

# THE CRUCIFIX OF BADEN.

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

## CHAPTER X.

Solitude was the cradle of creation; solitude is the never-ceasing fountain wherein exhausted souls are refreshed. Not without an object did the prophets begin their mission in the desert. Who would leave after him an immortal name must retire from the haunts of men, and in solitude examine his soul ere he speaks to mankind from the rostrum, or with the pen, the chisel or the pencil. When the busy hum of the world has faded away into silence, when he hears no voice but that of his heart within, and nature without, and God above, he will then feel the flame which brings immortality. The voice he hears will be that of truth; the hand which stretches toward him that of justice; and all the strength of the one and the charms of the other will glow in his work.

Master Sebald's dungeon was the most real, the most complete of solitudes. Thick walls of gray granite upon which shone green and shiny traces of the dampness that filled the air, formed a circle around him without an angle, a recess, an irregularity on which the weary eye might rest. A plank and a truss of straw were his bed; a block of stone was his only seat; there was no door, for such was old Sebald's wish. Light alone—sweet light—was not denied the captive; but flowed abundant and golden through a large opening in the vaulted roof. But day by day only was the boon granted, and then it bore with it no sight of that world where men dwell, no view of the sunlit waters, the green fields, or the feathered children of the air. Nothing of these could he enjoy; nothing but that flood of day flowing from the open heaven upon the criminal's brow, like the glaze of Eternal Love, ever open to hearts that yearn for it, and nevertheless, when Master Sebald thus found himself immured in a living tomb, when nothing on earth remained to him save stone walls, his modelling clay, and his chisel, then inspiration of a greater power than it had ever before felt filled his soul, and in that inspiration and in his work he would have found joyful companions; he would have been happy, were it not that two dark and venomous guests found lodgment in his breast, sorrow and remorse.

His remorse was for his crime, his sorrow for his child. They were deeper the furrows in his brow; they made his hair whiter, his step more feeble and uncertain; they sunk his eyes deeper in their sockets. They tortured him in his weary watchings; they gave form to his dreams and broke and almost banished his slumber they stood before him when he worked or prayed—his former hate and his former love; his victim and his child. The golden hair of his Mina glittered in wild waves before his eyes; he saw the manly face of his pale and contracted with agony, while the gurgling blood poured from his wound; he closed his eyes, but still their forms stood before him, both peering to the threshold of that world where eternity begins.

The old master commenced his work, ever surrounded by these sad companions. Ever hearing the last murmurs of Otho, the last sighs of Mina, he carved the holy cross and the summit of Calvary; then the shameful scroll; then the sacred form. Ever haunted by his visions of the dead, he knew better to give to the Divine Crucified the writhing of living agony joined to the beginning rigidity of death; he remembered the last quivering of human strength and the mysterious folds of the winding sheet. It was only when he came to carve the face of Christ that imagination and memory ceased to furnish him a model. Mina's passion, ate grief and pious resignation; the mingled humiliation, repentance, grief, and rage of the murdered Otho could give naught to be reproduced in the countenance of a God. He must seek his model elsewhere; and Master Sebald had not asked for his mirror in vain.

Standing erect before his work, he began to chisel the face of Christ; and for the first time since his imprisonment, when he gazed upon his own reflection. The long gaze upon his white head and his grief-worn features, satisfied him.

His own face was a book, a book of sorrows speaking most eloquently, wherein all bitterness, all failings, all regrets, and all terrors, the dreams of the artist, the humiliation of the master, the friend betrayed, the sufferings of the father, the anguish of the condemned, had inscribed their memories and left their foot-prints. The agony of Master Sebald was already long, and had been cruel and stormy. Ah! the remembrances of Otho's treachery were as the wounds in the hands and feet; the brand of dishonor upon his brow was as the crown of thorns; and the last wound, the stab of the lance, was the loss of Mina. So, that after long contemplating his own features, the old sculptor knelt humbly before the work he had begun.

"Pardon, O Christ!" he said, "if I, a weak mortal, an unworthy and sinful man, dare, in carving thy sacred lineaments, trace mine. But I design not, O Lord! to show thee happy and full of peace, or radiant and glorious. I promised to prevent thee suffering, suffering even the death of the cross; I suffer that of the gibbet. A friend betrayed thee; a friend betrayed me. Thou wast loaded with insult and ignominy; I too had good cause to blush before my judges. Thou wepest over the sins of men; thy children; I over my child's grave. And as, O Lord! thou wert man as well as God, I may not offend thee in copying the anguish,

the griefs, the sufferings that have left their print on my brow. All these thou knowest, O Lord! but remorse thou couldst not know. That will I keep to myself, and in its stead I will place radiance, hope, and splendor of divinity. Ay, hope! for even on the cross didst thou hope and call upon thy Father!"

