under the yoke of Christ the tribes who were still pagan. The religious were a power that they could not hope to cope with for a long time, and so, at first, they were left unmolested, while the members of the Craft were gathering converts and strengthening their position, among a class more suitable to their nefarious designs, viz., the mestizos or half-breeds; the Filipinos, or those who, though born in the country, consider themselves the pure-blooded descendants of the early colonists; and the Spanish officials, num-

from the "Rosario," an organ published in Rome, the editor of which has access to special information, will be of profound interest. In or about 1860 many of the strangers who frequented the Philippines, were freemasons, and members of the lodges of Singapore, Hong Kong, Java, Macao, and the open ports of China. This was at a period when England, Holland, France, the United States, for colonial reasons of their own, showed hostility to Spain. It was, therefore, quite natural that in those lodges, and by means of

these strangers, an anti-Spanish spirit gradually arose in the Philippines. Seeing this spirit arising, two officials of the Spanish navy, Malcampo and Mendez Nunez, freemasons themselves, determined to oppose freemasonry to freemasonry by founding lodges that would uphold the Spanish interests; they, therefore, established, at Cavite, the Lodge Primera Luz Filippina, placing it under the Grand Orient of Lusitania, and a little afterwards another lodge at Zamboanga, for the officials, seamen, and civil functionaries who held positions in Mindanao.

In opposition to these, the strangers residing in the Philippines, established at Manila itself a lodge of the Scotch rite, as a *point d'appui* for the enemies of Spain. They thus moved the centre of conspiracy against Spain to the Islands themselves, and tried to draw the natives into their nets by giving them important positions in the Craft. The two opposing factions of freemasonry also increased their numbers largely by taking in the political exiles who were sent to the Philippines as a result of the part taken by them in the various civil wars in the Peninsula, most of whom gave their names and services to one or the other. It is remarkable that these two bodies, guided by opposite political principles, one depending on a Spanish centre and directed principally by Spaniards, the other directed principally by Germans, English, and Americans, and opposed to Spanish interests, found, at least in one direction a point of concord, namely, in opposition to the religious Orders. Although the Spanish masons were actuated by a love for their mother-country, still the well-known anti-clericalism of freemasonry prevailed over every other consideration, blinding them to the fact that the best and most influential representatives of Spain in the Philippines were to be found in the religious Orders, who were the only civilizing force dealing with the natives. They thus indirectly

paved the way for the insurrection, for it is well known that from the ranks of the opposing factions, and principally by reason of their anti-clerical tendencies, arose the sanguinary society of the "Katipunan," which made it its direct aim to expel the friars, and overturn the Spanish Government in the Islands. The "Grand Orient," the organ of this society, declared that one of the first articles of its programme was the extermination of the religious. And here it may be noticed that the ninth term of the proposals made by the insurgents to America was as follows: "There shall be a general religious toleration, but measures shall be adopted for the abolition and expulsion of the religious communities, who with an iron hand have hitherto demoralized the actual civil administration."

In the meantime the lodges increased in number, so much so that two years ago there were at Manila sixteen lodges affiliated to the Grand Orient of Spain, and one at least in every pueblo in the province of Luzon, and also lodges in Zamboanga and the Visaya Islands; an Anglo-German club-lodge, on the books of which were inscribed the names of a great part of the Government officials; also the German Union, affiliated to the Grand Orient of Berlin; the Society of S. Giovanni del Monte, a centre common to Swiss, French, Belgium, and Dutch masons. In all, according to reliable statistics, there were a hundred lodges, and 25,000 initiates. When the freemasonry of the Philippines had gathered these numbers under its banners, the insurrection broke out, and of its 25,000 members at least 20,000 are to be found in the ranks of the rebels. Could any clearer proof than this be found that the insurrection in the Philippines is the direct work of freemasonry?

We will here call the attention of our readers to two of the illustrations which accompany this article. The first is a collection of various seals and stamps, forty-one in number, in use by the various

branches of the Katipunán, the sanguinary secret society of the natives. Masonic emblems, the compass and rule, the triangle, the keys, etc., are to be found on almost all of them, proving beyond doubt the masonic direction and constitution of the society. Turn now to the other illustration—a masonic apron worn at secret meetings and also in battle, which was found on the body of an insurgent after an engagement. No concealment here of methods to be used—the head

the friars. When she finds out that the general body of the people are devotedly attached to them, and that they have been unjustly treated, she will not be misled by the empty declamation of the insurgent chiefs, and she will not agree to the proposal of confiscating their property and hunting them out of the country. The insurgents have already given her soldiers and sailors a great deal of unnecessary trouble. If they attempt many more acts of savage violence against the friars or



TYPES OF NATIVE SOLDIERS.

dripping with blood, one hand grasping the bleeding head, and the other holding the dagger, sufficiently attest to all beholders the work of the Red Lodge.

It is difficult to estimate the effect on the present situation, if America takes over the Philippines as a possession or as a protectorate. She will certainly guard the civil rights of all classes, even those of

others, her iron hand will crush them more mercilessly and effectually than ever did General Weyler or any other Spanish General. Let us hope that the peace negotiations will soon put an end to the state of uncertainty in which everything is involved at present in the Philippine Isles.

(To be continued.)



Saint Columba of Derry.

THE DOVE OF THE CHURCH.

THERE is not in the annals of the world a grander chapter than that which tells how Ireland won her title "Island of Saints and Scholars," and of all the names which adorn those golden pages not one can compare in lustre or eminence with that of Columba. Whether we regard him as saint, patriot, or scholar, he unquestionably heads the list of those born in Ireland.

It is not, however, to any of these qualities that he owes the place he holds in the hearts of the Irish people. He is the dearest of all our saints because he had the greatest devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—because he is *par excellence* the Irish Saint of the Eucharist, and as such only we shall treat of him in these pages.

He was born on the 7th of December, 521, at Gartan, in the County of Donegal. His father, Felim, was a grandson of the

celebrated Niall of the Nine Hostages, and his mother was Ethne, daughter of

with Saint Columba, on his father's side ; while his mother's clan would probably



RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH OF SAINT COLUMBA, AT GARTAN.

MacNave, a Leinster chieftain. From chronicles of a later date we gather that the

correspond to that of Murphy now-a-days. They lived ordinarily at Kilmacrenan,



From Photo. by]

ANOTHER VIEW OF OLD CHURCH AT GARTAN.

[Coghlan, Derry.

Partly 6th century. A "Torish" or "Station" is made here in honour of Saint Columba and the Blessed Virgin.

O'Friel family claimed, and were allowed, the honour of closest blood relationship

where an abbey, whose ruins are still extant, subsequently occupied the site of

their home, but on the occasion of our Saint's birth were dwelling in a tent on the uplands of Gartan, where, on the eve of the future feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 7th, the great Irish patron and model of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, was born.

Pilgrims to Gartan still note the coincidence, and link together the names of Columba and Mary Immaculate. Hard by the spot where he was born, and overlooking the mountain tarns that are sometimes called Gartan and sometimes Akibon, are the ruins of an old sixth century church, to which, on "Lady Days," as well as on Columba's Day, some pious Catholics wend their way to make a "torish," or "station," of supplication to Mary and

poor emigrants who are about to quite Donegal for ever, come and sleep on that flag the night before their departure from Derry. Columba was himself an exile, and they fondly hope that sleeping on the spot where he was born will help them to bear with lighter hearts the heavy burden of the exile's sorrow."

Within a few miles of his birthplace, as well as of his parents' home, are still to be found the ruins of Temple Douglas Church, within which he was baptized by Saint Cronaghan probably on the very Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Fosterage was then the rule, or custom, of the Irish clans. Boys were sent away from home at a very early age, and placed under the care of some bard, soldier, or



SAINT COLUMBA'S NATAL STONE.

Columba. We reproduce the photographs of both "tarn" and "Torish," and need only add that the favourite prayer of the pilgrims now, as in the days of persecution, is the Holy Rosary.

The flagstone which formed the floor of Ethne's tent that night, is still pointed out. "There can hardly be any doubt," says Bishop Healy, "that the tradition fixing the spot is continuous and trustworthy. The stone is worn quite bare by the hands and feet of pious pilgrims; and, what is stranger still, some of the

priest, who should educate them with a special view to their future occupation. Columba was to be a priest, and so when only a few years old, we find him with Saint Cronaghan, "eluding the sports of his companions on the banks of the black watered Douglas to pray betimes in the Church."

It has been sometimes asserted, without much reliable authority, that the original name of our Saint was Crimthan, or Creivan. But his most ancient and accurate biographers, who lived near his

own times, always represent him alluding to himself as Columba—a fact that could hardly be reconciled with his well-known humility if Columba were merely a complimentary name. The affix *cille* was added while he was yet a child, not merely to distinguish him from other Columbas, but also to denote his great love for the Blessed Sacrament.

He was always to be found in the church, his companions said, nestling beside the altar like a dove by its nest; never happy when away from the tabernacle—always in a flutter of anxiety to get back again. Hence they styled him

Church”; and by that dear name, so expressive of Eucharistic devotion, so suggestive of holy memories and pious thoughts, he has ever since been known to his admiring countrymen.

Sometimes the name is rendered “Dove of the Churches,” because of the number he built. However graceful and well-deserved that title may be, it is not, as Dr. Reeves has conclusively proved, an accurate translation of Columbkille, which is singular in form, and was moreover given our Saint before he had ever founded a church at all. What a pity that Irish parents in selecting names at baptism or



From Photo. by]

GARTAN LAKES, CO. DONEGAL.

[McGrory Derry.

Columbkille—that is, Columba, or Colum, the dove, and *cille*, or *kille*, of the Church. The Book of Lismore tells us how the fuller name came to be permanently his. One day his master, Finian, came towards a group of his young companions who were sporting on the green holm by Strangford Lough. “Where is Columba?” he asked. “Yonder,” they answered, “coming from the church—he seems to belong to it, he is always there.” “Then,” said Finian, “let him be known henceforth as Columbkille, the Dove of the

confirmation for their children, do not oftener choose that of Columba, or Colum.

The Feast of Saint Columba, Virgin Martyr of Sens, reminds us that girls may bear it as well as boys. In fact, Saint Canice caused his little sister to be called Columba while our Saint was yet alive. There is also a Blessed Columba, a Virgin of the Order of Saint Dominic, whose feast is celebrated on the 20th of May.

Many pretty stories are told of Columba’s boyhood, but we must content our-

selves with three culled from the sober pages of Adamnan.

"One morning very early, while it was yet dark, Cronaghan returning after Mass from the church to his dwelling found his whole house irradiated by a bright light, and saw a globe of fire over the face of the sleeping child (Columba), at the sight of which he began to quake with fear, but kneeling down he at once understood that the grace of the Holy Ghost had been poured out from heaven in a most abundant manner upon his foster-child."

The second illustrates his attentiveness



From Photo. v]

RUINS OF TEMPLE DOUGLAS.

[Coghlan, Derry.

miss the recitation of the Divine Office in church. From listening to the Psalms he, being possessed of a wonderful memory



From Photo. by]

[Lawrence, Dublin.

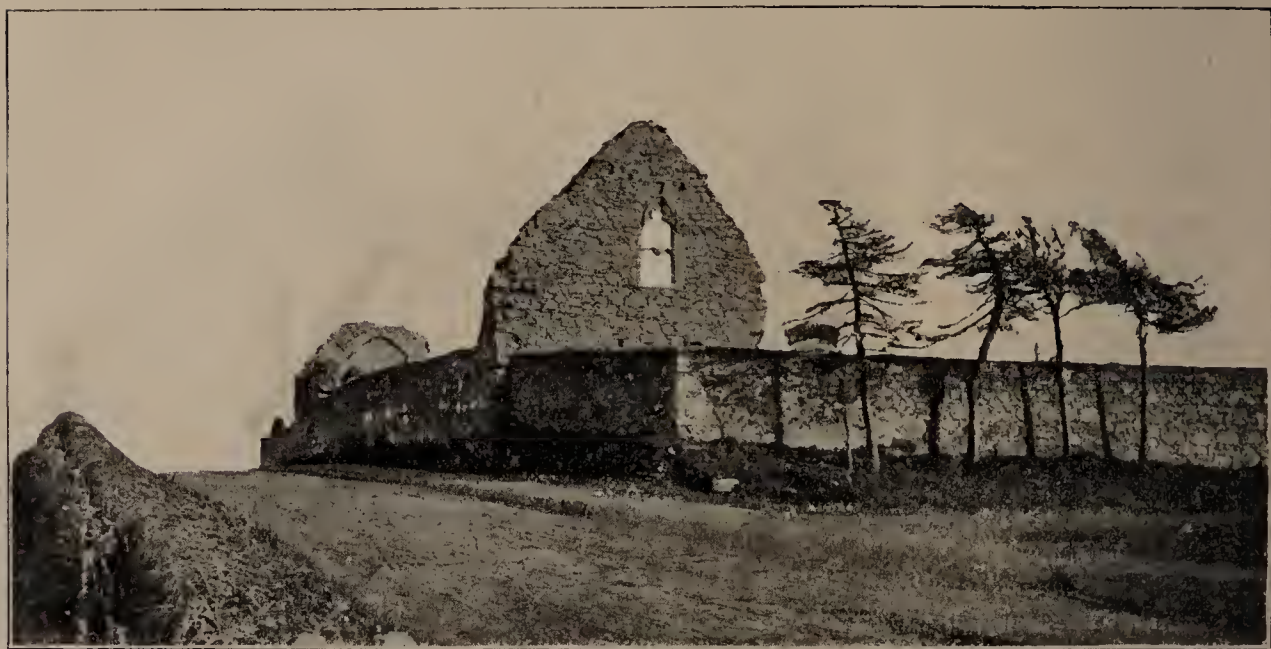
MONASTIC RUINS, KILMACRENAN, WHERE COLUMBA'S PARENTS ORDINARILY RESIDED.

to prayer and the offices of the Church. Child though he was, he used never to

and a most musical ear, came to be able to repeat and chant them. One day when

Cronaghan had taken him to visit the priest, Brugach, at Ray, in the neighbour-

continued the alternate verses to the end of the Psalm, which was the eighty-ninth.



