

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Heerleth Dans Skinner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reach."—Brooklyn.

"My dear Mr. Daretto, it has come to my ears that young Bartolini, a countryman of yours and a music student, has been refused in the past, in a great straits from poverty and sickness. His talents, as you know, are only mediocre, and he has found it impossible to make his way. His belongings have been seized for debt, and he is sick and alone in the city of St. Paul."

It was late in the evening when this note was brought to Daretto. He was very tired, and the night was stormy.

But there was no more peace in Adriano's soul. A gnawing reproach fastened there and would not leave him.

"Oreste, instead of laying out my night-shirt you may give me my overcoat. You need not look at me as if I had gone demented, for you have not heard half yet. Just make up some kind of a shake-down for me on the spot in the salon."

Oreste shrugged his shoulders. He was getting used to these vagaries of his master. "He is a saint," he said to himself, "and the saints were always doing queer things."

Daretto found his way rapidly to the Bohemian neighborhoods across the river about the Rue Mazarine, and climbed up to the attic where young Bartolini had taken his poor room.

The house seemed very quiet and deserted. The bare little studio was dimly lighted by one tallow-candle. A slovenly old woman was watching by the broken-down bed. She seemed to be expecting Daretto, for she expressed relief but no surprise at his appearance.

"He will not know you," she said; "the doctor gave him some drug to quiet him. I will go out and get this prescription filled if you sit with him till I come back."

Evidently there would be no question of moving the sick man; he was too ill for that. Adriano sat by his side on the one rickety chair that the room afforded, and waited for the old hag's return with the medicine.

"Why did you wish me to go to him?" "Before Heaven, I knew nothing of it!" she sobbed. "I was told he was ill and in poverty, and was asked to write you and beg you to do this act of charity to your countryman. I never dreamed of its being anything catching. I have only this moment found out that they had him removed to the pest-house this morning, but they knew what it was yesterday before they sent you to him. They tore down the placard from the building so that you should suspect nothing, and the dreamer woman who nursed him was bribed to stay away."

"Who did you mean by 'they'?" "Look here!" she cried, holding up her hand, on which the diamond ring still glistened. She tore it off, threw it on the floor, and stamped it fiercely under foot. "I never knew that he was your enemy. I do not know now why he hated you. He deceived me and made me think he was helping us all the time. I never dreamed that he was using his power to injure first Catalina, then you. Oh, I have been cruelly deceived! Oh, say that you believe me, that you know I was innocent!"

"I cannot do otherwise than believe you, Miss Carson. You have indeed been deceived; but be thankful that your eyes were opened before you were bound for life to such a man."

"But I may have caused your death!" she cried, seizing his hands. "If anything should happen to you, I could never, never get over it to my dying day. Promise me that you will take care of yourself. Are there not preventives you can use?"

"Do not distress yourself about me," he replied, very gently. "I promise you to be prudent and to consult a physician at once about preventives. Do not fear that you will regret having written me. Perhaps but for that you would never have learned the true character of the man you were engaged to till too late. I do not wonder that you were deceived in him. He is a good-looking, plausible fellow, but he who knew him in boyhood knew that he was always tricky and revengeful."

"Nobody warned me against him," she said, still weeping. "Because I was independent and self-reliant, in my American way, nobody would believe how much I needed help and advice. But I am going home now. I wish I had never left it! I hate Paris! I hate the stage! I hate those horrible associations! I am going back to my own country, where I understand the people and they understand me. Remember me as a vain, silly, ambitious girl if you will, but believe that I was innocent and unsuspecting. And oh, for Heaven sake, take care of yourself, or I shall feel as if I had killed you!" and she pressed his hands passionately to her lips.

"He chose his own weapons," he murmured, as he watched her go off

weeping. "It is indeed a duel to the death!" He felt strangely calm. He was ready to meet his fate.

"I cannot avoid it, but it shall find me prepared," he said to himself. "I do not think I shall die, but I know now that I shall never sing again."

He followed to the letter the advice of the physician, and under the presence of finishing some work, kept entirely by himself. But there came a night of sudden unrest and misery, and without waiting for the light of day he struggled from his bed, dressed with unobtainable swiftness, crept down the stairs, and dragged his aching, fainting frame through the dark, silent chill of deserted streets till he reached the fever hospital and its gates had closed upon him.

It was not yet dawn when Teodoro and Oreste were awakened by the authorities, who took the apartment in charge for fumigation. Adriano's physician was with them to break the news to the startled family.

"Oh, why did he not let us nurse him? We would die with him gladly," sobbed the heart-broken Teodoro, while Oreste paced the room like a man in his wits.

