Barbe's gaze, which had been riveted

agonized distress.
The ignoble manner of his death,

"The Bostonnais officer is already sertenced? And to be—"

Her lips refused to frame the word, but again her trembling hands clutched at the lace of the fichu about her

throat, and tore away the flowers that

rested against the pure whiteness of

she broke out in desperation, "have you no mercy? Will naught move you? Is New France so niggardly that she will grant nothing to her daughters?

Am I to find her, after all, but a cold

toster-mother, who denies a mother's love to the stranger child at her

my father, my own father, was mayhap, I have been told, an English officer

I have been told, an English officer such as this gentleman. You bid me cease to plead, but I can be silent while one who is of my kindred rests.

prisoner go free, or even to keep him in duress. He is a convicted spy, and as such has forfeited the right to elem-

ency. As a warning to the English, he must pay the penalty of his temer-

ity. The present safety, the future existence of Fort Pontchartrain may

udge with a courtesy which I have

On the instant La Mothe signalled

Then espying upon the floor a spray of the golden rod she had torn away

The next moment he suffered him-self to be led away by Joliccur.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER.

A STRANGE TRUE STORY.

All are not born to be missionarie

o go forth and preach to the worldbut all can "move God's throne by the lever of Prayer!" The poorest

the lever of Prayer!" The poorest Christian in state of grace, the humblest nun in her cloister, can work by prayer,

more good than earth can measure.

Two bishops sat conversing in the evening twilight of a certain day—one a visitor to the other's episcopal resi

a visitor to the other's episcopal resi-dence. Both were holy men, but one was particularly blessed by a wonderful regularity and progress in all church affairs in his diocese. His priests were earnest, and faithful; his parishes alled with devoted laymen, and rarely, if ever, were scandals known in his see. And this was the visiting bishop. The

other bishop was noting these facts in conversation and congratulating his

visitor on these great blessings, which

had continued for many years.
"Hold!" said the latter; "praise

me not! You know not what you say! I have had nothing, absolutely nothing,

"What!" cried his friend, nothing to do with it? You are jesting, my

lord! You are surely jesting!"
"No!" returned his visitor solen nly.

I will tell you truly, and I thank my

God, for it keeps me in humble trust at the feet of His Providence!"

"Explain this parable, then," said his friend. "There are few dioceses

his friend. "There are lew dioteses more rarely favored by heaven than yours; and, while it is good to hear such expressions of humility, we all know better than your words!"

"If you force me to it," said his visitor, "I shall tell you, but remem-ber, I tell you only the truth, and you

must believe me.
"The night before my consecration I was on my knees alone, praying to God to have mercy on my unworthiness, and protesting I knew not how to carry the burden that would be placed on me the

morrow, which never seemed so awful in the perspective as in that hour. Suddenly my surroundings left me. I seemed to be in a small church, and before me at some distance I saw a nun kneeling:

then," said

o do with all this

his fate its ignominy.

limp hands.

hearth? If this be

God. Monsieur de Cadillac,"

so-Oh, friends

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A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXII.

THE LION BEARDED.

In the doorway stood none other than Miladi Barbe, richly attired, as she ever was in the evening and at dinner, for the ladies at Fort Pontchartrain affected much of state and ceremony, in order to keep up the prestige of the post and the seigneury with the soldiery and settlers. Moreover, I have ever noted that when a woman has noted that when a woman has ever noted that when a silken gowns and costly ornaments she silken gowns and costly ornaments she

will make occasion to display them.
Yet the Lady of Chateauguay thought not of the impression she created as, a vision of life, youth and beauty, she confronted the tomb like silence of the room with its weird shadows, its flicker-ing torches, and the stern faces of the circle of men who surrounded the con-

She had thrown back the hood of the long cloak of camlet cloth which she had plainly donned in great haste; and had plainly donned in great haste; and the cloak, fallen open, now slipped to the ground. Her gown was one whereof I had often taken note—a red and dove-colored damask flowered in large trees. Her hair was all in sweet disorder, and although still held partly in place by a jewelled dagger, had slipped low upon her shoulders, as if she had dragged it down in the frenzy of a great excite. down in the frenzy of a great excite ment. Her face was suffused with a ment. Her face was suffused with a delicate flush, like to the pink bloom of the eglantine; tears sparkled in her eyes, and her white hands clutched so nervously at the lace upon her bodice and the sprays of golden rod she wore against her neck, that she heedlessly

against her neck, that she heedlessly tore to shreds the fairy gossamer, as though it oppressed her breathing, and wantonly crushed the yellow flowers.

