

disturb my peace," he said. "Alas! I was just now so happy."

But he did not forget his penance, and the next day he sought the Father again.

"Father Antonio," he said, "thou hast been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife."

So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist tenderly; and he took her home, and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall, unveiled.

Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

So Father Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive.

So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said: "Father, may I yet be absolved?"

But Padre Antonio did not answer. "What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?"

"Thou shouldst know," said Father Antonio.

"I know not," said Camillo, sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slightest tie that hath bound my soul in former days I have sought to reunite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness."

"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest.

"Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that to my soul hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me, and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have been forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio.

"Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist.

"I tell thee! Nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? My son, when thou hast won His absolution thou wilt not ask mine."

Then Camillo went home very sorrowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ; yet he would have liked well the priest's absolution.

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eyes.

And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh! so loving and tender; the parted lips seemed to smile, like the lips of a mother over her naughty child, as she says: "But, darling, you grieve mamma."

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. And in the morning he went back to Father Antonio.

"Ah, my Father! How dared I ask for absolution? I, who knew not the smallest fraction of my sin! What are all the offenses against my fellow-man to my sins against Him?"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Padre Antonio.

"And I also," said Padre Antonio. "And yet He forgives; that crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with Him. He forgives freely. There is no little by little in it; I have come back to Him step by step, but He has carried me always in His heart. Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved?"

"Go back," said the priest, "and look once more on the Face of Christ." So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of the Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half-century of years he felt all its weight.

Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable.

And in the morning they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio. — Sacred Heart Review.

Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

NUNS AT THE CRIMEA.

A Brief Record of What the Sisters of Mercy Did There.—By Their Heroic Work They Won Love and Respect.

It was during the Crimean war in 1854 that the Irish Community of the Sisters of Mercy was for the first time allowed to pursue its mission of charity upon the battlefields of England. To the Right Rev. Mgr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, belongs the merit of suggesting the sending of some English-speaking nuns to aid the Crimean sufferers. He was himself the son of an Irish soldier, and he felt intensely the sad privations, temporal and spiritual, to which the sick and wounded soldiers were then exposed. Moreover, a bitter outcry had been raised throughout England against the nuns by the bigots of Exeter Hall notoriety, and he very justly said: "Let the nuns, who are so fiercely assailed, proceed to the battlefield; there their daily life, seen by the whole world, and their devotedness to the cause of charity, will be the best answer to the vile calumnies uttered against them."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, in the first installment of what promises to be a most interesting contribution to the new Australian Catholic Record, relates how, at Bishop Grant's request, five Sisters of Mercy, from Bernandsey Convent, were soon en route towards the East, under the guidance of M. Mary Clare Moore, a Dublin lady, whose privilege it was to be one of the first founders of that community. As the Government was indifferent to their services, they set out purely as volunteers, and the Earl of Arundel undertook to defray all their expenses. Before their arrival in Paris, however, the Government felt ashamed of the coldness shown to them, and arranged with Bishop Grant for the expenses of their journey and their official recognition as nurses in the military hospitals of the East.

Miss Nightingale joined these Sisters in Paris, and accompanied them during the remainder of the journey, and they continued to be associated with her throughout the whole campaign. At Scutari she gave full charge of the hospital to M. Clare, and it was remarked that everything in which she followed the guidance of the devoted Sisters was attended with the most brilliant success, whilst in everything else failure and dissatisfaction followed her footsteps. A few weeks before the close of the war in 1856, Mother Clare, on account of failing health, was summoned home by Dr. Grant. Miss Nightingale, in several letters, attested her gratitude and admiration for the skill and devotedness of which M. Clare and companions had given such abundant proof. She thus writes from Balaklava: "My Dearest Rev. Mother: Your going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. But God will reward you for it with Himself. My love and gratitude will be yours, wherever you go. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my thanks. In another letter: "No one, even of your own children, values you, loves you, and reverences you, more than I do. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency, both in worldly talent of administration and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior."

The presence of the first Sisters of Mercy, as if by magic, wrought a complete change in the hospitals at Scutari. Hence it is not to be wondered at that prejudices at headquarters were soon set at rest; and in October, 1854, the Secretary of War in an official communication requested Dr. Grant to provide an additional staff of the devoted Sisters. As the convents were too few in England to supply a sufficient number, he at once wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and to other Irish prelates, soliciting their aid in this great work of charity.

He at first met with unexpected difficulties, for the Archbishop of Dublin, though desiring to meet his wishes, could not allow the Sisters to be associated in their work with paid nurses, or to be subordinate to any except the medical officers. He feared that the devoted Sisters would be held responsible for the faults of the former, and for the mistakes of Miss Nightingale, and letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople, which were received soon after, more than justified his prevision. These difficulties were, however, soon set aside in a practical way, and fifteen additional Sisters, under the direction of Mother Bridgeman, of Kinsale, as Superior, followed soon after by three others, hastened to the fields allotted to their zeal and heroism.

Lord Napier was one of those who bore testimony to the fidelity with which the nuns observed the rule of non-interference with the Protestant patients. He held at that time a diplomatic position under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in Constantinople, and may relate his testimony in his own words: "During the distress of the Crimean war the Ambassador called me one morning and said: 'Go down to the port. You will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian subjects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to you.' I went down to the shore and received about 200 persons, the most miserable objects that could be witnessed, most of them old men, women and children, sunk in the lowest depths of indigence and despair. I placed them in the cold, ruinous lodging allotted to them by the Ottoman

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The Experience and Impressions of Tom Moore and Boyle O'Reilly in This Remarkable Place.

