

you away if you feel you must go. Wait but a little longer, a month and perhaps the light will come. Pray, my child," and the holy man who had known her all her life blessed her tenderly and sent her away, saying to himself with a sadly sweet smile, "She does not know her heart as yet, and mistakes her vocation utterly."

She was sore at heart. She was five and thirty and it seemed to her that she had almost wasted all her life. She sat in her little dressing room after the play was over, thinking bitterly, what had she ever done in this world, this world which had so long claimed her? Nobody needed her now. She was alone and—but at that moment a voice said:

"May I come in, Kate?" and her cousin's husband entered the room. He was a tall man, with gray in the brown hair which clustered about his temples, and serious Irish blue eyes. His was a strong face, and there was nobility in its expression, but sadness, too, and the mobile mouth had lines of bitter pain and stern self-mastery.

He looked searchingly at the face of the woman before him. He had always thought Kate handsome, yet tonight he was superb. She was tall and dark, with a fine figure, an almost regal carriage, and an air of pride and reserve which belied her, for her nature was frank and sweet.

"What is this I hear, Kate?" he asked, as he threw himself into a chair beside her. "Are you going away?" "I think so," she said slowly.

"You've had a good offer. Garrett wants you for his leading lady, some one said. Forgive me for asking, but is it the money, Kate? I would gladly give you the same as he will."

"It is not a question of money," she said, almost choked with indignation. Hugh Connor sighed heavily and said: "I suppose it is a better company than mine. I can't make it what I want. I'm selfish, but I'd like to keep you with me, Kate. When must you go?"

"I—I don't mean to accept Mr. Garrett's offer," she said. "I think of going into the Sacred Heart." It was very hard to talk with those wistful blue eyes fixed upon her, and saying such strange things which they had never said before.

"Kate!" he cried, incredulously. "Surely you're not going to be a nun?"

Then her passion burst through the veil of reserve, and she cried indignantly: "Yes, I am! And why not? Years ago I meant to be one, and Estelle needed me. Then it was little Kate, and now, no one in all the world needs me, and I may go. What have I ever done worth the doing in the world? Not a thing. Let me go, Hugh. Nobody needs me now," and she burst into tears.

Hugh Connor looked very tenderly at the bowed head, then his rich voice said gently:

"There was once a woman who was very talented, and stately, and beautiful, and sweet, though she never seemed to know she was any of these things. She was, too, so proud that no one ever reached to the bottom of her great heart. She was ambitious and dreamed of the religious life, that she would be another Saint Teresa, and she failed to see that her life was an inspiration for purity and virtue for all around her. She gave up her dreams to care for a helpless little cousin, and before she died she whispered that countless times, when temptations came to her, the pure and noble face of this woman had seemed to rise before her and save her. Was that nothing?"

"This woman lived a stainless life, amidst the dark pith of stage life, undeluded, and many a man has said she made him believe in and respect the purity of women, and wish to keep them as stainless as she."

"A motherless child learned her first lessons in truth and obedience at this woman's knee; a whole company of players, men and women, came to her for sympathy and help; a lonely man has felt as if an angel presence guarded him and shed reverent tears at the thought of the blessing of this woman's life so near his own. Kindly acts and gracious words make the atmosphere about her one of beauty."

"Deed of weak day kindness Fall from her useless as the snow. And she hath never seemed to know That such things were easier than to bless."

"Is all this 'nothing'?" "Ah, Kate!" he reached and caught her fingers, and held them close, albeit they trembled and fluttered to be free. "Kate, I want you," he said, eagerly.

She looked at him with great, shy, startled eyes; then rose and tried to draw away from him, unconscious of the story her eyes had told to his. Then he drew her to him and held her fast.

"Kate," he said tenderly, "I love you. Will you stay with me as my wife, my Kate?"

She closed her eyes. His wife! Ah, no. Such happiness was not for her, she thought, and in a flash she saw she had loved him unknowingly all these years.

"Estelle!" she murmured at last, trying to free herself from his arm.

He released her, but still held her hand in that firm grip.

"I loved my sweet little child wife very dearly," he said, steadily, "but this was her wish, too, Kate, for she whispered it to me just before she died. There is a difference in my love for you, a reverence as for a queen. You are my ideal. Will you come to me, dear, you who have been a blessing to others all your life? Will you come to me and let me try to make you happy? But not unless you love me," he added, jealously.

She raised her frank, true eyes to his in a look which at last revealed to

him the innermost holy of holies of her heart. Then she laid her other hand in his and said simply:

"I think I have always loved you. Hugh. I shall be quite happy," and she knew she had at last found her vocation.—Mary F. Nixon, in the Angelus.

**DR. CAHILL**

Rev. Daniel William Cahill, whose name has been for half a century a household word among the Irish people everywhere, was born in Queen's county in 1796, his father being an eminent engineer and surveyor. From his earliest years he studied with earnestness the pure mathematics, as well as the popular sciences.

