

points upon which the king was particularly tenacious and unforbearing.

After relating this incident, the martyr's written account of his captivity suddenly breaks off. Happily for us, we have, as a guide through the closing scenes of his passion and death, the testimony of his enemies and that of his Catholic fellow-prisoners, who, taking up the narrative where it was left by the confessor, continued it to the end.

Before Father Ogilvie's answers to the king's questions were actually sent to London, he was again asked whether he persisted in his previous declarations; he replied in the affirmative, and cheerfully signed a paper in which his answers had been taken down. From that moment he knew that his fate was sealed; and after so many and such hard conflicts for the faith, he felt that he was at length drawing near the final struggle, beyond which was eternal rest.

About this time Spottiswood, who, in sending the martyr's declarations to London, had added to them notes and explanations, which represented things in a "calumnious way," was suddenly called to Edinburgh on business. He left his prisoner under the care of his wife, who appears to have shown some kindness toward her husband's helpless victim. Father Ogilvie's fellow-prisoners in relating this fact slyly inform us that the "Archbishops" were especially indulgent "when, according to her custom, she had been indulging very freely in certain potations." However, these moments of comparative liberty and quiet were not lost upon the martyr, and we have reason to bless the "Archbishops" for her kindness; for it was during this time that Father Ogilvie wrote the precious account of his captivity from which we have so largely quoted.

In this narrative, so simple in its form, over which we linger with thrilling interest, the noble confessor unconsciously gives a graphic picture of himself. We seem to see and hear him all along, with his dry humor, bright wit, clear intellect, and absolute devotion to the cause of Truth.

Besides the account of his imprisonment, Father Ogilvie wrote several letters during this short space of free time. They have fortunately been preserved; and they show us how, by a rare and admirable combination, our martyr united to a bold spirit and ready tongue a most tender and loving heart.

The first letter is addressed to one of his fellow prisoners, John Mayne, to whom he entrusted the manuscript of his story of his captivity. He asks him "to hand these documents to the rector of the first Jesuit college you come to, and ask him to send correctly made copies to Father Claude Aquaviva, and to pray for me." The last lines of this short letter run thus: "The danger of being caught writing does not allow me to give descriptions, go into details, or make corrections, nor even to note down any considerable part of the facts. So my brothers must in their charity excuse and correct any blunders; and pray for John Ogilvie, and for the rest who are fellow-prisoners with him for the Catholic faith."

Mayne had been condemned to death, but he was reprieved and sentenced to perpetual banishment. He carried out his friend's behest with scrupulous fidelity, and Father Ogilvie's touching narrative was given by him to the Father Rector of the college of Bordeaux when he landed in that town. Before the end of the same year (1615) it was made known in Rome and in the principal establishments of the Jesuits in France and Italy.

Another letter is addressed to Father Claude Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus. It runs thus: "Most beloved and most worthy Father, dearest object of the affection of my heart after Christ and the heavenly court! My punishments are terrible and my tortures sharp. Your paternal charity will make you pray for me, that I may undergo them with generous courage for Jesus, who triumphed over everything for us. And may Christ long preserve you as a most skillful leader of His soldiers and as a bulwark of His Church. To your Very Reverend Paternity, your little servant in Christ and most unworthy little son."

The great religious and tender Father to whom were addressed these lines, so full of filial love and reverence, had gone to his rest a few weeks before—on the 21st of January, 1615. Cut off from the outer world as he had been since the previous October, our martyr had not heard of Father Aquaviva's death; but we may fondly believe that his affectionate appeal found an echo in the courts of heaven, and that the prayers of the holy General of the Society were not wanting to his "little son and servant" during the closing scenes of his bitter passion.

