By Henrietta Dan & Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS Characters in the story.—Adden and Theo-lore Darctti—the former a young baratone from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his cother, possessing a voice such as only angels a supposed to have. Madame Hottones Del ther, possessing a voice was the constant of the supposed to have. Madame Hottense I sale, the elder brother's god-mother, a gravitatio singer. Ramon Eugenio Disdier, ar daugnters and his mother-in-law, Mada dorge. Agostin, a professor of mathem at the Lycee Louis la Grande Carissi with a Lycee Louis la Grande Carissi and the Consorvatory. Sandre. Agostanus is Grande Carissimo Casimiro, a violinis from the Consorvatory Orchestra. Orosto, the Daretu brother' valet. Chapter I.—The Feast of Pentecost. The Charten of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. Adrien and Theodore Daretu the singera The former meets Ramon Diedier and like daughter, Espiritu Santo. She sends librough the brother, the little flower of the Holy Ghost, after which she is named, Espiritu Santo. Theodore Darett. Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the preceding characters. Casimiro goes as solo violins in the Opera's tour throughout Eogrand and the United States. Adrien accompanies him as the first baratone. Chapter III.—Adriano finds an old friend Don Luis di San Reque. Theodore meets

Kesiritu.
Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy
suls in love with Espiritu.
Chapter V.—Madame Delapoule endeavors
to persuade Adriano to marcy. She lauds
Chaslina. Madame Delapoule leaves Paris
tr flye vent.

for five years.

Chapter VI—Theodore goes to his elder brother Bindo His parting with Espiritu.

Acrien woes Catalina. Her father discountages the proposition.

adrien woos Catalina. Her father discoun-tenances his proposition.
Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years fixtense Delapoule returns to Paris. She pro-pose to bring Catalina out on the Paris stage.
The stage of the Paris Hage.
The Madame Valorge's blindness. Adrien large two of the greatest living tenors to assist Catalina in her debut. One turns out to

hapter VIII.—Adrien and Theodore visit the Disdiers' modest home at Passy. Their stratement at the changes time has effected. Adrien and Theodore in a runaway accident. Their groom severely injured.

Chapter IX.—Death of Daretti's groom. & Banter X.—Theodore speaks of his love for Expiritu to Madame Valorge and receives engograpment.

Chap XI.—Adrien is displeased with the

remonstrations of Madame Propose and Blonsignore lanson. Chapter XII - Victorie Ainsworth's sad experience. Adrien visits Monsignore lanson and goes to confession. Chapter XIII. - Cavalina receives an ovation se Aida. Sue and her friends discover Oeg-

be any enemy.

ter XIV.—Theodore proposes for Esshand. He is to receive his answer the

llowing Sunday. Chapter XV.—Adrien talks with his valet, Chapter XV.—Adrien talks with sencering his (the valet's) flancee.
Chapter XVI.—Espiritu is betrothed to Theodore. Sno tells him the secret of her father's second marriage. She must remain for the present with her father, as his wife is a soor manager. She also takes care of her manager. She also takes care of her step brother Maxime. pter XVII.—Addiano longs again to

isbler XVII.—Adriano meets Margara hapter XVIII.—Adriano meets Margara discovers her to be none other than Vic-e Ainsworth, which name she bore since

nore Amsworth, which hame she bore since for unfortunate marriage.

CHAPTER XIX.—Adriano in love with Adriano. Catalina in love with Adriano. Catalina unable to appear in the Bif. act of Cordelia. Louise Carson takes her place. O glaire challenges Baretti to a duel. Chapter XIX.—Catalina unable to appear in the 3rd act of "Cordelia." Miss Carson reviaces her. Ooglaire challenges Daretti. A or XIX—Catalina unable to a duel act of "Cordelia," Miss Carson reer. Oeglaire challenges Daretti. A he death

Chapter XX-Catalina's illness. Adrien mistakes sympathy for love and proposes to Catalina.

Chapter XXI-Through the work of na. ter XXI—Through the work of an un-Lady Ainsworth's mind is poisoned re-g Adrien garding Adrien.
Feedere and Adriano talk regarding the lat-ter's rejection by Margara. "Sintram" in rehearsal. Choulex and Catalina wedded.

CHAPTER XXIII.