RUINS OF MOVILLE ABBEY, WHERE HE STUDIED.

hood of Derry, he was present in the church when the two priests were, in choir fashion, alternately chanting the day's

That happened at a time when, as we are told, he had hardly mastered more than the alphabet.



SAINT COLUMBA'S "STATION CROSS," GLENCOLUMBKILLE, CO. DONEGAL.

office. Cronaghan became confused and was unable to proceed with his verse, but Columba immediately caught it up and

The third story reads like a page from the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. It tells how one day his angel guardian, whom he

calls Auxilius, asked him what special virtues he desired from God. "Virginity and Wisdom," replied the Saint. "You have chosen so well," said the angel, "that God will add the gift of prophecy besides." Soon after, whilst Columba knelt in prayer, three young maidens, clad in garments of heavenly white, stood beside him, but Columba prayed on and heeded them not. "Dost thou not know us," they asked, "we are thy three sisters, Virginity,

with the Blessed Eucharist. One day whilst he ministered at the altar as deacon, it was found that the wine was wanting for the Holy Sacrifice. He instantly besought God to show forth His power, and as he prayed the water turned into wine in the cruet which he held. He attributed the miracle to Finian's intercession with God, and redoubled his devotion to the altar.

From Moville he betook himself to the bardic school of Gemman, an aged Christian bard, famous as a teacher of music and poetry. Columba dearly loved both arts, and was most anxious to perfect himself in them before engaging in the more serious studies preparatory to the priesthood. About this time a strong pressure was put upon him to make him abandon his priestly vocation and qualify for the chieftaincy of his clan, and mayhap of Ireland. The spirit of Wisdom was still with him, however, and directed his choice and guided his steps to the great monastic school of "Saint Finian, at Clonard."

Over 3,000 pupils were at one time assembled under the tutelage of Finian. No ruins now mark the site of that celebrated institute, which exercised such a marvellous influence over the religion and education of Ireland. Finian taught

in the open air. His scholars housed themselves as best they could, in rude tents scattered over the meadows by the junction of the Boyne and the Kinnegad. Their food was of the plainest—meal (ground by themselves by means of hand querns), fish, and milk. Columba's love of study, we are told, was such that even



From Photo. by

(Lawrence, Dublin.

ANOTHER STATION CROSS OF ST COLUMBA, AT GLENCOLUMBKILLE.

Wisdom, and Prophecy, sent by God to be your inseparable companions through life."

Near Newtownards, at the head of Strangford Lough, are the ruins of Movilla Abbey, where once Saint Finian held his school, and Columba studied. While there he became a deacon, and his gift of miracles first manifested itself in connection

when turning his quern he had his book open before him. Amongst his companions were such illustrious Saints as Kevin, Ciaran, Cormac, Comgall, Brendan, and Canice, with all of whom he ever after remained on terms of closest friendship.

From Clonard he passed to the monastery of Saint Mobhi, at Glasnevin, in Dublin. His more intimate friends Comgall (of Bangor), Ciaran (of Clonmacnoises), and Canice (of Limavady, Co. Derry, from whom Kilkenny derives its name), went with him. One day when the

gall said he would prefer that all the pains and afflictions of the world were gathered into it, that he might suffer them all for the love of Christ. All were astonished to hear Columba declare that he would wish it filled with gold. Their astonishment ceased, however, when he added that he would use that gold to build, endow, and furnish churches and schools, monasteries, and hospitals throughout the land.

The church stood on one side of the Tolka; the huts of the students on the other. One stormy night, when the bell for matins sounded the rivulet was so

swollen and boisterous that all except Columba feared to cross it. Nothing however could deter him from the service of His Master. He waded through the stream, helped his companions across, and prayed so earnestly to God that when the Office was over, his companions found their cells had been miraculously transferred to the side on which they were.

Columba's studies were now ended. He was twenty-five years old. The time for his ordination had come, in Mobhi's judgment, and accordingly the holy young deacon was sent, in the year 546, to Bishop Etchen of Meath to be raised to the priest-

hood. It is a curious illustration of the then simple

state of society that Etchen was actually found at the plough guiding his cattle.

We need not linger on the fervour that must have characterised those first days of Columba's priesthood. When we call him once more "Dove of the Church," enough has been said. A pestilence soon after broke up Mobhi's school. Columba set out for home, travelling through O'Neill's country. They say when he had reached



From Photo. by]

ROUND TOWER, TORY ISLAND.

[*Kerr, Derry,*

four were examining the new church just built by Mobhi, that master asked them, "If you got all that that church could hold what would you wish it filled with? Each gave a characteristic answer. Canice would like it filled with good books which would lead many to the knowledge and service of God. Ciaran would rather have it filled with holy men, who would sing without ceasing the praises of God. Com-

the pretty valley of the Moyola that he halted for a night, and in the morning offered Mass that God might stay the plague. His prayer the people thought was sure to be heard, and so they straightway built a church by the bend of the river where he had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. They prevailed upon him to present that hasty shrine with his Missal, and even to this day the Irish speakers of the locality call the ruin that still graces the valley "Columbkille's Library." A *screen*, or shrine, enclosed that relic, and they called, and still call, the parish Ballinascreen, "the town of the Shrine." Columba was fond of that picturesque glen, and often returned to it. The people still hold his name in benediction, and are noted for their love of the Blessed Sacrament.

Some miles off, under the shadow of Slieve Gullion, he erected another chapel, at a later date, in honour of his patron, Saint Martin. Thither he used to retire many a time for quiet prayer, and the echo of those fervent prayers still lingers in the name of the parish, Desertmartin, or the Retreat of Saint Martin. In the neighbouring parish of Kilcronaghan he dedicated a church to the memory of his early tutor and fosterer, Saint Cronaghan. The name still survives to attest, if proof were needed, how ardently practical Columba's belief was in the "Communion of Saints," and how he had no sooner ceased to pray for than he began to pray to his fosterer beyond the grave.

We have followed Columba from school to school, and now our story brings him back a priest to Donegal. He made but a very short stay there on this occasion, but he seems subsequently to have visited every mountain and glen in his native county, and even to have left memorials of his priestly zeal in all the islands that dot its coast, one vast glen still bears his name, Glencolumbkille. It is studded with ancient station crosses, of which we have

reproduced two. The people of the locality still pray as they pass them, and, curious to relate, mingle with their prayers the invocation of Saint Gregory the Great, the friend of Columba, and Saint Catherine of Alexandria, the Patroness of Learning. Tradition says it was for quiet meditation and study that our Saint betook himself on occasions to that distant glen. The beautifully carved crosses perpetuate the memory and enforce the practice of the one, the name of Saint Catherine implies the other.



DR. O'DONNELL,
Bishop of Raphoe.

Who has not heard of "Tory Island" and its wonderfully Catholic people? Relics of Columba abound in its sea-defended fields, but perhaps the object most likely to attract the traveller's attention and imprint itself most vividly on his memory is "Saint Columba's Round Tower," of which we append an illustration.

Just now all Donegal is bestirring itself at the bidding of its eminent prelate to do honour to Columba and his illustrious biographer, Adamnan, who, under the name of "Eunan," is patron of the diocese. Last year, on the 13th centenary of Saint

Columba's death, the Gartan fields were all aglow with fervent piety while the great Donegal Cardinal presided at the celebration of Mass under the open canopy of heaven. This year the memory of Saint

Columba is the lever by which Dr. O'Donnell hopes to secure funds to complete the beautiful cathedral that will bear Adamnan's name, and enhance Columba's veneration in the neighbourhood of his birth.

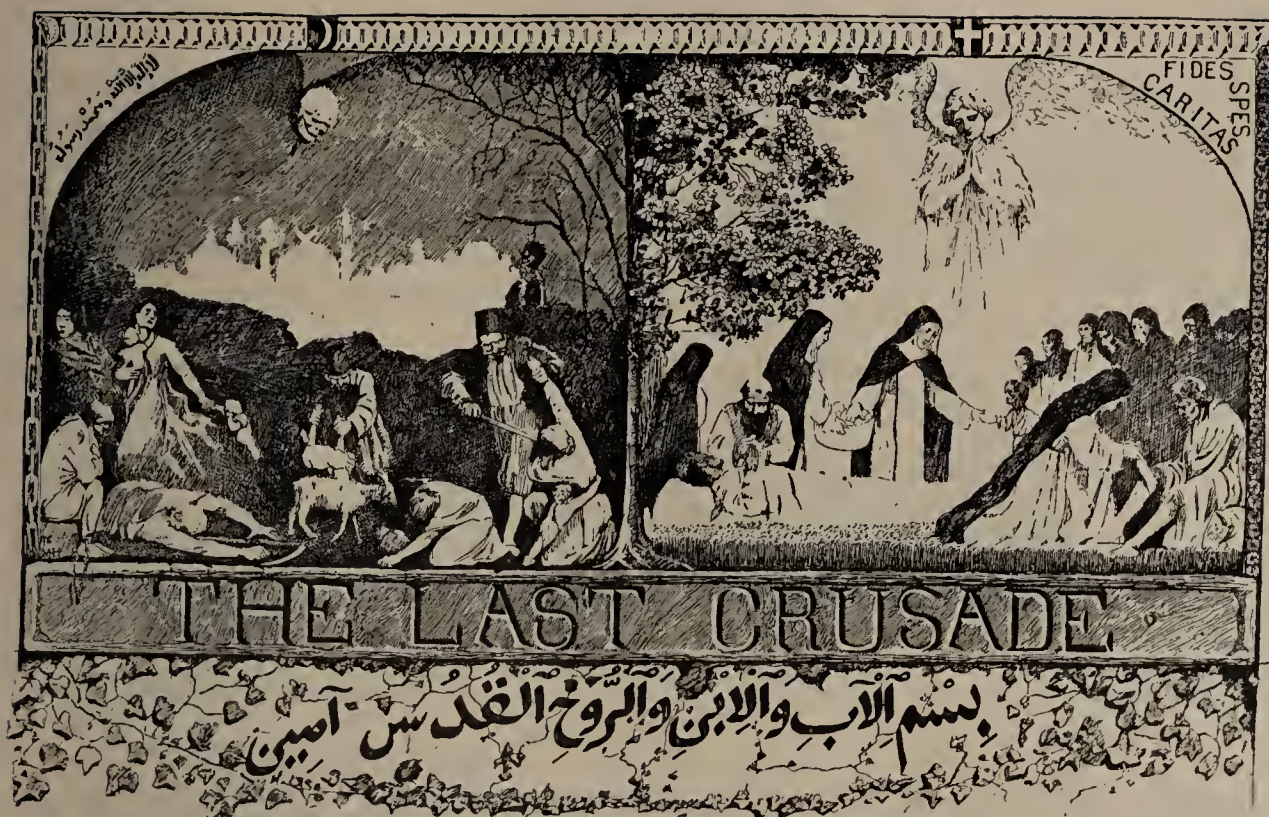


NEW CATHEDRAL OF SAINT EUNAN, LETTERKENNY.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Gill & Son.)

(To be continued.)





By JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M.D.,

LATE CONSUL OF THE U.S. OF AMERICA, AT BAGDAD.

CHAPTER IX.

MIRIAM, we may imagine, did not let the grass grow under her feet. Fleet-footed as the antelope, she scrambled over the garden wall, and soon left the disquieted men and beasts far behind her; yet on she sped through darkness and rain, away from the noisy abodes of men and out into the desert, with its awe-inspiring silence. To her excited imagination every sound, the sighing wind, a rustling leaf, a scared-up bird, proclaimed overhanging danger. Straining every muscle to its utmost capacity, bounding, leaping, stumbling, getting up again and speeding on, looking neither to the right nor the left, she paused not, until, exhausted and stunned, she lay panting on the ground, dimly conscious for a moment of a vague sense of discomfort hardly amounting to pain, and oblivious of all else.

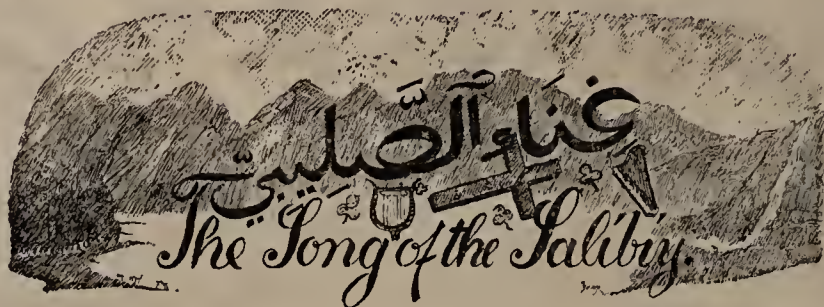
How long she remained in this state she never knew. Awakened by soft music, which came floating on the air as a song of angels, her first semi-conscious sensation was one of delicious comfort. What had happened? The events of the past few weeks were, for the time being, blotted out of her mind. Was she dead, and was this heaven? These and similar questions occupied her thoughts. On attempting to move, however, she discovered that her limbs were stiff and painful, by which she realized she was still on earth.

Opening her eyes, she found herself lying on a rug of gazelle-skins, and, near by, a bright brush-wood fire shed both its warmth and light on the surroundings. Around this were seated three strange men, clad in long shirts, made of the skins of gazelles, sewn together with leather lace. One of them was singing, accompanying himself on a multistringed instrument resembling a small harp. He sang of love and of war, of pining passions and valorous deeds.

Presently handing the instrument to the

older of his companions, and speaking in the pure language of Central Arabia, and with a softness of pronunciation reminding one of the Yemen dialect, he said: "O Mus'id!* gladden our hearts with a song."