Here the old sculptor ceased, and bent before his work, while the shadows of despair darkened his brow. Then he cast a troubled look upon the statue, a look in which anguish mingled with prayer, confidence with terror.

"And can I hope?" he murmured. "Mina is in heaven. Shall I again see her?"

But no voice replied, and sighing, he stood again erect. Then after a few moments of silent meditation he seized his chisel, and, making the sign of the cross, recommenced his work, and the stone seemed to breathe, to quiver, to palpitate as, one by one, the suffering lines came forth. Truly in Master Sebald's mirror were grief and un pitying and unending pain.

And he worked in spite of the gnawings of hunger, the want of sleep, the cold of the winter. He had ever within him strength and fire—the strength of expiation, the fire of penitence. But as he worked, his form became more stooped, and his eye less sure; his blood flowed feebly through his veins, and his breath grew more quick and gasping. But he needed but mind and hand, and his mind was clear, and his hand carved bravely still. And what cared he for the failing of an exhausted body? If, day by day, his face grew thinner, his eyes cavernous, his lips tighter, was not his model for all that the more real? Was it not a dying Christ he was carving?

At last his work was done. When the last blow of the chisel had been given, when the stone had received the final touch, when Christ hung there wounded, quivering, breathing, sublime, Master Sebald knelt before his work and bowed his forehead to the earth. The sculptor demanded his pay; the criminal his pardon. He prayed fervently and long; and when he rose, he knew that his child called and that the hour of his deliverance was nigh, and, walking to the narrow opening which formed his only means of communication with men, he called aloud to his jailer:

"My Christ is finished! My task is done! Unseal the door and lead me to the executioner!"

But it was not the executioner that came, but the judge; and he, the first to enter the dungeon, when he lifted his eyes, fell upon his knees with clasped hands; for what he saw seemed no image of stone, but a living Christ, suffering and dying before him. Struck with astonishment and admiration, he called his colleagues and sent for monsignor the bishop, and his highness the margrave, that all might see the Christ of the condemned. The dungeon of Master Sebald was too narrow for the multitude of visitors who crowded before the holy image; they talked of carrying it to one of the courts of the city, or to the Grand Place, that all the faithful might mourn and be edified by so sacred a spectacle. But Master Sebald opposed this project and asked a further boon:

"Ah!" he cried, "if you think this work of my hands merits aught but favor, consecrate it to a holy remembrance; place it in the cemetery where my daughter reposes. Christ should be upon her tomb, to speak to her of hope, and on the tomb of him—of him too, to speak to him of forgiveness."

We may add that the sculptor's request was quickly granted, for in those happy days there were sheriffs who believed, and judges of tender hearts. They were very backward, and very far behind our enlightened age in those days, although gunpowder had just been invented. Besides, the councillors of the margrave held sacred things in respect, and did not regard cemeteries as mere charnel-houses.

They carried, then, with great pomp, Master Sebald's statue to the cemetery; and, for the first time since his imprisonment began, the old man saw the crowd of men, the green leaves, the tomb of his daughter, and the white clouds of heaven.

He saw the blessing of the cross; he saw Mina's tomb consecrated; and then, taking his chisel, he graved upon the pedestal, as a last farewell inscription which, as we have seen, yet remains, and asked the time appointed for his execution. But murmurs arose in the crowd which soon swelled to violent clamors. Could so repentant a man, so old and true an artist, be given over to the gibbet! The people surrounded the magistrates; the magistrates turned to the margrave; and after a short deliberation, the president of the tribunal declared to Master Koerner that, in consideration of his genius, of his piety, and of his repentance, he should still live; pardon was granted him.

"Is life a boon?" murmured the old artist sadly bowing his head. "But I await the mercy of God. He is more generous than man."

He had not long to wait, for two days after, in the gray, early morning, they found him cold and dead upon his daughter's grave, his head resting upon the base of the crucifix. His hopes were realized; God opened his prison-doors.

Such is the legend of the sculptor and his work—a legend which offers a simple characteristic picture of the ages of confiding faith, when the Christian placed his hopes, the injured his vengeance, the criminal his repentance, and the artist his genius, at the foot of the cross.

THE END.

A puny child is always an anxiety to the parents. There seems generally no reason why the little one should be weak when it is so well fed. But the fact is that it does not matter how much food the child takes if the stomach cannot extract the nourishment from it. No benefit can be derived from just eating. That is the condition of many a sickly child. The stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are not doing their work, and the body is really starving. It is little use to give fish-liver oil or cod liver oil or emulsions, in such a case, because these also have to be digested; they might lighten the stomach's labor but they don't strengthen it. Strength is what the stomach needs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves and increases the action of the blood-making glands. It is superior to every other preparation for children's use, on account of its body-building qualities, and also because it is pleasant to the taste and containing no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a valuable aid when the bowels are irregular. They are small. Children take them readily.

