

to me always, and to everybody. When I killed the squirrels I said to myself: "These are young, juicy and tender, Father Beret must have these," so I brought them along.

The young man rose to go; for he was somehow impressed that Father Beret must wish opportunity to read his letter, and would prefer to be left alone with it. But the priest pulled him down again.

"Stay a while," he said, "I have not had a talk with you for some time."

Rene looked a trifle uneasy. "You will not drink any to-night, my son," Father Beret added. "You must not; do you hear?"

The young man's eyes and mouth at once began to have a sullen expression; evidently he was not pleased and felt rebellious; but it was hard for him to resist Father Beret, whom he loved, as did every soul in the post. The priest's voice was sweet and gentle, yet positive to a degree. Rene did not say a word.

"Promise me that you will not taste liquor this night," Father Beret went on, grasping the young man's arm more firmly; "promise me, my son, promise me."

Still Rene was silent. The men did not look at each other, but gazed away across the country beyond the Wabash to where a glory from the Western sun flamed on the upper rim of a great cloud fragment creeping along the horizon. Wars and peace, a delicious consciousness now began to temper the air; for the wind had shifted into the northwest. A meadow-lark sang dreamily in the wild grass of the lowlands far by, over which two or three prairie hawks hovered with wings that beat rapidly.

"Eh bien, I must go," said Rene presently, getting to his feet nimbly and evading Father Beret's hand which would have held him.

"Not to the river house, my son?" said the priest appealingly.

"No, no, there; I have another letter; one for Madem' Roussillon; it came by the boat too. I go to give it to Madem' Roussillon."

Rene de Bonville was a dark, weather-stained young fellow, neither tall nor short, wearing buckskin moccasins, trousers, and tunic. His eyes were dark brown, keen, quick moving, set well under heavy brows. A razor had probably never touched his face, and his thin, curly beard crinkled over his strongly turned cheeks and chin, while his moustaches sprang out quite fiercely above his full lips, almost sensual mouth. He looked wiry and active, a man not to be lightly reckoned with in a trial of bodily strength and will power.

Father Beret's face and voice changed on the instant. He laughed dryly and said, with a sly gleam in his eyes:

"You could spend the evening pleasantly with Madem' Roussillon and Jean. Jean, you know is a very amusing fellow."

Rene brought forth the letter of which he had spoken and held it up before Father Beret's face.

"Maybe you think I haven't any letter for Madem' Roussillon," he blurted; "and maybe you are quite certain that I am not going to the house to take the letter."

"Madem' Roussillon is absent, you know," Father Beret suggested. "But cherry pies are just as good as when he's at home, and I happen to know that there are some particularly delicious ones on the pantry of Madem' Roussillon. Mademoiselle Alice gave me a juicy sample; but then I dare say you do not care to have your pie served by her hand. It would interfere with your appetite; eh, my son?"

Rene turned short about wagging his head and laughing, and so with his back to the priest he strode away along the wet path leading to the Roussillon place.

Father Beret gazed after him, his face relaxing to a serious expression in which a trace of sadness and gloom spread like an elusive twilight. He took out his letter, but did not glance at it, simply holding it tightly gripped at his stoney right hand. Then his old eyes stared vacantly, as eyes do when their sight is cast back many, many years into the past. The misadventure was from beyond the sea—he knew the handwriting—a waft of the flowers of Avignon seemed to rise out of it, as if by the pressure of his grasp.

A stoop shouldered, burly man went by leading a pair of goats, a kid following. He was making haste excitedly, keeping the goats at a lively trot.

"Bon jour, Pere Beret," he flung out breathily, and walked rapidly on.

"Ah, ah; his mind is busy with the newly arrived cargo," thought the old priest, returning the salutation; "his throat aches for the liquor—the poor man."

When he read again the letter's superscription it made a flattering move, as if to break the seal. His hands trembled violently, his face looked gray and drawn.

"Come on, you brutes," cried the receding man, jerking the throngs of skin by which he led the goats.

Father Beret rose and turned into his damp little hut, where the light was dim on the crucifix hanging opposite the door against the clay-daubed wall. It was a bare, unsightly, clammy room; a rude bed on one side, a shelf for table and two or three wooden stools constituting the furniture, while the uneven puncheons of the floor wobbled and clattered with the priest's feet.

