

## A PAGE FROM A MEMOIR.

The relatives of the famous beauty, Gracia Wells, who was so greatly admired at Newport, when the French officers were there in the days of the American Revolution, were shocked when she married a "Papist," the Count de Lac-Joselle. At Newport he had paid marked attention to this "prim and proud beauty," as his brother officer, De Lauzun, had called her. It was not until she met him in President Washington's house at Philadelphia that she condescended to notice him. It was curious that she—a strict Protestant—should have wandered into the "Popish" chapel one afternoon, and been pleased to see the young Count on his knees before the mysterious lamp in front of the altar. His friend, De Brugere, had asked her to marry him; and as De Brugere was "liberal" in all beliefs, her people preferred him to the other foreigner. Gracia, tall and blonde, with a face, as De Brugere said, "like that of the Princess de Lamballe, only beautiful," waited for him. He started and blushed when he saw her, and he began to apologize. "I am far from home," he said, "and my mother—"

"Why is it," she asked, with sternness in her blue eyes, "that you French are ashamed of all that is good and of nothing that is bad? If your nation is all like you, there must come a terrible reckoning."

He blushed again, and fumbled with his gold-laced hat.

"You are right," he said, gravely, "but you must not judge all my nation by myself, or by my friends, De Brugere, De Lauzun—"

The two walked in silence eastward to the Delaware, and then to Gracia's aunt's house in Trent street. But the silence brought them together in a way that the white heron's plume, the fan painted by Fragnard, and the scented gloves, which Gracia's mother had allowed her to accept in the simple American way, or a thousand witty speeches had never done.

Madame Lac-Joselle, having adopted the faith of her forefathers, and she and her husband, sailed, with the troops of the Count de Rochambeau, to France. Her husband's friends, who were very gay, called her "Mees Prim," but they admired her, and the songs and speeches of more than poetic license, which some of the ladies of society did not object to, were hushed in her presence.

Once she had a stormy scene with Ferdinand de Brugere, one of her husband's friends. It was after dinner, at the Chateau de Lac-Joselle. De Brugere had joined the party of Robespierre, and he had come, very amicably, to say good-bye to the aristocrat, Lac-Joselle. The thunders of the Terror were beginning to be heard.

"I drink to Reason, the Goddess of Reason," De Brugere said, raising his glass; "Reason, the enemy of lies, of superstition, of religion," and he laughed.

Lac-Joselle knew De Brugere's power, and his heart sank as he saw his wife rise from her chair, and take her boy's hand in hers.

"Monsieur de Brugere," she said, "you must respect children and women. You were once an innocent child, though I can scarcely believe it—and your mother would do what I do now."

She courted very low, drew her boy of ten after her, and left the room. De Brugere did not rise; he lolled in his chair lazily, but his eyes flashed.

"The American blood!" he laughed harshly. "I told her once that if you were dead, I would marry her. Ciel! She is splendid, and I believe that my mother would have done the same thing. I told her once—and I will swear to her again—that I will be even for her scorn of me! She knows that I shall soon hold your fate and hers in the hollow of my hand, and yet, for her religion, she defies me! Good-by, Lac-Joselle. I came to dinner to-day only for a sight of her. Henceforth we are enemies!"

Forgetting prudence and the fact that De Brugere was his guest, Lac-Joselle put his hand on his sword.

"Come, Monsieur de Lac-Joselle, do not let us fight! I shall not avenge your wife's insult now," De Brugere said, with his hand on the knob of the door. "Your wife is a good woman, a valiant Catholic; but France does not need such women now; they make us uncomfortable!"

He was gone. Lac-Joselle shuddered. He could hear wild shouts from the village. The parish church was

in flames. "Ca ira!" yelled the crowd. "Ca ira!" It meant death to all within the chateau. And he realized now that De Brugere, who had dined with him in a half-friendly way, was his enemy.

"The goodness of my wife has ruined us," he said. "Well, we must try to escape."