A third letter is addressed to Father Alberi, an eminent member of the Order, who, when Provincial of Austria, had admitted the young Scotch postulant, John Ogilvie, into the Society. The captive confessor reminds Father Alberi of this fact, and recommends to his charity his fellow-prisoner, John Mayne, for whom he begs "a little of that kindness which I myself have experienced." He goes on to speak to him of the manuscript entrusted to Mayne, and ends thus: "This letter is dated from my prison at Glasgow, where I am stretched on the ground and loaded with chains weighing over two hundred pounds. I endured the torture of forced watchings for eight days and nine nights; now I expect two more tortures, and then death. I am still awake—the 22nd of February, 1615."

In the last sentence we seem to recognize a playful allusion to the horrible tortures through which he had passed; and we may imagine how good Father Alberi's eyes must have filled with tears as he read the farewell letter of his spiritual son, and perceived the brave, bright spirit undaunted to the last.

At the end of a fortnight a letter came from London, stating that Father Ogilvie was to be judged and executed according to the law, if he persisted in the doctrines contained in the paper sent to the King. The Jesuit had denied his sovereignty in spiritual matters, and this in the eyes of James I. was a crime beyond forgiveness. Our hero vaguely heard that news had come from London; but his jailers when questioned by him answered that they knew nothing. "Well," he observed, "I can tell you that to-morrow or the day after a priest will die." Spottiswood, who had returned in haste to Glasgow on hearing that orders had been sent from the Government, gave the martyr the information he desired; adding, however, that he was to be tried not on account of his priesthood, but on account of his treasonable views—a vain attempt to rob him of the martyr's crown in the eyes of public opinion.

Several ministers from Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as a certain number of noblemen, among whom was the Marquis of Lothian, visited the confessor during these last days of his life. Some came from curiosity to see the young Jesuit whose extraordinary courage had made his name a household word; whilst others endeavored to shake his constancy by their arguments and promises.

The martyr's firmness and serenity remained unshaken. The worst was over. The fearful torture, the long imprisonment, the harassing discussions—all were past; only a short, sharp struggle remained, and then the palm for which he had so longed would be within his grasp. After his six months' conflict, no wonder that he hailed the approach of death with inexpressible joy, and that the day before his trial he joyfully invited the bystanders to be present at his nuptials on the morrow. In imitation of His Master, he even insisted on washing the feet of his companions, who in their account, have carefully recorded this last act of brotherly charity.

Father Ogilvie knew that his trial was a mere form, and that his execution would take place immediately afterward. Perhaps he was aware that Spottiswood had caused the scaffold and gibbet to be erected beforehand, so that there might be no interval between his victim's condemnation and his death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SERVICE IN A CATACOMB.

Impressive Ceremonies in the Chapel of St. Cecilia.

In that almost forgotten but still deeply interesting tale of ancient Rome—"Valerius," written by John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, it is related of the hero that, being out at night on the Appian Way, he heard sounds strange and sweet apparently proceeding from under the earth beneath his feet. "The calm sepulchral music," he says, "still continued to stream from the recess of the mausoleum, and painless awe held me there as if by a charm uncontrollable."

This very morning the traveller who ventured on the same great highway, in the bright sunlight and genial warmth of this fair November day, might hear similar "mysterious music," and note at intervals "its exciting cadence," and, if he were ignorant of its source and of its cause, he might be as sorely perplexed as was Valerius on that night long centuries ago, by the sounds that issued from beneath the earth, when, gazing upward, he "beheld the moon riding above the black pine tops in a serene and cloudless heaven."

The cause of these strange subterranean sounds is the same to-day as when they broke upon the listening ear of Valerius. The Christians, now as then, were holding religious services in the catacombs. It may be said that the majority of travellers and tourists at present visiting Rome might be met with here in this cemetery of Callistus, crowding the chapel of St. Cecilia and the galleries and corridors near it, and attending with silent awe to the ceremonies held here on this her feast day beside the empty tomb of that popular saint. Year by year the crowds that throng this spot increase, and the decoration of the place becomes more elaborate.