* There shall be joy before the Angels of God

Rut unalloyed happiness is rare on earth, hand even Casimir and Teodoro had their crosses. The first news that greeted Adriano on arriving in Paris was that "Sintram" had been taken pat of rehearsal. An opera by a French composer had been substituted, in which Miss Carson had the principal pole. The management explained that Cordelia' had made Miss Carson the rage in Paris and that the public was elamoring for her, and they feared that under the circumstances "Sinin which she had no part, would not be well received. Some of the journals stated, however, that the libretto of "Sintram" was a failure, and admiration that was almost awe. that the opera stood no chance of sucdramatically or musically. Teodoro had worked himself up to a others v in frenzy of indignation over these he had

The idea." he exclaimed, "of a two Adriano knew. The young man simply penny dilettante like Oeglaire setting himself up to condemn your poetry and Casimir's music, which the greatest artists and critics in Paris have declared to be of the very highest order! Why, some of them just rave over the the excerpts that have been privately given. Of course, he is engaged to the little Carson, and it is natural that he should do all that money and newspaper influence can do to push her to the think he must have some special grudge against you besides ?"

rgainst you besides?"

Do you think so?" remarked Adriano, indifferently. "Oh, I suppose you refer to those articles that appeared about me last summer. But do not worry, Tedi. I do not think he can do me any serious harm." can do me any serious harm.'

Lt was true that Daretti's popularity

with the general public had suffered no diminution from these insidious atbacks on his private character, and among his friends they had aroused suly indignation and contempt for the writer. But Adriano had suffered more keenly from them than he was willing to admit to any one but Monsignore Ianson. Although his assailant painted him in blacker colors deserved, there was still sufficient substratum of truth underlying the accusations to make them praccally unanswerable. His humiliation was intense. How could he, in the face of these things, hope to have any influence for good among the youth of Paris? How could be carry on the medest apostleship that his contessor had planned for him? If his life was ne longer unworthy, at best it seemed aseless enough. But he must not burd-sp. Tedi with his despondencies, for Tedi's reports from the little home that interested him were not encouraging. He too had his burden.

ing. He too had his burden.
"Espiritu looks so pale and tired,"
be confided to Adriano. "It is awfully
hard for her there. At her gradmother's she managed everything, but of course Disdier's wife looks on her as an intruder and does not let her have zny authority. The wife is a silly, extravagant creature, without an idea beyond dress and jewelry and bonbons. Disdier provides her with everything she wants, in a desperate sort of way,

even when there almost nothing to eat in the house. I suspect that he knows that she is bound to have these things, and that when he ceases to be able to to give them to her she will find some one else who can. It is awfully sad. He feels his terrible mistake, but I cannot help respecting him for bearing it etimes I think as he does. Sometimes would be tempted to let were not for the child. It is a sickly little fellow with great pathetic eyes, and he simply adores it. She is just nother you would imagine. Oh, it is no place for Espiritu: and yot when I tell her so she says, in her angelic way, 'it is worse for my father than it is for me, and I believe that without me the little boy would die." It is true, and I can have nothing more The poor baby was simply to say. The poor baby was simply dying of neglect, and she has saved its life and brought it a little bit of sunshine and happiness.'

Adriano frequently drove out to see Madame Valorge, who confirmed every-thing that Teodoro said. Now that Disdier had once broken the ice he talked freely to his mother-in-law, and she knew even more of his affairs than Espiritu.

"It is no place for my poor little Espiritu," she sighed, "and yet her father is happier for having her there, is happier and better for are. Who knows but she her gentle care. in time win even this vain, selfish woman's heart? But I have little hope of it. Six years of an equivocal posi-tion, in which her vanity and extravagance have gone on unchecked, has almost destroyed any spark of wifely and womanly feeling in Leontine. Poor Ramon! He had been very, very weak, but he is suffering for it so keenly and yet so patiently that I feel as his fault were already expiated. I am most anxious about my little girl.
is hard for her to have to see all this "Poor little Espiritu! poor little dove!" murmured Adriano. "No dove!" murmured Adriano. "N wonder you say it is no place for her der Teodoro chafes under the necessity of seeing her endure this posi-

"I see no way out of it at present," sighed Madame Valorge. "But of course her life must not be sacrificed forever-this is a mere temporary expedient, and we may be able before ong to devise some better arrangement this unhappy home."