At the garden gate, Lac-Joselle, his wife, and little Louis met the mob.

"Aristocrats!" cried the leader, who was masked. "The father and the cub must die! As for you, madame," the man added, in a voice Gracia knew too well, "you are a child of the sister nation for which I fought. Go, madame," he added, with a cynical laugh, "and see whether you can live by your goodness."

She clung to the little Louis. His yellow hair shining in the moonlight was the last thing she saw, as she fell back fainting into the bed of heliotrope, at the foot of the statue of Niobe.

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The rage and sin of Paris, the hatred of God, pent up for years, was having its way. Priests had gone out in crowds from the Carmelite monastery, now a den of murderers, to their death in blood. An actor from one of the theatres, more kind-hearted than the others, had saved behind the blood-stained table, acting as judge for some time. He had just been relieved by the Citizen Brugere. A pale man, with a blonde child by the hand, had come through the reek and smoke and the ranks of pikes, to be examined.

"Ah, ha!" Brugere said, looking more cynical than ever, in his red shirt and cap of liberty. "Two aristocrats! The big one and the little one! You'll have to die, my friends. The little one may grow up, and he will be harder to kill!"

Lac-Joselle made no reply; he stood erect, but he seemed to have lost consciousness. A woman, draped in a long black cloak, made her way in spite of all opposition, to the opposite side of this terrible table of judgment. She was white, but her eyes were luminous with grief and hope.

"The little one," she said; "my husband! The little one!"

The child held out his hands. De Brugere's face lighted up.

"Madame," he said, in a whisper, "deny that this is your husband or your child. You are American—the tribunal knows it. Deny that you are the wife of Lac-Joselle and the mother of his child. They are not known; I may, then, say that they are of the people. Let your wife lie with grace," he said, in a low tone to Lac-Joselle, "and disown you. You and the boy may go then."

Gracia stood erect, facing her husband and the boy, who dropped his hands from his side at a sharp, low word from his father.

"Ah, citizenship of America, formerly the Countess Lac-Joselle," said De Brugere, with evident enjoyment of the situation, "these people claim, from pride or foolishness, to be your former son and husband. They are fools, idiots! And the guillotine is not for idiots." The circle about the table were breathless.

What would she do?

To deny her child, to tell a lie in his face, to cast him off, to save the two she loved most in life by a falsehood? Her husband looked at her, hope and love in his eyes. To lie in her child's presence, even to save his life? It would be best to die with him.

"These are my husband and my son," she said, in a low voice. There was silence in the group immediately around the table, but loud cries came from the courtyard. De Brugere started, and looked straight into her eyes. "The goodness of my wife has destroyed us!" Lac-Joselle muttered.

De Brugere heard him and laughed. "A good woman!" he said, solemnly.

"Of the race of Regulus," cried the stony-faced man at his side.

The mob took up the shout.

"Your goodness," he said, half mockingly, "has enabled you to live. If you had lied," he added in a low ear, "I would have killed them and you. The loss of one bad woman would not have mattered; but you are too rare a creature to kill. Go with your husband and child. The way will be made for you."

"Of the race of Regulus!" the mob said.

And drunken murderers in the courtyard echoed it, as she passed with her precious ones to freedom! When Madame de Lac-Joselle died,

twenty years after, the lawyers found in her will a bequest of perpetual Masses for the soul of Ferdinand de Brugere.

"At least," he said, when he was on his way to the guillotine with the Duke of Orleans, "I can recall one good deed!" Orleans laughed.

"You have an unusual memory," he answered.

Maurice Francis Egan.

## A CANDIDATE'S DIFFICULTIES.

Up in northern Pennsylvania a candidate for Congress has to do a lot of hustling for votes if the stories told by Bradford county men at their recent dinner in New York are to be believed. One of these stories was related by Congressman Mial E. Lilley, who was willing to let the diners laugh at his expense.