An unopened letter is always a mysterious thing. We who receive three or four mails every day, scan each little paper square with a speculative eye. Most of us know what sweet uncer-

but it could hear. He bids it consent itself to God, to the Sacred Heart of its Redeemer. And he is obeyed; 250,000,000 obey him. Through them every action renews its homage to the Saviour. The century seems to be boldly putting Him aside; it was denying both His Redemption and Himself. It was an awful blasphemy, and to nobody more awful than to Pope Leo. He took a startling remedy, and has not failed in its application. All the better part of the world approves of what he has done.

Immediately after the announcement of the Jubilee, telegrams began to pour into the Vatican Palace—from sovereigns, princes, public bodies of men, and from the distant missions. The weather was inclement in the beginning of the year and continued to be so; influenza was general—one third of Rome was affected by it; nevertheless pilgrims by thousands were hastening towards the Holy City. Careful statistics, from the opening of the Porta Santa in 1899 to the end of March, 1900, that is, for three months, show not less than 21 collective pilgrimages, numbering 40,000 people, from Italy, Austria, France, Germany, and Poland, in all, France, Germany, and Poland. At the end of April there were about 100,000 strangers day by day in Rome. The month of May brought more than April. There were 30 new pilgrimages, from Switzerland, Poland, Holland, Belgium, the United States, Italy. "From mid-March to mid-May," said the Perseveranza of Milan, "the receipts of the tramway companies were equal to all the receipts of the year 1899. In 1899 they were 2,500,000 lire. This year 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 are expected. The Anno Santo, it is supposed, will bring the Roman people 100,000,000 lire in gold, (\$20,000,000) without counting offerings of charities."

Then it was that the Masonic Grand-Master in his "love feast" (agape ritual) said: "To-day, through fear, through superstition, through self-interests, the figure of Italy, genuflecting in an act of contrition, almost closes the breach in the Porta Pia; and presents to the world, in this Anno Santo, the spectacle of a third Rome which neither dares nor hopes, but only fears." The liberal Messenger confirmed the Masonic fears: "The streets of Rome are traversed by long lines of carriages crowded with pilgrims, and similar sights are seen outside the walls of the city. The perdition of a great concourse for the Holy Year is verified by facts."

Five thousand persons came with their bishops in one pilgrimage from a diocese of only thirty parishes. The means of conveyance had to be multiplied in Rome and its neighborhood; the electric tramways were soon insufficient. In April, 193,000 tickets were sold at the Roman railway stations. On two days of that month, the 25th and 30th, more than 18,000 persons came in organized pilgrimages. On the 20th 20,000 were present in St. Peter's. By desire of the Holy Father, missions were preached in forty-seven churches of Rome during the ten days preceding Palm Sunday. The crowds attending were very large, and at the close, on Palm Sunday, between fifty to sixty thousand Romans went to Holy Communion. All this after thirty years of Masonic government in the Eternal City!

During May over 200,000 persons of most diverse nationalities came to Rome. For the canonizations on May 24th came 30,000 pilgrims in seven-hundred pilgrimages. Besides these there were 16,000 strangers in the city. And on that day in the piazza of St. Peter's was gathered the enormous throng of 200,000 people; nor did any accident occur in that vast multitude. After the feast came eight other pilgrim bands, the Neapolitans alone numbering 5,000. In the last two weeks of May the Holy Father went six times to St. Peter's to meet and bless those who had come for the Holy Year. On the 15th of July the faithful people of Rome gave an ovation to the Pope which any monarch might envy. In September the pilgrims could scarcely be counted. On the 6th there were 20,000 from all parts of Italy and Sicily. On the 12th, 15,000 more, mostly Italians, received the Pope's blessing in St. Peter's. Later came bands of German and Polish Catholics, and 20,000 others, mostly Terziaries of St. Francis. On the 1st of October the Univers announced that in two days 200,000 pilgrims had been in Rome.

A special feature of this month was the coming of many thousands of Children of Mary who presented themselves in St. Peter's dressed in white. Another, and a more important feature was the holding of Congresses. There was the General Congress of Italian Catholics, the Congress of Italian Catholic Young Men, the International Congress of Catholic University students, and the Congress of Francis- can Terziaries. So large was the attendance at these Congresses, so earnest and so imposing their character and work, that, in the conviction of those who saw them, they have already been and must continue to be a Catholic resurrection.

In the number of pilgrims visiting Rome, the Italians, naturally, preponderated, thus giving an emphatic denial to the oft-repeated falsehood that United Italy is against the Pope.