Teodoro was now singing for the first time at the Grand Opera, in the ab-sence of Lennartsen, who had engaged to sing as guest in Wagner roles at the leading German theatres until the opening of the spring season at Covent Garden. If Adriano had had any doubts as to Teodoro's capacity for heroic roles they were quickly dispelled. The young man seemed born to the part of lyric star, but in tragedy he was transformed. His very youth and beauty seemed to lend a certain godlike splendor and immortality to creations. There was a dignity, a maturity, a grandeur about his imperson-ations of Vasco de Gama and Jean de Leyde and Radames, of Sigurd and Samson and the Cid, that even Lennartsen did not surpass; and thrown over whole was the translucent veil of ideality and poetic illusion. effort, without apparent study, he seemed in very truth to be the character he was enacting. The noble young voice seemed inexhaustible in volume whispered in dreamy and range-it tenderness that floated into every neart, or it rang out with heroic fire that kindled the spirits of to the white heat of enthusiasm. He flashed into the operatic firmament with meteoric splendor, leaving a trail of glory in the memory of his hearers. Adriano fairly trembled.

"It is too perfect, too glorious, for his frail world," he thought, lost in this seems as if something must happen.'
Teodoro appeared not to work others worked to attain his ends, but

the world at large knew not of, though

lived and breathed with his heroes in

a method and a teacher that

the realms of the imagination. He put himself in their place, his heart throbbed as theirs had throbbed, he loved and suffered as they loved and suffered. He even knew the passions of hatred and revenge in dream-land, and dream-land accompanied everywhere. It was about him when he walked in the streets, when he But do you know, Adriano, I lt had been the playground of the gentle, lonely, motherless boy. lived and breathed in the atmos rived and creatned in the atmosphere of opera; its heroes were his heroes. History and poetry and tales of adventure and knightly lore were his passion. The legends of Charlemagne and Orlando, of Rollo and Tancred, of the Round Table and the holy Grail, the adventures of Heroel. Holy Grail; the adventures of Herodotus, of Marco Polo, of Vasco de Gama, of Magalhaes and Pizarro; the dramas Shakespeare, of Schiller, of Racine of Corneille, of Æschylus and and Sophocles; the poems of Ariosto, of Tasso, and Alfieri, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, and the tales of Manzoni and Scott - these were the things upon which his childish soul had fed till they were to him realities and the actual world about him an impertinent inter-ruption. By birth and education seven ture contained of poetry and heroism, ture contained of Detry and heroism.

The language of Prance. were at his command. The language of Spain was that of his nursery; France, that of his boyish studies; German he learned at his Austrian mother's knee, and Italian from the lips of father and brothers before he was able to read. English, Greek, Latin had formed part of the curriculum of his school studies, and he had acquired them with an astonishing facility aided by the fascina-tion their literature had for him. Hand in hand with imagination he had trod the heavenly figure of music. Every vision of chivalry, every tale of adventure, was wedded in the boyish mind to the tones of Casimir's piano, of Saverio's violin, or of Adriano's rich

and manly voice. He had heard only the best, he had nothing to unlearn.

Casimir had spoken to him of wondrous

harmony and beautiful modulations, Saverio had illustrated the exquisite

Adriano had formed the singer, and from the time he had first piped a childish treble, Teodoro had never know what it was to do otherwise than phrase musically, breathe properly, and place his tones correctly. When the voice of manhood developed he had nothing more to learn. The rules of art were his own; the leading operas he knew even in their most difficult instrumentations; and the fire of his own genius was ready to flame forth when the torch of opportunity should be applied. All these had been his teachers, and

there was yet another — the gentle figure of a young girl living in a shabby fourth-floor apartment in an unfashion-able quarter of the city, toiling at com mon household occupations, not knowing one note of music from another, and never having seen an opera in all her short life of seventeen summers. But Espiritu shared his dream-land. The world of the imagination had no mysteries from her—all that he knew and loved were also dear realities to her. knew the story; she knew every slightest detail of every opera that Te doro sang—every hope and fear that agitated the hero's breast, every woe bliss of the heroine. stinctively, when Teodoro sang to her, all that the music expressed, and that it completed the beautiful dream. Had failed to make the impersonation fit her sensitive soul would the dream, have recoiled, even as a sensitive ear quivers under the shock of a discordant She was his truest inspiration tone. his subtlest critic.