It would appear that his father intended him either for his own profession, or for the army. And, indeed, as regards physique, spirit and nobility of presence, it would not be easy to find better material for a soldier. He was of Irish and Spanish origin, and in his bearing, temperament and splendid bodily development, combined the prominent characteristics of both races. As he humorously remarked in one of his lectures, he was as tall sitting as most men standing. He was six feet five inches in stature, of majestic and graceful proportions, and every movement denoted grace, energy and power. His head, says his biographer, "was like that of Canova's best masterpiece, a model which a phrenologist would select as a specimen of perfect development, and when he became animated in the course of a lecture, sermon, or public address, the great intellectual power of the man beamed from his countenance, and especially from his dark, deep eye—the reflex of his genius."

**DR. CAHILL'S ELOQUENCE**

And the triumphant success of his eloquence attended him in the broader arena of religious controversy, of polemical and political tilting; in historical analysis and research; in short, every department of literature in which he took the field he was a general in tactics, as well as a giant in combat. Naturally gifted with uncommon fluency of speech, he cultivated it into a style of unsurpassed clearness, flexibility and power. In this style are presented throughout his career some of the noblest productions of genius, whether we regard poetical inspiration, logical acumen, depth of erudition or power of elucidation.

**ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD**

After studying at Carlow College for some time he entered Maynooth, where he studied philosophy and theology under the late Archbishop McHale. After his ordination, in 1824, he was for some time professor of philosophy in Carlow College.

When Ireland was emerging from the horrible famine—years of unparalleled misery—Dr. Cahill passed over to England, and spent four years, from 1851 to 1855, almost wholly in that country. It was at this period that he commenced his series of public letters to Lord John Russell, and his eloquent denunciation of the free-trade policy forced upon the people of Ireland, resulting in the decimation of the people by emigration and starvation, created a profound impression throughout Europe.

**AN ADMIRER OF AMERICA**

Dr. Cahill was an enthusiastic admirer of America and American institutions. He visited the United States in 1860, and received an enthusiastic reception from Americans of every race and creed. After four years of constant travel and lecturing for charitable purposes, Dr. Cahill died at Boston, on Oct. 27, 1864. His remains were interred in Holywood Cemetery, in that city, where they rested for twenty years.

A sketch of Dr. Cahill would be incomplete without a glance through some of his brilliant efforts of voice and pen. We append a few selections from which a partial estimate of his genius, eloquence and devotion to Ireland may be formed.

**"HOW HISTORY IS LEARNED."**

At a St. Patrick's Day dinner in Glasgow, Scotland, in the course of his address, "How Irish History is Learned," he said: "The history of other countries is learned from the cool pen of the historian, but that of Ireland is learned from the crimsoned tombs of the dead. The history of other nations is collected from the growing population and successful commerce, but the sad story of Ireland is gathered from the deserted village, and the mournful-swalling canvas of the emigrant ship. You gave me too much credit for those slender productions of mine, and perhaps you are not aware that it was on the graves of the starved and shroudless victims of English misrule I stood when I indited the epistles. I dated them from the grave pits of Sligo and the fever sheds of Skibbereen. If I seemed to weep it was because I followed to coffinless tombs tens of thousands of my poor, persecuted fellow countrymen. It was not my mind, but my bosom that dictated; it was not my pen but my heart that wrote the record."

"And where is the Irishman who would not feel an involuntary impulse of national pride in asserting the invincible genius of our own creed, while he gazes on the crumbling walls of our ancient churches, which, even in their old age, lift their hoary heads as faithful witnesses of the past struggles of our faith, and still stand in their massive frame-work, resisting to the last the power of the despoiler and scarcely yielding to the inevitable stroke of time? And where is the heart so cold that would not pour forth a boiling torrent of national anger at seeing the children of forty generations consigned to a premature grave or banished by

cruel laws to seek among the strangers the protection they are refused at home?"

**"RELIGION OF IRELAND"**

On March 17, 1860, in his oration in the Academy of Music, New York city, on "The Fidelity of Ireland in Defense of Her Liberties and Religion," upon which occasion he was introduced by Archbishop Hughes, Dr. Cahill said: "When I went out to look at the procession (speaking of the St. Patrick's Day parade) I was delighted to see the number of banners, the cap of liberty over the harp of Ireland, and what I was very glad to see was the American flag side by side with every banner as it passed my hotel. The Stars and Stripes went, if I may use the expression, hand in hand with the harp of Ireland. How I longed to be a great man, as I saw every one uncover his head as he passed the statue of Washington. I was delighted to see such worship, if I may so speak, offered to the memory of the dead. Thousands of men taking off their hats and bending themselves in humble posture as they passed by the 'Father of His Country.'"