This shrine, which once held the body of St. Cecilia, is a rudely shaped, spacious cave cut beneath the soil, at the entrance to the catacomb, and it is to-day turned into a bower of beauty by the profusion of flowers with which it is decorated. From the conical-shaped *lucernario*, or air aperture, admitting faintly the pale rays of sunlight, great long festoons of odoriferous box branches, interwoven with pale and pink and flaming red roses, droop in graceful outlines. The walls are of the crude tufa—the volcanic stone of the soil around here—and are as the sides of a quarry. To-day, the Feast of St. Cecilia, they are almost hidden behind wreaths harmoniously interwoven of chrysanthemum, and narcissus, and nasturtium, and tiny ferns. In the great cavity, or niche, opening into the wall on a level with the floor the flowers are most profuse. This was the spot where the remains of Cecilia were entombed. Here stood the huge marble sarcophagus, and within it the coffin of cypress wood in

which she lay just as she died. Lights and flowers—the choicest flowers of all—render this rude niche a fair shrine. And in the center of it is a tiny statue, in alabaster, copied after the renowned statue by Stefano Maderno, which lies beneath the high altar in the Church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, in Rome, at the very spot to which her remains were transferred in the ninth century.

The story of this statue has a special interest. In 1599 Cardinal Sfondrato, Titular Cardinal of the Church, opened the tomb of the martyr, when the embalmed body of Cecilia was seen, robed in gold tissue, with linen clothes stiffly in alabaster, copied after the renowned statue by Stefano Maderno, which lies beneath the high altar in the Church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, in Rome, at the very spot to which her remains were transferred in the ninth century.

On her side she rests As one asleep; the delicate hands are crossed, Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes The virgin limbs and round the slender throat

A golden circlet masks her erasied wound, And there she lies, as if by magic hand A Latin inscription, not by Stefano Maderno, as I have it in my "Walks in Rome," but by Cardinal Paul Sfondrato, says, "Behold the image of the most holy virgin Cecilia, which I, Paul, of the title of St. Cecilia, saw lying thus in her tomb. I have desired that this marble should express for thee the posture which it was given to me to behold."

It is not often that so exquisite and evidently accurate a work of art is produced fourteen centuries after the person it represents has passed away from the world. Artists, indeed, rarely have such opportunity as Maderno had, and he was equal to the task imposed upon him.

Very few saints have been so popular with artists as Cecilia. On the rude wall quite close to the place of her empty tomb, an early artist's loving hand has depicted his ideal of what she might resemble. The method of painting and other considerations known or observed by archaeologists lead them to the conclusion that this work of art should be attributed to the seventh century. It is in fresco, and occupies the place of a mosaic demolished at an earlier period. Some of the tiny cubes of mosaic are still to be seen inserted in the wall around this fresco.

The picture is that of a young woman standing in a garden of flowers, tall, red roses blooming on each side of her. The face is beautiful; clear brown eyes, under high arched brows, look out calmly at the spectator. Her rich golden hair, amid which large pearls gleam, is but a shade darker than the yellow nimbus which encircles her head. A crimson tunic, bound at the neck with many rows of pearls and other jewels in rich settings, covers the body and is gathered in at the waist; by a cinchure set with large pearls. The arms, enclosed in sleeves tight at the wrists, are held wide open, in that attitude of prayer so frequently met with in the catacomb figures known as Orantes.

The picture altogether, and in spite of the slow but sure fading of its colors, is still beautiful, and has a special charm derived from the marvelous peace that seems to possess the person represented. The garden of tall roses, in which Cecilia is placed is, in catacomb art, intended to represent Paradise, and the tranquillity of the countenance expresses the artist's ideal of "that peace which passeth understanding."

And as the centuries pass, artists have taken up the life and the symbol associated with Cecilia as fit subjects for their art. Her position as patroness of music has rendered her favorite in many households where this divine art is cultivated, and with the poets, who have all good things to say of the "divine Cecilia," the "in vestment of the vocal frame," as Dryden says of her, contrasting her influence with that of Prometheus:

He raised a mortal to the skies; She drew an angel down! And the same poet, after noting in his "Song of St. Cecilia's Day" the power of Orpheus, who could lead the savage race, declares that "bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher: When to her organ vocal breath was given: An Angel heard, and straight appeared— Mistaking Earth for Heaven!"