They were all in all to each other

these two young lives, for Espiritu needed the encouragement of his tender devotion, even as he needed this pure shrine to worship at. Her life had so that usually little in surrounds youth. A careworn, anxious father to sustain and cheer; the constant companionship of a selfish, silly complaining woman to endure; the un remitting care, night and day, of a sick ly and fretful although precocious and sensitive child; and a continual round of homely duties made difficult by the necessities of rigid economy and the constant friction of divided interests these were the things that would have broken and saddened the tender spirit and slight frame without the infusion sunshine and strength and joy and ro-mance that Teodore's daily visits brought to the shabby little home. Occasionally there were other bright spots in the weary life. There were Sundays when her father was at nome, and she could take the little Maxime with her to Passy, where had happy hours playing with Lolita and the kitten in the little garden, and she could sit by dear grandmamma's side and feel like a truly little girl again. And there were days now and then when the Marchioness of Palafox or dear Magara would be in town and stop in the carriage, bringing fruit and for little Maxime, and would let th child drive up and down, proudly seated in the coach, while they stopped to chat with Espiritu. Then Margara would whisk on an apron and help her with the dusting or the preparations for the mean little dinner or with the ever-growing pile of mending. These were truly happy days, and Espiritu was very grateful for these dear friends. One day Lady Ainsworth chanced in

when Teodoro was with his betrothed. She kissed her laughingly and told her to take a little holiday, and that the good fairies would do her work for her. For more than an hour Margara darning stockings and amusing the little Maxime till the young people called her into the salon. It pleased her to see ow rested and refreshed Espiritu appeared. The girl wanted her to look at beautiful photograph Theodore had shown her for the first time, taken in London, of Adriano and himself together Hans Sachs and Walther von Stolzing. It was wonderfully characteristic of the story—the inspired, dreamy young knight, the embodiment ce and song, and the poetic, seeing soul of the genial Sachs. shining from noble brow and luminous

eyes. Espiritu was enraptured.
"It is just as you are, my Theodore,"
she exclaimed, "the flower of knighthood and song! Ah, you needn't blush, dear, for it is only Margara who hears, and she will understand. And our dear Adriano, too, so noble and good and true and self-sacrificing."

"He is all that and more too," cried Teodoro, enthusiastically. "Our dear Adriano is of the very stuff that the saints are made of!" Margara turned saints are made of!" her sweet, pale face a little towards but without raising her eyes.

Teodoro continued with some emotion. "Oreste says he is growing every day more and more like my saintly mother, and I think it must be so. I wish I could tell you half of what I know about I wish I im." Theodore lowered his voice.
'I almost feel as if it were wronging him to speak of these things, because his humility would shrink so painfully from having them known. Yet it does to hear of practices from the one good ages of faith, and you, Lady Ainsworth, who belong to a family which has done heroic things for God, and who are so fervent yourself, you will rejoice in hearing of them. I long suspected that Adriano practised corporal penances, and I have sometimes crept to his door in the middle of the night and heard him using the discipline on his bare shoulders, and have knelt outside of the room, crying like a child and not daring to disturb him. And lately Oreste iscovered a hair-shirt among Adriano's things and brought it to his master in great distress, and Adriano, seeing that he could not conceal it any longer, admitted that he wore it under his dress every time that he appeared in public, whether on the stage or in social life. Oreste says he spoke most humbly and beautifully about his penance, and made him promise solemnly never to breathe a word to a soul of the matter. And, indeed, I do not think the fellow would have told, he is so loyal, if I had not

suspected and dragged it out of him."
""The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence,''' quoted Espiritu, softly,
"and our Adriano is one of the strong
ones who know how to take it by workmanship of a perfect technique,

