## MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RAOUL DE NAVERY.

CHAPPER IX.

A COURT SCENE. Hatto's counsel seemed wise to the

Next day the king gave a grand feast, to which were gathered the youth and beauty, the valor and wit, of hability of Prague.
the court the air was rich with the

In the court the scents of rarest flowers and sweetes In the banquet hall the gay trapping

and rich hangings in silk and velvet and gold looked beautiful and glittering in the dazzling light of tall chande

Strains of music now low and plain tive, now rising high and wild, cam from harp, and violin, lute and clarion

played by unseen musicians.

Smiles played on the lips of the guests, gaiety beamed in their eyes, and wit enlivened their conversation. Every one spoke in high praise of the splendor of the banquet, and rejoiced in the coming pleasures of the chase, which was to bring the assembled guests

received within its walls such a large gathering since the day on which the queen came to Prague. The money, queen came to Prague. The money, which used to be spent in bringing to gether the idle and voluptuous, was given to the poor. The proud, thought less ladies of Prague were hart when they saw how the queen forgot them to attend to the wants eedy wretches whom they could ly meet without loathing, and would never visit. They longed for some change which might bring the queen to rejoice in the pleasures which they loved. Their longings were discourt at the bidding of the queen, they vexed to find one of fer tastes accomplished; they were soon weary of the visit, for the queen tried to interest them in the wants of the poor and they resolved to court her favor as

little as possible.

It was therefore with great joy that the gay matrons and the giddy maids, the careless young men and the gouty fathers of the city of Prague hastened to the banquet now given by the king.

Wenceslaus was proud of his power and of the flattery it brought him. The debauch of the night before restored to his features all the loathsome mark of early indulgence and wild excess. looked again the gourmand, the pas sionate lover of costly wines, the ferocious tyrant, whose joy increased with the torture of his victim. He talked and laughed loudly, but there was no mirth, in his laughter; it was the reckless, mocking laugh, which we as scribe to the demon when he bear shricking soul to his flery dwelling. Like Domitian, Caligula, and

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer, That raised emotions both of rage and fear, And where his frown of hatred darkly fell Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed far well?"

The king did not insist on the queen holy gaze would force a blush to the of his guests; her womanly mein would check unbecoming mirth

The whole arrangement of the feast, the selection of the wines, the ordering of the viands—all were entrusted to the care and skill of Hatto. His suc cess seemed proportioned to his zeal pleasing his royal master. Wenceslaus was proud of his favorite. Before the banquet was begun, he said to him : "Ask any favor you will without fear or refusal." Hatto answered that he desired no greater favor than the assur that his sovereign was pleased the manner in which he had conducted the preparations for the ban

The first half of the banquet passed off joyously. The rich, generous wines en ivened the feast, and doubled the pleasures of the guests. Wenceslaus drank deep dranghts of Bohemian wine. His eyes blazed with the fever of intemperance; his lips were red as blood; was in a more ungovernable state than if he had altogether lost his rea son. While drinking deeply, he talked of bloodshed. His cup-bearer stood on one side; it seemed that he wished to have his executioner on the other. While counting over the names of his prisoners, the name of Otfried sprang to his lips, and he offered a large re ward to the person who would invent tortures proportioded to the crime of which Offried was accused.

The guests to k up the topic of con versation furnished by the king. No thing was heard at the royal table but the recital of strange crimes and fear ful punishments. Every one felt morbid craying for hearing and reconn ing the deeds of wicked wratches an Just at this moment a rare bird in tended for the king was brought to the table. Whether the cook had been badly assisted by his helpers, or whether his distraction had hindered him from paying as much attention as was needed to this part of his functions, the bird wa burned till it was almost unfit for use "Hatto," cried Wenceslaus, angrily "this is unworthy of you. It dishe

Sire," replied Hatto, " I thought my duty was to give orders, and that might not go beyond the kitchen door How could I watch the spit and enjoy the honor of sitting at your majesty's table at one and the same time? While we were enjoying ourselves here, could we lower the fire which the idiot of a cook suffered to grow too high ?" The cook shall be punished," said

the king. "It is but just," said the guests. "What shall his punishment be?" asked the king. "I shall ask each one s opinion."
"I shall condemn him to fast on bread and water for eight days," said

"And I to a total fast for forty-eight hours," said another.