The person so addressed took the harp, tuned it carefully, and after having run his fingers over the strings in a doleful prelude, while his two comrades placed themselves in an attitude of attentive and respectful listeners, he sang:



Adagio

كتبه الكريم
موتنا كسبنا سند برك ايدر في التوسعة البراق

1st Verse

p

1— Come list to the sto-ry which I shall re-cite, of the past and the pre-sent, of
 2— O'er the sea to the North in the past's heavy night, my fore-fa-thers dwelt in a

p

1st Verse

wrong and of right; it will sure-ly bring tears to your or-gans of sight, when I
 Land of de-light As hun-ter true Nim-rod in skill and in might; but

* The names of these three strange men were: Mus'id, "The Bringer of Glad Tidings ; "

Musà'id, "The Helper" Maghmûm, "The Sorrowful one."

tell why I wan-der a home-less guest mong Be-dou-in tribes of A-ra-bia the Blest, why the
I must wan-der a home-less guest mong Be-dou-in tribes of A-ra-bia the Blest, while the

child-ren of Light are so sore-ly op-pressed, and the Sli-biy can nev-er rest.
Child-ren of Light are so sore-ly op-pressed, the Sli-biy can nev-er rest.

Come, list to the story which I shall recite;
Of the past and the present, of wrong and of
right.
It will surely bring tears to your organs of
sight,

When I tell, why I wander a homeless guest
Among Bedouin tribes of Arabia the Blest
Why the children of Light are so sorely oppressed,
And the S'libiy can never rest.

O'er the sea to the north, in the past's hoary
night
My forefathers dwelt in a land of delight
As hunters, true Nimrods in skill and in might;

But I must wander a homeless guest
Among Bedouin tribes of Arabia the Blest
While the children of Light are so sorely oppressed
The S'libiy can never rest.

There gazelles leap nimbly and safely alight
On sharp-pointed peaks at such dizzy height,
That the mountains bar the proud eagle's
flight;

But I must wander, &c.

There are silvery streams, cool, sparkling and
bright,
And green fields, and forests that mellow the
light,

Which here in the desert quite blinds the sight

Where I must wander, &c.

My forefathers left this land of delight,
Their honour, their lives, their all, they did
plight

To serve God, shield the weak, and great
wrongs to right.

But I must wander, &c.

Shoulder cross, unsheathe the sword, did each pious
knight,

And he sware to win back from Saracen might
The Holy Sepulchre, or die in the fight.

But I must wander, &c.

He sware by his God and his sword blade
bright,

And his lady-love fair; but the World's true
Light
Shines not over Aurshalim,* sorry her plight.

And I must wander, &c.

From the cursed Sea of Lott† rose a hideous
sprite,
The ghost of a loathsome and foul Gomorrhite,
Not less graceless than ape, more voracious
than kite.

Therefore must I wander, &c.

And tortured and slain are the children of
Light
By this reincarnated old hypocrite,
Sent by Iblis ‡ on earth, fiends to sin to incite.

And I must wander, &c.

Then I no more shall wander a homeless guest
Among Bedouin tribes of Arabia the Blest.
When the children of Light are no longer oppressed
I shall enter eternal rest.

Then poets the story on parchment shall write,
And sculptors the legend in marble indite,
How the wicked trembled in mortal fright,

When I left off wandering a homeless guest
Among Bedouin tribes of Arabia the Blest,
When the children of Light no longer oppressed
'Neath the cross's protection found rest.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the last strain of the Salibiy's
pathetic song had died away, all eyes were
wet.



SHE WAS AWAKENED BY SOFT MUSIC.

May soon come the day when our chief shall
invite,
The nations of earth 'round the cross to unite,
And this horrible ogre effectively smite.

Then I no more shall wander a homeless guest,
Among Bedouin tribes of Arabia the Blest.
I shall fight for those wretches so sorely oppressed
And gain everlasting rest.

And when swords are wielded with strength
and with sleight,
And the impious monsters the dust must bite,
And never again men's happiness blight,

* Jerusalem.

† The Dead Sea which covers Sodom and
Gomorrah.

‡ The devil.

Miriam sobbed aloud; the song had
brought back to her overweighted memory
all the horrors she had passed through.
Where she was she was unable even to
conjecture; but she was not afraid. She
felt sure she was among friendly people,
possibly among Christians, though she
could not recall having ever seen or heard
of Christians like these before.

Her sobs called the oldest of the men
to her side, and kindly, gently, respect-

fully, he asked to be informed as to the cause of her grief, adding that it was not curiosity, but solely his desire to aid and serve her which prompted this question.

"You have sung the story of your own people," said she, "and of mine. Tell me first: Who are you, and how came I here?"

"We are," replied he, "poor and wandering Salibíyah, guests of the desert tribes. No one harms us, and we do no one harm. We came from Hail to sell our pelt, the hunter's wage, and herbs that hakíms* buy to heal the sick; but the death angel walks through the desert with long and rapid strides, and soldiers guard the city gates that none may enter. Musá'id found thee seeming dead, yet living, and brought thee to our camp."

Then pointing to the crucifix of her rosary, he added: "By that sign we thought thee kin; but wert thou even foe, we owe thee hospitality; the tree doth not withdraw its shade from the woodcutter." Having spoken, he folded his arms and awaited her answer in silence.

Miriam regarded him long and attentively. Of small stature and slight build, lean but muscular, with sharp features, thin, slightly curved nose, keen, fiery, black, deep-set eyes, and a full beard, he might be between forty and fifty years of age. His face was, indeed, one of almost classical beauty; and honesty, integrity, and courage were reflected therefrom. His head was covered with the usual head-dress worn in the desert, and his feet were bare; but what especially attracted Miriam's attention was a cross, crudely embroidered in leather, on the left shoulder of his gazelle-skin shirt.

"What means this sign?" queried Miriam, pointing to the cross, "are you a Nasráníy?"†

"It is the sign of our people," said he,

"but I know not its meaning; the song you heard me sing I learned from my father, who told me that we are not of this country, but whence we came he could not tell. We are ignorant and have no books; if perchance thou hast read something about us, then tell, that we may know."

"But why thus homelessly wander, guests of Bedouin tribes?"

"On a gazelle skin, ornamented with the head of a gazelle and a dagger, it is written that to us the desert shall be free."

"Who, then, has this document?"

"The great Sultan, who rules the world, and to whom all the kings pay tribute."

"But where does he live? and when was this document given him?"

"Neither of these questions can I answer, for my father did not know; it happened centuries ago."

"Are there many of you?"

Straightening himself and raising his hand, with martial bearing and proud mien, he replied:

"We are a thousand tribes, and each tribe counts a thousand armed men, who know no fear when duty calls, be it to combat evil or innocence protect. For sure we know thou art not what thou seemest; thy garb of sterner sex a woman's charms conceals. Come thou with us, O gentle maiden! Cease thy weeping, dry thy beauteous eyes, and smile thy sweetest smile. Musá'id wants a wife, give him thy hand and heart; he saved thy life. His eye is sharp, his aim is sure, his hand is always steady, and his gun never speaks in vain. Young and tender game, with fragrant herbs, will be thy food, the finest gazelle-skins thy robe, with ornaments of bright-hued plumes."

Miriam trembled and could not utter a word for fright, seeing which he continued gently, soothingly, reassuringly: "Nay, have no fear, Musá'id is no Turk. A Salibíy wins a maiden's love by wooing; or if he lose, her honour he would shield, if need be with his life. Fear nought from

* Physicians.

† A follower of Him of Nazareth, *i.e.*, a Christian.

us; and no one else shall harm thee, while one of us remains alive."

On a sign from Musá'id, the two others approached, salámed* respectfully, and withdrew a few steps, remaining standing.

"This," said Musá'id, pointing to a tall and powerfully-built man of twenty-five or thirty, whose manly face betokened intel-

ligence and true nobility, "is Musá'id, thy rescuer from dangers great; and this," indicating a youth of fifteen, "Maghmúm, a boy of goodly promise, despite his name."

Beckoning Musá'id to advance, Miriam warmly grasped his hand, and looking straight into his open, honest face, she said: "I had a lover, strong and brave as

thee, who, with my parents, shared a martyr's cruel death; and on my little brother's foul and fiendish murderer the sun has not yet risen, since the hellish deed was done, and he held cannibal feast beside the corpse. My heart is dead and buried with these loved ones; to no man could I ever now give wifely love. A cloister's quiet seclusion best befits me, to teach the young, to nurse the old and sick; or, should again the Christian nations wage a holy war, to walk the battle-field with water, lint, and bandage, prepared to quench the wounded's thirst, to bathe their feverish hands and brow, to stay the flow of blood, receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sister, and speak a soothing word to souls departing. O kind and noble friends, who saved my life, take me back to Bagdad, conduct me safely to the convent, and with gold I shall reward you, for your

welfare shall I ever pray, and my gratitude to you will never fade."

"Put by thy gold, we want it not," impressively replied Musá'id, his every lineament denoting calm dignity and pride; then added in kindly tone: "Thou art our guest, thy wishes are commands that none



"FROM THE CURSED SEA OF LOT ROSE A HIDEOUS SPRITE".

* To *salám* or greet in proper manner, place the tips of the fingers of the right hand on the forehead, and make a deep bow, saying at the same time, *As-salám alaika* (in the vulgar dialects the final *a* is silent). In greeting a woman we say, *As-salám alaiki*. Those of inferior rank in saláming the exalted, first touch the ground with their hand, then lay it over their heart, and finally touch their forehead, making at the same time a very deep obeisance.

may disregard and call me friend. Fain would we conduct thee whither thou listest, if it were possible; but armed guards bar entrance to the city."

"Ah! I forgot; thy companion told me so. Then I must go to Bassorah, and thence proceed by ship to distant lands beyond the sea."

"The Montefik, Zobeid, and beni Lám* are dying fast, and birds that carion eat fall dead upon the ground; throughout the length and breadth of lower Mesopotamia air, water, fruit, herb, milk, and flesh, or fish, of every kind, are poison. Come westward; let us flee and with the dawn attempt to race. Here, mount this gentle ass that will carry thee over desert sands and mountain paths to boundless waters, bluer than the cloudless summer sky, where white-winged crafts like graceful swans between the harbours swiftly ply, and smoking ships skim over the waves with greater speed than falcons fly. With us thou art safe; but tarry we must not, the sun is rising, and here lurks death in many disguises."

"So be it then," rejoined the maiden.

CHAPTER XI.

Six beautiful asses, white as the snow on Mount Ararat, large and stately as the horses of Nejd, swifter journeying, easier to ride, and far more enduring, stood ready to start. Three were loaded with goods brought to sell, gazelle-skins and medicinal herbs, with a few provisions for the journey, coarsely ground wheat meal, some dried dates, and a couple of water skins; the other three were awaiting their riders. Having hurriedly broken their fast with a piece of bread, a few dates, and a drink of water, Musá'id assisted Miriam to mount his own animal, walking himself

beside her; and, Musá'id leading, they set out in the direction of the Euphrates, taking the road to Hit, as they did not want to pass through Hillah.

Passing near by the tomb of Sit Zobeidah, they soon left al-Kerkh, the portion of Bagdad lying on the western bank of the Tigris, far behind; and with the ancient tower Akkargúf, said to have been built by Nimrod, and possibly marking the site of Biblical Accad (Gen. x. 10), on their right, they rode on, chasing their own shadows, and gradually gaining, until for a while they were riding side by side, when, urging ahead, the shadows followed, stretching themselves to gigantic lengths, before a halt was made. The animals, relieved of their burdens, were tethered and allowed to browse the scant vegetation around, while Maghmúm gathered camel argols with which he built a fire and baked wheat cakes in the hot ashes. These with a drink of water, constituted the supper, of which the faithful beasts also had their share; and I doubt not but that this frugal fare, eaten under the star-lit sky in the Mosopotamian desert, was more thoroughly enjoyed than the finest dinner at Delmonico's by the fastidious gormands who frequent that and similar fashionable resorts.

The meal ended, Musá'id requested Miriam to recount the story of her life, which she did, omitting no important event. Fierce was the indignation of the three knights of the cross on hearing of the inhuman outrages, the relentless persecutions, and ferocious brutalities of which she told, and they swore to avenge her wrongs, when Miriam, waving them to silence and attention, said:

"Revenge will not bring back the dead to life, nor heal the wounds of grief. The Master whom we serve and whose emblem even adorns your robe, said unto His disciples, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.' Thus He

* Names of Arab tribes in Lower Mesopotamia and environs; the last-mentioned tribe are to the east of the Shatt-el-Arab.

taught, thus He lived, and thus He died a felon's death on the cross, praying His Father in heaven to forgive those who had crucified Him. It behoves us, His humble and unworthy followers, therefore, to make it our aim to in all things imitate Him to the best of our ability and understanding. Rather promise me, then, to assist with your whole power to free the poor, oppressed, outraged, tortured, starving, perishing Christians in Armenia and other parts of the Turkish Dominions from Muhammedan persecution, that they may

ten, she began chanting in low and measured tone, modulating her voice as the narrative proceeded, at times firing up and raising it to emphasize tragic passages recounting horror-inspiring deeds, and again sinking it to grave sepulchral moanings, to mark the self-reproaching soliloquies of a contrite soul :—

Long ages ago in the heavens one night
A new star blazed forth, and a virgin gave birth
To a son, Jesus Christ, the World's true Light,
God's only begotten, come down here on earth
From His home in Heaven.



TOMB OF SIT ZOBEIDAH, THE BELOVED WIFE OF HARÚN-AR-RASHID.

worship God according to the teachings of our Holy Religion, and the dictates of their consciences."

As one they sprang to their feet declaring their readiness to follow whithersoever she would lead them, and, if need be, to shed their last drop of blood for the cause.