## CALCULATING A CENTURY.

We have read more than one argument regarding the date upon which the twentieth century commences; not a few have contended that it began on the 1st January, 1900, and many furnished reasons, which, at first sight, seemed plausible. But of all the arguments, on one side or the other, that of the man calculating by progressive numbers is the most surprising as well as bewildering. A clever dialogue between two Irishmen, as related in a contemporary, gives the trend of reasoning. "P." has just asserted that on the morning of the first of January, 1900, he drank the health of the new century. In reply "M." says:

"Tut man, the twentieth century will not be here until next year. Professor McGurgle has been telling my boy Denis that the first century had to borrow a year from the second century to make up its count, and every century since had to borrow in the same way and never paid."

"P."—"That's like McKinley and the national debt, or March borrowing three days from April to kill the old cow. Let me ask you a question. What is the name of the century we are now living in?"

"M."—"Anno Domini, 1900, to be sure."

"P."—"How can that be if we are still living in Anno Domini, 1800 and something?"

"M."—"This because, because Anno Domini, 1800 had to borrow the year it gave Anno Domini 1700."

"P."—"But a year cannot be in two centuries at once."

"M."—"That's so. Well, 'tis some trouble with the way they counted the first century. I think they dropped a year, or forgot to begin their count at the right place."

"P."—"That would be a poor excuse for making the world ever since count in one century which belonged to another."

That is not the way my old hedge schoolmaster, who knew more than twenty professors, used to count time."

"M."—"Well, how did he do it?"

"P."—"He would say, 'boys who can count me a century'."

"Here some fellow would begin 1, 2, 3, up till 94, 100. Then the old man would chuckle and laugh, and say that's only one hundred things like potatoes or apples, but I asked you to count a century."

"Then when all the boys would fail he would say: 'Boys remember when counting progressive numbers, to always begin with zero, and remember, also, that progressive numbers are numbers made up of other progressive numbers, as a year which contains 365 days, or a day which consists of twenty-four hours. Now, to count a century you begin at zero, and when the whole 365 days are ended you say 'one year.' But the one year will progress on through 365 days more, so that when you say 'two years' the two years are completed. Then the words 'two years' will progress through 365 days more, and when you say 'ninety-nine years,' the ninety-nine years are completed, and 365 days still remain through which the ninety-ninth year will progress until the end of the last day, and that is the end of your hundred years, or the first century."

"M."—"Knew old hedge schoolmasters, knew everything. I remember one of them that used to prove the minister didn't know half his Bible, from the priest, the 'praxis' as he called it, of other Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, all of which languages



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he'd rattle off like a fiddler playing 'High for the little house under the hill.'"

"P."—"So you see those learned professors who pretend to know everything, cannot count a century because they do not know how to count in progressive numbers."

Children will go sleighing. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes; there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 cents and 50 cents.

## CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.

Glasgow, which is universally considered the stronghold of Presbyterianism in Scotland, is at the same time the backbone of Catholicity in that country. Austin Oates, K.S.G., has a series of nine elaborate and highly interesting articles upon this subject, in the "New Era." In his last article he deals with Catholicity in Scotland since the Reformation, and takes Glasgow, as the Archdiocese of Glasgow as a sample of the phenomenal increase in Catholic population, churches, colleges, convents and schools, benevolent and charitable institutions, as well as the social and commercial status of the Catholic citizens.

In giving the reasons for this increase he pays a tribute to the Catholic colonizing spirit of the Irish, who seem to be continuing to-day the work carried on by their ancestors of seven and eight hundred years ago. Mark this:

"This increase of the Church in its population, institutions and in the religious and social influence and position it wields, throughout the country is due to two causes. First, to the one continuous stream of Irish emigrants during the last sixty or seventy years to the banks of the Clyde, and secondly, to the heroic labors, zeal and energy of the clergy who fed and fostered the germs of Holy Faith thus brought within the country until it has made Scotland's great commercial centre the third most populous Catholic city within Great Britain and Ireland."

Mgr. Eyre, the venerable Archbishop of Glasgow, who is at the same time an Earl, although he does not lay claim to the title, is a most picturesque and interesting figure. Of him the writer gives the following biographical details:

"The Archbishop of Glasgow comes of an old Dorsetshire family. He is the eldest son of the late Count Eyre, and was born at Bryan Hall, Askeham, York, on November 17th, 1817. He entered Ushaw College in 1826. His studies were exceptionally brilliant, and were completed in 1839, he then being twenty-two years of age. He spent a year or two in travelling and was ordained priest in Rome, March 19, 1842, by Mgr. Canali, and shortly afterwards was appointed by Pope Gregory XVI one of his chamberlains. On his return to England he was placed in charge of St. Andrew's Church, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he labored until 1868, when the Holy See entrusted to him the office of Papal Delegate to Scotland."