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" And I to a month in prison." re

joined a young lady.
Wenceslaus smiled. "No, no," said he, while he laid one hand on the table, and stroked his tawny moustable with the other: "I will have retaliation, lex tationis! My noble guests, but now you were speaking of the refinements of human pleasure, and you concluded that to feel pleasure we should be regaled by the sight of pain, as our delight is enhanced by the contrast. I will satisfy you. This feast shall not be let those I have given hitherto; the memory of it shall not be so soon forgotten. While you are drinking exquisite wines, and enjoying the most delicate viands, I am treated to a fowl burned to a cinder. I shall divert you with the punishment of the guilty cook. You shall hear the cries of his agony mingling with the songs of the he, while he laid one hand on the table agony mingling with the songs of the singers and the music of the instru-ments. To deprive the king of a plea sure is treason; treason is punished with death."

Then Wenceslaus, turning to a page said to him: "Call Kostoiy."
was the chief executioner. The feast continued, but a heavy weight oppressed the hearts of the guests. Each asked himself what was to be the last episodo of this banquet. The red robe of the executioner, as he entered the banquet hall, suggested thoughts of blood. The guests were dismayed. If it should become the custom to order executions at a feast where would the barbarity of Wen cessaus end? Might they not ex pect to see m.n, smeared with pitch and resin, used for lighted torches? They stretched out their hands for their wine cups; they emptied them at once, and with no other view than to banish from their minds the dark forebodings which distressed them. They felt a pleasure in condemning the unlucky cook to some slight punishment, but they could never have expected that his fate should be so dreadful as it threatened to be. The tiger is not satisfied with the taste of blood. The brutal instincts were aroused in Wen

Never did an executioner look more repulsive, more terocious, than Kostoiy. The day on which there was no bloodshed he was disappointed. He looked on an execution as a gourmand locks on a feast. He did not tremble before the king. He believed his own power greater than the king's. Wenceslaus might condemn a man to suffer death. but it belonged to Kostoiy to fix the measure of his suffering. The king might sanction punishment by his pre-sence, but Kostory was the chief actor The king in the terrible drama. He had a choice selection of engines of pain: iron, fire, sulphur, and lead were pressed into the service of his terrible trade. He employed his imagination and devising whatever might add terror to his calling, or pain to his victim, no executioner ever discharged his

functions with such ferections joy.

Kostoiy loved the king, for the king's ecent behavior gave him promise of a rich harvest of victims, and Wenceslaus the talents of the executioner so well, that one day, clapping him tamiliarly on the shoulder, he plimented him on his rare talents.

As soon as he entered the banquet hall, the king said to him: "Kostoiy, our cook having spoiled a fowl, and offended our royal taste, we give him up altogether to your genius; but bear mind that while you are chastising the criminal, our guests will bear wit ness to your skill.

Kostoiy smiled grimly: his eyes sparkled with the pleasure it gave him to have so many noble witnesses behold ng what his practiced skill achieve. He went over to the window, scanned the situation, thought for a moment, and then, turning to the king, "The night is dark, but a clear fire lighted ontside, opposite to this window, would throw a glorious reflection here. If I were allowed to act as see; an immense fire of oaks and elms. as large as a funeral pile, two large fire dogs or roasting irons in front of the fire, then a spit, as large as a lance, turned slowly, and let the cook, so re gardless of your royal taste, roast for

your dog."

Wenceslaus threw his purse to Kostoiy. "By my faith," said he, "this is a sight worthy of us. Kostoiy. the demon never planned better; it you continue to deserve so well of us may make you our prime minister. Go; I give up the cursed cook to your care : prepare the pile. We will go to the window. And be careful you are not smothered."

Kostoiy went out. There was soon great stir in the kitchen and courtyard, Servants ran hither and thither, dragg ing huge pieces of wood, which they oiled up with branches and faggots Before the pile were placed the rames to which the hanks and feet of the doomed man were to be tied.