**"THE PICTURE OF THE FAMINE"**

In an address on "The Famine," delivered in Liverpool, England, Aug. 30, 1852, he said: "I saw this famine and looked at it. Of those that left the country ten thousand alone perished at Glasse Isle. "Two thousand perished with famine and scarlet fever, and those two thousand lay in Sligo field for two days without an awning over them, and yet there were £24,000,000 of gold in the British Treasury. Who can paint that but an Irishman?"

"No man could believe, going through Clare, the extermination that took place in those days. There were miles of road, and no one in it. During the famine fever I saw little children, perfectly well, except wanting food, with not a smile on their faces. The little children starving, and fever in their house, their father or mother dead, and the little things creeping about without a smile on their faces. Lamentation covered the country like a cloud."

**HIS LETTERS**

The effect produced by the letters of Dr. Cahill was, if possible, greater than that caused by his oratory. Writing to Lord Russell in 1852, he thus spoke: "You have made my country a desert; you, sir, from an echoquer filled with eighteen millions of bullion, you doled out in withering insult (as to the beggars of a foreign country), a miserable and total ly inadequate relief; and you called by the name of charity an act which should be designated the first demand on the realm and the highest duty of the Crown. Lord Stanley paid twenty millions sterling to give liberty to a few descendants of African slaves to my petty West Indian colonies—to men who never manned your fleets or swelled your armies, or fought for your name. But you, sir, grudgingly lent in part, and bestowed in part the paltry sum of eight millions to aid the last struggle for life of a faithful people. But the history of all nations will tell that you permitted five in ten to perish of hunger, while your exchange was filled with gold."

"You, therefore, sir, have banished and starved the people—you have made a grave for the Irish, and you have buried our race and name." N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

**THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST**

Whoever imitates the virtues of Jesus may be said to follow Him. He lived on earth for thirty-three years to show us, by word and example, the way to heaven. He is our Model. We can not be saved unless we become His living images by showing forth in our lives the sanctity of which He is the pattern. Now, let us see how the greatest of virtues—charity—was practised by Him. Every thought, word, and action of His was a new manifestation of this virtue. Whether amongst the apostles or in the company of strangers, or even when insulted by the Pharisees, charity governed His every action.

He chose faulty men to be His apostles in order that He might not be without an opportunity for exercising this virtue. When they misunderstood Him, He mildly adapted Himself to their weak comprehension. In the garden, with what charity did He not bear their drowsiness! When Thomas doubted concerning His Resurrection, what care did He not take to strengthen his wavering faith!

How meekly did He not answer the proud Pharisees! And, oh! what compassion had He not for the miseries of men!

Of those who followed Him to the desert He said: "I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with Me now three days and have not what to eat."

Never did He refuse to heal those who sought in Him a physician. He declared that He had come to save those who were sinners. When He passed through cities it was only that He might scatter gifts and graces, console the afflicted, cure the sick, and pardon the guilty.

In that loving Heart no hatred or revenge ever dwelt. His last words on the cross were, "Pardon them; they know not what they do." What a noble example for our imitation! Listen to the words of St. Paul, "Now, we that are stronger ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves; for Jesus Christ did not please Himself." Alas! how different is our conduct! How blind we are to our own faults and ready to see those of our neighbor! If we really

followed out the precept of Our Lord, we should see no quarrels, no harsh judgments, no scandals, no unkind words or acts.

Yet, practically, we show so little of Christ's spirit. Self love, so deeply rooted in our hearts, has its baneful influence. Envy, hatred, suspicion, and readiness to take offence have their sources in this false love and not in Jesus Christ. How often we hear people say: "I can not forgive him because he wronged me. People no longer respect me. My good reputation—alas!—it is a thing of the past." Grant that he did offend you; have you never sinned against God or treated your neighbor unkindly?

If you wish God to pardon you, then forgive your brother. This is indeed hard to do, but it becomes easy when you cast yourself at the feet of Jesus crucified, and think how lovingly He forgave His enemies. Our Lord had compassion on the miserable, whether their poverty was spiritual or intellectual or temporal.

Are you zealous? Does the sad condition of sinners never move you to compassion? Do you, by word and example, try to ennoble men and make them God-like? Remember that you can be a messenger of peace to the fallen.

How do you employ the talents God has given you? Do you use them to spread our holy religion and to make men wiser in the things of God? Forget not that you are a steward, from whom a strict account shall be demanded.

Has God blessed you with the goods of this world? What use do you make of them? Does the woe of the widow and orphan, of the sick and helpless, not touch your heart? Remember that the charity of God can not abide in you if you refuse to help those whom you see in need.—Sacred Heart Review.

**A HOLIDAY IN ROME**

Sir Gavan Duffy's Reminiscences of Father "Tom" Burke.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his "Reminiscences" in the Contemporary Review, writes interestingly of a trip from Australia to Europe made at the time of the Fenian rising of '66. He went to the continent and there fell in with the famous Father "Tom" Burke.