For those who take an interest in the marvelous history of early Christian Rome, or who are touched by the charming associations of Cecilia with music, to-day's visitation of the catacomb where her remains were placed after her martyrdom, is a memorable event. Many hundreds of strangers from far away lands crowded these narrow passages, with the numberless empty graves on either hand, where the darkness was dispersed by the many lighted candles placed in wooden sconces at intervals along the walls.

To-day's assembly might be considered as the first of the catacomb "season," which will be followed by several others until the end of April next. Such a "season" is not the same as that with which the bulk of travelers are most acquainted. That has its meetings at night, in halls of splendor and taste and brilliant illumination, while this characteristic "season" has its meetings in the day time, but underground, amid the empty tombs of the dead, where faint glimmers of light from flickering tapers render legible the epithani on a sepulchre or

the colors of a fading fresco on the wall above a grave.

Yet in such a gathering you may hear several languages spoken and note the types that distinguish the inhabitants of many widely separated lands. Here I met to-day with many people I knew: this family is from South Africa, from the land of gold and diamonds now so much spoken of; that lone gentleman is from New Zealand; these two Bishops, with their secretaries, are from Ireland; here is an English lady who has traveled from London night and day to reach Rome in time for this occasion; that dark-looking gentleman is the director of the excellent Roman Orchestra, and has, doubtless, come to do honor to the patroness of music; this young priest with the kindly, intelligent countenance is from Baltimore; that thoughtful looking monk with the white robe and the black scapular over it and with the cross of ivory and ebony hanging on his breast is an Abbot of the Trappist order, and this handsome musician with the far-away look in his eyes is a scholar and an exponent of the art of the catacombs who has just discovered in one of them a painting of marvelous interest, which has been for centuries inclosed with a stalactite-like covering, and of which picture, with all that concerns its place and importance in the earliest Christian art, he has just published a most elaborate and learned monograph.

And they gathered here all together to see these places and drink to the life of the past, and to feel the awe and the admiration and the tender soul impressions that are awakened at the sight of these tombs, empty enough though they be to-day, that once held the broken and wounded bodies of the saints and heroes of the centuries that are gone. And the sound of the ancient chants that rose up from beneath the earth, and which were heard softened by distance as something strange and weird by those above ground in the bright, warm sunshine, lent also its influence to render such a day memorable in a life's history.

A lesson is suggested by the renewal of interest in the catacombs of Rome and in the assemblage of natives and strangers in them for worship and information regarding them during the winter season. Where history is silent the graves speak, and where history makes no impression there is frequently an eloquent appeal to the heart from an empty tomb.—Baltimore Sun.

FATHER ANTHONY O'TOOLE.

The Story of the Fine Old Irish Priest Told by Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

On the wall of the island chapel, writes Katherine Tynan Hinkson in the *Ace Maria*, is a tablet which strangers read curiously. The inscription runs: "Father Anthony O'Toole. For thirty years the shepherd of this people. Died Dec. 10, 1812. Aged eighty years. He will average the blood of His servants, and will be merciful unto His land and to His people."

Many and many a time has a summer visitor asked me the meaning of the Old Testament words on the memorial tablet of a life that in all probability passed so quietly. Any child in the island will tell you the story of Father Anthony O'Toole. Here and there a very old man or woman will remember to have seen him, and will describe him tall, despite his great age; with the frost on his head, but never in his heart; stepping down the cobbles of the village street, leaning on his good-headed cane, and greeting his spiritual children with such a courtesy as had once been his place at Versailles or the Little Trianon. Plainly, he never ceased to be the finest of fine gentlemen; though a less inbred courtesy might well mist in the isolation of thirty years. Yet he seemed to have been no less the humblest and simplest of priests. Old Peter Devine will tell you his childish memory of the venerable priest sitting by the turf fire in the fisherman's cottage, listening to the eternal complaint of the winds and waters that had destroyed the fishing and washed the potato gardens out to sea; and pausing in his words of counsel and sympathy to take delicately a pinch of the finest snuff—snuff that had never demeaned itself by paying duty to King George.