"On January 31, 1869, Mgr. Eyre was consecrated Archbishop of Glasgow in Rome by Cardinal Reisch, assisted by Archbishop Manning and Archbishop de Merode. On his return to Scotland he was appointed Administrator Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland which then contained nearly three-fourths of the Catholic population of the country. Together with Bishop Strain he visited Rome in 1877 in order to further the cause of the re-establishment of the hierarchy. Both Bishop Strain and Archbishop Eyre received the Pallium at the hands of Cardinal Catenari on March 31st, 1878. On the death of his father, Count Eyre, November 11, 1880, he fell heir to the title and a large fortune. Of the former he makes no use whatever, of the latter the Archdiocese of Glasgow has reaped a munificent share."

The following table will tell clearly the progress made, in the last twenty years, by the Catholic Church in Glasgow Archdiocese:

Archdiocese of Glasgow: Table of Mission Statistics.	1890.	1899.
Priests, Secular ..	121	173
Priests, Religious ..	27	52
Missions ..	65	78
Churches, Chapels and Stations ..	106	108
Institutions, Educational ..	11	21
Institutions others ..	6	10
Congreg. schools ..	177	167
Congreg. Hlths. at Rel. ..	92	126
Exams ..	29,004	39,572
Estimated C. population ..	220,000	280,000

Of various other sections of Scotland the writer gives some most interesting information. Leaving out the Archdiocese of Glasgow, because already given, we have the following

table of statistics, taken from the Catholic Directory of Scotland for the years 1880 and 1899:

	1880.	1899.
Priests, Secular ..	131	181
Priests, Regular ..	31	52
Missions ..	106	121
Churches, Chapels, and Stations ..	201	248
Institutions Educational and other ..	30	40
Congreg. Schools and Departments ..	89	171
Catholic population, roughly estimated ..	110,000	182,000

We cannot close this article without taking an extract regarding services rendered the Church by the religious communities, of men and of women, who have been carving in God's work in Scotland. He mentions:

"The Jesuits in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Galashiels, Selkirk, and Perth; the Oblates at Leith; the Vincentians at Leamark; the Passionists in Glasgow, since 1867; the Franciscans, since 1868; the Redemptorists at Kilmoull, Perth, since 1870; the Benedictines since 1876, at Fort Augustus; and the Marist Brothers, in their great educational work at Glasgow, since 1858. At Dundee, since 1860, at Dumfries since 1871. More numerous still have been the religious communities of women founded in the cause of education and charity; the Ursulines of Glasgow, leading the van in 1835, at Edinburgh in 1865, and at Fort Tobarlo in 1886; the Sisters of Mercy at Edinburgh in 1858, to spread later on to Dalkeith, Dornie, Elgin, Keith, Tomintoul, and Dundee; the Franciscans at Inverness in 1851, thence to Aberdeen; the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at Glasgow, Lanark and Dumfries, and many others."

"Coupled and commensurate with this noble spirit of labor and sacrifice on the part of the religious bodies come the generous help and aid of the Scotch laity of which so many magnificent churches, colleges, convents, educational and charitable institutions bear witness."

The widespread anxiety concerning the milk supply makes the circulars of some of the high-class dairies of New York and vicinity interesting reading. Many of them announce thoroughly tested cows with periodical inspection by veterinarians. One states that the cows are groomed daily and

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(From the St. John's News, Nov. 10.)

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"There is no sweeter suffering than hope."—So runs an old German proverb. Melancholy teases for hours; that bitter disappointment has cured, and to whom all hope is but memory.

Welcome the dawning day with a cheery smile, and even though your heart be sad and troubled the day will seem all the brighter. Your smile will work its way into your heart and you will be more happy.

We cannot rekindle the morning beams of childhood; we cannot recall the noontide glory of youth; we cannot bring back the perfect day of maturity; we cannot fix the evening rays of age in the shadowy horizon; but we can cherish that goodness which is the sweetness of childhood, the joy of youth, the strength of maturity, the honor of old age, and the bliss of saints.

If Mary is the hope which forecasts a serene tomorrow to the wanderer amid the storms of life, if she is the crucifier of virtue, she is also the covenant of peace to the sinner who has drawn upon himself the just wrath of his Creator. And this not only as the refuge to the repentant on earth—aye, even on judgment day her benign influence will be felt to temper the rigor of the last sentence ere it is pronounced.

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