

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Suddenly God took me."—Browning. In spite of his great improvement, Maximo remained delicate, and the physician strongly recommended country life and sea-air. The Marchioness of Palafox was now going to Italy to welcome her first grand-child, and the Villa Usseglio was on the sea, in the environs of Genoa. The gardener's cottage on the grounds stood close to the water, and there were plenty of rooms in it, so that little Maximo and his mother and Espiritu could be comfortably established there. Espiritu needed the change almost as much as the child, for though her life had been far easier since Leontine shared its toll and since they were all so happy together, yet the long confinement and anxiety and the grief for her grandmother had told upon her, and she looked pale and fragile. The marchioness pleaded with Didier to let her take both of the women and the child with her, and he was not unwilling to let them go. On the contrary, she had her duties to her parents, but he could not be selfish where the child's health was concerned.

But before they started for Genoa, Teodoro had his word to say. It was time that his claim to the gentle young girl was heeded. For almost a year he had been patient, that she might fulfil her duties to her parents, but now they must listen to him and to the need that his young life had of her. And Espiritu laid her hand in his and promised to be his bride at Whitsuntide, for her tender conscience was at peace—no duty now stood between her and the youth she loved. On the contrary, she had been patient, that she might fulfil her duties to her parents, but now they must listen to him and to the need that his young life had of her. And Espiritu laid her hand in his and promised to be his bride at Whitsuntide, for her tender conscience was at peace—no duty now stood between her and the youth she loved.

In the interval between Easter and Whitsuntide, Teodoro was to sing in a short season at Covent Garden, then he would join Adriano at Genoa and be near his little betrothed, so that he could carry on a happy courtship until the wedding-day. Genoa seemed the best place to have the wedding, for Catalina and Cassim could easily run down from Turin. Bindo and Elena could cross the hills in a few hours from the Baths of Lucca, and Didier would then be with his family. Lady Ainsworth, too, faithfully promised to join her mother and sister at the Villa Usseglio—indeed, she might perhaps come earlier, so as to help Espiritu with her simple preparations.

This last parting from Espiritu seemed to Teodoro harder to bear than any since their childish one of seven years before—indeed, his mind reverted frequently to that one. "Do you remember the promise you made me then?" "Of course, I remember it, my Theodore, but you must not speak in such a gloomy way. That was a long separation of five years, with everything uncertain between us. This parting is only for five or six weeks, and everything is settled. We belong to each other forever now, and nothing can really separate us."

"I am not gloomy," he said. "I only wanted to remind you that the promise was to hold good for all our lives. The nearer we are to each other the more painful the separation of death would be. Sometimes it is well to dwell on such thoughts, for fear we should forget that this life is not all. But when we can think of an eternity together in heaven, then not even death will seem like a separation."

Teodoro's triumphs of the winter were repeated in London, where he alternated with Lennartsen in the leading tenor roles. But though rarely alone a moment he was always in a certain sense lonely. Espiritu, Adriano, they were his world, his all; his heart yearned for them, and without them his life seemed empty. A thousand times he was tempted to give up the season, to fly to them from all the glory and applause and brilliancy that surrounded him, but he restrained himself. Week was the natural vocation of man; he must be a man and not yield to the weak pleadings of his heart. But it was with a sigh of relief that he saw the season come to an end, and with indifference, nay, impatience, submitted to the ovations with his farewell appearances closed. Even then his work was not over. Every pressure had been brought to bear to induce him to sing in a short supplementary season at Milan. He had persistently refused, for it would shorten the two weeks of courtship that he expected to pass so happily at Genoa. It was now six weeks since he had seen Espiritu, and nearly six months since he had seen Adriano. What was a little more glory or a little extra money to him? But both the brother and the bride wrote, urging him to accept. "I shall be so busy, you would only be in my way!" wrote his little betrothed, gaily; "and after that you shall have plenty of time to grow tired of each other!" "You have never sung in Italy, your father-land," wrote Adriano, "and the mother-country of song. It seems hard now to sacrifice the few days, but the little sacrifice is due both to art and to patriotism."