A horrible cry of deep, despairing anguish rent the air. It was answered by the applause of Wenceslaus and his friends. Some of the guests were sick ened, but they were too much afraid to say one word to save the unhappy cook. Pale, deadly pale, shricking and struggling, he was dragged forward by the strong arms of Kostoly and two valets The fames of the bright, red pile made the poor creature look paler still. He begged for mercy. Finding his prayers and tears useles he began to blaspheme, and to call down the vengeance of heaven on the head of the king. In spite of his flerce and desperate struggles, Kostoiy carried him on violently, and bound his arms to the iron frames. He was about to bind his feet also, when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder. Kostoiy turned round, and saw John Nepomu-

ene.
"Who has condemned this man to the fire?" demanded the priest.
"The king," replied the executioner. "Well, then, Kostoiy, you shall proceed no farther till I shall have spoken

to the king." The priest rushed into the presence of the king. "Si.e," said he, "the vulgar are ever spreading false reports, and the executioner has just said what cannot be true."

"Who dares-?" but the king would not finish the sentence springing to his ips. His eyes met the eyes of the man who had spoken to him with such noble and he murmured withou rudeness, John Nepomucene!"

"The same, sire," replied the priest,
"the same minister of God whom you

hall always find to stand between yo "As an obstacle?"

"Do you know what is done with ob-

"It matters little," answered the priest, with calmness and dignity. "It is my duty to speak and I do speak. It is my duty to stretch forth my hand armed with the crucifix to save from himself a monarch carried away by anger and wine. A king, who, like the pagan emperors of Rome, exhausts every power of body and mind in the very power of body and more possible andeavor to indulge every possible in enough! too much I plasure. It is enough! too much should have said! Mane, Thecel, Phares are written in burning letters over your head. Let drunkenness reign at our table, it shall be followed by a thire which God's anger shall prolong forever but that blood shall be spilt, that mur der should succeed drunken revelry this shall not be while John Nepoma ene shall live to explain the word o respect it ; you issue its decress, and am silent, knowing that my duty is to stand beside the criminal, to spend my best efforts to prepare his soul to meet his Judge. But because a dish was not prepared to your majesty's liking, because a paltry, sensual longing was disappointed, would you have a man murdered, tortured? It is not I who desire your hand. It is God who it, for I speak in the name of to stay demands the God who judges kings.

"And I have heard you," said the "And the sentence?" asked the

priest. "Shall be carried out." "Sire! grace and pity!" pleaded the

"Neither grace nor pity." "Then," demanded the priest, "is the chastisement proportioned to the

fault? "It is no slight offence when a king s concerned. "A life, a soul is not to be recklessly dealt with by any one.'

"Save his soul !" "Ah! the unhappy man thinks only his body; he lears, he suffers, his heart is rent with terror. Ah! sire. grace and pity! I no longer threaten.
I beg, I entreat. I have promised that you would spare him, that you would be merciful."

Wenceslaus slowly rose, and drawing near the priest, said to him in an under tone: "You can save this life."

"How can it be done, sire?"
"Do what you refused to do yester

day."
"Yesterday!" "Yes; tell me the secrets of the

queen's confession. 'That is what I cannot do, sire.' said the priest.
"Withdraw this man from my venge."

ance, this man who is going to die blaspheming. One word, and you save his life; one word, and-

"Impossible!" answered the priest, "Remember, it is you alone woo condema him.'

I remember only my duty." "The fire-wood is ready."
"Then may heaven have mercy him on whom you have no pity! But, bear in mind, that for having shed the Boot of the Innocent by excellence,

the Jewish people were made the laugh ing stock of the nations, and were trampled under the iron hoofs of the conqueror's horse. The anger of Wenceslaus was rising higher, his fingers were locked vice-like grip; he bit his lips till they filled with blood, and then he muttered through his clenched teeth: "Will othing overcome this stabborn priest? But." added he, I will no longer beg

from you. I will know all! Kostoly has terrible questioners. Distress yourself no further with the scorching of a stupid servant; call up your own courage, for as soon as the body of Bus law is as lifeless as a cinder, Kostoiy's instruments shall tear from you all I desire to know.' Then turning to the guests, he said to them : " You are waiting a spectacle, I will show you two : after the careless cook, the inso lent priest; after the funeral pile, the

torture. The king, making a sign to two valets, the hands of the executioner. priest made no resistance. Wenceslaus writing down these words: "I wil see you again, John Nepomucene, after ipper," handed the scroll to the priest. In an instant the pile of fire wood was lighted up. It threw a wild red glare on the windows of the banquet room. The unfortunate man, whom the priest had vainly tried to save, was plainly seen transpierced by a long iron spit, twisting, writhing in the flames. (An historical fact.) Some few of the drunken revelors gave a shout of joy, but the greater number were appailed by the shrick, of the dying man. Father John Nepomucene had reached the awful scene in time to absolve the doomed man, then kneeling down, he prayed for him till his last scream was lost in the solemn silence of the night.