Lady Ainsworth was filled with a wild erally, do I, Serissa? I don't mean to, longing for tears. Hurry home she must, to find a spot where she could indulge in that luxury, and ease her over-flowing heart. It was a relief when her carriage was announced. The horse started off at a smart trot, but it seemed to her that they crept all the way to Neuilly. At last they reached the Villa Selva Alegre, and she flew up the stairs and rushed to the sanctuary of her own room, where she sank on her knees by the bedside before a picture of the Ecce Homo, and burst into a pas-

on of hysterical weeping.
The marchioness was standing near the door of her bedroom when Margara took her stormy flight through the upper hall. As she stood uneasily wondering what could be the cause of daughter's precipitate movements she distinctly heard the sound of low, passionate sobbing. In a moment she was at the door, and, looking in, saw the bowed and shaking figure by the bed-

Margara!" she exclaimed, "My Margarita, my child! What has happened? Oh, what is the matter, my Margarita, my child: What has hap-pened? Oh, what is the matter, my dearest daughter?"

Margara raised her head, and turned her face towards her mother. The tears were raining down her cheeks,

but her eyes were glowing and radiant.
"Oh, mamma!" she cried, exultantly flinging, out her arms. "It is true! ly flinging, out her arms. "It is true! The sackcloth and ashes! Oh, God in heaven be praised, it is true! TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AWAKENING.

A Little Quarrel, a Dream and a Happy

BY HARRIT CARYL COX.

Mrs. Tirrell's patience was worn out. You're a dreadtul shiftless man, Zadoc Tirrell, if you are my husband, and you're getting more shiftless every day of your life, 'n' some day I don't know

Mrs. Tirrell spoke with considerable sperity as she halted in the doorway er nervous eyes scanned the dis-

ordered room. Zadoc, in his shirt sleeves, sat comortably reading, surrounded by the pages of a Sunday paper dropped in chaos about him. His shoes were off. One had been kicked into the farthest corner, the other lay on its side under a table. A pitcher of sweetened water stood on the table at his elbow, but the glass from which he had drunk was in an unsteady position on the seat of a hair-cloth chair, while on another stood

a plate of cookies.
"I just wish you could see yourself!" she went on, coming into the room with an energetic movement that caused him to draw his feet up hastily as she rescued the tumbler, placed a sheet of paper under the pitcher, and began to pick up the papers. "You're a sight to behold, Zadoc Tirrell." She creased the papers precisely, arranged them ac rding to order, and placed them in a little pile on the table.

He watched her movements "I expect I fret you considerable, don't I, Serissa?" he queried. "I'm dreadful sorry, but queried. somehow I can't seem to help it. suppose I'm a pretty poor stick of a hus I, and I wish I was better.'

The almost childlike smile on his face

passed unheeded,
"You are a dreadful trial," she confessed. "If I wa'n't so fond of you I'd be thinking I'd made a pretty poor baryou, Zadoc ; but gain when I married you, Zado somehow—' Here she stopped

"I'll warrant you ain't mended that north pasture fence yet," she concluded " No, I ain't. I'm going to pretty

This from behind his paper. "'N' the cows will be straying off and be put in pound, and you'll have to pay for getting 'em out. It cost you 83 last week, mend that fence week, and \$3 would fence and do a lot more things that need being done about this house that don't never get done, and don't never seem likely to, 'less I do 'em, and I ain't come to that yet. "I'm

He stirred the sheet uneasily. "I'm going to tend to it to-morrow morning. I really am, and you won't need to bother any more about it. I wish you didn't take things so hard, Serissa.

"' N' there's that sink drain needed hoeing out for two weeks, and you didn't get around to it. I had to hire Alonzo Butler to come and do it, and to tend to the front-door latch, and put up the swinging shelf for my preserves, and carry off that truck I gave you last house-cleaning time, and you said you'd tend to next day. When I think of it I get considerable riled. It's put off and put off, and drop things here and shove things there, and no system or order nor nothing. Most women

would get exasperated."
"You don't never do you? You're a pretty patient woman, considering all things, Serissa." He gazed at her re-flectively. "I guess perhaps I'll go He gazed at her reflectively. "I guess perhaps I'll go 'long now and do one or two things I ain't finished yet. I might as well, I

suppose."
He arose slowly, dropped the paper, and started from the room. His feet struck the bare floor of the kitchen. "You 'aint seen my shoes, have you, Serissa? You ain't gathered them up in some of your slicking up, have you,

Serissa? They don't seem to be any where. "When did you have 'em last?' "I don't know. When I came in, I suppose. I don't remember, but I suppose I had 'em. I haven't been going stocking-foot, have I?" He looked at He looked at her perplexed. Then he glanced at his feet. "Those stockings don't look 's I'd been outdoors without any shoes.