Father Cronin writes as follows to the Union and Times of his recent visit to Virginia: "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which the muse of Moore has immortalized. In 1803, when on his way to Bermuda to assume the duties in the admiralty court to which he had been appointed, the poet visited Norfolk, and while there determined on seeing the wild and wondrous region known as the Dismal Swamp and the enchanting lake, so silent and lone nestling at its very heart. It is pictured by those who have penetrated its gloom and canoed over its dark waters as a weird and enchanted region. Nature seems to have showered beauty there with hot hand, as if to bewilder the imagination. The late John Boyle O'Reilly, who visited the swamp in 1888 shall describe it for us:

It was a lovely evening, and the surroundings were so novel and so unexpectedly attractive that we can never forget the impression. Far before us as the eye could reach, ran the canal, narrowing in perspective, till it closed to a point. On the right, rose from the water, a dense forest of cypress and juniper, flowering poplar, black gum, yellow pine, maple and swamp oak, with a marvelous under-wood of laurel in ravishing flower, the very air heavy with perfume, honeysuckle heaped in delicious blossom, yellow jessamine, bay, myrtle, purple trumpet flowers of the poison oak vine, with the ever-present roses and white flowering blackberry hanging into the water.

But with the decline of the lovely day came such a jubilant chorus of sweet voices! Never had we heard except in the air of dreamland, such a concert of delicious bird music. In number and variety the singers were multiplied beyond conception. Far as we could see along the canal we knew that the air was vibrant with the harmony. We thought such unbroken melody following the eye into the remote distance was a more delightful music in itself than that which was ravishing the senses. Here the mocking bird ceased to mock and poured out its own soul. The cat bird discordant no longer, shot its clear joy through the great harmony, and the wren and swamp canary twined their notes like the threads of gossamer through the warp and woof of this marvellous tapestry of sound.

The serpent, however, has found his slimy way into this paradise of nature, mingles his hissings with the song of the rich plumaged birds, and coils his glittering scales round the jessamine, the laurel and the wild rose. So too, does the poisonous weed breathe forth its blasted vapors of death, while the wolf and panther still inhabit those marshy wilds.

Such, in brief, is the Dismal Swamp — with its one hundred and fifty-thousand acres, extending from Virginia into North Carolina — which Moore penetrated even to the gloomy shores of the lake in 1803, with no other guide than "Old Tony," the black boatman. On the poet's return to Norfolk he wrote the beautiful poem called "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," which, though doubtful familiar to many readers, I venture to reproduce here:

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP. Written at Norfolk in Virginia.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

"They made her a grave too cold and damp For a soul so warm and true: And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. Whereat night long by a fire-fly lamp, She paddles her white canoe."

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see, And her paddle I soon shall hear: Long and loving our life shall be, And I'll bid the maid in a cypress tree When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds: His path was rugged and sore, Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds— Through many a fen where the serpent feeds. And man never trod before. And when on the earth he sank to sleep, It slumber his eyelids knew, He lay where the deadly vine doth weep, Its venomous tear and nightly steep. The dew with blistering dew. And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake, And the copper snake breathed in his ear. Till he, starting, cried from his dream awake. "Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake, And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright Quick o'er its surface play'd— "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!" And the dim shore echoed for many a night And man never trod before. Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark, Which carried him off from the shore: Far he follow'd the meteor-spark— The winds were high and the clouds were dark. And the boat returned no more!

But off from the Indian hunter's camp, This lover and maid so true, Are seen at the hour of the midnight damp To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp And paddle their white canoe.

This account of Moore's visit to the Dismal Swamp and the poem it inspired would not be complete did I fail to transcribe Uncle Tony's story of the trip as recorded by Mr. Robert Arnold of Suffolk, Va. Here is old Tony's story: I shall never forget that time. One mornin' I war gettin' my skiff ready to go to de lake, a mighty nice-lookin' man cum up to me an' sed: "Ar you

THE ENCYCICAL.

None, we hope, have read the comments of the press on the Pope's recent letter to the English people with deeper interest than Catholics. An opportunity, which ought not to be neglected, is thus afforded of getting nearer to the minds of many Christians who are outside the visible Church. The encyclical has been received in a spirit which most persons did not suppose to exist. Naturally enough, opinions have been expressed to which Catholics could not give assent; however, most of the writers who have commented upon the Holy Father's letter recognize in it an authority above that of any other religious teacher in Christendom. It is a wondrous thing that his words should be attentively considered by so many who deny his claim to be the Vicar of Christ; and it is a blessed thing that they should be so well received. It would console the heart of Leo XIII., we think, as it will surprise many to read this extract from The Church Times of London:

"The spirit which breathes through the letter of Leo XIII. to England must touch all hearts. It appeals straight to the religious instincts which are so strong among all classes of our countrymen; and all, whether churchmen or otherwise, or belonging to the Roman Catholic body in England, must feel that it conveys to them a lesson, and speaks to them in accents which none who have any love for our Lord and Master can afford to disregard. . . . What, in England, should be the response to such an invitation? Surely nothing short of this—that, at the invitation of our own Bishops, the whole of England should unite, day by day and Sunday by Sunday, in the prayer that He who promised His peace to His Church should look not on our sins, but on our faith, and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to His will."

And these words quoted from an editorial in the Boston Herald:

"Such a document, bearing the goodwill of the foremost Bishop in Christendom, and evidently coming from his heart and conscience, is an unusual event. Nothing has happened since the English Reformation, in the way of an effort toward the restoration of unity, which makes a higher appeal or breathes more kindly sentiments toward those who are separated from the Roman Catholic Church."

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