"Do not talk of dying," said the physician, cheerfully. "Intelligent care will do more for the sick man than the most devoted affection, if ignorant. Besides, he would be constantly worrying about you. You and Oreste have charge for his care, and he is cheerful others to live for, and he is cheerful because he hopes that you will escape infection. He has a comfortable room in the hospital, and all will be done for him that science can do."

But the two men would receive no comfort. They could hardly force themselves to take rest or food, and their misery was pitiable. They were placed under quarantine for a while, and could not even seek consolation from their friends. Poor little Espiritu cried her eyes out over the pathetic, despairing notes that Teodoro sent her two or three times a day. The bulletins from the hospital were unfavorable, but the misery was not Teodoro's. He could not go to Teodoro. Espiritu came to see her every day, and Espiritu would sob out her woes in her friend's arms as they pored over those letters together, letters both penned and read in utter wretchedness. At last there came a day when the bulletins were less favorable, and when the elder woman suddenly drew her head and the younger one's shoulder and cried out:

"I, too, know what this suffering, this separation is, Espiritu! I know what it is, too! Oh, Adrien! My love, my love, my love! If they would only let me go to you!"

Then Espiritu saw how blind she had been. So selfish both in her joy and in her sorrow that I never guessed this, never guessed it for a moment! And I made you comfort me when your own dear, brave heart was breaking!"

So they wept in each other's arms and prayed and waited. But there was one person who, in spite of his affliction and poverty, forced the quarantine and found her way to Teodoro's room. Louise Carson was wild with grief and remorse, and sobbed out the whole story, as she knew it, to her victim's brother. Oglairre had hastily left Paris, and she had no absolute proof of his villainy—noting beyond her own suspicions, and the confused and agonized remonstrances of his devoted nurse. It was useless to talk of prosecution or arrest, but it relieved her agonized feelings to see Teodoro's indignation and horror. His young face blanched and grew set and stern till almost beyond recognition.

"May he never cross my path!" he murmured. "Had he injured me, I could forgive him, but he has sought my darling brother's life. God keep him out of my way, for if Adriano should die, I could not hold my hand back from murder!"

But Adriano knew from the first that he would die. The solitary of the sick-mitten at the fever hospital was Monsignore Inanson, and his big frame and bigger soul, his general kindness and his glorified common-sense of his fervent piety brought Adriano unspeakable consolation. Sometimes his physical sufferings were so intense that he almost longed for death, and when he remembered how little there was to come back to life, he cowardly felt as if it would be a relief to lay it down. All of his nearest and dearest were happily provided for and had no need of him, though, indeed, they would miss him for a while, till new and increasing joys took away the sadness and grief of a sad memory. Lady Lansworth would, perhaps, shed a startled tear when she heard of his death—a tear for what he might have been rather than what he had been to her. But she was young and lovely, and the knight that she waited for would surely appear to claim her, and her perfect womanhood would be rounded out to ineffable beauty under the love of husband and the caresses of children. What need had earth of his empty arms and vanished talents? But Adriano lived, and he accepted life even as it appeared to him, desolate and ruined.

There was great joy in his home when he returned to them at last, but very shadow of himself and scarcely speaking above a whisper, and yet his own dear self, with the same adorable smile, and eyes that were larger and more luminous than ever. He must be kept very quiet and free from excitement, the physician said; so Teodoro and Oreste tiptoed about, anxious hands ready to out off their hands for his comfort and pleasure. Even Baptiste the silent stole frequently from his kitchen, and, pushing page and valet contemptuously aside, bore with his own hands the masterpiece of his creation to the invalid's couch to try and tempt the slowly returning appetite.

One at a time a few friends were admitted—Monsignore Inanson and the young Viscount de Bryas, Guy Ainsworth and Giannetto d'Ussoglio. The latter offered himself as travelling companion, for Adriano was ordered to Algiers to escape the trying climate of

winter and early spring for his delicate throat. Oreste was preparing everything for his master's comfort on the journey. The long sixed for Oreste's wedding had long since passed, but the gray-eyed girl at Lucea understood him now and he received no reproaches.

On the contrary, when he wrote her that he should start for Algiers in a week, to be gone he knew not how long, she only replied that that was as it should be, and quietly locked up her simple trousseau in its big chest.

