

needs whisper a prayer to her for the troubled soul of her servant, Danto Rossetti. I give one of its most beautiful passages:

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John),
Between the naked window bars
The spacious vigil of the stars?
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for his poor;
And, finding the fixed terms endure,
Of day and night that never brought
Sounds of his coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through cloud wastes unexplored
Those eyes, which said, "How long, O Lord!"
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together—tears in gulf bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet, "Surely, I come quickly" so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen. even so, Lord Jesus, come!

There is no doubt that the reverence inherent in Rossetti was fostered by the lofty spiritual character of the women of his own family. Never was a mother so loved and revered as Rossetti's.

When I saw Mrs. Rossetti in the winter of 1886, shortly before her death; she was being tended by her daughter Christina in the somewhat gloomy house in Torrington Square. Mrs. Rossetti was then in her eighties; but, shrunken and sunk as she was in the great arm-chair by which her daughter sat, caressing the thin old hand, her nobly handsome face was full of alert interest and warm kindness. I had introduced myself to the family by my unsophisticated passion of enthusiasm for their brother. The aged mother of the Rossettis was keenly alive to hear all the worship I could pour out of the son so dearly beloved, so bitterly mourned. I remember how she kept nodding her head, and smiling at me out of her kind, undimmed old eyes.

After his wife's death, Rossetti withdrew himself into an inner circle of his friends. He lived at that fine old house on the river banks at Chelsea, called in his time Tudor House, but since his death, and its passing into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Haveris, known as Rossetti House. Here he kept the most extraordinary assortment of animals; inside he crowded his house with beautiful things. His collection of blue china was especially remarkable. Though most kindly in the circle of his friends whom his personal magnetism drew around him, and very accessible to any youngster whose attempts at art or poetry had struck his generous fancy, he was unknown to the public at large. His pictures never went to an exhibition, but were sold to private purchasers. The art critic invaded not his studio. It was a sign of the mystery about him that people believed a story, which he indignantly denied, of his having refused the Queen's daughter access to his studio.

All those later years were, however, weighed upon by trouble that came from within. There were intervals of peace, of course; and for a long time he lived in the country, at Kalmecott House in Gloucestershire, which he shared with Mr. William Morris. A bright spot in this shadowed life is so welcome that one dwells on an occasional letter to his mother less morbid than usual. Once he writes: "I have often thought of you since we last met—always whenever my path in the garden lies by the windows of that summer room at which I used to see your dear, beautiful old face last summer." But the insomnia and the chloral were on the increase, and the end was near.

Rossetti died on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea; and is buried in the churchyard there, under a Celtic cross designed by his friend, Ford Maddox Brown. After his death there were two or three exhibitions of his wonderful pictures, all instinct with the Catholic feeling in art as in his poetry. To us Catholics he seems of right to have belonged, and to him we owe all our compunc-

tion and tenderness for his darkened life, and all praise as one who in words and in colors wrought as nobly as any of Florence or Fiesole.

The Escorial.

For years this architectural loviathan of Spain's mediæval Catholicity was left untenanted—in fact, well nigh abandoned. When the pilgrim or tourist from foreign lands came to visit this monumental wonder its gorgeous architecture a once reminded him of the Peninsula's past military glory, and forcibly recalled the history of the seclusion and penances of one of its mighty monarchs, whom his biographers describe as the "proudest of kings, and humblest of monks." But in this mountain of granite, shaped into a palace, a church, and a convent, the stranger missed in its beautiful cloisters the classic cupolas of the friar of the middle ages to complete an artistic picture. Thanks to the generous initiative of the Queen Regent this link with the past has been supplied. One of the last acts of the youthful life of Alphonso XII, was to utilize it for teaching purposes, and with that view he founded a college, to which he gave his name and the valuable aid of his purse, and placed it under the guardianship of the sons of St. Augustine. To-day they have elevated it to the position and dignity of a truly Catholic university, under the title of "Maria Christina," in which all the higher studies of the arts and sciences will be taught. Already appointments to the chairs of philosophy and literature have been nearly completed, whilst other chairs are about being confided to the most distinguished scholars of the Catholic Church in Spain—men looked up to on account of their attainments in almost every department of sacred science. Similar nominations have been made for classes of military studies, in their preparatory stages, as well as for the whole course of sciences, medicine, and pharmacy combining therewith the study of modern languages, music, drawing and equitation. Thus has been realized the constant aspiration of her Majesty the Queen Regent, who, since the premature death of her husband, has been unwearied in her efforts to see fulfilled one of his cherished dreams—one of his noble, generous thoughts—in establishing in the monastery a center of teaching capable of satisfying all the moral, scientific and literary requirements of the present day. The new university has especial advantages in its situation, the grand edifice being surrounded by vast parks and gardens, in which the students roam without coming in contact with the outer world or incurring danger to health or morals, harmonizing college life with a certain independence and freedom, combined with the necessary recreation. It is under the zealous care of the Fathers of St. Augustine, and the protection of the Queen Regent, who has endowed it with royal magnificence, and honored it with her name. That it will be in the future the cherished *Alma Mater* of the Catholic youth of Spain, is an idea fondly cherished by its illustrious patroness, and that it will receive the special benediction and spiritual aid of the august Vicar of Jesus Christ, may be safely reckoned on. The Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Orotori, has paid the Augustinian Fathers a visit, and examined in detail the proposed curricula, so that once more the vast cloisters of the Escorial will resound with the joyous sounds of student life.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung disease.

The Quality of Discretion.