Mus'id then begged her to tell them something of this great and good Master, who even forgave those who took His life.

Motioning to them to sit down and lis-

In the temple, on mountain
and sea-shore He taught,
Turned water to wine, healed
the sick, raised the dead,
And wherever He went, strange
wonders He wrought,
Forgave sinners their sins,
and *His blood for us shed*,
That we might gain
Heaven.

By Judas betrayed and by
Peter denied,
Mocked, spat on, and smitten
by howling mobs,
By Pilate condemned to be
crucified,
Crowned with thorns, and
reviled spite the laments
and sobs
Of women whose tears
moved Heaven.

He was nailed to the cross
'twixt two thieves; and
the ground
Teemed with rabble who at
Him did scoff and rail.
Then darkened the sun, and
Heaven frowned,
Rent in twain was the temple
veil,
Quaked the earth afore
wrath of Heaven.

Flames spewed forth the angry
clouds,
Split the rocks and opened,

graves,
Rose the dead in their winding shrouds,
While saints and sinners, freemen and slaves
Fled afore the anger of Heaven.

Trembling they fled with mortal fear,
Gnashing their teeth, and crying with terror:
"Oh! save us! Sure Judgment Day must be
near,
When account must be rendered for good
deed and error
Afore the King of Heaven."

Dark the frown on Pilate's brow,
Darker the conscience his fierce scowl reflected;
Dangerous it were to approach him now

That he felt his own prayer would sure be
rejected
For pardon of Heaven.

But Joseph of Arimathea, the bold,
Of Pilate the body of Jesus did crave,
Which, wrapped in fine linen and myrrh bought
with gold,
He hastened to bury in a new rock-hewn grave
To await the summons of Heaven.

And the chief priests came with the Pharisees,
A watch for the grave they demanded.
"Ye have a watch, make it sure as ye please,"
The surly Governor commanded;
Then groaned in anguish to Heaven:

"Oh! would that my tongue, ere the word I
had spoken
Causing the shedding of innocent blood,
Had been torn out by the root, and my bones
had been broken,
And my body had been buried, where the ebb
and the flood
Flow by the order of Heaven.

"But repentance can never undo the deed,
Nor contrition, nor death, restore him to life.
Oh! why was I so weak?—Oh! why did I not
heed
The warning sent by my loving wife?—
A solemn warning from Heaven!

"Alas to the angry mob's howl I gave heed,
With clean-washed hands, but conscience
guilt-stained,
Which cannot be cleansed, or from remorse
freed.
What hope for whose soul to sin is chained,
In mercy of Heaven?

"Yet they tell how hanging on the cross He
prayed:
'Father, forgive them, for they know not
what they do.'
But sure it were vain for the wretch who
betrayed,
As well as for me who condemned (for we
knew),
To ask pardon of Heaven.

"Shall I follow Judas?—a rope is cheap,
My body carrion, meet for vultures' food;
Or drown my conscience in the wine cup deep,
As more befitting my craven mood?
Who am scorned by Heaven."

* * * *

Christ was risen, had robbed death of its terrors,
And redeemed whomsoever on Him shall
believe,
And, believing, repent of their sins and errors,
Lead holy lives, and thereby retrieve
Their birth-right to Heaven.

But the watch at the grave had awe-stricken
fled,
When the angel appeared and the stone
rolled away;
And bribed by the chief priests to Pilate they
said:
"While we slept, His disciples stole Him
away;
We swear it by Heaven."

To a penitent sinner He first appeared,
—It was such as she He had come to save;—
And with joy she saw whom she loved and feared,
Whose feet with her tears she had knelt to lave,
As recorded on earth and in Heaven.

And she told His disciples, who sorely did grieve:
"The Lord is risen, He is not dead."
But who, perverse and stubborn, refused to
believe,
Till he joined them at table, and with them
brake bread.
Invoking the blessings of Heaven;

And showed them the wounds of His hands,
feet, and side,
With their obstinate unbelief, hardness o
heart
Them severely upbraiding.—And their eyes oped
wide
To celestial truths He was come to impart,
With power on earth and in Heaven.

He gave power to loose and power to bind;
And *all nations* to teach and baptize strict
command,
And to strengthen the weak and give sight to
the blind.
But Peter, chief shepherd, received from His
hand
The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Thus His living Church on a rock He built,
The powers of Hell to for ever withstand
Who contritely confesses his sins, their guilt
Is effaced, rubbed out, by the merciful hand
That keeps the account-book in Heaven.

Reverently they listened to Miriam's
simple rendering of the essentials in the
story of Our Redeemer's mundane life, told
in the manner of desert nomads, and when
she had finished, Mus'íd who, as the
oldest, acted as spokesman, plied her with
many questions, which she readily
answered; and thus the night was far
spent, before they retired to their respec-
tive gazelle-skin couches, spread out upon
the ground, their tent Chaldea's star-
illumined vault.

CHAPTER XII.

THE following morning at sun-rise they
were again ready to start, greatly re-
freshed from the few hours' sleep they had
had; for the pure desert air favours vigils.
Mus'íd had departed alone and on foot
some three hours earlier, saying merely
that he would join them in the evening.
The faithful beasts travelled at a rapid
pace, breaking at times into a lusty gallop,

again varying this with a brisk trot. A brief rest at noon, when hunger and thirst were appeased with bread and water, then off they were again, and shortly after sunset they were encamped on the Eastern bank of the Euphrates, a few miles below Hit. They had as yet seen nothing of Musá'id, and Miriam was even beginning to feel anxious about him; but hardly had the animals been unloaded and an inviting brush-wood fire lighted, before he strolled into camp, gun in hand and with a gazelle-kid on his shoulder. They had roast venison for supper that night, and Miriam had cause to admire Musá'id's skill both as a hunter and a cook. The gun with which he killed his game was an old dilapidated flint-lock, from which both flint and lock had long since disappeared, only the barrel and powder pan remaining, the powder being ignited with a fuse made from some vegetable fibre soaked in a saltpetre solution, which once lighted by means of flint and steel, was kept slowly burning by almost excluding the air from the box in which it was carried.

Few of the Salíbíyah have better guns, yet so expert hunters are they that the Bedouins say of them, they are gazelle-herds, when they see a flock of gazelles they say: "This one we will kill to-day, and that one next week."

When the savoury repast, which Musá'id's forethought and skill had provided, was spread before them, Miriam, who the previous evening had prayed in silence, now raised her voice and asked God's blessing on the dainty viands they were about to partake of, and on the kind friends and protectors she had so opportunely found; and, the meal ended, she returned thanks, her companions reverently pronouncing the words after her.

Musá'id then requested her to proceed with her narrative, and to explain the teachings of the Master.

With the three Salíbíyah before her in an attitude of silent attention, Miriam re-

sumed her story, recounting briefly how, after receiving the Holy Ghost on Pentecost, the Apostles were dispersed into different nations to preach the Gospel, and convert sinners, and how Christianity spread to the North and to the South, and to the East, and to the West, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition it met with. She dwelt at length on the cruel persecutions of the early Chrisians, on their heroic steadfastness, and the glorious martyrdom which so many suffered. She also told them how schism and heresy had drawn whole nations away from the true Faith, that, as punishment, misery had come upon them, and that in time they would return repenting. In short, she gave a lecture on Church history, which was listened to with eagerness by these untaught desert wanderers, whose receptive brains had, as regards book learning, lain fallow for generations.

During Miriam's recital a storm had been brewing. Black clouds were gathering, flames of lightning were playing around the horizon, and continued rumblings of distant thunder were heard. In these regions bright blinding flashes of lightning and loud deafening crashes of thunder are rare. A flickering flame, resembling the flame of burning brandy on a plum pudding, will light up the horizon all round, and in this will be observed occasionally a zig-zag lightning creeping rather lazily along, or at times skipping, tripping a fantastic dance to the music played by heaven's electric orchestra, which sounds like the constant and even beating on a thousand drums just barely within hearing distance. This performance may last for hours; but it never occurs during summer.

No rain fell, and the clouds soon blew away. Our travellers slept soundly, and were early astir in the morning. The day was begun with prayer, conducted by Miriam, who was now certain that her travelling companions were, without know-

ing it, Christians at heart, and descendants of Christian heroes. Their name, everything, indicated that.*

Journeying upstream along the river bank, they soon came upon a camp of many large tents, and from the centre pole of the most conspicuous one, a tri-coloured flag was waving, which Miriam at once recognised, having seen it float above the Russian Consulate in Bagdad. Magnificent horses, of noble pedigree and pure breed, besides asses and camels in goodly number, were grazing near the water's edge, where the herbage was green and rank, and busy attendants were moving to and fro between the tents.

When in town the *Salibíyah* are timid as the gazelles which they hunt, and it is with great difficulty that they can be persuaded to enter a house; but in the desert it is otherwise, so they rode boldly into the camp of the Muscovite, who, judging from his numerous retinue and gorgeous equipment, evidently was a personage of high, perhaps even of princely, rank.

CHAPTER XIII.

MIRIAM bade them not divulge her sex and nationality, but allow her to assume the character of a *Salibíy* youth, for as such she was already attired; and her wonderful self-possession, coupled with a thorough knowledge of Arabic made it easy for her to keep up the disguise, a disguise which was equal to a free passport through every part of Arabia.† What led her to conceal her true identity from the Russian nobleman, for such he was, was

* *Salibíy* from *Salib*, a cross, signifies "a follower of the cross," a person distinguished by the Sign of the Cross, a crusader. The plural is *Salibíyah*. (There are also other corrupt plural forms.)

† The *Salibíyah* are recognized by all the Bedonin tribes as "Guests of the Desert, and are consequently never robbed or otherwise molested. They might with perfect safety convey the treasures of a Rotchild through Arabian robber camps.

distrust and fear of all men of exalted rank, except Church dignitaries and monks, or such others as by pure and noble lives had won her confidence.

They were welcomed by a tall, lean, bony, angular gentleman of about fifty, with grayish hair and moustache, and keen, piercing, dark-brown eyes, who invited them to his tent, and received from them graciously a choice piece of venison and a beautiful gazelle-skin. Refreshments, coffee, cigarettes, and sherbet were served; but Mus'id, to whom, as the oldest of the party, these marks of hospitality were first offered, refused to partake of all but the sherbet, which he barely tasted, and the others followed his example. To do this Miriam had to call up her spirit of self-denial, for she was really longing for a cup of fragrant Mocha bean decoction; but she was afraid, and with good reason, that by acting differently from the others, she would only draw the nobleman's attention to herself.

Mus'id on being asked why he declined to smoke, replied that the odour of tobacco would cling to him and frighten away the gazelle, and as his reason for not drinking coffee, he gave one which disclosed a philosophical mind: he might get to liking it, and if he could not then always have it, he would miss it greatly; therefore, it was safer to drink only water. The host, who was attired in the ordinary garb of the desert, which, both for safety and convenience sake, is usually worn by European travellers in Arabia, approaching Mus'id, asked him by what names or titles he might address him and his companions. Mus'id promptly furnished the desired information, inventing for Miriam the appellation *Kalb-al-Asad*,‡ which made her blush; and observing this, the nobleman turned to her and said: "O valiant youth! Thou soul of bravery, with face and hands of fair-skinned maid, but in whole breast, I note, dwell courage,

‡ Lionheart.

modesty, and love of truth. I need a faithful page, discreet, sagacious, prudent, observant, quick, a ready wit with ready answer on occasions, and yet, forsooth, who knows to guard his tongue and silence keep, when speech is treason. What sayest thou? Wilt serve me, lad?"

"I say you nay," replied the disguised maiden, "I serve none but God; nor was I bred to intrigues, sycophancy, fawning, and the like, which, well I know, belong to courtly life.

"Be it then," said he, "as thou hast chosen. No doubt, to roam the desert, chase wild beasts, wage war against hostile nations, and harvest fame and gilt-edged glory would be more to thy liking. But thou art poorly armed; thou carriest neither rifle nor pistol, and short is the blade of thy dagger."

"Never too short is the blade, if one is not afraid; and whoso wishes to measure the length of his sword with my dagger is welcome," was the prompt rejoinder.

"By God," continued he, "if its edges be keen as thy wits and its point be as sharp as thy tongue, I would rather be excused. Yet a good rifle, even such a lion heart as thou wilt not despise; here, keep this as a memento of our meeting," saying which he presented her with a Remington of modern construction, together with an abundant supply of ammunition, adding:

"I prophesy some day the enemies of God will tremble, when thou, His fearless servant, shalt strike the blow; then let this weapon speak the tongue thy mother taught thee!"

"Amen," softly spake the hero maid; "amen," echoed likewise her companions.

The Russian plied them with all sorts of questions about the present camping-grounds of the Mesopotamian tribes, but got little satisfaction, for the Salíbíyah are cautious, and they suspected him, perhaps not without grounds, of being a political spy. Their questions about

whence he came and whither he was travelling were also answered evasively.

Wishing to depart, they now asked permission to take leave, and he accompanied them without the tent, where, hitched to a post, stood a noble Arab steed, saddled and bridled, impatiently awaiting its rider, and turning to Miriam, he said: "As you came into camp, I noticed that only three of you were mounted. Moreover, it ill befits an intrepid warrior like thee to ride the meek and humble beast regarded by all nations, and in all ages, as the incarnation of stupidity; thee behoves a prancing war-horse to carry thee through fire, smoke and lakes of purple gore to valorous deeds. Accept this one as a token of my profound esteem."

"It is not meet that lowly folk ride high and prancing horses; and I am proud, nor need even the great be ashamed, to ride the beast a greater one than any earthly king with triumph rode. It is furthermore to my mind, slander, yea, sheer calumny, to hint or insinuate that such faithful, gentle, patient toilers are stupid; on the contrary, to live as they a life of sweet contentment on frugal fare, with cuffs and kicks for condiment, yet ever drudging duteously—surely, that is the essence of true wisdom."