But Oreste was destined to travel in another direction than Algiers. There were whispered consultations latterly between Adriano, Teodoro, and D'Ussoglio. Adriano seemed to be a little nervous about the luggage, and insisted that Oreste should prepare the boxes and have the valet send them on to Marseilles a day ahead. The valet obeyed, although this seemed to him a foolish precaution. His own small trunk he would take with him. The same afternoon that the luggage departed, Adriano took his first drive, accompanied by Teodoro and D'Ussoglio, in the closed carriage. When the train returned an hour later, the valet and Teodoro dismounted from it alone. To Oreste's startled inquiries he replied by handing the valet a letter and package addressed in Adriano's handwriting. The letter said:

"I have played a trick on you, my poor Oreste. I have done it for I have done it out of very love for you and regard for Oreste's future. I am now in the train with Count d'Ussoglio and shall be started on the way to Marseilles when you are reading this. Do not be angry. I shall be glad to make me comfortable. Do not hate him, Oreste, for though he is an excellent valet and a most devoted friend, he is a little suspicious, lacking to my complete confidence. I have sent you a dispatch to Marseilles to say that you are on your way to Lucea and will be married in ten days."

"I send with this my wedding gift to you, the title to the house of Lucea and the Sragalle. In this way I secure you as a neighbor for future summers. Dear Oreste, you are now a free man. I have no more to say to you. Your devoted companion of seven years, with Oreste, MARIA DOMENICO, of the Counts Daretto-Mansfeld."

"It was the only way he could do it," said Teodoro, laughing at Oreste's consternation. "You know yourself you never would have consented to leave him. He had to run away for you for your own happiness!"

And two days later the gray-eyed Consiglio unlocked the big chest and drew forth from it her wedding finery.

ST ALEXIS.

FEAST, JULY 17.

Long centuries ago, in the days when Innocent the First was the Sovereign Pontiff, a rich senator of Rome was offering up prayers to God for the blessing of a son to bear his name and succeed to his wealth and position. Some years they prayed and waited, and then to this nobleman and his wife a child was born who bore the name of Alexis.

The little boy seemed to be from infancy entirely devoted to God, and he grew daily more sweet, and humble, and pious as time passed on. Being of a wealthy family, his clothing was costly, but underneath his silk and gold he wore a rough hair shirt, and of often wished that he could follow Jesus in his poverty and suffering. In the world he appeared with a peaceful, smiling face, but upon his knees before the cross, he would weep for hours over his sins, and promise his whole life, love and service to Almighty God alone.

The father of Alexis wished him to marry when he reached the proper age, and when he sought a maiden who was virtuous and beautiful as she was noble—one whom none could see without admiration and love. Alexis was sad and perplexed; never had he disobeyed his father, and his entreaties had been powerless to prevent the command; but, with the memory of God's will before him, he dared not give affection to any human creature, and all that he could do was to pray to be helped and guided by Heaven. So the marriage day drew on, and the ceremony was concluded amidst great pomp and rejoicing; but Alexis had been inspired by God with a purpose which would preserve his vow unbroken, and he appeared at the gay assembly, and they sought him everywhere in vain. When the bride was questioned she could only say, weeping, that her husband had but given her a ring of gold, a girde of precious stones, and a veil of purple, and then exclaiming, "Farewell!" had hurried away.

For some years they sought Alexis, but finding it impossible to obtain tidings of him his father sent messengers to all countries and parts of the world, while his mother spread ashes upon the hearth and sat down mourning, and the young bride took off her ornaments, wore the attire of a widow and darkening her windows wept constantly.

All this time Alexis had not been unmindful of the suffering he was causing to those who loved him, but the voice of God sounded clearly in his ear, bidding him leave parents, and home, and all else, to follow Jesus, and he dared not linger, so disguising himself in the dress of a pilgrim, he hurried away from his native town, and getting into a little boat soon reached the mouth of the River Tiber, and then journeyed on to Mesopotamia, where he devoted himself to the service of the sick and poor. He could not long remain unnoticed, because of his holy life and his marked devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and people began to call him a saint, upon which Alexis grew alarmed lest he might become proud and uplifted, therefore he left the place, and embarked on a ship bound for Tarsus. But a great tempest rose, and after many days the ship was driven back to the mouth of the Tiber, and Alexis found himself once more near his home and friends. He knew that he was very poor, and he had changed no one in the city would know him again, so he resolved to go and live upon the charity of those who had formerly been his friends. He was approaching his father's house, when he saw him coming out, with several servants in attendance, and in humble words Alexis besought a refuge under his roof, and a few crumbs of bread.

Euphemian looked at him, but did not know it was his son; yet his heart filled with pity for the poor beggar, and he ordered his servants to take care of him, "For," said he, "my own son, Alexis, may be poor and homeless like this man."