"I crave your pardon, Monsieur de Cadillac, and that of all these gentle men," she gasped, glancing from one to another of the tribunal in graceful and that is cravely in the part what pathetic entreaty. "I know not what breach of the law I commit by intrud breach of the law I commit by introducing here, nor what may be the penalty. Nevertheless listen to me. Messieurs, I am a Bostonnaise. It came to my ears that a Bostonnais prisener had been brought in with captive Iroquois: that he is like to be condemned to death as a spy. Monsieur de Cadillac, I come to intercede for my country-man! Monsieur de Cadillac, I beg you

to have mercy !' she stretched out her hands to him most piteously.

The brow of La Mothe contracted

with mental pain, but he made her no answer, and his visage grew harder than before.

In desperation she glanced along the

ally. A moment her gaze rested upon me, then it travelled to the prisoner, to whose personality she now for the first time gave heed, so eager had she been to plead his cause.

The beautiful eyes of Miladi Barbe

shone with sympathy as she turned them upon the Bostonnais. All at once, however, she recoiled in bewild erment, clasped her trembling hands upon her breast, and uttered a low cry of astonishment.

f astonishment.

The officer condemned to die at sunrise was he who at Quebec tad come to demand of my uncle Guyon that Barbe be suffered to go to her own people; the officer who had maintained the some demand at the Chateau of St. Louis; the officer who, as the envoy of Sir Phipps, had bearded Comte Frontenac in his own council hall, and undaunted ly delivered his haughty message at the

peril of his life.

Now, as the gaze of the gallant soldier met that of the Lady of Chateau guay in mutual recognition, her face assumed an expression of horror, but his cleared; he held his head higher, as proudly triumphant rather defeat, while he so far for got his situation as even to smile into those anxious eves, as if forsooth she who had need of cheer, and not himself. Whether those eloquent glances rekindled in the heart of each glances rekinded in the heart of each a flame awakened long ago, or whether the fact that the prisoner was not to her a stranger reinforced her courage, I could not determine. Again she turned to Cadillac, to renew his plea.

He raised a hand in warning.

"Madame de Chateaugusy, this is unprecedented," he said sternly; "I beg of you to retire. This is a tribunal of justice, not a mercy seat. It is not meet that ladies, however fair, should interrupt the deliberations of a military

court."
... For my audacity I again crave your ror my audastry I again crave your pardon," she answered with a dignifted humility. "As I have said, I am a Bostonnaise, and I pray you to grant me the life of this officer, who indeed is not unknown to me."

As these last words fell from her lips,

the countenance of La Mothe changed and he shot at her a look of suspicion

and inquiry.

What, the daughter of Francois and inquiry.

What, the daughter of Francois Guyon, the daughter in law of De Lengueil, the widow of a gallant Le Moyne who died fighting the English!—that this lady should openly declare herself to be a Bostonnaire, is astounding to be a Bostonnaire, is astounding be a Bostonnane, is a severity, '' he said with great severity, truly," he said with great severity, "and it is scarce like to serve the man for whom she stoops to plead. That the Lady of Chateauguay knows aught of the prisoner I cannot credit, since to do so would imply that she is in league with our enemies.

He looked from one to another of his subordinates, as though asking their assent to his words, and they bowed their heads. Verily they had been assent to their heads. Verily they had been overwhelmed with surprise, for so generally was Barbe known as the daughter of Francois Guyon and his wife Marguerite Marsolet, that few there were the surprise of the surprise of the surprise of the surprise of the was supprised the was

stood weaponless, without power or opportunity to parry the blow. Ab, that confident, quiet smile! 'Twas as if he would have said. "I declared of old that the lady was English at heart, now does she not prove the truth of my now does she not prove the truth of my

these English, so proud that here even in the face of death this efficer found satisfaction in the fulfilment o his supercilious assumption on a day of years agone in Quebec. These Boston-nais, so persistent, yet withal so loyal

and true!
The Lady of Chateaugay struggled to control her emotion. She had, alas! chosen her words in a certain manner calculated to injure the prisoner, had calculated to injure the prisoner, had not his cause been already hopeless. But only for a moment was she disconcerted. Raising her head with a gentle dignity worthy of the lovely La-Maintenon herself, she said:

"Monsieur de Cadillac, it is well known to you that from my childhood I have loved New France, its people and its lilies, with all my heart; from my childhood I have loved New France, its people and its lilies, with all my heart; from my childhood I have loved New France, its people and its lilies, with all my heart; from my childhood I have hopered and kept un-

have loved New France, its people and its lilies, with all my heart; from my marriage I have honored and kept unsullied the name of Le Moyne of Chateauguay. Never until the exchange of the English prisoners at Quebec did I realize that I was not born a subject of the Conference of realize that I was not born a subject of the Sun King. That day, an English officer sought me cut, and offered me, in the name of Sir William Phipps, the chaperonage of on estimable lady and sate conduct to my native land. He was eloquent and most kind, but I laughed at him. I told him my country are New France: that beneath the was New France; that beneath the banner of the fleur de lis I would live and die. Still he persisted, saying he would lay the matter before the Gov-He undertook to comp me to go against my will, and this was more than I could brock with patience. I too went to Comte Fron-tenac, who assured me of his protection, nd added, half in jest but with some thing of earnestness, that if I would prove myself a daughter of New France I must needs take a husband in Quebec; thus none but the French could ever me. Therewith, gladly and no in jest, I promised to follow the admon-ition of Monsieur le Comte, and the Bostonnais officer was dismissed with idle ceremony. When making his adieux to me, he said in all courtesy—

existence of Fort Pontchartrain may depend upon stringent measures now. Still, to prove to you that New France is not heedless of the prayer of a daughter, even a foster-daughter," he added with unnecessary sarcasm, "I will alter the sentence in so far as to accede to the request of Monsieur le Bostonnais. Monsieur, your petition is granted, you shall die like a gentleman and a soldier."

At these words of the Commandant, a light almost of joy shone upon the face well I remember the words—"
Miladi Barbe paused, and the crimson glow of her cheeks deepened as she glanced, half timidly, at the prisoner— "Yes, thus he said: Sweet mistress. in your choice I wish you all conten in your choice I wish you an content and happiness. Nevertheless a Bos-tonnaise yon are, and a Bostonnaise you will discover yourself to be some day. Perchance the day lies in the day. Perchance the day lies in the far distant future, but come it will.' Monsieur de Cadillac, messieurs, the envoy was this officer before you—this officer of whom I have seen or heard naught from that hour until the present. I kept my word given to Monsieur de Frontenac; I became the bride of one of the noblest scions of Quebec; I am the widow of a hero New France. When I die, I wish to have the ground where I am laid sown with fleur-de-lis, that they may grow up out of my heart. I will not deny that when I became a woman I would fain have learned more of my parentage, that a longing to see the sometimes disquiete of my birth has sometimes disqueted me. Still, in all things have I been loyal to the country of my adoption. Now I ask of my lily-crowned mother the life of this Bostonnais. Monsieur

La Mothe was moved by this appeal and Miladi Barbe's unconscious elo-quence, as I could see by the expres-sion of emotion that fitted over his features. It was quickly gone, how-ever, and they became as rigid as

de Cadillac, I implore yon, as her re-presentative, do not deny me this

"Madame." he began austerely what you ask is impossible. Beauty may presume where even intrepedity dares not. Did any one save so fair a lady thus interrupt this court, I should have the offender put in irons. Therefore, madame, in all courtesy to you as the representative of one of the most illustrious families of New France and as the guest of Madame Cadillac, I

gain beg you to retire." Pressing her hands together in her distress, Barbe looked toward me, as if praying me to add my intercession to hers. Freely would I have done so had I not known only too well it would be her hands together in her

I not known only too well it would be futile. Cadillac was resolved, and naught could alter his decision.

At this juncture the prisoner took a step forward and turned to the woman who had so bravely cast to the winds the ceremonious observances of our little world in our effort to save him. little world in our effort to save him.