"Yes, I perceive now that they are indeed wise, or they would not have secured so astute an advocate to plead in their defence; therefore, choose the wisest one of all the asinine-embodied sages here assembled. Which dost prefer: a Socratic or Solomonic reincarnation?" saying which he conducted her to where the animals were grazing, her companions following close upon their heels.

Miriam having chosen an ass of no great beauty, it led to further banter between them.

THE RUSSIAN—

"Ah! not wisely hast thou chosen; surely any ass had made a better choice. Look, what mean, ignoble appearance—Choose again."

MIRIAM—

"Appearances are often misleading. I abide by my choice."

THE RUSSIAN—

"True thy words are; appearances are indeed often misleading. Of this thou art a living proof. Tell me, who and what art thou?"

MIRIAM—

"I am what I seem, a Salibiy—*C'est à dire, un soldat des Croisades.*" (These last words in French, pointing at the same time to the leather-embroidered cross on her left shoulder).

THE RUSSIAN—

"But how is this? the Crusades were fought centuries ago."

MIRIAM—

"Yes, but not to a finish; they must be fought over again."

THE RUSSIAN—

"Then I wish to enlist, nor my duty will shirk. O show me the enemy—where do they hide? I am eager in earnest this war to begin."

MIRIAM—

"Deep down in our hearts in concealment they lurk.

They are selfishness, cowardice, vanity, pride, Avarice, treason, all manner of sin."

THE RUSSIAN—

"Nay, but these are my allies; rather war on the Turk.

Come, unfold thy banner; let us fight side by side.

If joining our forces, we surely shall win."

MIRIAM—

"Who would fight by my side must be pious and bold,

And forever all manner of evil eschew.

But first one must conquer the evil within."

THE RUSSIAN—

"Know that I fight only for glory or gold;

Nor can I the world's sinful pleasures eschew.

I shall never grow saintly who am long steeped in sin."

MIRIAM—

"Behold these noble sons of Crusaders of old, My faithful companions, three good men and true!

With an army of such I the war shall begin."

THE RUSSIAN—

"As we cannot agree, it is better we part.

Go in peace, adieu, Chevalier Croisé."

MIRIAM—

"Yes, our journey is long, it is time that we start;

But for you, Count de N-e, I ever shall pray."

On hearing his own name the Russian was still more bewildered. Who could this youth be? A spy in the service of a rival nation?

A barge having been placed at their disposal by the Count, the Salibiyah crossed the river at this point, and then cut across the desert to strike the Hit-Hail pilgrim road further on.

(To be continued.)



Shelley's Lines on the Blessed Virgin.

"SERAPH of Heaven, too gentle to be human,

Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman,

All that is insupportable in thee,

Of light and love and immortality;

Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse;

Veiled glory of this lampless universe;

Thou moon beyond the clouds; thou living Form

Among the dead; Thou Star above the Storm,

Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror;

Thou Harmony of nature's wit; thou Mirror,

In whom, as in the splendour of the sun, All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on.



THE ADVENTURES OF A DOMINICAN MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Way to Archidona.

NOW that we are aware of the trials and dangers which await us, and have a bird's eye view of a journey through the "forests primeval," we shall lose no time but at once proceed towards Archidona.

The first thing to be done is to emerge, as quickly as possible, from the cramped-in gorge, where the Maspa flows. Until we are out and away from it, we feel as if we were cooped-up in the neck of a gigantic bottle, without horizon or perspective. We feel stifled in it, and its penetrating dampness produces a kind of numbness in the body. Shave-grass, arborescent ferns, and multi-shaded mosses of every description have taken up their abode on all sides, and barely leave room for a few palm trees, which alone can flourish in the chilly dampness.

Now and again, however, when the bank softens its rigid outline, the sun's rays creep in with soft and caressing touch and

light up the rich vegetation. The Palma christi, or castor-oil trees, glow in the sun with their scarlet trappings, and huge clumps of heliotrope shed sweet perfume on the sultry air. On one side, we see the date trees (*Datura arborea*) with their tube-shaped white blossoms, and on the opposite bank enormous begonias, with their multi-coloured leaves; these are so admirably shaded that, at a distance, the eye is deceived, and we believe we are gazing at exquisite flowers of divers hue. The queen, however, of this sombre and damp region is the arborescent fern, which rivals the palm-tree by the fine lace-work of its leaves, and the airy gracefulness of its candex. It is very strong, and we often used it as a rustic plank to cross the numerous torrents which watered our onward march.

At the mouth of the gorge of Guacamays, we came upon the town of Baëza, built on a promontory and encircled by the watery ramparts of three great rivers: the Maspa, the Quijos, and the Vermejo. At one time it was a flourishing city, the capital of the province of Quijos, which, at a far-distant period, embraced all the territory included between the Pastazza and the Cordillera of Putumayo. We

must admit that the crowd of Spanish adventurers who settled down in this privileged corner had a very keen sense of the beautiful and of the useful. Quite apart from the beauty of the site, and the proximity of gold-bearing rivers, Baëza is a stronghold of the highest order. In spite, however, of the strong, natural defences of its position, the inhabitants fled from it, panic-stricken, at the very first news of the attack by the Jivaros on the populated cities of Sogrono, Valladolid, and Sevilla d'Oro. They abandoned their plantations, and sacrificed their fortunes to take refuge in the Sierras or mountains. A great many Indians, no less timid than the whites, followed the latter in their flight, and it would seem as if Papaillacta owes its existence to some of these unfortunate emigrants: many living traditions amongst the Indians leave very little doubt on the subject.

The abandonment of the city took place in 1599, only forty-one years after its first foundation. To-day, Baëza is not even a village; it consists of three Indian huts! Of the magnificent plantations, made by the hand of man, naught remains save some of the passion-flower (*Grenadilla*) cinnamon, and naranjilla. The natural vigour of these three have enabled them to resist the encroachment of the forest-plants, but all the rest has been overgrown and stifled by the luxuriant, but unproductive vegetation of a virgin forest.

Baëza maps out a new departure on the road. Up to the present we had kept our faces turned towards the west, as the Cordilleras did not allow of our striking out in a digonal direction from Papaillacta to Archidona. Now, however, the ground becomes less abrupt and uneven, and we are able to travel south after having crossed, at considerable risk, the Cosanga and the Jondache.

It is impossible to describe the wondrous scenery which bursts upon our delighted gaze, and makes us forget all our weariness and wounds. No longer a damp

and gloomy gorge, but a smiling valley, bathed in radiant sunlight and decked by the hand of Nature, as if for a joyous festival. The river is still there, running swiftly and whitened with foam, but its mad rage has calmed down and the thunder of its voice has softened. Instead of uprooting trees and dashing rocks from their basis with its gigantic strength, it murmurs gently, and flows round the grey stones with soft and caressing touch, encircling them with a graceful fringe of foam, and bringing to their feet the green leaves and flowering branches, which the wind has cast on its rolling waters. Its anger could not resist the spell of its surroundings; countless shrubs and flowering trees line its banks, swaying and bending their flowery burdens over the fast-flowing river; some, indeed, have stretched their huge branches across the stream and have enlaced their foliage, thus forming a roof of verdant beauty. Triumphal arches, hung with purple, white, and crimson blossoms, sway in the sighing breeze, and the great river flows onward beneath them all, as a mighty conqueror. We rested on the bank for a while to enjoy the magnificent spectacle. Huge butterflies, with gorgeously-coloured wings, flutter from bank to bank, and from tree to tree, glistening in the sunlight like jewelled leaves. We need not even raise our eyes to see them, for their beauty is mirrored in the clear water at our feet. Humming birds fill the flower-clumps and flit hither and thither like gleams of red, violet, green, purple and white light. Such colours! such beauty! no, not on an artist's palette nor in the fairest dreams have the eyes of men ever seen anything to compare with these tiny marvels of the great Creator's love.

The life of a humming-bird is spent in robbing the flowers of their sweet booty; we saw them flitting from one to another, plunging their slender beaks into the fragrant cups, but we never saw them alight on their feet. Now, the bee enters the

flower's chalice, and leaves it covered with pollen; but the humming-bird, the jewelled bee of these countries, is never soiled by contact with the flower; it is the only bird which does not fear man; it does not even seem to notice his appearance. When flying it passes so close to the face that its wings graze the hair, and yet it is quite fearless and continues its flight and honey-search with unabated vigour. If, however, we put forth our hand to catch the winged beauty it instantly disappears and eludes our every grasp with surprising swiftness. We found a humming-bird's nest, which was so tiny that a wren's demesne appeared a very castle in comparison! It had an elliptical, not a rounded, shape, and was lined with scraps of cotton and blades of grass; it was like unto a graceful sea-shell with mother-of-pearl tints. One tiny bird rested in this microscopic cradle—the humming-bird has never more than two children to look after. Instead of fluttering and chirping with fear at the intrusion, the parent birds quietly continued their work of feeding the atom in the nest, and smoothing its new feathers. What beauteous things are hidden by Providence in the depths of the woods! For the man who can read in the book of Nature, book inspired by the Creator's love, everything is a matter for observation; what enlightenment for the mind, pure joy for the heart, and loving gratitude as the soul's homage, are found at every step and at every moment.

Soon, however, a very painful sensation drew our attention from the graceful and peaceful scene before us—the pangs of hunger! Our food supply had run out, for the meat which had been salted and dried for the journey, had turned bad through the combined influence of intense heat, followed by penetrating dampness. What was to become of us in these deserts, not at all flowing with milk and honey, as had been asserted. The trees gave but a little juice, which was bitter in the extreme, and the rare fruit hung in inacces-

sible places. We were only three days' journey from Archidona, true—but we had to be fed during those three days, or fall victims to inanition. I made up my mind to organize a hunting-party, and soon learned to appreciate the clever instincts of my Indian guides.

We hid ourselves in a thicket, through which flowed a stream of limpid water, and the Indians began to imitate the cries of various animals. One whined like a monkey, another clucked like the wild turkey, a third imitated the parrot's shriek, and very shortly all the bipeds and animals of the neighbourhood were duped into replying. In five minutes the trees of our thicket were covered with monkeys, turkeys, and parrots. Bang! bang! I let the gun go off and havoc was the answer. Two wild turkeys and a large monkey fell dead to the ground. The joy of the Indians is indescribable. They bounded, yelled, jumped, and shrieked in a most extraordinary fashion. In the twinkling of an eye the turkeys were plucked and cleaned, and an improvised skewer of iron-wood (*chonta*) was thrust through their bodies ready for roasting.

But the monkey! How, shall I describe the preparations for that feast? The Indians seized it by the arms, the tail, and the head, shaking it violently, and vociferating all the insults which they are in the habit of addressing to the dead bodies of their enemies on the battle-field. They soon cut off the poor animal's head, stuck it on a pole and began marching it round the blazing fire, with hideous yells. Then they caught hold of the hands and began to drag and contract the nerves and sinews. Evidently they were returning to their savage state, and the anthropological recollections of their ancestors were going to prove too much for them! It was a dangerous game, for their insolence was already assuming threatening proportions. I saw that it was time to interfere. Seizing the animal by its tail, I declared that I, too, intended to share in the feast. This

unexpected manœuvre cut short the savage fun; the Indians became silent and looked at each other, as if not understanding clearly what to think of me. When, however, they saw me proceed to cut the animal up with my steel hook, they understood that I meant business, and at once commenced to help me in the disagreeable and self-appointed task. I took the two arms for my share, and gave up the rest to them. The head, hands, body, and intestines, everything disappeared; nothing was spared by their cannibal appetites; even the skin did not escape, but was roasted and eaten, hair and all. I could not conceal my disgust at the hideous repast, but when I saw them plunge their dirty bloodstained hands into the smoking brain of the monkey, and then throw themselves on the muscles of the face, my horror knew no bounds. I broke out into exclamations against these human vultures, but they paid no heed. Surfeited at last with the disgusting banquet, they stretched themselves out on the ground and slept the sleep of the boa-constrictor digesting its prey.