"We had a political contest up in old Bradford last fall that came pretty close to the speed limit," said he, "and as usual I was a candidate. I tell you things were moving mighty brisk. There were mass meetings every afternoon, debates in the evenings and no end of hustling for votes all the time among the farmers."

"Hustling being the proper thing, I thought I'd get up before sunrise and sound some of the farmers on the voting question before they left their homes for the fields and before my opponent was out of bed. So up I got one morning and found one of the farmers whose vote I was after in his barnyard trying to milk an unruly cow. He was chasing her all around the place with his milk pail, but couldn't hold her and milk her at the same time.

"That was the opportunity of my life. I jumped over the rail fence, grabbed the obstreperous cow by the horns, and patiently wrestled with her until my voter finished his milking."

"Then I intimated that I'd like to have him vote for me, but he didn't seem to be over responsive."

"Perhaps you've seen my opponent?"

"By cracky, that reminds me," he exclaimed, "he's over behind the barn holdin' the calf."

Assemblyman L. T. Horton contributed this yarn about the same candidate:

"Mr. Lilley was driving around in the country trying to find a man whose vote he hoped to get, but didn't know exactly where his man lived, so he drove along until he came upon a girl about 12 years old who was standing in front of a farmhouse holding on to a rope which had a calf at the end of it."

"Could you tell me where Mr. Brown lives, little girl?" he asked.

"The youngster had just begun to give the desired information when a loud female voice came from beyond the half open door."

"Mamie," it said, "who's that you're talking to?"

"Mr. Lilley, ma," was the answer.

"Well, Mamie, you just march yourself right into this house; and Mamie," here there was a pause, "you'd better bring the calf in with you."

A SCENE IN THE LADY CHAPEL.

(By Caroline Donnett, in Donahoe's for June.)

The month passed quickly. It was night in the square St. Sulpice. The seminary frowned behind a wall of silence. A few broken moonbeams glittered across the park and fell coldly into the waters of the fountain. The church stood dark, deserted, with great doors fast locked and only the little entrance open for those who seek to find. The interior was unlighted save for occasional dotted gleams that dimly outlined giant pillars, high unpainted windows, vast expanses of vaulting. In the Lady Chapel there were lights, for the little lamps burned steadily their flames of fire. A solitary peasant in working blouse knelt at the altar. He was bearing some great sorrow. His face was drawn in silent grief. With haggard eyes uplifted he gazed steadily on Mary with her Child. There was no sound in the church, only a silence that could be felt. The man remained motionless, waiting for the promise. Soon it came. The tense lines slowly relaxed, the tired eyes brightened, hope was born again. With the look that "passeth understanding" he arose and quietly went away. Grand had been the feast and fetes with their crowds and lights and jewels, but in the month there had been nothing that could compare with the look of peace that came into the face of a humble workman kneeling in the pulsating stillness of night time, alone in the great church of St. Sulpice.



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## THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Now that a Bureau of Catholic Negro Mission is about to be established, the following extract from a contribution to The Ave Maria may be of particular interest. The author of the article, which deals with the late Cardinal Vaughan, is Lady Mary Elizabeth Herbert, who is quoted in the following:

After spending two or three months in Baltimore, Father Vaughan went on a tour to the South, to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, and many other places, to judge for himself the state of the colored population, and to arrange for catechists to be sent into different districts later on.—the admirable results of which are now well known. He also determined to induce the Franciscan Missionary Sisters to share in the work; and in his last letter from America, dated May 16, 1872, he writes: "I am returning to England, and shall bring with me three ladies for our convent at Mill Hill; one belonging to one of the best families of the South, who has been spending herself the last five years in teaching the blacks and has been a perfect apostle amongst them; another, a Northerner; and a third, from New York—all very good. They will form the nucleus of a missionary band of Sisters to be sent out next year from Mill Hill. The greatness, the real extent of this mission to the colored people and of the future contained in it, is beyond conception. I thought highly of it from the beginning; but my experiences during the last six months have increased my estimate of it tenfold."