"Lady," he said in a voice that now trembled slightly, albeit he had heard his sentence without faltering,—"Lady, I beseech you plead no more for me; your anxiety, and it alone, unmans me.
A soldier does not fear death; in
seasons of war he sometimes faces it
daily. An officer of New England, I took my life in my hands when I can into this wilderness. Dying heroes have told us it is sweet to die for one's country, and I regret not that I am to taste of this sweetness. Ah, lady, were taste of this sweetness. Ah, lady, were the cup as bitter (as wormwood, it would become as nectar by virtue of the words you have spoken in my behalf. Did I say your prayers and tears unnerve me? Yes, because they stite deepest feelings of my heart; and I reproach myself that unwittingly I have crossed the path of your life again to give you even a moment of unselfish sadness. But for myself, ah, sweet mistrees, your sympathy, your gentle sadness. But for myself, ah, sweet mistress, your sympathy, your gentle intorest, are as wine for the gods. Were I faint hearted as the veriest craven, they would fill me with courage; with so fair a hand to buckle on the armor of my valor, I would be coward, indeed, did I not confront fate buddy. From the day long since in

for I am worse than nothing, but make them aid some other soul, to whom they may be a little help in Thy service! "Then I heard an interior voice saying request further is that you will forget the ignoble manner of my death and— that you will remember me as your

to me, 'Take up your burden without fear! You shall have the strength and merit of thy soul's toil and prayer!
'I came to myself with a start. I thanked God, and began my career with a strength not my own! You see, my upon the countenance of the B s-tonnais, now swept the circle of the darker faces of the French officers in a strength not my own! You see, m brother, this success you speak of is no the ignosie manner of his death, she repeated in a dazed fashion, as if but half comprehending, and forgetting the awkwardness of his strange avowal of love in the shock which appalled her.

The Bishop had listened attentively. "Have you ever seen this nun?"
"Never! before or since."

"Never! before or since."
"Do you remember her appearance?"
"I would know her countenance among a thousand! I can recall it, even as I speak to you!"
"A strange incident truly," said the Bishop. "if I did not know you for a perception Bishop. "If I did not know you for a man ci strongest sense and perception I should call it a dream, and question

its influence!"
"Do not speak so!" said the visit. ing Bishop. "It has influenced my episcopal life in its strongest crisis; although I have tried to underrate its effect, in my pride, I have to acknow-ledge that it has helped me over and over again, in the most perplexing mo-ments of my life! Do not try to dis-

credit it. Well! I will suspend my judgment," said his host. "God uses all instruments for His glory, none more while one who is of my kindred rests under sentence of a shameful death?" La Mothe rose slowly to his feet.
"My Lady de Chateauguay," he said with deliberation, "your elo-quence and perseverance do you nonor; nevertheless, tempt not my pa-tience further. It is impossible for me to grant your request and let this prisoner go free, or even to keen him

powerful than prayer."

The Bishops parted for the night. The Bishops parted for the night.
Arrangements were made for the visitor to say Mass at a neighboring academy in the suburbs, where he would be accompanied by one of the resident priests.

Next morning the visiting Bishop and his companion were at the academy mentioned, and the Convent Mass was said. At the time of Communion the said. At the time of Communion the Bishop was seen by the chaplain, as he communicated the Sisters, to stop, almost drop the ciborium, and stagger, as if suddenly seized with illness. No one remarked the act but the chaplain at his side, and as the Bishop recovered himself quickly, no notice was taken of the matter. After the Mass was finished the Bishop dismissed the chaplain, and was escorted some time later, by and was escorted some time later, by the Reverend Mother and assistants,

the Reverend Mother and assistance, to breakfast.

"Mother," said the Bishop, "you will allow me to give all your Sisters my blessing before I leave?"

"Most assuredly," said the Superioress. "It will be a great honor, and we appreciate your goodness; we only fear we may fatigue you, as we number pearly a hundred." light almost of joy shone upon the face of the Englishman, and he bowed to his never seen surpassed.

But Barbe!—dear Barbe saw not that mearly a hundred."

The Sisters were soon summoned.

she had won for her countryman the one The Bishop received each one kindly, and blessed her, looking at her keenly.
When all had retired, he said: "I favor he craved, and had removed from Barbe swayed blindly and would have fallen but that I sprang forward and have not seen them all, Mother, have eaught her in my arms. She had

"Surely you have, Bishop. I have missed no one. Have you, Mother Assistant?" she said to the nun at her

On the instant La Mothe signalied Jolicœur to remove the prisoner. Ere they passed out, however, the Bostonnais, without let or hindrance, strode across the room to the rude bench covered with a wolf's skin, whereon I had laid my lovely burden; I being now engaged in chaffing her limp hands. "I think little Sister N -- was not here," said the assistant.
"Perhaps not," said the Superioress She is so humble, my lord, that no doubt, she went at once to her cows and chickens, never dreaming she would be asked to see so distinguished a prelate, Kneeling upon one knee, he bent his hand and kissed the hem of her robe.

or receive his blessing."
"Send for her, Mother," said the
Bishop kindly "I must not leave one from her bodice, he eagerly caught it up, pressed it also to his lips, and thrust it into the breast of his coat.