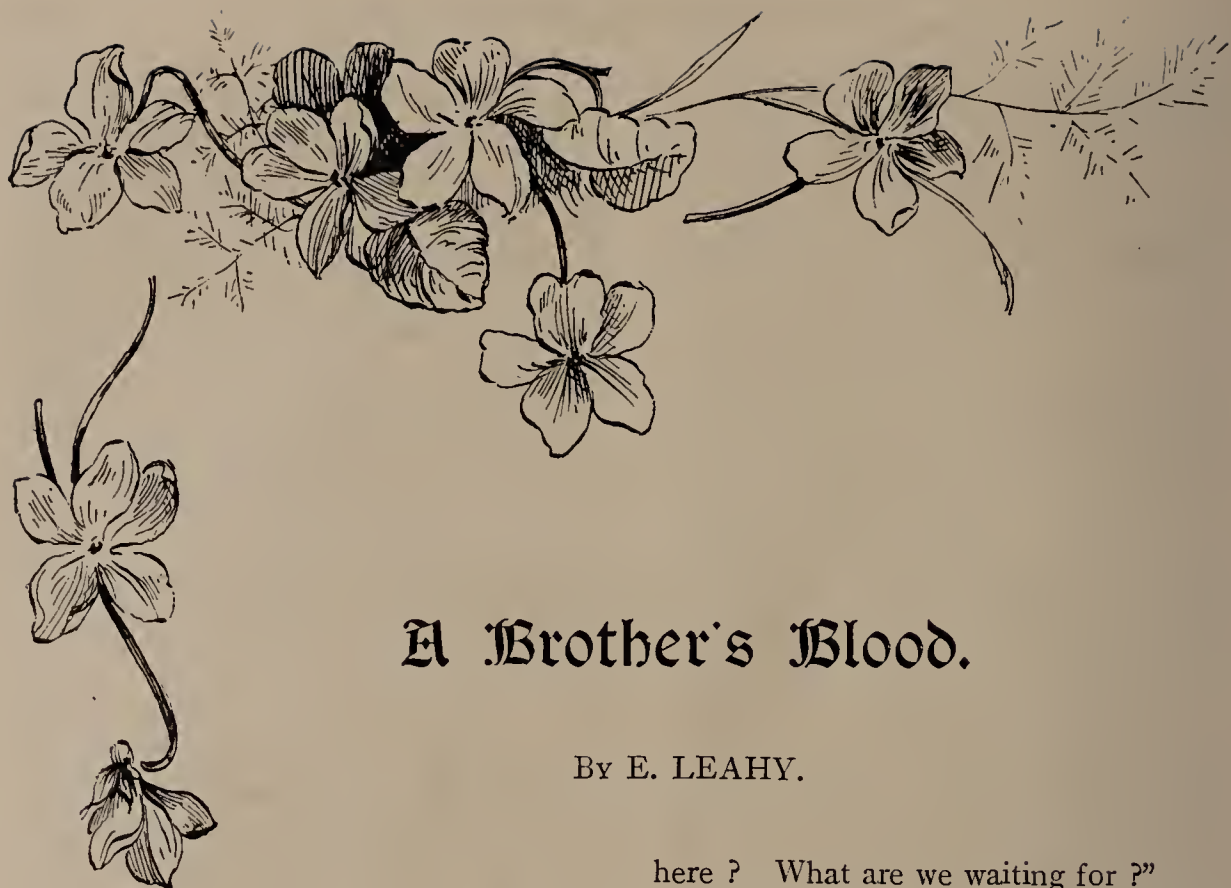
After having crossed the Cosanga and the Joudache, we passed over the Mondayacu and a few other rivers of minor importance. We were approaching the plain, for the ground no longer presented the tiring ups and downs which had been our portion for so many days. The more we advanced, the denser became the undergrowth; our feet were slipping in marshy mud, while our hands had all their work cut out for them by having to fray a passage through the bamboo trees and long, slinging grasses. These latter be-

come veritable trees in their turn, through the extraordinary luxuriance of growth, and their long creeper-like arms encircle and imprison us. Armed with our hooks, we struck out right and left to clear a way, but the thorny branches which fell and entangled our feet, revenged the injury with painful smartings.

Countless serpents and snakes, disturbed in their haunts escaped before us, hissing as they disappeared. Some reared their heads and prepared to do battle, but the Indians, swift as lightning, threw themselves on their writhing foes and hacked them to pieces before they had time to bite. The Indians do not dread the larger kinds; it is the small snake which is their terror. The former can be seen, or heard, and time is, therefore, given for escape; but the tiny species are silent and wily; they hide under fallen leaves, or are twined round a dead branch, and woe to the Indian who treads on them with his bare foot! The fangs penetrate the flesh and the unfortunate man falls to the ground uttering piercing cries. He does not, however, lose his presence of mind, but begins by killing the treacherous animal which has bitten him, and then, unconscious homeopath, takes the flesh of the viper to make an antidote which will expel the poison from his system. Thus he obliges the one who inoculated him with death to give him life. In the meantime he applies his lips to the wound and sucks out the venom, and on his return to his hut makes the ointment which generally cures him. I succeeded in obtaining the receipt for making it up.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—Subscribers desirous of having their numbers for the year bound can obtain the Index of Contents from "The Irish Rosary" Office, post free for two stamps.



A Brother's Blood.

By E. LEAHY.

“**M**Y hands are frozen, I can scarcely hold my musket. What is the use of our standing here in this wood, drenched to the skin, on such a cold wet night?”

“Now, brother, what can we do? We have got our orders. If the Convention had not murdered our poor King Louis, we should be still in his service, and what we are suffering here, we should have to suffer somewhere else. We are doing now from fidelity what formerly we were compelled to do, so let us grumble no more.”

“Now, Francois, I am not grumbling, only I should like to know why we are standing since nine o'clock at this cross path as immovably as those great oaks yonder?”

“Our Captain said to me this morning: ‘A dangerous post must be occupied to-night, I want two brave, trustworthy fellows—you will be one of them.’ Without a second thought I took my gun, and said to the Captain: ‘I will take my brother André with me as the second,’ and so here we are.”

“Good, good; but what are we doing

here? What are we waiting for?”

“André,” answered Francois, advancing a few paces nearer to his brother, from whom he was separated by a slight barricade of felled wood. “We stand here as sentinels. We are to guard an officer who will pass here to-night on his way to La Chaponière, where the heads of the army are to meet. Now, you know as much as I do. Be quiet, and keep close watch. We are at the outposts, and the least noise might attract the Republicans, who are prowling about.”

André made no response, and the two brothers tried to shelter themselves from the drenching rain as much as possible under the great trees which reared their majestic heads at the edge of the path. Nothing was to be heard but the moaning of the wind through the branches, and the continuous drip of the rain.

An hour passed away; André and Francois still maintained their silent watch. Suddenly, steps were heard approaching. The brothers raised their muskets, as if in anticipation of a surprise.

Francois stepped forth and demanded: “Who goes there?”

“God and the King,” was the answer, spoken in a well-known voice.

Francois instantly presented arms to the General in Command, saying as he did so :

"Ah, General, I knew your voice."

"Well, my good fellow, can you tell us how far we are still from Le Chaponière?"

"Only about a mile or so, General."

"Have you noticed anything? Have the Blues sent out no patrol to-night?"

"No, General, none; we have heard nothing."

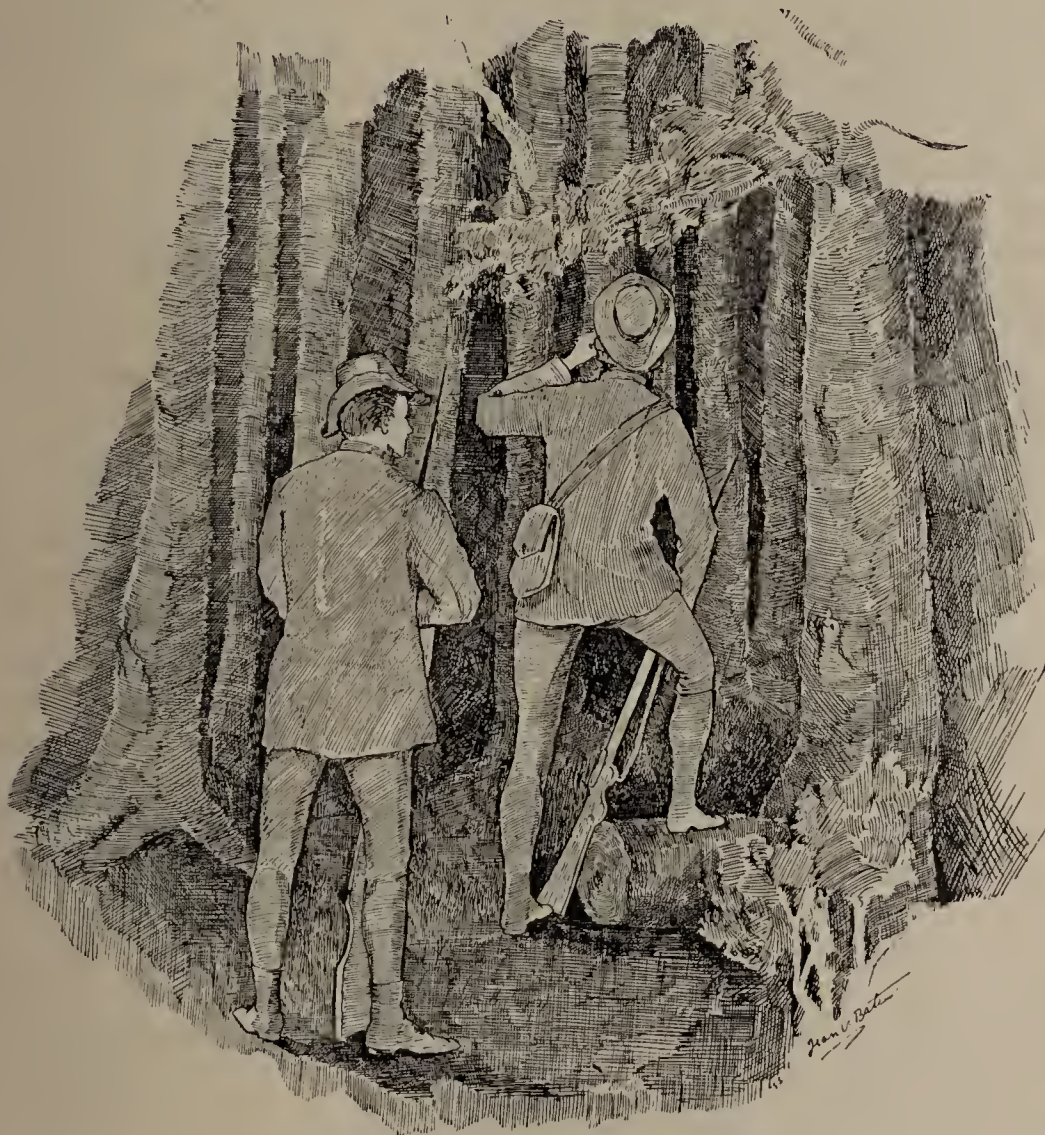
"That is well. Your watch is over for

shall let you fight beside me to-morrow against the Republicans."

"Ah! General, I ask nothing better; but I was not alone to-night. I have a brother, who is as willing as I am to obey your orders. André," continued the young man, in a low voice, "André, where are you hiding?"

André made no response.

"Strange," murmured his brother, "he was there a moment ago."



ANDRE AND FRANCOIS STILL MAINTAINED THEIR SILENT WATCH.

this time, go home and rest. You seem a brave fellow. Stay, are you too tired to show us the way to the Farm where we are expected?"

"Even if I were tired, my strength would return to carry out your wishes, General."

"Well said. As a reward, perhaps I

"Ah! perhaps he was exhausted and went off when he heard me say that your watch was over. He did quite right; you will see your brother again to-morrow."

With these words, General Stofflet signed to François to proceed, and accompanied by his adjutant, Baron von

Lichteningen, and M. Bernier, followed the guide through the almost impenetrable darkness. At last, covered with mud and drenched to the skin, they arrived at the Farm of La Chaponière.

Here they had been for some time anxiously expected. They were ushered into a large room, where several other officers of the Vendéan Army were already assembled. A huge fire burned on the hearth, and a hot supper smoked on the huge oaken table.

M. Bernier approached the farmer of La Chaponière, and said to him :

"In about four hours time, two Generals of our Army will arrive here to confer with Stofflet, no one knows of their coming, not even those who awaited us. Your farm is safe, that I am sure of ; it is so lonely, buried almost in the depths of the forest ; but, meanwhile, watch carefully lest the Blues should surprise us. The fate of the Royal army hangs, perhaps, on the council which we shall hold in the morning in your farmhouse."

Then suddenly turning to Francois, who stood near, he exclaimed :

"Young man, did you not tell the General yonder, where we met you, that there were two of you on guard ?"

"Yes, Monsieur, my brother André and myself kept watch ; the captain of our parish gave us the post, and confided to me alone the secret and the pass-word."

"And why not to your brother as well," interrupted Bernier, fixing his keen gaze on the young man's honest countenance.

"Ah ! I will tell you, M. Bernier, because although André is bravery itself, he is not always as silent as I am."

"And what does he talk about ?"

"Oh, about our comrades who, peasants like ourselves, are fighting for their country."

"Not about anyone else ?"

"But, Bernier," broke in Stofflet, "what do you mean by cross-examining the poor young fellow. I am sure he would much

rather eat his supper than answer all the useless questions with which you are overwhelming him."

"The questions which I put to this young man are for your sake and mine, General ; I beg of you do not interrupt me. When did your brother quit his post ?"

"André," answered the youth with ready frankness, "must have gone away the moment you came up. The General told us that we were not wanted any longer. My brother, who was standing on the other side, must have gone away, expecting me to follow him."

Bernier muttered some unintelligible words between his teeth, and turning to the farmer, he gave him some fresh orders in a low voice. Then he sat down by the fire and opened a book, but before beginning to read, he said to the assembled officers :

"My friends, I advise you to rest for an hour or two. Who knows when you may be able to get an hour's sleep again."

"Comrades," said Stofflet, "let us follow our friend's advice, and while he watches for us, let us sleep for him."

A few minutes later all were asleep, with the exception of Francois, who finding himself very much disturbed by Bernier's searching questions, at last approached the latter, and implored him to explain his reasons.

"Young man," replied Bernier, "I am far from believing that your brother is a traitor, God preserve me from suspecting my neighbour without proof, but I have, as we all have, you as well as the rest, a heavy responsibility. In three or four hours more all the leaders of the Vendéan Army will be assembled under this roof ; they meet to discuss a project on which perhaps, hangs the return of peace to our country ; think what a reckoning would be demanded from those who, by carelessness or, perhaps worse, suffered such an important secret to be revealed, if those

Generals who are coming hither should, by any treachery, be betrayed into the hands of the Blues."

"But, Monsieur Brenier, my brother is incapable of such treachery; he has gone home to our farm, and if you will allow me to go there, I shall be able to satisfy you of this."

"I can assure you beforehand," replied Francois, whose countenance flushed with shame that his brother should be suspected of such guilt, "that I shall be here again in three hours with my brother André."

He departed; and, although feeling strangely disturbed, Bernier began to read.

Heart and brain wildly agitated, Fran-



THE OFFICER FIXED HIS KEEN GAZE ON THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNTENANCE.

