

The son lies on the ground in pain and rage. He curses the party from whom he has received his death-wound; curses his companions for fleeing from him at the approach of danger and leaving him to his fate; curses the world and God, with whom his life has been at war; and curses even the priest, who has in vain tried to inspire him with sentiments befitting his condition. What a fearful thing it is to prepare for eternity with blasphemy on the lips! What a dreadful consequence of an evil life! The priest sits sadly on a rock, and sighs, and from his very soul he prays for the wretched and impenitent sinner, on whose countenance his eyes rest with compassion.

But lo!—on a sudden the brigand grows quiet; his eyes are fixed immovably on the entrance of the ravine. O God! he sees some object moving painfully along the ground; his heart tells him what it is. Now he hears the broken words: "O God! All for my Gallus! Every drop of blood! Every drop of sweat! Every pain! I am doing penance for him. O God! mercy for him! O Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for him."

Whilst his mother thus creeps forward, and her tears and her blood are moistening the hard stones over which she moves, it seems to the son as if those tears and that blood are falling on his hard heart, and softening it. It seems to him as if every cry of sorrow from his mother mounts to heaven and falls back like a rock upon his flinty heart to break it. The mother at last stands beside him, and weeps, and looks on him with deep deep love in her tearful eyes; and she holds the pitcher with a cooling drink to his lips, and can only utter with a sigh: O—my—poor—Gallus!"

The heart of the son is pierced through and through. He draws a long, deep breath. The tears start to his eyes—strange visitors they were—and he utters the touching cry: "O my mother!" And his head sank on his mother's lap, and in broken accents he poured forth his sorrow, which had suddenly seized upon his heart; and he wept many sweet tears as his mother continued to pray: "O God! mercy for my Gallus!"

He was quite tranquil now, and his mother asked him where he felt pain, and bewailed his misfortune. Then she hinted gently that she would soon have to weep over his grave. "But," added she courageously, "whatever God wills, if you only die reconciled to Him." Then she placed his head upon her bosom, and spoke to him of his baptism, and of his first confession, and of his first communion made amidst such solemnities as he now remembered well, and of the days when he so piously said the beads with his mother. "And then," added she, "the time came when my Gallus would pray no more, and when he was led away by bad companions. But that time is past and gone, and God will blot it out. My Gallus now prays with his mother, and asks pardon from his Father in heaven."

Whilst his mother thus spoke, the dying man joined his hands, and she placed her blood-stained rosary between his fingers. "The God of mercy," she went on in her simple and earnest faith, "accepts the repentance of my boy. The mother's penance marks the rosary. And my Gallus suffers his pains and his death out of love of God, in expiation of his sins, and he will gain heaven thereby, and his old mother will soon follow him, and shall be forever happy with her Gallus."

A wonderful and happy smile lighted up her countenance. And her son—he smiled, too. The priest drew near, and Gallus made his confession, full of sorrow and compunction. He received the last Sacrament of the Church, Extreme Unction, and the last absolution. During this time his mother again and

again offered up all her tears, and the burning pain of her feet and hands, weeping meanwhile tears of joy.

The villagers had at last come with a litter and stood in silence around the group. Gallus turned to them, and said: "My mother has saved me. I thank God for my death; it is far sweeter than life without God." Then he gently pressed his mother's hand and said: "Mother, your rosary has made me happy, your penance must have been accepted. May God reward and bless you." His head sank back upon her bosom. "Mother," he uttered, with his last breath.

The mother wept long over his lifeless form; tears of sorrow and of joy mingled together. The men meanwhile prepared a second litter, and adorned both with ivy, moss, and wild flowers of the Alps. Gently they lifted up the body on one litter, and tenderly and respectfully they placed the mother on the other, and they carried them down in silence to the cottage at the foot of the hill. In due time, and with becoming reverence, the body was laid in its last resting-place in the village grave-yard.

The mother did not long survive her son; she died peacefully like a saint, and was laid to rest beside her boy. Kind friends placed a modest stone at the head of the double grave, on which the two names were written, entwined with a rosary.

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THE DISTURBANCES IN ROME.

The Associated Press dispatches have told us of disgraceful scenes which took place at the entombment of the remains of Pius IX, of glorious memory. It is not the first instance of wretched and brutal intolerance and sacrilege perpetrated in the Eternal City since its occupation in 1870. But who would have thought it possible for such scenes to occur on such an occasion as the removal at night, almost by stealth, of the remains of the late almost idolized Holy Father? If the funeral cortege had moved through the streets of Rome with all pomp and during the hours of day, it might be said to be a provocation, a demonstration against the existing order of things. What could possibly have been done to avoid provocation? It was clear that it was simply intended to carry out as quietly as possible the will of the late Supreme Pontiff.

Many reflections suggest themselves. Only a short time ago the municipal elections took place in Rome and out of fifteen vacancies the so-called "clericals" gained thirteen. Notwithstanding the specially adverse circumstance that Rome is the capital of the "Kingdom" and hence singularly under the anti-Catholic influence of the general government, nevertheless the faithful Catholics were able to achieve this splendid success. It must be accepted therefore and is acknowledged occasionally by the Italian revolutionaries themselves that the real popular sentiment in Rome is with the Pope, and adverse to "United Italy." Not only is this the case in Rome but the municipal elections of "the hundred cities" tell a similar story. Even therefore if a public procession had taken place it would only have been in accord with popular sentiment, and could not have been held as a provocation; yet this has been made a pretext for suppressing Catholic processions, congresses and the like in Italy! If such were the intended ground for such suppressions, one can see that the government and Garibaldian demonstrations should be suppressed and not the Catholic demonstrations; yet the opposite is the case. Let it be noted