With a heavy heart, Teodoro accepted the engagement. He would and the Tuesday before Pentecost. He felt tired of the glare of electric lights, tired of the never-ceasing clamor of crowded audiences, tired of powder and paint and endless making-up. He sighed for a breath of pure mountain air, for the solitude of nature among the lonely hills of his beloved Apennines. As he was about to leave the train from Milan when they reached the spur of those picturesque mountains, and take a short walking-tour of three days

through the Pistoiese Alps, joining Bindo at the Baths of Lucca on Saturday morning and going on with the family to Genoa that same day. He could thus spend the feast of Pentecost with Espiritu, and the following day would be their wedding-day. Adriano had arrived in Genoa direct from Algiers early in May. He felt that this city would probably be his headquarters for the near future. It was the home of Federici, and the great composer was anxious to secure his collaboration in the opera of "Imogen." He therefore established himself in a modest apartment in one of the smaller hotels with his valet, surrounding himself with his books and music. As his voice, the source of his income, had failed him, he felt comparatively a poor man, and had broken up his Paris establishment and sold his horses and furniture. He missed greatly his horses, but after all, what could be more beautiful of more to him than long walks over the olive-crowned cliffs environing the queenly city, or rowing on the stately bay?

One of his first cares had been to re-appoint himself for active service with the Confraternity of Mercy of the city. The pious laymen who form this society, go about in their errands of charity disguised by long, black dominoes, completely hiding face and figure, and thus unrecognized, humbly refrain from letting the left hand know the good works of the right. To give relief to the injured or bear them on litters to the hospitals, to do what mortal aid for the dying, and to bury the dead, these are the works that occupy them as they go on their rounds, always two together, chiefly among the poor and forsaken. Adriano was detailed with another Brother to attend sick-calls every alternate morning in the suburbs lying towards Pegli. He was rapidly recovering his strength in the bracing sea-air. With his mornings devoted to works of charity, his afternoons to recreation on the water or walks over the hills, and his evenings to revising the libretto of "Imogen," on which he was now at work, he was enabled to resist the temptations to melancholy arising from his weakened physical condition, the disappointment of all his human ambitions, and the blighting of the tenderest hopes of his heart.

He had special need of occupation as the day drew nearer for Teodoro's wedding, and he needed the hour must soon come when he should meet Lady Ainsworth again. During the first month after his arrival in Genoa, Adriano had frequently found his way to the cottage where Espiritu was established with her stepmother and her little brother. He had tenderly enjoyed the sweet companionship, and together they had triumphed in Teodoro's triumphs and consoled each other in his absence. Intimate as he was with the D'Usseglio family, Adriano could not fail on these occasions to stop at the villa where Gentle and Peppina, unconscious of any embarrassment, received him at the delightful cordially, and introduced him proudly to the infant son and heir, the tiny Luigi. The Marchioness of Palafox, in the full enjoyment of her new character of grandmother, was considerate and kindness itself to Darviti. But now Lady Ainsworth had arrived there with the younger boys, and the sweep of companionship, and together they had triumphed in Teodoro's triumphs and consoled each other in his absence.

It was now within three days of the wedding, the Friday morning before the vigil of Pentecost. A joyous letter from Teodoro, in the best of health and spirits, had reached Adriano, and he was before. The boy wrote that he was on his way on foot into the heart of the Pistoiese Alps, where he would be beyond the reach of letters or telegrams, but that he expected to arrive at San Marcello Friday night, and would start at dawn to drive to the Baths of Lucca, and join Bindo and Elena on their way to Genoa. Would Adriano have rooms ready for him by Saturday evening at the latest? Giving full directions to Simone, the new valet, for the necessary preparations, Adriano started out, while it was yet early, to go on his round of duties with his companion in the band of the Misericordia. As he slipped on the black domino over his dress he half sighed. With Teodoro's arrival on the morrow he must perform leave his retirement, and before he donned his disguise again the wedding would be over, and with it that unavoidable meeting, with all that it entailed to him of bitter recollection and disappointment. On joining his companion at the rendezvous, he found that their first sick-call would bring them into the immediate neighborhood of the Villa Usseglio. What matter? Even if he met some of the family he would not be recognized under his disguising dress. Together they wandered on, gradually ascending the gray cliffs that reared their lofty, olive-crowned heads so boldly above the glittering expanse of waters. The companions bore a litter with them, for they were to carry an injured laborer to the hospital. They had not yet reached their destination when cries of distress met their ear. A young peasant girl had caught sight of the Brothers in their weird dress, and was signalling to them wildly. They caught up the litter and ran to the spot.