Sister N-was sent for. Confused Sister N—was sent for. Confused and lowly, she came and knelt at the prelate's feet. Unused to her close proximity of rich purple, and jewelled cross and ring, she could scarcely speak; but when her eyes were uplifted, and her face was revealed to the Bishop, his confuse stimed to its deaths. his soul was stirred to its depths, for he saw, as he did at the Communior rail, the face of the nun whose life offer ing he had heard years ago, the night before his consecration. "Mother, I should like to speak to

good Sister N—" said the Bishop, and wonderingly the nuns withdrew.

Still kneeling, it was not long before the humble nun had been drawn by inner life as she went about her duties to the useful, dumb creatures that be longed to the convent farm. He saw that her constant prayer, her devoted service, in the one duty she was sup posed to be fitted for, had raised her to lofty heights of union with God, so that unknown to herself, it had supplemented the offering of her innocent soul which he had supernaturally heard, and made her so pleasing to the Most High that she had been the unconscious instru-ment of all his success in the vast field of labor his episcopal office had made

With deep, yet hidden emotion, h blessed the wondering nun, and as her hard and toil worn hands sought his

hard and toil worn hands sought his ring, reverently to kiss it, he scarcely was able to whisper, "Sister N—pray for me: pray for the poor Bishop!"

Tremblingly she withdrew, unconscious of the secret drama in which she was playing the magnificent part God had given her, and overpowered by the thought that one so holy and so great had stooped to ask her noor prayers.

thought that one so noty and as great had stooped to ask her poor prayers. The Reverend Mother and Sisters returned to the great Bishop. He did not long remain. On his return to his host's residence something told of deep emotion, and strong yet calm feeling As the Bishops separated, their ewelled hands clasped, they looked

jewelled hands clasped, they looked into each other's eyes.
"Bishop," said the guest, and his eyes were filled with a wonderful light, "rejoice with me, and learn the lesson of prayer. I have found the true Bishop of my diocese!"—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary.

overwhelmed with surprise, for so generally was Barbe known as the daughter of Francois Guyon and his wife Marguerite Marsolet, that few there were guerite Marsolet, that few there were in Quebec who remembered she was their child but by adoption; while the family of De Longueli was so identified with the fame and glories of New France none thought to find among them one of a lien race.

From the faces of the company whereon were plainly written blank astonishment and incredulity, I turned to regard the prisoner.

Once more he smiled, though the sword of fate was already raised to cut him off in his strong manhood and he The feast of Our Lady of Good Coun

ST. ZITA-A SERVANT SAINT,

FEAST, APRIL 27.

There is nothing which the Catholic church has oftener impressed upon her people than the dignity of labor. Since the days of Our Lord Himself, when He worked in His foster father's shop, nay, even before His birth, when the messenger of God appeared to Our Lady as she was humbly mending the family linen, God has made it apparent that He esteems the worker in His vineyard. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," says Holy Scripture; and the blessing of honest service, no matter in what class of life the servitor, has been FEAST, APRIL 27. he eat," says Holy Scripture; and the blessing of honest service, no matter in what class of life the servitor, has been impressed upon us by many Fathers of the church. The Hely Father himself is called "Servus Servorum," Servant of the Servants of Christ, and many of the greatest saints have been near and the greatest saints have been poor and humble working people.

humble working people.

One of these, a little maid of all work in the quaint old city of Lucca, was St. Zita. Born in a tiny mountain village in that beautiful region of Italy, she had a mother who from her earliest childhood taught her the beautiful law

of love. "This is pleasing to God," her

"This is pleasing to God," her mother would say. "Do this for the love of the dear God." And the little maid, naturally sweet, blossomed in the sunshine of love like a radiant flower.

Her mother was bitterly poor, and the little girl had to work very hard even when a tiny little thing, but so entirely anywanged was she in the entirely enwrapped was she in the atmosphere of love that she was always

gentle, always sweet, always modest.