Great as was the multitude of the faithful who came to Rome, they were but representatives of the myriads who could not come.

Although the men who are allowed to conceal their insolence, and the government rigidly and ridiculously forbade any manifestation of Catholic faith outside the churches of the Eternal City, thus giving Catholics less

liberty than they have under the Sultan of Turkey, the staunch pilgrims showed their loyalty in no uncertain manner. They were no pleasure-seekers. They had come to Rome to prostrate themselves before their Spiritual Father, the Vicar of Christ, to proclaim his rights, and protest against the outrages of which he is a victim. "Viva il Papa—Re!" "Long live the Pope—King!" that was their cry, and it must have sounded unpleasant in the ears of those who have usurped the Quirinal. So earnest were those loyal pilgrims that a priest from the United States present at one of the memorable scenes in St. Peter's says that it was impossible to refrain from bursting into tears.

Such wonderful things are not forgotten in a day. The extraordinary enthusiasm of the Jubilee must affect the fate of the Papacy. The renewal of faith and loyalty and the prayers of this year must tell in a remarkable degree, not only on the tone and temper of Catholic life, but also directly on the cause of the Holy See. The vast multitude quickly answering the call of their Supreme Pontiff were remarkable not only for their number, their quality, their piety, and their representative character, but they were especially remarkable for the contrast of their spirit with the spirit of the time, and for their forceful denial that the Catholic faith has lost its hold on humanity, or that the cause of the Holy See is finally judged. In this changing life it is too soon to speak of an "invincible conquest." The generalality of thoughtful people are coming to see through the enthusiasm of the Jubilee that the interests of Rome are the interests of the world; that Rome is international, and should be free.

A great work remains for the large army that could not march to distant Rome. Their Jubilee year is about dawn, and the work they must do during it will be far greater in results than what has been done already in the Holy Year just disappearing. Only a representative body went to Rome as pilgrims; those who could not go are quite as loyal to the Holy See. Just as Catholics were never more numerous than they are now, so were they never more loyal. The very opposition and excesses of the time have but more thoroughly awakened their understanding and stimulated their affection. There is to be, then, a renewal of faith and loyalty and piety for the far-spread host of Catholics who have not gone to Rome. And the first thing which we implore them to impress upon their minds is the great importance of this renewal for themselves, the entire Church, the Holy See, even the world outside.

The Jubilee Year, as Pope Leo said in promulgating it, affords special and copious helps for the reformation of morals and progress and confirmation in holiness. We have not far to look in order to understand how great is the need of reformation and progress. Many of us remember what the Holy Father himself would recall to our minds, namely, the benefits of a former Holy Year. From the extraordinary fruits of the Jubilee in Rome this year, we may understand what graces God holds ready for the year about to come. And yet in Rome the manifestations of faith and piety were repressed; out of Rome there is generally little danger of restraint. "The Church, as a most tender mother, studies at this time, by every means within her ample power, to reconduct souls to better counsels, and to promote in each works of explanation by means of penance and emendation of life. To this end, multiplying prayers and augmenting the fervor of the faithful, she seeks to appease the outraged majesty of God, and to draw down His copious celestial gifts. She opens wide the rich treasury of indulgences, of which she is the appointed dispenser, and exhorts the whole of Christianity to the firm hope of pardon. How then may we not expect to obtain, with God's help, rich fruits and profuse, and such as are best adapted to the present needs?"

Referring to the Indulgence of the Jubilee, the great preacher, Father Bourdon, points out some of its special advantages. "It is more solemn, because more universal, extending to the whole Christian world, and because accompanied by sacred and imposing ceremonies which instill into the heart sentiments of piety. It is richer, because implying special favors and graces, such as the faculty with which the faithful may be absolved from all sins and censures if repentant. It is more sure, because conferred for reasons and objects of greater moment. We have great debts to pay, and here are great means of paying them. Would it not be, then, not only foolhardy, but dangerous, to neglect the celebration of the Jubilee?"