The commands of Euphemian were not well obeyed, for instead of taking care of Alexis, they lodged him in a hole under the marble steps, where all who passed might look on his misery, and the servants finding that he never complained, mocked at him and treated him with contempt, throwing dirt at him, and pulling his hair. All these trials, and many others, which tried him far more. It was hard to witness the distress of his beloved mother—to see his wife whose chamber window was just above him, looked under the steps weeping there, and exclaiming, "Oh! my Alexis, why hast thou espoused me, and left me?" but at such times, if he felt tempted to give and receive human affection, he turned to prayer for safety, and thus remained steadfast in his promise to love none but God.

Many years passed away, and Alexis grew weak and emaciated from his long suffering, and God revealed to him that his end was near. So he asked one of the servants of the house to get him his pen and some ink, and he wrote an account of his life, explaining the reason he had left his home, and put the letter in his bosom until the hour he should die.

About this time, upon a certain festival, Pope Innocent was celebrating High Mass in the presence of the emperor and his court, when a voice was heard to exclaim, "Seek out the holy servant of God who is about to depart this life, and who shall pray for the city of Rome!"

The people fell upon their faces from fear, and another voice spoke, saying, "Where is he to be found?" And the first voice answered, "Seek him in the house of the noble Euphemian." Now Euphemian was close to the emperor, who said to the dead hand of Alexis, and let him in the house, and yet has kept it secret? Let us seek him directly." So Euphemian went first to prepare the way for the emperor, and as he drew near his home, one of the servants came to meet him saying, "The poor beggar whom thou didst shelter has died within the last hour, and we have laid him upon the steps of the door."

Then Euphemian ran up the steps and uncovered the beggar's face. Ah! it was like that of an angel now, for a glory of light came from it, and at the sight, the rich man fell upon his knees, acknowledging that this poor despised creature was one of the chosen friends of the Almighty.

When the Pope and the emperor, with his court drew near, they saw the letter in the dead hand of Alexis, and it was opened and read aloud before the whole assembly. No words could describe the feelings of Euphemian when he knew that the beggar was his son—his loved and long sought Alexis, who had for years dwelt beside him, unknown and uncare for. His mother, and the wife he left upon the day of her wedding, rushed out and flung themselves down by the lifeless body, weeping bitterly, and for seven days refused to be comforted, while people thronged to touch the sacred remains, and many were cured of their disease. On the spot where Euphemian's house stood, where Alexis had suffered with resignation and humility so many years, a church was erected, which bears his name, and the marble steps under which he died are preserved in a side-chapel, where there is a figure of the Saint, in the dress of a pilgrim, with his letter in his hand, and his staff by his side. Thus ended his strange life of separation from all natural ties for the love of God, and hard and unattractive as it may seem to us who read it, we must remember that it was the path by which he was to reach the reward of heaven, and thus only would have become sanctified. There are saints who have lived among their friends and their homes, finding in others have heard, like Alexis, the divine voice commanding them to leave everyone, and endure loneliness and desolation; so in different ways the cross and the crown have been given to them all—in this world the trials, the persecutions, in heaven, the crown of reward, and the "Well done, good and faithful servant," of the Master.

There is no coward meaner than one who sacrifices a friend to shield his own sin. Such a one was the late E. H. Shannon, of East St. Louis, who having killed two men in a quarrel over cards, fled and left his innocent friend and companion to be done to death on circumstantial evidence. The friend would but assert his own innocence, and the fact that he knew the murderer. He may have hoped and prayed that his magnanimity would move Shannon to confession; but conscience stirred not then, and the innocent man died without revealing the coward's sin.

Then conscience awakened in the real criminal. Neither success in business, nor the companionship of a devoted wife, nor his own attempts at sober and virtuous living could ease the sting—prelude of the worm which dieth not. At last, a few nights ago, he confessed his guilty secret to his wife, and after she had fallen asleep, killed himself with a chloroform pillow. And so he went before the just Judge with four murders on his soul. Oh, what a little thing the hangman's noose or the electric chair had been!

Conscience may well make cowards even of good men when they view their lives in the light of Infinite Purity. But God is pitiful to him who manfully acknowledges his sins, nor tries to shift the blame and the penalty on another. Who would not rather be the innocent victim of the gallows than the self-condemned and self-executed victim of a late and vain remorse!—Boston Pilot.

ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

A Noble Exemplar of Unworldliness.

"And they that use this world as if they used not; for the fashion of this world passeth away." (1 Cor. VII:31)

All perfection consists in a guard upon the heart. Wherever we are we can make a solitude in our hearts, detach ourselves from the world and converse familiarly with God. Let us take Saint Margaret for our example and encouragement, and "there let our hearts be set where true joys are in store."