"The young lady has fallen on the rocks," she sobbed, wringing her hands helplessly, "and we cannot bring her to the little child had slipped, and she was trying to save him from falling when she slipped herself and is lying there unconscious."

They followed quickly as she led the way. Down among the broken stones at the foot of the rocks knelt Lady Ainsworth as pale as death, trying to comfort the bruised and frightened child at her side, and at the same time laboring to restore some sign of life to the inanimate form stretched at her feet. She had sent the child's young peasant attendant in search of help, and the minutes seemed hours till her return. With a cry of relief, Margara saw the forms of two of the noble band of Mercy approaching. If ever there were angels of help and charity on earth it was these devoted laymen, who, under their quaint disguise, went about doing good.

She rose, the crying child clinging to her. The taller of the two dominos seemed to start at sight of her, and rushing forward fell on his knees by the side of the unconscious figure lying across the stones. "Espiritu!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God! Espiritu!" There was no further disguise from Margara. The tones of that manly voice would have struck their note of recognition in her heart had she heard them in farthest desert land, or unknown as she knelt by his side that, whatever happened, all would be well. The companions applied skillfully such simple restoratives as they carried with them, and had the satisfaction of seeing the eyelids quiver slightly and a smile pass over the sweet lips. These signs were no longer broken, what injury there was must be internal. They lifted her tenderly on to the litter, and bore her gently and swiftly towards her home, Lady Ainsworth following with the child in her arms.

The alarm was quickly given, and help was soon at hand. Leontine sobbed over her boy and rejoiced to find him without serious hurt. Didier and Lady Ainsworth were by Espiritu's side, and in a few moments Peppina and the Marchioness of Palafox had come hurriedly down from the villa. Adriano remained to give what help he could till his companion returned with the surgeon, and then both Brothers hurriedly set out in their own vehicles, and to know if their services were further desired. It was even as Adriano feared. The injuries were internal, the physician said, and the force of the concussion had affected both spine and brain. The lower limbs were wholly paralyzed, and he no hope of saving the fair young life. There were plenty of loving hands to nurse her, and there was no further aid that the Brothers could render. They picked up the litter and were moving off. Lady Ainsworth sprang after them.

"You will telegraph at once for Teodoro, will you not?" she asked of the tall dominos. "Pray take my carriage, which is at the door, and drive immediately to the office." "I fear, Lady Ainsworth, that a telegram would not reach him as soon as we could wish. The line goes no farther than San Marcello, and he is not likely to be at the earliest. I should almost have time to reach there by train and break the news to the poor boy myself, which is better than the shock of a telegram."

"The southern express leaves Genoa in half an hour," she cried, eagerly. "You will just have time to catch it if you take my carriage and the driver at once. Is there anything we can offer you for the journey?" "The other Brother made a slight sign. Adriano stood rigidly still for a moment, then he said, in a low, strained voice: "I cannot go at present, I am still on duty."

"Theodore must be reached immediately, there is no time to lose. Another train would bring you there too late." "I cannot go," he repeated hoarsely. "I am on duty for two hours more. We are on our way to carry a poor laboring man to the hospital."

To her excited mind it seemed that he did not realize the situation. That he could have his idolized brother brought through the shock of a telegram, when he might be at his support and comfort him, was not to be believed. "Count Darviti," she exclaimed, "you do not seem to realize what your catching this train will mean to Theodore!"

He turned fully towards her. "Do I realize it?" he cried, slowly, and there was no mistaking the anguish in his voice. "Lady Ainsworth, I appeal to you! Help me to do my duty, and leave Teodoro in the hands of the God of all consolation!"

The tears rushed blindly to her eyes. She seemed to remember the story of a boy who had left his adopted father dying on the field of battle to carry a message of succor to those in danger. The boy was father to the man. She took his hands and raised them humbly to her lips. "Do what is your duty and God will do the rest," she murmured; "and may He help me, who am so much weaker, who have so much less faith than you!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Sacred Heart Review.

As next Friday is the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin,—the August Lady Day,—we have thought it opportune to quote at this juncture a non-Catholic tribute to the Mother of our Divine Lord, taken from an address made by Miss Lucy H. M. Soulsby before a meeting of the Teachers' Association connected with the Girls' Friendly Society, in England. These signs of devotion to her are good signs of the coming day, whose dawn we trust we see, when all Christians will be one in Catholic faith and practice. The words, thus spoken to a society of English teachers, were intended to carry their thoughts "to the Handmaid of the Lord," in whom womanhood was lifted to its highest point.