## CHAPTER X.

THE PRISON AND THE PULPIT. When the are which burned the un fortunate Buslaw to death was put out, the king called for his cloak, and, attended only by Hatto, turned his step

to the prison of Prague.

Carried away by the warmth of the prayer he breathed for the poor wretch who died by the fire, and upheld by his strong faith, Father John Nepomucene, needless alike of the rage and the pow of Wenceslaus, cast himself cheerfully into the arms of his Saviour. He regarded martyrdom as one of heaven most priceless favors, and he begged it often, as he followed Kostoiy without a murmur. He at length reached the prison, and descended the stairs he had already known. He was told be should not enter the cell once occupied by Offried. A lower and heavier door

ened before him, and he found bimself in a large dark prison. The small lamp, which the jatler placed in one of lamp, which the jather places in one of the corners, cast strange, weird shadows on the floor, the walls, and ceiling of the prison. Before him and about him was a frightful array of instruments of the corners law a large was a frightful array of insorments or torture, and in one corner lay a large heap of charcoal for the purpose of heating such of the instruments as were used in burning and scalding persons who had fallen under the direct venge ance of the laws, or the worst hatred of the king.

Kostoiy, excited by the punishment he had inflicted on Busiaw, rejoiced at having something more complicated, needing more refined cruelty, and on that account more worthy of him. It was, moreover, a great inducement to him to display his skill, that he would be working under the eyes of the king

nim elf. The priest knelt down in his prison regardless of what was taking place be side him. The furnace flamed, the trons grew redder and redder; various instruments of torture were drawn out into the middle of the floor, a large yellow wax torch was fastened to the wall, and the executioner, with his elpers, awaited the coming of the

royal spectator.

Wenceslaus at last came. His smile encouraged Kostoiy. The executioner with his assailants, pulled the clother off the priest and stretched him on the rack. They bound his hands and fee to the dreadful bars. Then the iron glowing in the furnace, hot pincers, lighted torches, everything known to the most refined barbarity, were used to shake the resolution of the priest. His flesh hissed and crisped, the blo lowed from the wounds which covered his body. Then Wenceslaus, inclining towards the martyr, said to him: " Nov me the queen's confe will let you go

But the priest did not hear him. He closed his eyes at the beginning torture, and the only word which fell

from his lips was "Jesus!"

Kostoly himself could not under stand how there could be so much courage with so moch suffering. He exhausted all his means of torture. A ittle more suffering and the priest would have died. The executioner have died. looked at the king to know if he would proceed further. "Enough!" said Wenceslaus, "I would have him re cover that you may again try your skill on him." The priest gave no sign skill on him." The priest gave no sign of life. The executioner's belowers lifted him from the rack, carried him into Ottried's cell, and laid him down on a little damp straw. He lay a long time alone, conversing with the angels and with God. The divine consolation with which God filled his soul was so great, so rich, that he forgot his suffe ing. When he opened his eyes he saw a woman, closely muffled, standing over him. He heard her deep sighs; she dressed his wounds, and her presence and charity reminded the sufferer of the noble Christian virgins who lived and toiled in the glorious days of the martyrs. It was his penitent, Jane, Queen of Bohemia and Germany. The news of the terrible doings that

evening in the palace reached even to her. When she heard that the holy priest was doomed to suffer on account of his courage and his virtue, she has tened to cast herself at the feet of the tened to cast nerself at the feet of the king. So strong was her heart, so full, so moving was her elequence, that she touched one cord at last in the tyrant's hear. She vanquished the wretched monarch so completely that the ferocious beast was again muzzled, and Jane obtained the release of her confessor, and hastened to him herself with the happy tidings. She believed him already ead when the light of the torch showed the deadly paleness of his face, the blotches of frozen blood, and the wounds which disfigured him. accused herself of his death; she lieved herself to be the cause of his torture; her bruised heart found relief at length in the tears which

treamed from her eyes.