I must have had 'em somewhere, Ser-"Where do you generally put

'em?" Most any place. Just where I happen to be, I guess. It n't very very systematic, I know, but I've got kind of into the habit of it." 'You were in here, wa'n't you?"

"Well, you 'aint looked here, have

you?" "Why, no! I didn't think. Some how it didn't seem to me I'd 'a' left them in the setting room. I don't gen-

The perplexed look on his face into a smile as he espied one broadened into a smile as he espied one shoe and groped for it under the chair.

He gazed about helplessly for its ate. "The other isn't here." ' Have you looked everywhere ?"

"Yes."
"What's that in the corner?" " It appears to be my other shoe. I should really say that it was. Did I

I suppose you did. 'Twas there put it there ?

He opened the door slowly and turned, one hand on the doorknob. Serissa was putting the last of the wood into the fire.
"I'll fill that wood-box right now," he said, cheerfully, "and, I say, I wish you'd kiss me just once, Serissa,

even if I am shiftless.' Zadoc was dead. The house

quiet and in perfect order. Never had it been so, even at festive occasions such as Thanksgiving, for Zadoc had always been present.

The funeral was over and the relatives departed. Serissa was alone. She tried to drink some tea. It would cheer her up and steady her nerves.

She was trying to be resigned -every one had told her she must be—but somehow she did miss Zadoc dreadfully.
"I believe—I'd even like to se of liselatter," she said, mournfully, as her eyes took in the primness of the room in its perfect order. "It looks

room in its perfect order. "It looks dreadful cold and funeral like this way. Just's if some one was dead, and t'would always stay just so and never look lived in again. I can't stand it anyway."
She jumped from her chair and seizing the neat pile of papers on the table, with a wild toss of her arm sent them broadcast through the room. They

fell with a rustle that sent a thril through Serissa's sore heart.
"That crackle does sound kind of comforting and natural," she mused. But things aint all right yet." She twisted the chairs around in all sorts she mused.

of positions, put the head-rest on the big armchair askew, and pushed the tidies off the sofa. Suddenly she paused. There was a sound—a footstep. Some one of the neighbors was coming. But how it sounded like Zadoc's step! It was un-

nistakable. It has Zadoc. She awoke from her

dream with a start.

"I guess you're right my being shiftless," he said. "I had ought to have fixed that fence before Serissa

I really ought. The cows got out again and one of e'm I can't fine anywhere. I stayed long enough to mend things so twouldn't happen again, 'n' harnessed up and though perhaps you'd like to drive down with me and see if we can't find her. It's going to be a dreadful pretty evening. Why, Serissa!

She was crying on his shoulder. You don't never need to call yourself iftless again." she sobbed. "I don't shiftless again, 'she sobbed, 'I don't care how you do things. I don't care one might. I guess there's things worse'n being shiftless, and—and it's you, Zadoc."—Harper's Bazaar.

Church Music.

The third official catalogue of church nusic has just been issued by the Cincinnati Diocesan Commission on Church Music. The commission was appointed in 1898 by Archbishop Elder to examine all music used by the Cincinnati diocese, and strike out all compositions which contained these abuses: (1) Omissions of liturgical text, its repetitions and altering of its signification or music so long as to interrupt the divine sacrifices; (2) operatic music, or in general such as as is not in keeping with the dignity or solemnity of divine service. All music was first to receive the " visa" of the commission before it could be used in the churches. The first catalogue issued in 1899

showed about 400 Masses examined. Of this nu tions of 67 Masses were rejected; 10 were rejected completely. The second catalogue issued in 1900 shows the addition of about 60 Masses. Of these only 4 were rejected outright and 4 of the preceding catalogue had been corrected. The catalogue, just issued, shows the addition of about 50 Masses. Of these only parts of two Masses

Some Facts About the Vatican.