The speaker remarked, in beginning, that the Blessed Virgin's type of goodness was not the easiest at present, and perhaps not the most popular; because seeking virtues, like honor, courage, generosity, come more readily to our mere human nature, and do not require much self-mastery. But for women of to-day in order that the qualities of "emility, obedience, courtesy, refinement, and gentle breeding in trifles" may abound in her, she will need self-control, constant recollection; above all, a constant endeavor after "the practice of the Presence of God."

"If a girl or woman," said the speaker, "is brave and honorable, but rather noisy and unrestrained, it means that the animal nature, which is born strong in all of us, is still unconquered by the spiritual nature, which is born in us at our baptism, and which is a spark of grace, weak at first, but let us hope, growing stronger day by day. Let such an one rouse herself to love the highest; let her open her eyes to the glory and beauty of her who was found worthy to be the Mother of Our Lord."

"See what crude, harsh colors are the merely natural virtues compared to the harmonious beauty of the holiness of His Handmaid. The loving humility of women like the Mother of Our Lord is a deeper, more lasting power for good than the more active virtues which come to us by nature, and are so much easier to attain."

"Think of the old legend about St. John, the Eagle, the most fiery of all the apostles—eager to call down fire on His Lord's enemies—eager to get a first place in His Lord's kingdom. This Son of Thunder became the Apostle of Love—the old man whose one thought was to make his children love one another. And the legend says that it came from his living with the Virgin Mary after Our Lord's death."

"We never hear of anything she did—doubtless she pondered many things in her heart, and was, to her life's end, the Handmaid of the Lord. Yet, doubtless, also she seemed to herself to have done little for her Son, compared with St. Peter or St. Paul. A very beautiful and humble heart, that carried a message of succor to those in danger, doing a greater work than theirs, and moulding St. John to do his . . . work of understanding and revealing Him Who is Love. We shall never realize, till we get to heaven, what a pure and beautiful heart that mightily pondered a humbly heart which leans on God. Gentleness and humility like hers are the only true strength, the only lasting power, of any woman."

"We each of us approach the Crown of Womanhood in proportion as we approach, in however distant measure, to the Blessed Virgin, and we fall below it, in proportion as our character are discordant with hers. She alone, among women, is the universal type, the model for each, she alone is 'pure womanly.'"

The speaker proceeded to give, as an example of "one who most nearly resembles her (Our Lady) in being a universal type of womanhood," the Catholic Dante's beloved and beautiful Beatrice, that "a lady of all gentle memories," of whom it is recorded that when she "saw drew near unto any man, truth and simplicity entered into his heart."

"Not she herself alone was holier than all; but hers, through her, were raised above."

"Happiness and hope by speech of hers. Into the mind were brought." "Even as an angel." "Blessed blessed by merely seeing God. Such power dwell over her that she is one."

"Perfect woman," continued the lecturer, "is a gift of God, and God's best gifts are all graces, i. e., they can be won by prayer and effort. Hence it is a duty to win them; and to remain without them is a sin of omission, not an injustice of fate!" She concluded with the assertion that our girls are to be taught so to restrain self, and so to transmute all hardness and selfishness into gentleness and loving kindness, that they will become like

"That Blessed Maid, Lily of Eden's fragrant shade, To whom, crossing and caressed, Clings the Eternity Child."

The Heroism of Missionaries

There is much heroism of the most apparent sort where missionaries single-handed face with mobs of savage people and quell them by their presence, as in Armenia during the last seven years.

Two Cardinal Truths.

A person might as well say that it did not matter with what sort of companions he associated, as to claim that it does not matter what sort of papers he reads. The papers that print reports of crimes, foul advertisements and editorials promoting false principles, cannot fail to injure their readers. Better read no papers than bad papers.—Catholic Columbian.

Protecting the Children.

The women of New Orleans are taking up the matter of child labor, and several have volunteered to act as inspectors of the cotton mills and cigar factories of the city, where, it is said, the law is persistently violated. The law of the State prohibits the employment of girls under fourteen and boys under twelve in any factory, warehouse or workshop where the manufacture of any goods whatever is carried on or where any goods are prepared for manufacture. Notwithstanding this a little girl of ten was injured in a recent panic in a factory, proving that the law is not strictly observed.