When the fog and the east wind became intolerable we turned our faces to the south. Paris, Florence, Rome, of what a dazzling journey they are the *etapes*, but a prudent man remembers that it is a journey which the whole civilized world has made, and that there is nothing more to be said on that topic. The morning after our arrival in Rome a visitor came to us, who proved to be the most gracious of friends and the most skilful of guides to the immortal City. Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican orator, had risen to eminence during my absence in Australia, but I knew him and he knew me by repute, and we speedily became friends. I necessarily recognized immediately what keenness of intellect, natural humor and knowledge of character Father Burke possessed, but his pulpit oratory, when I came to hear him, was a profound surprise. He was preaching at the time in one of the churches in the Piazza del Popolo, where sermons are delivered weekly for the English, Irish and American visitors of various creeds who winter at Rome, and in a letter to his biographer I afterwards sated the impression he made upon me:

"I had heard all the contemporary preachers of note, in the Catholic Church at least, and all the parliament orators of the day, but I was moved and impressed by that sermon beyond any human utterance to which I had ever listened. I despair of conveying the sort of impression it made upon me, but I think persuasiveness was its most striking characteristic. He marched straight to a fixed end, and all the road he passed seemed like a track of intellectual light. You were gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views as the only ones compatible with truth and good sense. His accent was Irish, but his discourse bore no other resemblance to any Irish utterance with which I was familiar. We have the school of Grattan, and the school of O'Connell, the artificial and the spontaneous, into which most Irish oratory may be distributed; but Father Burke's belonged as little to one as to the other. The lucid narrative which, without arguing, was the best of arguments; the apt illustration, which summed up his case in a happy phrase, might have recalled Punctet, but in truth, like most original men, he resembled no one but himself."

It was a rare enjoyment to visit the monuments and historic sites of such a city with such a guide. If a holiday maker has seen the birthplace or the grave of the local artist or preacher, poet or patriot, when chance conducts his steps, he counts his days well spent. But when the painter is Raphael or Claude, the poet Tasso, the patriot Rienzi, and the preacher Saul of Tarsus or St. Matthew the evangelist, written words are but a pale shadow of the feelings they evoke. To visit for the first time the noble halls and galleries, cabinets and courts of the Vatican, which vie in beauty with the treasures they contain, and make all other museums mean and dingy, is an education in art; and what an historical study is,

where one might see the identical rooms occupied by eminent missionaries and saints of the Society of Jesus two centuries ago, still containing the books and furniture they used when they were students or professors, and its noble library, where it was a pleas-

ant surprise to find the works of Savonarola on its shelves and the portrait of Galileo in its observatory? And where can the early history of Christendom be better studied than in the catacombs, the hiding-place of early Popes and saints, and richer than the Colosseum itself in the blood of Christian martyrs? Of the early history of Ireland, how much we find in San Pietro in Montorio, where our martyrs lie buried. But nothing in the capital of the Christian world, not St. Peter's or the Sovereign Pontiff, was a sight fit to match in interest to Irishmen the exhibition of the Accademia Polyglotta, where students from Asia, Africa, Australia and America spoke, each of them, the language or chanted the music of his birthplace, and from three continents and their outlying islands the students bore names that marked them of our own indestructible people. The remote history of Europe, when the children of Conn gave missionaries to half the known world, seemed revived again in that spectacle. What a volume steeped in tears, but illuminated, too, with glorious incidents, might be written on the Irish monuments and institutions in Rome! His own San Clemente furnished my friend with a constant text, for its Irish friars were the hosts and often the trusted counsellors of princes, from Charles and James Stuart, and Charles Edward in a latter generation, down to Albert Edward of Wales in our own day, who has knit a friendship with the good friars, and, what is nobler and better, it was the constant

GUARDIAN OF IRISH INTERESTS when Ireland had a foreign policy and a diplomatic corps hid under the black or brown robes of monks and professors. And he did not forget that other Irish house founded by the great Franciscan who was ambassador from the confederation of Kilkenny to the Holy See, or the more modern college in whose humble church the heart of O'Connell is preserved. There is a granite obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo in which my friend found a type of the Irish race. It is covered with hieroglyphs sculptured by Egyptian artists before Moses received the tables of the law on Mount Sinai; it has seen cities grow and perish, generations and cycles come and go, the Goth and the Gaul in turn masters of Rome, the piratical soldier of fortune, and the crowned Emperor holding the cradle of Christianity to pillage; but it still lifts its eternal face to the sun as fresh in the days of Bismarck as in the days of Cæsar. The eloquent Dominican saw in this eastern monument a type of the Celtic race, destined to outlive chance and change and remain fresh and imperishable in the old age of the world.

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