The priest recognized her, not for me," said he.
"How much you have suffered!"

said the queen. "I have moistened my lips with the martyr's chalice. God did not deem

me worthy to drink it entirely "
"Rather He spares you to the Church. " May He strengthen me to do His

Father John Nepomucene had offered no resistance to the the executioner; neither did he offer any resistance to the physician sent to him by the queen. With the same cain smile he abandoned himself to his treatment. He lived for Christ and by Christ; he sought neither to fly from death, nor to cast from him the blessing of life

He telt as he had never felt before. He no longer cried out, "Lord, if it be let this chalice pass from me;" on the contrary, he longed to drink it with all the yearning of his heart. But stronger in him than his desire to suffer, stronger than his yearning to be with God, was that resignation, that obedience greater than sacrifice, which causes our lips to pronounce the holy aspiration which changes weakness into strength,—May

The will be done.
The wounds of the martyr healed slowly. At first he could not rise : at length he was able to stand, and to walk a few steps in a feeble tottering manner. When he was able to leave the prison he went back to his own cell, and began to resume the duties of his sacred ministry. When he re covered his strength, his former zeal was doubled. His calm, pale face was doubled. His cam, pale take spoke of heaven. The spirit of God en-lightened his mind. The fire of charity burned warmly in his heart. He spent all his hours in the pulpit and the confessional. His words were like the words of the ancient prophets, His advice borrowed weight from the authority of God, and the fullness of his apostolic heart filled the void in the hearts he consoled.

On the feast of the resurrection a great crowd thronged the church of our Lady of Tein to hear the holy priest, John Nepomucene. After briefly reminding his hearers of the great mystery they were then celebra-

ting, he began to unfold to them the

"We see many things in this world dying and coming back to us again. We see the freshness and verdure of summer yearly disappearing and yearly returning; but when man, for whose use and benefit the seasons are appointed, goes out of life, we are not cheered with the hope that we shall soon see him again. We see the grass withering above the graves of our friends, we see it soon after recovering its bloom, but they who sleep beneath moulder and decay, till nothing of them remains to tell us of the friends we once knew and loved.

The work of decay never pauses. The cold, damp earth claims us as hers, and she holds us in her icy grasp. But the earth will not hold us forever. We see many things in this world

hers, and she holds us in her icy grasp. But the earth will not hold us forever. The wintry loneliness of the grave will not always last; The Almighty would not suffer the sorrowful humiliation of the grave to press too heavily upon us. He has promised that He will raise our bodies up again to life; 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the last trumpet; for the trumpet shall sound, and all the dead shall rise again incorruptible.'

dead shall rise again incorruptible.'

Then, having explained the sente in which the general resurrection was to be understood, and the reasons why our bodies should be raised up again to life, he began to speak on the state of the bodies of the just and of the unjust in the day of the general resurrection " All men shall rise with the same bodies they had in this life. Shall out bodies be then the same in every re-spect as they were before they were separated from our souls? The bodies of the just and the bodies of the unjust shall be changed in their condition but not in their nature. The bodie of the just shall arise to everlasting life, the bodies of the unjust to ever lasting malediction. The state of th just differs so widely from that of the wicked that the two states must be separately considered in order to be rightly understood. What, then, shall be the condition of the just? 'Whose ever will honor Me, says the Lord, 'him will I make glorious.' The bodies of those that have honored God in this life shall be made glorious. What are the gifts and qualities of a glorified body? St. Paul, spe king of the Resurrection, says that, 'our cor-ruptible body shall become incorrupt-ible, and that it 'shall arise in glory, and power, and immortality.' This body, which, during life, is subject to so many ills, racked with so many rains, troubled with so many diseases, shall be freed from every ill, from dis-

eases and deformity.
"This body, now so slow in its movements, so easily wearled by exer tion, shall be placed beyond the reach of heaviness and fatigue; for it will rise in power, and all its weakness shall be changed into strength. Our divine Lord tells us that the 'just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.' The body, which lay so long in the cold damp grave, shall be made as clear and as bright as the sun ; so clear, so bright, that if the 'Almighty were to place the body of a just soul in the heavens, it would give more light than the mid-day sun.' But the crowning joy of all is, that the bodies of the just will live for ever; all fear, all danger, shall be far removed. 'Heaven and earth may pass away,' but one iots of the glory which ennobles the bedies of the just shall never pass away.