Always Speak Kindly.

Many a friendship, long, loyal and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker foundation than a kind word. Two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other with something of a distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of gossip. Or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other. But a kind word, perhaps a mere report of a kind word, has been enough to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.—Father Faber.

Better Than Sight or Feeling.

Because the fog is so heavy at times that we cannot see the mountains, we do not come to the conclusion that they have vanished. Because the subbeans fail to pierce the heavy clouds, we do not begin to fear that the sun has stopped shining. Is it not strange that we ever lose faith in God's love and kindness, just because clouds of trouble come between us and Him? Though we cannot see the proofs of His protection just at this time, have we not seen them many times before? And we know that He is as unchanging as the everlasting hills. We may not feel the warmth of His loving approval, but we know that clouds of anxiety cannot long hide Him from us. By and by the fog will lift and the clouds will scatter. In the meantime let us be happy in trusting Him. Sight and feeling bring joys of their own, but faith is more blessed still.

Happiness Through Affliction.

I have seen a human life crushed by a disappointment or by a bereavement or by some heart sorrow worse than death. It seemed as though all the light had gone out of it—a black night and gloom. And yet at a time when the stars came out, and when the soul had become accustomed to the new environment there was a peace, a calm resignation which yielded no small degree of actual happiness. The narrow circle gave more than the larger circle of other days, and the burdened life had flowers in it which do not blossom in soil which is rich with excitement and pleasure. Many a man has learned what life means through affliction, and I sometimes think that our sorrows are the best part of us. The man who has his own way has a very poor way, and the man who is led by God is on the road to heaven.—George H. Hepworth.

The Life of Christ.

The grandest and more inspiring thought with which we come in contact in the study of the life of Jesus Christ is the lofty ideals He constantly holds before us. In our quest for good we are to seek a kingdom and even the kingdom of God. All the lower, baser elements of our nature are to be brought under the dominating, transfiguring power of love. The standard or model of perfection held out before us is even the "Father in Heaven." Motives of the highest, noblest character are brought to bear upon us to incite to holy living. No person can strive to realize such ideals without experiencing a divine uplift that results in being blessed with all spiritual blessings in the heavenliest of Christ.

Father Elliot's Life of Christ—price \$1.00—for sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office.

The Growth of Irreverence.

The New Century deprecates what it calls "a collapse of reverence" among Catholics. "We Catholics," submits our esteemed Washington contemporary, "have much to answer for in the little irreverencies that creep into our life. The symbolism of the Church is a sealed book to us. Its exquisite poetry—the garnered results of centuries of usage—its tender appeal—which Cardinal Newman found so poignant—is lost on us. We forget the meaning of the Sign of the Cross and the sublime fact that it typifies. We mumble over the Rosary and make of our genuflection gymnastic exercises. Our conduct at Mass is frequently unseemly; in the national psalm to material things that we perpetually send up we forget that mere brightness is not greatness, and that no statistical splendor is a more roster of names—an indication of the true condition of Catholicity."

"But perhaps our conduct is most reprehensible at weddings. Not only do we seem to lose sight of the sacred character of the edifice, but we hood our eyes to the real significance of the marriage ceremony, of our wedding is growing year by year; the sense of sacredness has, at least to the eye of the observer, vanished. The spectacle of a host of young people, of both sexes, standing upon the pews and chatting carelessly is enough to disillusion the most sanguine believer in the triumph of the democratic idea applied to ecclesiastical functions."

The Moral Poison of Yellow Journalism.

The rage for sensations and suggestive illustrations in the daily press is bad for the newspapers and the public. There is an incredible amount of wickedness in certain newspapers and periodicals of the present day. Many of the journals which are scattered broadcast over the country seem to have for their sole object to pervert the minds and the hearts of men, and they are daily filled with misrepresentations, and calumnies, and falsehoods against our holy religion, and with everything that is calculated to stir up the worst passions in the soul. Such literature should not be tolerated for a moment in any Catholic household, but should be thrown into the fire. There is no death of good newspapers, and the same should be allowed into the family.—"Sacerdos," in American Herald.

"The Hiring Fleet."