But that was in the quite peaceful days, when the country over there beyond the shallow water lay in the apathy of exhaustion, helpless and hopeless. That was years after Father Anthony had flashed out as a man of war in the midst of his quiet pastoral days; and, like any Old Testament hero, had taken the sword and smitten his enemies in the name of the Lord.

Father Anthony was the grandson of one of those Irish soldiers of fortune who, after the downfall of the Jacobite cause in Ireland, had taken service in the French and Austrian armies. In Ireland they called them the Wild Geese. He had risen to high honor in the armies of King Louis, and had been wounded at Malplaquet. His son followed in his father's footsteps, and was among the slain at Fontenoy. Father Anthony, too, became a soldier, saw service at Minden, and carried away from it a wound in the thigh, which made necessary the use of that gold-headed cane. They said that soldier as he was, he was a fine courier in his day. One could well believe it, looking at him in his old age. From his father he had inherited the dashing bravery and gay wit of which even yet he carried traces; from his French mother he had the delicate courtesy and *finesse* which would be well in place in the atmosphere of a court.

However, in full prime of manhood and reputation, Father Anthony, for

some reason or other, shook the dust of courts from off his feet and became a humble aspirant after the priesthood at the missionary college of St. Omer. He had always a great desire to be sent to the land of his fathers—the land of faith and hope, of which he had heard from many an Irish refugee; and in due time his desire was fulfilled. He reached the island one wintry day, flung up out of the teeth of storms, and was in the island thirty years, till the reveille of his Master called him to the muster of the heavenly host.

Father Anthony seems to have been innocently ready to talk over his days of fighting his battles over again for these simple children of his, who were every day in battle with the elements and death. Peter Devine remembers and has squatted, burning his shins by the turf, and watching with fascination the lines in the turf ashes which represented the intrinsements and the guns, and the troops of King Frederick, and the French line, as Father Anthony played the war game for old Corney Devine, whose grass grown grave is under the gable of the island chapel.

Now and again a fisherman was admitted, by special favor, to look upon the magnificent clothing which Father Anthony had worn as a colonel of French horse. The things were laid away in lavender, as a bride might keep her wedding dress. There were the gold-laced coat and the breeches with the sword slash in them; the sash, the belt, the plumed hat, the high boots, the pistols, and glittering among them all the sword. That chest of Father Anthony's and its contents were something of a fairy tale to the boys of the island, and each of them dreamed of a day when he too might behold them. The chest, secretly locked and clamped, stood in the sacristy; and Father Anthony would have seen nothing incongruous in its neighborhood to the sacred vessels and vestments. He generally displayed the things when he had been talking over old fighting days—to the island men mostly, but occasionally to a French captain, who, with a cargo (often contraband) of wines and cigars, would be run into the island harbor for shelter. Then there were courtesies given and exchanged; and Father Anthony's guest at parting would make an offering of light wines, much of which would find its way to sick and infirm island men and women in the days that followed.

Father Anthony had been many placid years on the island when there began to be rumors of trouble on the mainland. Just at first the United Irish Society had been quite the fashion, and held no more rebellions than the great Volunteer movement of a dozen years earlier. But as time went by things became more serious. Moderate and fearful men fell away from the society, and the union between northern Protestants and southern Catholics, which had been a matter of much concern to the Government of the day, was met by a policy of goading the leaders on to rebellion. By and by this and that idol of the populace was flung into prison. Wolfe Tone was in France paying, storming, commanding, forcing an expedition to sail in unison with a rising on Irish soil. Father Anthony was excited in those days. The France of the republic was not his France, and the stain of the blood of the Lord's anointed was upon her; but, for all that, the news of that expedition from Brest set his blood coursing so rapidly and his pulses beating that he was fain to calm with much praying the old turbulent spirit of war which possessed him.