"My good Francois," exclaimed Bernier, "heaven inspired you with the thought. Hurry away, and return still more quickly. Heaven grant that you may find your brother in his home."

cois hurried out into the stormy night, and plunged into the intricate forest paths. Heedless of obstacles he rushed madly along. At any cost this terrible doubt must be decided; his brother's innocence

must be proved, and made clear as day. Endowed with superhuman strength he sped his way, when, suddenly, at a great distance, he perceived flickering lights. Convinced that his practised eyes did not deceive him, Francois instantly formed a resolution. He took another direction, and followed the far-off glimmer, which seemed to retreat in the direction of La Chaponnière. His rapid pace soon brought him near the mysterious beacon. The mystery was revealed. A company of Republican soldiers was marching through the wood, and to expedite their progress, each man carried a light fixed to his bayonet.

At their head, evidently acting as guide, walked a peasant.

An indescribable fear seized Francois; the brave fellow trembled; cold drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he felt instinctively that Bernier's suspicions were about to be justified. Crouching in the thick underwood, he waited.

In a few moments the soldiers came along the path. Judge of his horror-stricken anguish when he recognised in their guide, his brother André—André with his Vendéan musket, his white cockade—André walking with unbound hands and head erect at the head of the enemy!

It was enough. Francois knew whither they were going; he knew what noble victims had been sold to them, and were about to be delivered into their hands. He trembled convulsively with anger and despair. But in a moment strength of mind and body returned. With lightning speed he retraced his steps. He reached Lt Chaponnière utterly exhausted, and sank breathless, bathed in perspiration, at Bernier's feet.

"Save yourself, he gasped; "save the General, my brother is a traitor."

"I thought as much," said Bernier, calmly; "General, friends, up! up! we are surrounded."

These words, uttered in a voice of thunder, roused the sleeping officers, who at once grasped their pistols with cries of "Where is the enemy? where is the enemy?"

"They are not here yet," said Francois, struggling to compose himself, "but their coming will not be long delayed. I am only a few minutes in advance. Fly quickly."

"And whither?"

"My measures are all taken," answered Bernier, with admirable coolness. "While you were sleeping I arranged everything. This worthy farmer, our host, has prepared for us, in case of necessity, a place of refuge; we have only to follow him."

Thus directed, the officers followed the farmer through a door which led into the garden, and thence into the forest.

After traversing, under his guidance, for more than an hour, an unfrequented and intricate path, they at length, as the dawn was breaking, reached a deserted hut.

"Gentlemen," said Bernier, "we are safe here for the present; let us thank God for our escape."

Francois stood apart, pale as death, seemingly in deep thought.

Bernier approached him.

"Give me your hand brave youth; your brother is a treacherous dog, but you have courage enough for two. You have saved La Vendée, and your own name as well, from eternal shame. I congratulate you. Don't grieve. But your André shall bitterly repent; let him beware of falling into my hands. No traitor shall cumber the earth in La Vendée. I love Count Colbert as my son, but were it possible for him to be in the same position as your brother, I would show him no mercy."

Here General Stofflet interrupted Bernier, saying:

"All is not right yet; we have escaped, but M. La Charette, and M. de Marigny, who are on their way to meet us at La Chaponnière, they will walk blindly to de-

struction. We must, at any cost, try to warn them, we must—"

"All that is settled, General," responded Bernier, "La Charette and de Marigny are already warned. Our host's two sons set off long ago to meet them, with a letter which I wrote while you were sleeping. My suspicions were so strong that I could not wait for this poor fellow's return, and now I rejoice that it was so."

"Excellent, my friend! you are indeed the best aide-de-camp that a General ever had." And then he added in a tone of command, "If the traitor be taken let him be instantly shot."

Leaving the officers concealed in the hut, Francois and the farmer of La Chaponière wended their respective ways homeward, Francois gloomily brooding over the General's order, his brother's death-sentence; the farmer trembling at the ruin in which he might be involved by having performed a sacred duty.

Alas! when he reached La Chaponière his forebodings were realized. His late smiling home was a heap of smoking ruins. Filled with anguish at the sight, by no means an uncommon one in those days of horror, the farmer called loudly for his children, longing for their presence to console him, and inspire him with fresh hope. But no one answered his sorrowful cry. With an exclamation of despair, he raised his eyes to heaven. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand stretched him dead.

Several Republican soldiers stepped out of a small barn which had escaped the general destruction. A loud fit of laughter seized them at the sight of the lifeless body.

"The dog!" cried one who seemed in command, "he has got his reward. Let us return now to our quarters until further orders. Citizen André, return home; you have not deceived us, and the nation shall reward your patriotism. You have, this day, rendered an important service, and

although we have been foiled, still we are grateful, and rely on your further zeal. Au revoir!"

The clock of the village church had struck seven. Francois entered his home, and in moody silence, crouched over the kitchen fire, a prey to terrible thoughts. His old parents, surprised at their son's distracted appearance, sought in vain to elicit from him some explanation. To all their queries he answered not a word; he did not even cast a look on the savoury meal prepared for him by his mother, of which she tenderly pressed him to partake.

All at once he rose, strode up and down the kitchen, tore his hair like a maniac, and then suddenly pausing before his terrified parents, he exclaimed, with a look of unspeakable anguish:

"Father, this day a son of La Vendée, born in this village, under this very roof—but no! he is not my brother—he was never your son, father; he has sold Stofflet and Bernier to the Blues, and would have delivered Charette and Marigny, who were to have met them at La Chaponière, into their hands, only for timely warning. The farmer's house is a heap of ashes, from which the blood of himself and his family cries to Heaven for vengeance—I have seen these awful deeds, and I know who has caused them."

"And you have not deprived him of life?" cried the old man.

"No, father, not yet! Listen, I heard General Stofflet say that if his own son had been guilty of such treachery, he should surely die, and by his father's hand."

"That was André's death-sentence."

"I have determined to carry it out myself, so that he may inflict no further disgrace on our hitherto stainless name. Before I depart on my awful mission, I have come to my home for the last time, to bid my mother and you an eternal farewell."

At this terrible communication the old people sank back, half fainting, in their

chairs. Their eyes refused to weep, their paralyzed tongues could not utter a word. Dumb, motionless, with horror they gazed at their son, who, with countenance livid and death-like as their own, demanded justice from them against another son dear to them as himself.

An awful silence reigned, broken only by the moans of the heartbroken mother. At last the old man addressed his wife :

"Woman," he said in stern tones, "this is not a time for weeping and sighing. God gave us two sons. He is taking one from us in an awful manner. May His holy name be praised!"

"But, unhappy man! what are you thinking of doing?" cried the mother in an outburst of maternal grief and love.

"What do we mean to do! Wife! what Abraham was about to do, when obeying God's voice, he erected a funeral pile for Isaac, for the innocent youth, who had never betrayed his God nor his King. We are about to do what General Stofflet declared he would do if it were his only son who was the traitor. Wife! pray for the traitor, if you can—I—I supplicate heaven to strengthen me to perform the sacrifice."

The three agonized beings sank on their knees, in mute supplication.

Just at that moment the door opened, and André entered, laughing good-humouredly, but his unsteady gait, and thick utterance, at once proclaimed that he had been drinking.

He sat down and struck the table several times violently. "Mother," said he roughly, "I am thirsty, give me some wine; you will have time enough afterwards to pray."

"We are praying for the dead," interposed Francois, "and especially for those murdered this morning at La Chaponnière."

These words completely sobered André. The rôle which he had played in the drama enacted but a few short hours before rose in all its dread reality before him.

He shuddered as he noticed his brother's searching look, which followed his every movement. He felt instinctively that he was in danger. With an effort at assumed carelessness he said :

"I hope you were not uneasy about me, mother, because I did not come home with Francois?"

"I am scarcely home an hour yet," rejoined Francois, in dry tones. "I accompanied the General to La Chaponnière, but you—where have you been? Why did you keep away from me?"

André's white lips essayed in vain to answer. Conscious that his confusion would inevitably betray his guilt, he contrived at length to master himself sufficiently to stammer forth a story which he had prepared in case of necessity.

"That is well," said his father, who was still kneeling; "we have all suffered during the past night, and we all need rest. Later on we shall see what is to be done."

Delighted at having so easily escaped questioning, André retired.

His mother, who during all this time had been praying fervently in a corner, now rose and approached the two men, who were gazing at each other in silent horror.

"Perhaps," said she in a piteous voice, "André is not so guilty as you think. If his story is true, what will you do?"

"Mother," answered Francois, "André has sold his soul to the Evil One, and betrayed the General. I myself saw him leading the enemy. He has already received the blood-money, for, as he entered the house, I knew it by the confusion in his brains, and the wine in his eye; what he has done once, he will do again."

"But what if a false suspicion is blinding you? Perhaps the unhappy boy is only guilty of imprudence! What then? Would you in that case murder your brother?"

In order to remove all doubt," said the

father, "come with me ; André is asleep—let us try if we cannot find some proof in his pockets."

With heavy hearts, husband and wife climbed the steep and narrow staircase which led to the brother's sleeping room. The guilty one was already asleep, or at least so feigned ; his uniform and his arms lay beside the bed. The old man took up the red sash, and that moment twenty gold pieces rolled at his feet. The

ing from the bed, cast himself at his father's feet, exclaiming :

"Father, for God's sake, do not open that paper ; it is a death-warrant !"

"For whom ?" said Francois, resting the butt end of his musket against the ground, "for La Vendée, or for the spy ? Speak ! for the hour of execution will soon strike."

Cowed by his brother's awful look, the spy could utter no word.



"THAT IS WELL," SAID HIS FATHER.

"LATER ON WE SHALL SEE WHAT
IS TO BE DONE."

mother's cheek blanched, and her heart almost ceased to beat, recognizing this proof of her son's guilt.

Without a word, not by the least sign betraying the anguish which rent his soul, the old man continued his search. He lifted his son's vest, and was about to examine the pockets when a cry for mercy and pardon was heard, and André, spring-

"André," continued Francois, "this paper can tell us nothing, is of no use to us ; we cannot read, but answer me : who betrayed Stofflet's secret to the enemy ? who led the soldiers to La Chaponnière ? It was one of our father's sons ; here we are both—which of us is to be condemned ?"

André was silent.

"Whose gold is that ? We, working the whole year round, by our honest industry, could not earn half the sum. What treachery is it the price of ? Answer, miserable man, answer !"

Still no answer. After some moments, the old man motioned to his wife to leave the room. With one heart-broken moan she obeyed.

When the sound of her footsteps descending the stairs had ceased, the farmer turned to his wretched son.

"Never yet has a spy or traitor been of our race,, and while I live, never shall such be, André ; summon up thy strength, think of thy sins, and implore forgiveness of God, for thy father cannot permit thee to live. Pray as thou didst find us praying for the guilty when Divine retribution led thee back here. Pray, for soon I shall have but one son."

Francois now advanced to his brother, in whose ghastly countenance remorse and terror were visible.

"André," he said, "recommend thy soul to God, and repent of thy great crime, since it is not permitted thee to live as a dishonoured man ; at least try to die like a Christian. I must carry out this night the General's sentence."

"Father," began André, at last breaking silence, "I am guilty against you, whose name I have dishonoured ; against La Vendée, whose trust I have betrayed. I am even more guilty than you think, but have mercy upon me, and forgive me before I die. I do not ask to live."

Francois now raised his gun, his finger on the trigger.

"Wait, Francois !" exclaimed his father, "let him make his peace with heaven."

A priest was brought, who heard his confession, and prepared his soul for death.

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The condemned man raised his head.

"I am ready, father ; I deserve death, give it to me."

The next moment a loud report rang through the room.

"He died bravely," remarked the old man ; "may the Lord have mercy on his soul ! Let us go down, Francois, to comfort your unhappy mother."

Their consolation was not needed. At the foot of the staircase lay a corpse. Grief and horror had deprived the heart-broken mother of life.

The following day, General Stofflet was seated in his tent, planning operations for the next day's battle, when Baron von Lichteningen ushered into his presence two peasants. The youngest one threw himself at the General's feet.

"General," said he in a broken voice, "my father and I have put to death the traitor, who sold you at La Chaponnière, just as you declared you would do to your only son, if he were the guilty one. But, General, it was worse than death to me to shed my brother's blood. Yonder is his father. He found upon him this piece of paper, which we place in your hands. And now we only crave of you, in the day of battle, to let us fall in the first ranks."

"Your wish shall be granted to-morrow," the General replied, shading his eyes with his hand, to conceal the tears which filled them.

Father and son then left the tent, seemingly much relieved.

"Gentlemen," said Stofflet, some time after, to his assembled officers, "those two peasants have saved the army. This paper if forwarded to the inscribed address, would have involved us in certain destruction."

The next day the two, father and son, were found on the field of battle dead and covered with wounds.

THE END.



Our Foreign Letter.

LETTER FROM GIBRALTAR.

Death of the Right Rev. Dr. Gonzalo Canilla, Bishop of Lystra, and Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar.

THE Queen of the Rosary has visited Gibraltar and taken one of her most devoted clients. On Tuesday, the 18th of October, he passed away under circumstances which denote her special protection. Dr. Canilla was born at Gibraltar on the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, 24th May, 1846. His studies were carried out at the Seminary of Saint Pelagius, Cordova, and at Saint Edmund's College, Hertfordshire, and Saint Thomas', Hammersmith, England. He was ordained priest by Cardinal Manning, in London, on the 17th March, 1872, and consecrated Bishop of Lystra in the Fro-Cathedral, Kensington, by the same Cardinal, on the 12th June, 1881. He was confirmed as Bishop of Lystra, and Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar on the death of Dr. Scandella, Bishop of Antinöe. The deceased prelate was remarkable for great powers of mind and many virtues, but pre-eminent among the latter stood out his extraordinary devotion to Our Blessed Lady, his profound humility, and his unfailing charity. He made no fewer than twelve visits to the Grotto of Lourdes, where at the feet of his Immaculate Mother, he obtained more than one spiritual and temporal favour. The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was always observed in his Vicariate with special

solemnity, and his busiest day was never closed without a visit to the little chapel dedicated to her, where, by his special request, his remains have been interred.