"But what shall we say of the

bodies of the wicked ? How shall the appear? Shall they bear upon them the evidence of their evil deeds, or will they find in the cold damp grave : garb of innocence to cover the hideous ness of the guilt in which they lived and in which they died? Will the Almighty, as a last act of mercy, hide their shame from every eye? No! It is impossible! The hour of mercy is passed; now the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light. No They outraged God's mercy. Their life was a life of brutal excess. They were too proud to obey God. They scorned the virtues of the good : they clapped their hands, and they praised the vices of the wicked. They looked upon the duties of religion a useless things, of which great minds like theirs had no need. They relike theirs had no need. They regarded the Gospel precepts as trifles, to be thought of only by the old, the feeble, and the silly. They never thought of God except when they blasphemed this sacred name. They sowed a rich crop of wickedness, it has brought them a harvest of misery. Their life was wicked : their death wa hopeless; their resurrection shall be terrible: it shall be the union of a suffering soul with a hideous body, a uoion from which they shall never be divorced.'

preacher's warmth had been gradually gathering in impressiveness; his hearers were stirred in their in-most souls; they had forgotten the preacher, for he had forgotten himself. With breathless eagerness they gathered every word that fell from his lips; and when the speaker paused, the assembly was awed by the deep silence which followed.

With the deep calmness which speaks of indwelling peace, the preacher again began: "Many a sinner has a costly monument raised to his memory, tell-ing all who see it that he who sleeps beneath was a pious, God-fearing man, that he loved the poor, was a staunch friend to virtue and religion, did many things in God's honor, and last of all, that he sleeps peacefully in his grave

awaiting a happy resurrection.

"But to obtain a happy resurrection, he has need of something more than the flattery of friends. Friendship and art may publish his praise as lavishly art may publish his praise as lavishly as they will; they cannot make him better than he is, nor can they reward him for virtues which he never practiced. When his body is raised up from the grave, all those acts of piety traced on his tomb by the chisel of the stone-cutter will be found to have been the silliest flattery. They will vanish like a mist before the beams of the rising sun. In this world guilt might rising sun. In this world guilt might be hidden, but in the resurrection the

mask shall be torn from the face of the hypocrite. In this world sin rankled ike a cancer in the heart of the ner; but in the resurrection it shall cover his whole person like a leprosy.

"In this world we blush at being charged with an unbecoming act -what shall be our shame when the dark record of our life shall be unrolled to the gaze of the world? Then shall the sinner tremble before the eye of his Judge : then shall he shrink fro nis Judge: then shall be shrink from the gaze of the pure and holy. Weighed down by guilt and shame, he will call to the mountains to fall upon him and crush him; but the mountains will not be moved. The sinner must live for ever. Now self-murder, slow or sudden, is impossible. That body which was refused no indulgence, that body which was nurtured and fed into rebellion against the laws of God, that body which looked so fair to the eye ecause the eye could not see its foul ness, that body must live for ever, but its life shall be the living death of eternal malediction."

The eloquence of the preacher told with wonderful effect upon his hearers. Those who came to the church out of mere curiosity "remained to pray. The eloquence of John Nepomucene was rewarded with the sorrow and the fear which succeeded each other in the downcast eyes and on the grave face of the assembly. No one was ashamed to confess birself a sinner, to avow imself a Christian.

Again silence and decency reigned in the court of Wenceslaus, but ne or the queen nor the priest expected the calm would be long. Wenceslaus had once more yielded to the influence of the queen; but Hatto watched, and he would again surely find the means

to disturb the queen and the priest.

In his deep humility John Nepome cene did not deem himself worthy to suffer for God; but strong in hope mingled with love; he rejoiced as the apostles did at having suffered for the name of Jesus, and he trusted that God would fill up the measure of his sufferings by deigning to give him the martyr's crown. He knew that every dogma of faith had its martyrs and con-fessors; him alone had God permitted to suffer for the silence which seals th lips of the confessor. John Nepome cene feared that the king would one day grow weary of the marriage yoke, and sue for a divorce. The Church would refuse him. Then, not being able to win the sanction of the Church, he would make war against the Church, by suppressing the confessional.