The Vatican in Rome is the prison of pe Leo XIII. The Vatican is a word which is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of Nero. About the year 1160 Pope Eugenius built it on a magnificent scale. Inno-cent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world. The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, nong which are some by Pliny, St. homas, St. Charles Borromeo, and Thomas, many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description .- "Sacerdos," in American Herald.

SAXON KING'S SON A PRIEST

The great Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland, has the distinction of numbering among its faculty the son of a King. Prince Maximilian, who a few years back suddenly re-signed his commission in the army, and after some difficulty obtained the permission of his uncle, the Albert, to enter holy orders, is a fessor of canon law and liturgy in the above institution. The recent death of King Albert placed Prince Max's father, King George, on the th

After his ordination Prince Max declined to accept the allowance from the Saxon Treasury to which he is entitled as a Prince of the blood and secured an appointment as curate i the most poverty-stricken districts of the British metropolis, and for several years was attached to a German Catholie church in Whitechapel, bearing the queer name of St. Bonaporte and wi is more than one hundred years old, and uas attached to it an important Ger Hospital, a convent and a sort of home for young men. He realized that as long as he remained in Germany he would always be treated as a royal e line of succession to throne of Saxony, whereas in London he ran no danger of being looked upon as anything else than a mere priest.

It is indeed difficult to it more startling transition than that from an inmate of some of the most beautiful palaces of Europe, from Prince of the blood and from a dashing officer of a crack German cavalry regiment, to position of a humble work Church of the London slums. Prince Max is the only scion of a

reigning house in holy orders. The last Prince of the blood to enter the priesthood was Archduke Leopold Austria, the patron of Beethoven, wh became a Cardinal very shortly afte his ordination, while King Charles Al bert of Sardinia took the yows of a nonk after abdicating his throne To the late Cardinal Bonaparte although a kinsman of Napoleon III. were never accorded by his cousins any rights or privileges of a French Prince of the blood, and he remained in ever sense of the word a mere Italian nob

Between Prince Maximilian and the throne of Saxony there are now five lives—namely, those of his eldest brother, the Crown Prince; the latter's three little boys, all under the age of ten, and his other brother, Prince John George, who, although he has been married nearly ten years, remains tirely within the bounds of possibility that the royal priest may be brought to supreme power, either as regent or as

The Church's Way to Settle Strikes

Discussing the recent strikes in Chicago the New World of that city says: "While it is impossible for any fair-minded man, or any man who has the welfare of the working men at heart, to state absolutely that he is opposed to strikes under all conditions, yet it is entirely consistent with such fairmindedness to hold that all labor differences should be settled by means of arbitration. . . . It is the way, too, that the Catholic Church wishes them to be settled. According to the strikers the men who did the most effective work to bring about the meeting to amicably settle the strikes here were Catholic priests. In doing this they were acting as representatives of the Church that has officially taken its stand on the principle of It is to be hoped, then, that this method of settling differences in the labor world will be always made use of, and made use of even more promptly than was during the strikes that recently came very near producing such astrous consequences.

Catholic Truth Society in Ireland.

Two years ago the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland was inaugurated in fourteen churches of the city and dio cese of Dublin. The purpose of the society was to spread Catholic truth: and the determination of the Irish Catholic to know the facts, and history, and fundamental points of his faith was never more eloquently demonstrated than when he found that he could get, for a nominal sum, books written competent and orthodox Catholics, and frequently by scholars, which set out in simple language the main doctrines of the Church, and told of the deter-mining turning points in her centuries of struggle. The circulation of the Catholic Truth Society's publications was remarkable. From June 10, 1900, to May 6, 1902, it is calculated, upwards of 1,400,400 publications have been circulated by the society. Of course, more than one person read each booklet; but even if we take the number as it stands as representing the Irish Catholics who have profited by the energies of the society, we can at once see what an enormous influence the so-ciety has been. One of the drawbacks of Catholic life in Ireland has been the the want of cheap Catholic literature of the right sort. This the Catholic Truth Society has supplied. And not only Catholic literature—that is to say, the literature of the Church and of dogma-but the Catholic national literature of Ireland. Some of the little booklets that have been published about Irish saints, and about notable epochs in the history of the Irish Church, have been most valuable, and have been informing even to people who thought they knew Irish history, and even Irish ecclesiastical history.—American Her-

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