

San Lorenzo Giustoluni's Mother.

ALICE MYNELL.

I had not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time,
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled,
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me for ever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever.
—That altered face, those holy weeds,
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

If to my son my alma were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
Dreams are wa. shadows, visions strange;
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change.

A Famous Duel.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly, and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance, had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken of as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the 32nd Regiment of French Infantry; the 1st Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental *esprit de corps* and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline; they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and carouses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and risposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in

the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the 1st Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a rispost, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited roars and yells of an army.

At the request of the 32nd Regiment's Colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.—*Lippincott's.*

An Appropriate Gift.

Through the initiative of His Grace Archbishop Stonor, the new Augustinian College of St. Patrick has been embellished by three valuable paintings which have adorned the picture gallery of the English College for many years, and were, moreover, the gift of Archbishop Stonor in the first instance. They represent the three Irish *Porporati*, their Eminences Cardinals Norris, Cullen, and McCabe. The first named was born at Verona of Irish parents, and in the year 1704 was created a member of the Sacred College. In speaking of the circumstance, Prior Glynn expressed his deep gratitude to Archbishop Stonor for his thoughtful recognition of the Irish National Institution at Rome, as well as for the sentiments of friendship which had prompted the generous gift and kindly thought.

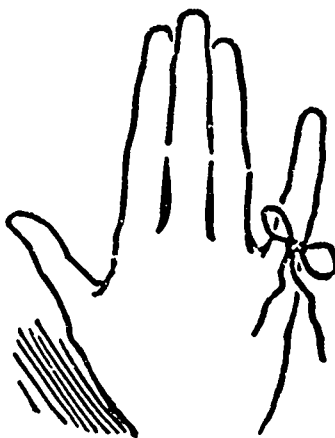
In a Day.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid St. Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgia toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

The Catholics of Italy are petitioning in large numbers against the bill for giving the civil marriage rite precedence over the religious ceremony. The measure was rejected by the senate in 1880, when 100,000 Catholics petitioned against it.

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