It is needless for me to dwell on the success of this work which Cardinal Vaughan thus inaugurated thirty-four years ago. It has become a prominent portion of the Catholic life of the United States, and is enriched by a special Benediction from the Holy Father, Pius X. But to carry out the full measure which the Cardinal had planned, a great deal has yet to be done. In the Colored Harvest of October, 1904, there is an "Appeal on Behalf of the Colored People," by the Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville, Tenn., of which I will give one or two extracts, as he has embodied the feelings of Cardinal Vaughan in the minutest particular. He begins with the words:

"It is very doubtful if the Catholics of the United States have ever fully realized the importance or full meaning of Missionary work among the negroes and Indians, or their duty and responsibility in promoting it. We are not really a missionary people, nor have we the spirit and zeal which should inspire and characterize missionary work. And yet we must be missionaries or be derelicts in our duty to God. This is a serious charge to bring against Catholics, who, valuing above everything else their own faith and salvation, should be desirous of putting within the reach of others the blessings and privileges they themselves enjoy. This neglect of a vital duty, or carelessness in discharging it, comes, perhaps, from the fact that it has never been brought before them in its naked truth and startling significance. If they knew and appreciated what mis-

sionary work means, especially among the Negroes of these United States—i.e., that it means the saving of souls for whom Jesus Christ died,—they surely would not be so listless and remiss in the discharge of the duties which this work imposes,—duties which weigh equally upon priests and people.

"Laymen sometimes quiet their consciences with the excuse that this work and the grave responsibility attaching to it belong entirely to priests and bishops, and that it is no concern of theirs. This is a grave and dangerous error. It is not only the concern, but it is the stern duty of every Catholic, man and woman, to be deeply interested and instrumental in the saving of souls; and if souls perish because of their neglect or lack of active co-operation and support, they will be responsible before God; and the guilt of the loss of those souls will rest with them.

"It is not an overstatement to say that the bishops of the South could to-day put one hundred priests into the missionary field among the Negroes and find abundant work for them all. Nay, not only that, but they would be well rewarded for their zeal. The priests would go forth and bear fruit, and their fruit would remain. It is frequently asserted that nothing can be done with Negroes; that results are not permanent; that they are made Catholics and unmade again by the first adverse influence under which they come; and so on. Facts entirely controvert and absolutely disprove flippant assertions such as these, recklessly made by those who either attach no serious meaning to their words, or whose dislike of the Negroes is characteristic. Not only do they persevere, these poor colored men, but they become zealous and successful missionaries. Among the conversions being made in the South at this very day there are some of the best and most representative people, physicians, lawyers, merchants, master workmen,—as well as the more humble classes; all of whom prize their Faith as highly as the best of white men, and have an abiding sense of the obligations it imposes upon them.

"It may seem trash, but it is with-in the truth to say that if there were to-day missionaries for the work—zealous, earnest, self-sacrificing men,—there is not a considerable city or town in the whole South in which within twelve months a Negro congregation of fair size and good promise could not be established. This is not said rashly or without knowledge, but from an experience that guarantees the moral certainty of the statement. If this be so, on whom does the responsibility rest for all these souls? For years the bishops of the South have been holding out their hands and craving aid from their more fortunate brethren, but receiving little if any financial encouragement for so stupendous, so important a work. At times we bow our heads with shame and ask ourselves if Catholic men and women, living almost in the radiance of God's presence, have really an intelligent and living faith, and if so, if they are at all sensible of the heavy claims it imposes upon them. In other words, do they really know Jesus Christ and love Him? And have they any zeal for His mission and His work on this earth?

"Good God, just think of it! There are 9,000,000 Negroes in the United States, and of these not more than 150,000 are Catholics. And yet they are people free from prejudice and ready to welcome all the truths and graces of the Church. It is doubtful if any more promising field ever lay before a missionary, or one whose successful cultivation boded more good to a country. For good or for evil, the Negro will certainly exert a commanding influence in this country in a not very distant future. Only a few years ago it was confidently asserted that there was no such thing as a Negro question, and to challenge this statement was to invoke only scorn and ridicule. To-day the menace has got well above the horizon, and is discussed in newspapers and periodicals, on platforms, in pulpits and in legislative halls; and every means is being suggested and employed to minimize the power of the colored race against a coming day of grave danger."