St. Margaret's name signifies "pearl"; a fitting name, says Theodorice, her confessor and her first biographer, "for one such as she." Her soul was like a precious pearl. A life spent amidst the luxury of a royal court never dimmed its luster, or stole it away from Him who had bought it with His Blood. She was the granddaughter of an English king, and in 1070 she became the bride of Malcolm and reigned Queen of Scotland till her death in 1093.

How did she become a Saint in a position where sanctity is so difficult? First she burned with zeal for the house of God. She built churches and monasteries; she busied herself in making vestments; she could not rest till she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout her realm.

Next, amid a thousand cares, she found time to converse with God—ordering her piety with such sweetness and discretion that she won her husband to sanctity like her own. He used to rise with her at night for prayer; he loved to kiss the holy books she used, and sometimes he would steal them away and bring them back to his wife covered with jewels.

Lastly with virtue so great, she wept constantly over her sins and begged her confessors to correct her faults. On her deathbed she received the news that her husband and her eldest son were slain in battle. She thanked God who sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins; and then died in peace.

Saint Margaret did not neglect her duties in the world because she was not of it. Never was no better mother. She spared no pains in the education of her eight children, and the sanctity of her children was the fruit of her zeal. Never was a better Queen. She was the most trusted counsellor of her husband and she labored for the material improvement of the country. But in the midst of the world's pleasures she sighed for the better country and accepted death as a release. After receiving the Holy Viaticum she was repeating the prayer from the Missal, "O Lord Jesus Christ, who by Thy death didst give life to the world, deliver me." At the words "deliver me," says her biographer, she took her departure to Christ, the author of true liberty."

C. T. A. U. of Connecticut Denounces Appleton's Anti-Catholic Cyclopaedia.

Secretary June J. Corbett, of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut, on June 24 mailed circulars to the eighty-six societies in that state, a copy of which follows:

"Hartford, Conn. June 20, 1902. To the Members of the C. T. A. U. of Connecticut: I wish to call your attention to the gross calumnies against the Catholic church published by D. Appleton & Co. in their Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas.

I respectfully request that each adult society of our union protest against this injustice and unite with the other Catholic organizations of the country in demanding a revision of the work.

"Yours faithfully, WALTER J. SHANLEY. President C. T. A. U. of Connecticut."

It is expected that all of the societies will pass resolutions criticizing the publishers. The following letter of protest will be sent to the publishers: D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen: The members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut emphatically protest against the gross calumnies concerning the Catholic Church published in Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas.

It is our purpose to denounce these clumsy calumnies till the work is purged of its gross misstatements and to proclaim the ignorance of its authors till matters of Catholic doctrine and practice are revised by competent Catholic authority."

London's Catholic Cathedral. In a supplement issued with the London Times, Cardinal Vaughan states the present financial position of the new Westminster Cathedral and the prospects of its formal opening for divine service. He says to complete the structural and other works a further sum of £16,000 will be required, which must be collected with all speed, or the work must be stopped. Upon this depends the date of the consecration and of the formal opening. His Eminence confidently appeals to Catholics to provide this amount. In doing so he announces that this is his final appeal for the building fund—that the fund in his lifetime if the sum now asked for be obtained. At present the shell of the cathedral is practically completed, and the greater part of the sum now required for the purpose of rendering the interior fitted for the celebration of divine service.

No HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all around medicine ever made. In cases of indigestion, flatulency, headache, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatism, and all other pains, it is the best. It is sold by all druggists. Price, 25c. and 50c.

A SOURCE FROM WHICH MEANS A CLEAR HEAD. The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are subjected to, makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful, steady and active use of the "Vegetable Pills" that they can keep their various faculties, many of them in regular use, and consequently keep the head clear.

WHAT THIN

Whose M. A picture in a I turned with my Said I: "I must my fancy more to yet." So I we picture. It was Child," from the known—at least shop. My friend with it; so he marked:

"I acknowledged rotion, and of you and can easily be it must have on perament."

"Yes," I re poetry has in splendor of truth come home with shan and a new this devotion you have no charm "But isn't tion?"

"Not at all. before you my faith is no tress of opinions."

"Then come are so certain to me, if you can, scripular, how it is not—I wous, to call Mother of God honors?"

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"Now then, Divine Infant, "Well," I suppose you "Why of believe Him to "Yes; but "Well, you Good, then; the Blessed Y "Ah, yes, "you mean m "Exactly. God, and you to be God's M "Well," s as well as Go his manhood can you say the mot Whereas, to makes her nature—which the Father."

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