Many of the young island fishermen had left the island and were on the mainland, drilling in secrecy. There were few left, save the old and women and children, when the blow fell. The government, abundantly informed of what went on in the councils of the United Irishmen, knew the moment to strike and took it. The rebellion broke out in the various parts of the country, but already the leaders were in prison. Calamity followed calamity. Heroic courage availed nothing. In a short time Wolfe Tone lay dead in the provost marshal's prison of Dublin, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was dying of his wounds in Dublin dragging, hangings, pitch-capping and flogging set up a reign of terror. Out of the first sudden silence terrible tidings came to the island.

At that time there was no communication with the mainland except by the fishermen's boats or at low water. The island was very much out of the world; and the echoes of what went on

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in the world came vaguely, as from a distance, to the ears of the island people. They were like enough to be safe, though there was blood and fire and torture on the mainland. They were all old and helpless people, and they might well be safe from the soldiery. There was no young man within many miles of the island; and it was the yeomanry, tales of whose doings made the islanders' blood run cold. Not the foreign soldiers—oh no! They were often merciful, and found this kind of warfare bitterly distasteful. But it might well be that the yeomanry, being so busy, would never think of the island.

Father Anthony prayed that it might be so, and the elements conspired to help him. There were many storms and high tides, that set the island riding in safety. Father Anthony went up and down, comforting those whose husbands, some and brothers were in the inferno over yonder. The roses in his old cheeks withered, and his blue eyes were faded with many tears for his country and his people. He prayed incessantly that the agony of the land might cease, and that his own most helpless flock might be protected from the butchery that had been the fate of many as innocent and helpless.

The little church of gray stone stands at the vanguard of the village, a little nearer to the mainland and the spit of sand that runs out toward it. You ascend to it by a hill, and a wide stretch of green sward lies before the door. The gray stone presbytery joins the church and communicates with it. A ragged boreen, or bit of lane, between rough stone walls, zigzags from the gate, ever open, that leads to the church and wanders away to the left, to the village on the rocks above the sea. Everything is just the same to-day as on that morning when Father Anthony, looking across to the mainland from the high gable window of his bedroom, saw on the sands something that made him dash the tears from his old eyes and go hastily in search of the telescope, which had been a present from one of those wandering sea captains. As he set his glass to his eye that morning the lassitude of age and grief seemed to have left him.

For a few minutes he gazed at the objects crossing the sands—for it was low water—in an attitude tense and eager. At last he lowered the glass and closed it. He had seen enough. Four yeomen on their horses were crossing to the island.

He was alone in the house, and, as he hustled downstairs and made doors and windows fast, he was rejoiced it should be so. Down below the village was calm and quiet. The morning had a touch of spring, and the water was lazily lapping against the sands. The people were within doors; for the island was in a state of terror and depression. There was no sign of life down there, except now and again the barking of a dog or the cackling of a hen. Unconsciously the little homes waited the death and outrage that were coming to them as fast as four strong horses could carry them. "Strengthen Thou mine arm," cried Father Anthony aloud, "that the wicked prevail not! Keep Thou Thy sheep that Thou hast confided to my keeping. Let the wolves are upon them." And as he spoke his voice rang out through the silent house. The fire of battle was in his eyes, his nostrils smelt blood, and the man seemed exalted to twice his natural size. Father Anthony went swiftly and barred his church doors, and then turned into the presbytery. He flashed his sword till it caught the light and gleamed and glauced. "For this, for this hour, friend," he said, "I have polished thee and kept thee keen. Hail, sword of the justice of God!"

There came a thundering at the oaken door of the church. "Open, son of Belial!" cried a coarse voice, and then there followed a shower of blasphemies. The men had lit down from their horses, which they had picketed outside, and had come on foot, vomiting oaths, to the church door. Father Anthony took down the fastenings one by one. Before he removed the last he looked toward the little altar. "Now," he said, "defend Thyself, all-powerful!" and he let the bar fall. The door swung open so suddenly