To Our Lady of the Rosary his devotion was no less remarkable. His favourite pastime during the few hours of recreation he allowed himself was the making of chaplets for distribution among the poor. To facilitate this pious occupation, he had a small workroom fitted up in his modest episcopal dwelling. Many hundreds of rosaries were annually distributed by him, and at the hour of his death the Faithful Virgin was not unmindful of him. On the day of his decease he celebrated Mass, at which the rosary was publicly said by the congregation, in the Church of Our Lady. During the day he was occupied with harassing business connected with the Vicariate. At nine p.m. he returned to his home, having spent many busy hours, but neither physical nor mental fatigue was sufficient to excuse this fervent client of Mary from paying her one of his daily tributes of devotion. In company with a niece, who lived in an adjoining dwelling, he commenced the recital of the rosary. As he uttered the invocation in the Litany *Rosa Mystica* his head fell a little to the side, and with a sigh he gave his soul to God. Can we doubt that the Queen of the Rosary, with the heavenly choirs, was there to receive his soul, and conduct it into everlasting dwellings. May our end be like unto his.

R.I.P.

Apostolic Constitution

OF

OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII.

ON THE
LAWS, RIGHTS, AND PRIVILEGES OF THE CONFRATERNITY
OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.



LEO, BISHOP,

SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

WHEN first, by the secret designs of Divine Providence, We were promoted to the Chair of Peter, seeing the evils that were threatening, We deemed it our Apostolic duty, for the salvation of souls, to consider by what means we could best guard the interests of the Church, and the integrity of the Catholic faith. Our mind at once turned to the great Mother of God, who was a partner in the work of man's Redemption, and to whom Catholics have always had recourse in times of danger and adversity. How safe they were in putting their trust in her is seen by the wonderful favours she has bestowed on her clients. Many of these, we know, have been obtained by that beautiful form of prayer, given by her and propagated by the ministry of Saint Dominic under the title of the Rosary. Our Predecessors, the Sovereign Pontiffs, have again and again decreed that the Virgin should be honoured by the practice of that devotion, and We also, emulating their zeal, have dwelt very fully on the dignity and power of

the Rosary of Mary in several Encyclical Letters published since the first of September, 1883, exhorting the Faithful to practise either publicly, or in their own homes, this most salutary devotion to Our Lady, and to join the Sodalties of the Rosary. All these We called to mind, and as it were summarised in a recent letter given on the 5th of September this year, in which We expressed our intention of publishing a *Constitution* on the rights, privileges, and indulgences which those enjoy who join this holy Confraternity.

Now, to carry out our design, at the desire of the Master-General of the Order of Preachers, We publish this *Constitution* in which, enumerating the laws made for the Confraternity, and the benefits granted to its Members by the Sovereign Pontiffs, We decree the manner in which this holy society is to be ruled.

I.

The end for which the confraternity of the Rosary has been instituted is, that

many being banded together in fraternal charity by that most devotional form of prayer from which the association takes its name, may be drawn to praise and honour the Blessed Virgin, and by unanimous supplication secure her patronage. Wherefore, without any subscription or payment whatever, it admits persons of every condition of life amongst its members, and binds them to one another by no other bond than the recitation of the Rosary of Mary. The result is, that while each one contributes a little towards the common treasure, all receive a great deal from it. For whenever a person fulfils his obligation of reciting the Rosary according to the rules of the confraternity, he includes in his intention all its members, and they in turn render to him the same service multiplied.

II.

The Dominican Order, which from its very beginning, has been most devoted in honouring the Blessed Virgin, and by which the institution and propagation of the confraternity of the Rosary was accomplished, holds as its inheritance, all that belongs to this devotion.

Only the Master-General of the Dominicans, therefore, is to have the right of erecting sodalities of the Rosary. When he is absent from Rome, his Vicar-General has the right; and when he dies, or is removed from his office, it belongs to the Vicar-General of the Order. Wherefore, whatever sodality may be hereafter established cannot enjoy any of the benefits, privileges and indulgences with which the Roman Pontiffs have enriched the lawful and true confraternity of the Rosary, unless a diploma of institution be obtained from the Master-General, or the aforesaid Vicars.

III.

Whatever sodalities of the most holy Rosary have been instituted in the past,

and are in existence to this day, without the letters-patent of the Master-General, must, within the space of one year from this date, obtain the aforesaid document. In the meantime, however, provided there be no other defect, We by our Apostolic authority graciously declare, that these sodalities, until such time as their diploma is sent, are to be considered as sanctioned and lawful, and participating in all the benefits and indulgences.

IV.

For the erection of the Confraternity in any particular church, the Master-General is to depute by the usual document a priest of his own Order; where there are no convents of Dominican Fathers he is to appoint a priest approved of by the Bishop: but he cannot in general, and without limitation, transfer his power to the Provincials, or other priests of his own, or any other Order or Institute.

We revoke the faculty granted* by Benedict XIII., of happy memory, to the Masters of the Order, of delegating Provincials beyond the sea (*transmarinos*) without restriction. We grant, however, considering it expedient, that they may give power to the Priors, Vicars, and Superiors of Missions, in such provinces, to erect a certain number of Sodalitys, of which they must render to them an accurate account.

V.

The Confraternity of the Rosary may be established in any church or public oratory to which the faithful have free access, except the churches of nuns and other pious women living in community, as the Holy Roman Congregations have frequently declared.

Seeing that it has been already decided by the Apostolic See that more than one

* Constit. *Pretiosus* die 26 Maii, 1727.

Sodality of the Most Holy Rosary must not exist in one and the same place, We again enforce this law, and command that it be everywhere observed. If, however, at present it happens that there are several Sodalities properly constituted in any one place, the Master-General of the Order has authority to decide the matter in whatever way he thinks just. In large cities, as has been already granted, there may be several Sodalities of the Rosary ; these for their lawful institution must be proposed by the Ordinary to the Master-General.*

VI.

Since there is no chief Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary to which the other lesser sodalities are aggregated, it follows that each new Association of the Rosary, by its own canonical institution enjoys all the indulgences and privileges which are granted by this Apostolic See to the other Sodalities of the Rosary throughout the world. These indulgences and privileges adhere to the church in which it is established. For although the privileges of the Sodality belong to the members, still many indulgences granted to those visiting its chapel or altar, as also the privileged altar, are inherent to the place, and therefore without a special Apostolic indult cannot be taken from it, nor transferred. Whenever, therefore, the Sodality is for any reason to be transferred to another church, a new document for that purpose must be applied for to the Master-General. If, however, the church is destroyed, and a new church under the same title is erected on the same site or in the neighbourhood, to this, in as much as it may be considered the same place, all the privileges and indulgences are transferred, and the institution of a new sodality is not required. But if in any place, after the Sodality has been canonically instituted in a church, a convent with a church

of the Order of Preachers be erected, the Sodality as a matter of right is transferred to the church belonging to that convent ; but if in any exceptional case it may seem advisable to depart from this rule, we grant authority to the Master-General of the Order to arrange the matter according to his own discretion and prudence, maintaining in its integrity the right of his Order.

VII.

To what is above decreed, which pertains to the nature and constitutions of the Confraternity, other things may be added, if it be deemed advisable for the better working of the Sodality. The members may form for themselves certain rules by which their whole Sodality may be governed, or by which certain members may be encouraged to undertake some special works of Christian piety, with a subscription to be paid if such be approved of, and with the wearing a religious garb, or otherwise. But no variety of this kind is an obstacle to the gaining of the indulgences by the members, provided they fulfil the conditions for gaining them prescribed by the Apostolic See. Additional rules, however, of this kind are to be approved of by the Bishop of the diocese, and remain subject to his authority, as was sanctioned in the Constitution *Quaecumque* of Clement VII.

VIII.

The appointment of the Directors who are to enrol the members in the confraternity, bless rosary beads, and discharge all the principal duties connected with the Sodality, belongs to the Master-General or his Vicar, as already stated, with the consent, however, of the Ordinary of the place, in case of churches under the charge of the secular clergy.

In order, however, the better to provide for the permanent establishment of

* S. C. Indulg. die 20 Maii, 1896.

the Sodality, the Master-General should appoint as Director some priest holding a certain office, or enjoying a certain benefice, in the church where the Sodality is established, and his successor in that benefice or office. If, perchance, these be wanting, Bishops have the power, as already sanctioned by this Apostolic See, of deputing for that office the parish priest for the time being.

IX.

Since it often appears expedient, or even necessary, that another priest in the place of the Director should inscribe the names, bless beads, and perform other duties in connection with the Sodality, which pertain to the office of Director, the Master-General can grant to the Director the power of sub-delegating, not in general, but in individual cases, another approved priest, who will act for him as often as for any reasonable cause he deems it expedient.

X.

Moreover, in places where the Sodality of the Rosary and its Director cannot be instituted, we give to the Master-General power to appoint other priests to take the names of the faithful who are desirous of gaining the indulgences, for enrolment in the nearest Sodality, and to bless their heads.

XI.

The formula for blessing Rosary beads or chaplets, made sacred by long usage, which has been prescribed from the earliest times in the Dominican Order, and is given in the Appendix to the Roman Ritual, is to be retained.

XII.

Although names may be lawfully inscribed at any time, it is, however, to be desired that the custom of having a more solemn reception on the first Sunday of each month, or on the greater feasts of the Mother of God, should be carefully kept up.

XIII.

The only obligation imposed on the members of the Confraternity, which does not, however, bind under sin, is to recite the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, devoutly meditating on them, once in each week.

But the true form of the Rosary beads must be used, so that they should always be composed of either five, ten, or fifteen decades. Other beads should not be called by the name of "Rosary."

In meditating on the mysteries of our Redemption, other mysteries should not be substituted for those in general use. The Apostolic See has already decreed* that those who do not observe the usual order in meditating on the mysteries do not gain the indulgence of the Rosary.

The Directors of Confraternities will diligently take care to have the Rosary publicly recited at the Altar of the Confraternity daily, or as frequently as possible, especially on the feasts of the B. Virgin. The custom approved of by the Holy See should be retained, so that each week all the mysteries may be recited, the "Joyful" on Mondays and Thursdays, the "Sorrowful" on Tuesdays and Fridays, the "Glorious" on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.†

XIV.

Amongst the pious exercises of the Confraternity the first place is, with reason, given to the solemn procession in honour of the Mother of God, which takes place on the first Sunday of each month, and especially on the first Sunday of October. St. Pius V. commended this ancient custom; Gregory XIII. mentions it amongst the "praiseworthy exercises and customs of the Confraternity," and many Sovereign Pontiffs have attached to it special indulgences.‡

* S. C. Indulg., die 13 Aug., 1726.

† S. C. Indulg., die 1 Jul., 1839, ad 5.

‡ S. Pius V., *Consueverunt*, die 17, Sept., 1569; Gregorius XIII., *Monet Apostolatus*, die 1 Apr., 1573; Paulus V., *Piorum hominum*, die 15 Apr., 1608.

In order that this ceremony may never be omitted, at least, within the Church, when it is impossible to have it in the open air, we extend to all the Directors of the Confraternity the privilege granted by Benedict XIII. to the Order of Preachers, of transferring the procession to another Sunday, when, for any reason, it cannot take place on the first Sunday of the Month.*

But when on account of want of space, and of the number of the faithful, the solemn procession cannot conveniently take place in the church, we permit that whilst the priest with his attendants make the circuit of the church, the members of the Confraternity who are present may gain all the indulgences attached to the procession.

XV.

We wish the privilege of the Votive Mass of the most holy Rosary, so often confirmed† for the Order of Preachers, to be retained, and in such manner, that not only Dominican priests, but also priests who are tertiaries, and who have received from the Master-General the faculty of legitimately using the missal of the Order, may celebrate the Votive Mass, *Salve Radix Sancta*, twice in the week, according to the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

But other priests, members of the confraternity, have permission to celebrate only the Votive Mass in the Roman missal, "pro diversitate temporum," at the altar of the confraternity, on the same days as above, and with the same indulgence. The lay members of the confraternity can share in these indulgences, if they assist at the Mass, and

either having confessed their sins, or having contrition of heart, and the intention of approaching the Sacrament of Penance, they pour forth their prayers to God.

XVI.

The Master-General will, as soon as possible, draw up a complete and accurate list of all the Indulgences which the Sovereign Pontiffs have granted to the Confraternity of the Rosary, and to all the faithful who recite it. This list will be submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics for examination, and to the Holy See for confirmation.

We wish and command that what things are decreed, declared, and ordained in this Apostolic Constitution, shall be observed by all whom they concern, and that they shall not be questioned, or infringed, or called into dispute on any, even privileged, cause, reason, or pretence, but that they shall have their full and entire effect, notwithstanding whatever has been hitherto decreed. And as far as may be necessary for securing the effect of the above, we specially and expressly derogate and declare to be derogated, notwithstanding anything that may appear to the contrary, our own rules and those of the Apostolic Chancery, the Constitutions of Urban VIII., the other Apostolic Constitutions, though published even in Provincial and General Councils, and all statutes, customs, and prescriptions, even possessing Apostolic confirmation, or any other authority.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, October 2nd, A.D. 1898, in the twenty-first year of Our Pontificate.

C. CARD-ALOYSIUS MASELLA, *Pro Dat.*

A. CARD. MACCHI.

Visa.

*De Curia I. De Aquila e
Vicecomitibus.*

* Constit. *Pretiosus*, die 26 Maii, 1727, §8.

† Decr. S.C.Rit. die 25 Jun. 1622: Clemens X. *Celestium murerum*, die 16 Feb. 1671. Innocentius XI. *Nuper pro parte*, die 31 Jul. 1679, cap. x., nn. 6 et 7; Pius IX. in *Summarium Indulg.* die 18 Sept. 1862, cap. viii., nn. 1 et 2.