An idea of the sad fate to which would be left a certain class of unfortunate, if the religious orders of the Catholic Church ceased to exist, has just been strikingly shown in the ultra Protestant town of Zaandam, North Holland, writes Rev. J. Van Der Heyden to the Catholic Sentinel. A number of patients taken down with contagious diseases having been brought to the city hospitals, the lay nurses went on a strike, refusing to attend to these stricken ones. The Mayor, after vainly attempting to secure the services of more willing mercenarics, telegraphed, as a last resort, to the Brothers of St. John of God, at Amsterdam. Two hours later two brothers arrived at Zaandam, and they entered at once upon their duties, taking full charge of all the departments, on conditions that Sisters would be secured to attend the female patients. The Mayor started off for Amsterdam to engage a corps of trained hospital Sisters. He was as successful in this second appeal as in the first. And now the good Calvinists of Zaandam feel, if they never did before, that there is something in the Catholic religion which Calvin, when he started to improve upon the Church founded by Christ, left out, to the detriment and shame of his present day followers.

The "New Woman" is Passing.

Baltimore, June 2.—In the course of a sermon last week at the closing exercises of the golden jubilee of Mount de Sales Academy, Bishop P. J. Donahue, of Wheeling, stated that the "new woman" is passing and that there are evidences of change in the masculine ideal of womanhood. "The ideal of the world vary," said the Bishop. "Like the compass, they seldom point exactly true."

"For the last quarter of the nineteenth century a somewhat masculine ideal of womanhood obtained. Upon the threshold of this century, however, there are evidences that we are becoming weary of the trifling, starchy, short-skirted, mannish, muscular maiden. The 'new woman' is becoming wrinkled and old. She is passing. Mankind is slowly veering round to the bashful, blooming, dildid, changing maiden as affording greater opportunities for his lordly protection and care. The suspicion dawns upon the sterner sex that puff, lawn tennies, tanned shoes and a complexion still more tanned are not the whole law and the prophets. They are beginning to dislike a mannish woman only a little less than a womanish man. They want more of the home atmosphere and less of the race track and the platform. Without knowing it, perhaps, they are returning to the good, old-fashioned, pure, womanly ideals of women. This is your opportunity! Seize it and prosperity is yours and a mighty influence on the coming generations!"

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That all Things are to be Referred to God as our Last End.

My son, I must be thy chief and last end, if thou desirest to be truly happy. By this intention shall thy affection be purified, which too often is irregularly bent upon thyself and things created.

For, if in any things thou seekest thyself, thou presently faintest away within thyself and growest dry. Refer therefore all things principally to me, for it is I that have given thee these.

Consider everything as flowing from the Sovereign Good; and therefore they must all be returned to me as to their origin.

Out of Me both little and great, rich and poor as out of living fountain, draw living water; and they who freely and willingly serve me, shall receive grace for grace.

But he who would glory in anything else besides Me, or delight in any good as his own, shall not be established in many ways shall meet with perplexities and anguish.

Therefore thou must not ascribe anything good to thyself, nor attribute virtue to any man; but give all to God, without whom man is nothing.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all the time Dr. Davis' Pinkettes needs to stop a stomachache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

"Now," said umphunt tone, sweep of her a Eleanor Lee, that would you see greens and purple clouds! "They clouds!" The two girls their bicycles elevation of the country hand the hills, green mountain heather, rose elevation; on a rocky coast the that the restles Eleanor Lee, she years older and the strain a istic life made h she really was spend her short land at her c treaty. Despi years, and also warm friendsh two, though t Protestant town Holland, writes Rev. J. Van Der Heyden to the Catholic Sentinel. A number of patients taken down with contagious diseases having been brought to the city hospitals, the lay nurses went on a strike, refusing to attend to these stricken ones. The Mayor, after vainly attempting to secure the services of more willing mercenarics, telegraphed, as a last resort, to the Brothers of St. John of God, at Amsterdam. Two hours later two brothers arrived at Zaandam, and they entered at once upon their duties, taking full charge of all the departments, on conditions that Sisters would be secured to attend the female patients. The Mayor started off for Amsterdam to engage a corps of trained hospital Sisters. He was as successful in this second appeal as in the first. And now the good Calvinists of Zaandam feel, if they never did before, that there is something in the Catholic religion which Calvin, when he started to improve upon the Church founded by Christ, left out, to the detriment and shame of his present day followers.