I have quoted a portion of this admirable discourse because, when I have talked of Cardinal Vaughan's views on the Negro question in 1871-2, people have answered that, in the last thirty-four years, everything has been changed and the spiritual wants of the Negroes have been provided for. On the contrary, the bishops of the South need money more urgently than ever,—for training, educating and maintaining missionary priests; for building schools, which are absolutely essential; and also for pro-



viding decent churches. For the idea that any sort of church will do for the Negro is a very serious error; and "it is better to have no church at all," the Bishop asserts, "than one to which he is ashamed to go." He quotes with sorrow a fact, that at one Protestant missionary meeting more was collected in a single day than in a whole year for the same object by Catholics; and adds mournfully: "Is a false faith more potent for good than the true one?"

Through the co-operation and zeal of this Right Rev. Bishop, a beautiful church has been opened in Nashville. There is a large and flourishing congregation, mostly of converts, and many of them from the best class of the Negro race.

As to the importance of the question, from a political viewpoint, a well-known statistician in Washington said to me: "Do you know that six black babies are born every year in the South to one white one? What will be the result fifty years hence, if we refuse to the Negroes the rights which the Constitution gives them?"

I will terminate this article with the few words with which the Bishop concludes his beautiful address:

"In the name of Jesus, who died for us all, and under the patronage of His Blessed Mother, who shared His sufferings, let us Catholics—bishops, priests, religious, laymen and laywomen—take to this work of the Foreign Missions generously, carry it on perseveringly, and never slacken in our endeavors until success has crowned our efforts, and Christ our King reigns victorious in hearts and souls where He is now unknown."

## WOMEN IN ALL TRADES.

Of the 303 principal occupations in which the men of the United States are engaged, it is astonishing to learn that there are only two in which no women are found. The reason for these two exceptions, moreover, lies through no fault of the fair sex. In the one case she is prevented by Uncle Sam; in the other the prohibition is undoubtedly due to the fact that she apparently is physically disqualified from climbing a rope.

Thus it comes about that there are no female soldiers or sailors, nor are there any telegraph or telephone linemen in the United States.

In all other branches of labor supposedly masculine, the women of the United States have a free field, and the statistics gathered by the Census Bureau shows they are not backward in taking advantage of it. There are, for instance, female hostlers, some of whom may be employed by the 190 women-keepers of livery stables. There are 193 female blacksmiths. Moreover, that such arduous work has not frightened women away is evident from the fact that ten years ago there were only 60.

In the comic journals the boiler factory has long been synonymous with the superlative of noise, yet the Census Bureau gravely records the fact that there are eight women steam boiler makers at work in the country.

If she cannot climb a pole, she has at least summoned up sufficient courage to climb upon the roof of a house, for among the persons engaged in the business of roofing and slating two women are recorded. Ten years ago there were three, and in lieu of more information one can only conjecture what may have happened to the one who dropped out.

The next time your water pipes burst how would you like to have a woman plumber come and fix them, just for a change? You might have to hunt around a bit to find her, for there are only 126 of her in the United States, as against nearly 28,000 of her male competitors; but that she has evidently found the field a profitable one is probable, because in 1899 the women plumbers numbered only 46.

Ten years ago not a female electrician was recorded in this country, now there are 409 of them. The technical schools are largely responsible for this.

Should one desire to have a house built from bottom to top by women he would have no difficulty in getting it done. To begin with, 1041 women architects stand ready to draw plans, while there are 167 stone masons and bricklayers on whom one may call to lay the foundations. Having progressed thus far, 545 women carpenters now offer their services—an emphatic refutation of the ancient slander that a woman cannot drive a nail.