Every night the priest lay down to rest with this thought in his mind, Kostoiy will awaken me to-morrow. rt of his sufferings had gone He was revered by every one, and the esteem in which he and the esteem in which he was held daily grew greater, not only in Prague, throughout Bonemia. carried their children to him that he night bless them, and many an anxious father came far to implore his advice He was an apostle of Christ gave to him the grace given to this apostles, he laid his hands upon the sick and they recovered. He never gave himself credit for the wonders God wrought by his hands, He was afflicted at his growing popular isy and success, and he trembled for the salvation of his own soul whenever he was not engaged in saving the souls of others. His wounds had been healed, but he bore on his body terrible marks of the persecution had undergone. He repaired to the court, and fulfilled all the duties he bad formerly discharged. Wenceslaus often met him, and he remarked that the queen's confessor looked holier milder, and humbler than before, but that his words breathed a strange enthusiasm which he could not under stand. Thus has it ever been. The saint understands the sorrow. the bitterness, the anxiety, the short-lived pleasure, the fleeting hopes, the gnawing remorse of the worldling's life; but it is only a saint that can understand the divine fire which burns in the breast of a saint. Holy know and esteem each other men who know only the names of faith ope, and charity, but have never felt what they mean, presume to sit in judgment on the lives and acts of men whose thoughts, and words, and deeds. have had their beginning, their growth and their fuililment from God Him-

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AGNOSTIC CRITIC

If there be any characteristic that protuberates more than another from the mental periphery of the modern agnostic critic it is his immanent sense of his own infallibility coupled with his certainty of the very weak mentality of all who differ with him. He is so habituated to this mental state that he is no longer conscious of it, though the protuberance is as apparent to the less gifted as the nose on he face of Punchicello. The time not absorbed and enjoyed in contemplating the all-comprehending wisdom of his Ego is squanderingly devoted to the impossible task of dragging his less gifted f llow mortals up to his own high altitude. He does not expect to succeed, for he knows they have not brains enough to endure so elevated and attenuated an intellectual atmosphere; but he must, to prevent explosion, have some vent, or safety-valve

for his activity.

He begins by denying all certainty, except his certainty, that nothing is certain. His genius, if he has any, is destructive, like rust that destroys the strength and usefulness of iron. He strength and usefuiness of iron. He con tructs nothing, gives no information, for he denies the ability of the human mind to know anything with certainty—his own mind of course excepted. Starting out on the basis that truth is unattainable, he proceeds to astonish and enlighten the world with the truths he has to deliver. As the truths was to deliver. As the truths was to deliver. Creator made nothing in vain we must suppose there is some use for the agnos-tic critic that, like other mysteries of nature has not yet been solved .- N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE APOSTOLAT MA

JANUARY 1

Maggie, she was humored girl of mwas full of freekles, bright blue, and thaffection could neve But Maggie's he ness and charity, v hands were ever I to others, and tak she was as cheer little servant as c New York. Her early life ba

one. Her childhoo her girlhood oppre edge that things instead of better. seek a new coun golden tales were who had gone bef the dawn of a mi and affluence, br sorrow of her life and family. So the battle with an un two very tear stai Ireland fading a one was there to droop of the curly cried "the heart or two and then gether, and her s were the most which visitors to carried away with There was one faced girl who maid feeding a was ill, and after girl went back t face out of her told me long afte absolutely happy

with a sort of verse sunshine, its brightness s poor Irish girl's not coax one si own surrounding When the vesse met by two older made the ventur in the old coun vere largely rest They gave her and took her to

with the warn

race, got her a work with a lit

It was not alw but light or hear good humor sw became so pleas of American h looked. She wa capable a little Of course, she ances among th the first results the Sodality of in the parish c tion of a nun fi corner; and Maggie's acqu evening sermo orking girls.

words came to sion to perfor mission of a p to see, but th missions in so not recognized make one's lif in our Lord's hat their live tiresome : they to do, when al passing by son them specially ities to do go life touches we will be at know we hav mallest missi piness, remem one, as there and meaning i

> retreat, and evening I spok of each one a to her life. O early, after M ence."
> "Good-bye you are not go 'Yes, your the summer s (they're my fr the same p

That week I

I found out

virtue in the

places as ch down at the thinkin' I nee got me in, to for the summ Ostober, and wants me back "Well, good girl. Do not sacraments 1 and don't for

mission. "I do be th think of anyt " Well. mission in it you to help k e that you dust in the c may find and clinging to y your duster. Maggie w was assigned task of cario tain corrido apartments, part by the wings flatter

during the st