Those who have rounded in the period of well spent lives, and can now look with serenity and hope on the gathering shadows of their declining days, are ever ready to assure us that the quality which gilded the even tenor of their ways, and made sunshine instead of storm in their hearts, was the golden one of discretion. They felt that it was by steering their bark along the placid waters which no ill-timed word, spoken in heat and with acerbity, over ruffled or disturbed, that they ensured to their journey through life, pleasantness on the way, and a delightful calm at the close. They avoided with sedulity all occasions of rancorous interchange of language with their neighbors, when they felt that, in vindicating a real or imaginary wrong they would at best but discompose their own souls, breed trouble among friends and place a fresh arrow in the quiver of their enemies. They treasured the quality of silence when the unspoken word meant peace, harmony, and the gracious spirit of dwelling with brethren in amity and love, and when the sad spectacle of sullen dislike for others, which a too sharp tongue engenders when backed by an abundant lack of discretion sent sorrow to their souls.

Life is too short to lose a part of it in darkening our days in troubling our hearts and making clouds instead of sunshine above our heads, when all this might be avoided. And this is precisely what those people do who love to be at loggerheads with their neighbor, who dip their pen in gall and wormwood, drop vinegar on their tongues, and seek out a flaw in the armor of a brother that they might thrust a weapon in it. They invite the storm to rage, they wipe out the light of the sun, and they clap applause when the winds whistle and the tempest howls.

To those who love peace and harmony and the idyllic aspects of life, the spirit which animates such people is perfectly unintelligible. They feel that the necessary and unpreventable evils of life are, God knows, too numerous that we should seek to add to them those that are preventable and of our own creation. No philosophy could be shallower than that which prompts a man to deliberately enter on a course of action which is fraught with troubles innumerable to himself and is bound to give pain to others. He then seems to stand face to face with every dictate of common sense, and to court such miseries as reason would sternly warn him to avoid. If people could only be made to understand that there is more to be made out of life than most people make out of it, and that many of its purest pleasures lie right at our door if we would only look for them and take the pains to garner them, we would not so often stand in our own light and bemoan those evils which are sometimes imaginary, and which in many cases, we have brought upon ourselves. It is often because of our own shortsightedness that we lay at the doors of others our sufferings and misfortunes, not considering that we were the authors of those woes ourselves, and that, with the peculiar selfishness of human nature we seek to fasten the responsibility for them where it does not belong. It is then that we complain most bitterly, and upon the flood gates of our wrath on those whom we consider to have done us wrong. And it may be asked *cui bono* is all this? Who will be grieved and who will be delighted?

Sensible people are not edified by, nor interested in quarrels, Christians deplore them and men of peaceful disposition detest them. Consequently those who delight in washing their soiled linen before the public, in airing their grievances to the world, and inviting people from the highways and byways of life to be witnesses to the

troubles in their household, are precisely the selfsame class of people who would cater to the taste of that pugnacious element in the community which loves to witness an encounter between sharp-tongued fish-women, or equally loves to assist at a cooking main, and would complacently pat the brawn of some Hercules in the ring.—*Catholic Review.*

Honey Making.

Nectar in flowers is not honey. This nectar is gathered by the tongue of the bee, and enters what is called the honey bag, from which it is regulated by the bee on its return to the hive, and deposited in the honey cell. Even then it is thin and watery, and does not become really honey until the watery parts have evaporated. In collecting the sweets the bees do not confine themselves wholly to flowers. The writer of this paragraph has for a next neighbor a professional bee keeper, whose bees depend almost wholly on the flowers from the writer's garden—that is to say, there are few other flowers, except wild ones, on which the bees can collect their material. Unfortunately for him they are not satisfied with the flower, but also carry away the fruit. It is almost impossible in raspberry time to get enough from his garden to make a respectable dish for the tea table—nearly every berry is sucked to pieces before it is actually ripe. It is the same with the grape; in order to secure them from the ravages of the bees they have to be protected by paper bags. Last season, and for the first time, they have been found to carry away peaches also. How they first penetrate the skin is not clear; but it may possibly have been from the puncture of the curculio. The curculio frequently cuts the skin without depositing the egg, and this single break may be borne along without injury to the peach, permitting it to ripen. It is possible that they got a first entrance here. At any rate certain it is that before the peach is fairly ripe little is left on the peach but the stone. Other fruit growers likewise complain of the ravages of bees. Bee keepers contend that this cannot be so—that the bee is incapable of perforating fruit. This may or may not be—certainly what perforations might exist before the bees discovered them would not injure the fruit—the following up of this by the bees is just as bad as if they made the original perforations for themselves.—*Mechanics' Monthly.*

Anecdote of the late Father Mauron.

A pretty anecdote, which illustrates his simplicity and poverty of spirit, is told of the late Father Mauron, Superior-General of the Redemptorists. A short time after the election of the new General, Pius IX., entered the Church of St. Alphonso to pray. After satisfying his devotion, he visited the convent; and, going straight to Father Mauron's room, he looked about carefully, opening boxes and drawers; and then, having examined the mattress of the bed, he turned to the astonished priest, saying, "Father Mauron, I have looked into things here part" in jest, partly in earnest; and I find that you live in strict accordance with the example of your holy founder." It was this virtue of self-sacrifice that enabled Father Mauron to unite so happily the Neapolitan and the non-Neapolitan Redemptorists into one great religious family,—one of the most useful and flourishing in the Church.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enoch Bernberry, Tuscarrora, writes: "I am pleased to say that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is all that you can claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

Marshall McMahon, ex-President of Franco, is dangerously ill.