It is of supreme importance, moreover, that Catholics throughout the whole world should strikingly show their allegiance to the Holy See. The world thinks as it pleases, says what it pleases. There is scarcely an error or excess that we do not daily hear defended. Of what consequence is it, then, that we who have the deposit of faith should point out to this everlasting Babel why we have unity, and certainty of Christian faith and whence they come? Besides, the secret societies which rule France and Italy, particularly, utter daily against the august Sovereign of the Church insults which rival the ribaldry of the low haunts of infidelity. In these countries, intensely Catholic as to the mass of their people, the Faith is every day outraged by most hostile and iniquitous measures. Is there not need to infuse a stronger Catholic life through the world and show those nations, either cowed by fear or confounded by the knavery of their audacious enemies,

how great and strong the Catholic spirit is?

To our own country we have a special sacred duty to perform. We are by far the largest and most devoted religious body in the United States. We have a system of faith which the world can be made to understand. And even if the world will not understand, it can be made to admire. With so many around us, then, forming one nation with ourselves, a nation which we all ardently love and would do anything to defend; with so many around us so absolutely indifferent as to the most essential duties of the Christian religion, and even as to its most essential doctrines; with so many, who, if they believe in a hereafter of reward and punishment, do little to prepare for it, how magnificent will be the impression on the vain, pleasure loving, irreligious world around us, if all our Catholic legions show unmistakably their love of God and the Holy See!

The Sovereign Pontiff's noblest thought in the Holy Year is that it should be the solemn glorification of the Redeemer of the world. "All that man should hope for and desire is contained in the Only begotten Son of God. To desire to abandon Him is to desire eternal perdition. . . . In the forth coming manifestations of faith and religion, let this special intention be kept in view—hatred of all that which within our memory has been impiously said or done against the Divine Majesty of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to satisfy publicly for the injuries publicly inflicted upon Him."

This is an appeal to which no Catholic ear can remain deaf, no Catholic heart unmoved. When, therefore, the conditions for gaining the Jubilee have been announced, let us do our own part, and pray and labor that every adult Catholic may profit by the Jubilee, and so flash upon this weary, sin-stained world the light of Catholic life and love.

CAPT. SQUIRES' CONVERSION
The U. S. Military Attache at Peking Becomes a Catholic

A private letter to the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, of the Jesuit Fathers, received from China, announces that Capt. Herbert G. Squires, well known in military circles in New York City and now attached to the United States Legation in Peking, has become a convert to the Catholic faith, and has been received into the Church in the Chinese capital.

Capt. Squires was formerly a member of the Seventh Regiment, United States Cavalry, and fought with distinction under the late Gen. Custer. For six years he was military instructor at St. John's College, Fordham. He resigned his commission in the United States Army and subsequently became the military attache of the American Legation at Berlin.

After the expiration of his services in Berlin he accepted the office of Military Attache under Minister Conger in China, and played an important part in the recent troubles in Peking in the defense of the lives and property of Americans in that city. In uniting with the Catholic Church Capt. Squires is joined by his wife and the other members of his family.

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LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1900

The Jubilee.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart

"Whose word is this that awakens the world?" asked Pope Leo, after he blessed, on the fifteenth of May, the banner of the Bolognese. "I have been a prisoner," he said a little later to the Lombards, "I have been a prisoner for twenty years, and yet the call of the Pontiff prisoner has brought the thronging thousands to Rome. From all regions of the earth have they come." The word was not merely his own: it was his Master's. Other word which has made the Papal Throne imperishable: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!"

All the secretaries of Italy and elsewhere, whose blasphemies are not even known to the mass of Catholics, and neither known nor noticed by the mass of fair-minded Protestants—all the bands of secretaries may be moved as a troubled sea to hinder the success or the fame of the Jubilee. But the word of Peter is more potent than theirs; and, strange to say, that they have grown silent under its spell. "For generations to come there need be no fear for a religion which can arouse an enthusiasm such as this," said the Archbishop of Cambrai, when he had seen what he calls "the marvellous spectacle of the pomp of Rome." The Masonic journals of France and Italy seem to have received the same impression. One of these, one of the most anti-Christian, the Telegrafo, was forced to say, "Never as in those days has Rome appeared, what she has been called in history, the Capital of the World."

The Telegrafo had reason to believe that it was saying. Scarcely had the august Head of the Church proclaimed the Holy Year—a strange voice indeed in the ears of the nations borne down with the weight of armor, and worshipping apparently the deities of money and pleasure—scarcely has this most unworshipful call gone forth, when the enthusiasm of the Middle Ages is seen again. Indifference, irreligion, infidelity, these seem to rule our age; but the Sovereign Pontiff is all more daring. He brands the age's folly. Humanity was growing blind,