When she was only twelve years old when she was only twelve years old she had to go out to service and was placed in the house of a rich gentleman named Fatinelli. Now domestic serv-ice in Italy in the thirteenth century was anything but a pleasant task, and poor little Zita had a hard life. The other servants put upon the little scullery maid every disagreeable thing there was to do which they themselves could possibly shirk. She had to work from early in the morning till late at night; she had to dine upon whatever meagre scraps she could find left after every scraps she could find left after every one else was through eating. She had to sleep in a garret, cold in winter and stifling hot in summer. She was scolded and despised and often beaten, yet through it all she was the same sweet, simple little maid that she was

when she came from her mountain village, patient, gentle, uncomplaining. She rose every day far earlier than the rest that she might hear Mass. No matter what the provocation, she never answered back when any one scolded her; she always tried to do kind things ner; sne always tried to do kind things to those about her and to do her master's work "for the leve of God." "Where the good God has placed me there must I work with good-will," she

would say; and no matter how hard she worked she would pray harder. one worked sne would pray narder.
One day she became so absorbed in
prayer in the church that she lingered
longer than she should and was too late
to make the bread for her master's to make the break to the breakfast. Hurrying home very fast reproaching herself that she had neglected her duty. She was surprised

neglected ner duty. She was surprised as she neared home to smell the delightful odor of new bread.
"Wro has been so kind?" she asked, fancying one of the other maids had made it to save her from a beating; but there was no one in the kitchen and the stove was not even warm, yet the brown loaves lay smoking on the table, for angels had ome down and made it

while she prayed.

As jealousy is cruel as the grave, so its sting was added to poor little Z.ta's lot, for her fellow servants hated her because she was better than they were. When she fasted—and she fasted vigor When she fasted—and she fasted vigor-ously—keeping Lent all the year, often taking nothing but bread and water— they said she was trying to make them appear gluttonous; when she prayed they insisted that she neglected her work; when she worked they said she work; when she worked they said sine was trying to outshine them and make the master think them lazy. Nothing suited them, and night after night the poor little drudge crept up the attictable her hack bright from blows, her feet tired and blistered, her eyes smarting with tears, her sweet lips mur muring: "All for Thee, Sweet Jesus, beaten with stripes for Thine own sake."

But this was not to last forever, and God softened the hearts of her enemies God softened the hearts of ner elemins.
Not by any miracle was this accomplished, but simply because so much true goo iness could not be withstood. Her fellow servants grew kind to her and her master discovered what a treasure he possessed and installed her at the head of his household, giving her charge over his children. All the household moneys were expended by her, and she saved much of what was allowed her to spend, yet the house had never been so well carried on. She fed the hungry at the door, and brought the blessing of God upon all by her charity. Under the sunshine of prosperity she was the same unassuming soul as she had been before, she worked as hard, saying to those about her that "devotion is false if it goes hand with sloth."

Always busy, always cheerful, she was beloved by all; and when she died, was beloved by all; and when she died, at sixty years of age, after living with the Fatinelle family for forty eight years, she was revered by all of Lucca. Her body was discovered entire in the year 1580, three hundred years after her death, and she was canonised, her shrine in the church of St. Frigidarius in the church of St. Frigidarius in the church of st. in Lunca being a favorite place of pil-grimage.—Mary F. Nixon Roulet.

We have already referred to the remarkable address delivered to an audience of three thousand persons in Tokio, by a distinguished Japanese orator, on the occasion of the public reception to Bishop O'Connell. The Holy Father was referred to as "the chief of the Christians"; and his sending of an Envoy Extraordinary to the Mikado was spoken of as "an historic event, marking an epoch in the life of the Japanese nations." We learn furthe Japanese nations." We learn fur-ther that the greatest enthusiasm was roused at the University of Tokio. ther that the greatest enthusiasm was roused at the University of Tokio. The name of Pius X. was received with prolonged cheers; and the professor of Comparative History of Religion expressed the opinion that Catholicism was in accord with the sentiments of the Japanese on account of its unity, and respect for tradition.—Ave Maria.

WOMAN AND DEGENERACY IN THE THEATRE.

By an interesting coincidence the newspapers a few days ago brought to their readers two opinions with many points of concordance with regard to women and modern plays, though they care partously thinking men of women and modern plays, though they came from seriously thinking men of very different outlook upon life and very different modes of intellectual development. One of the opinions came from Bishop Scannell, who warned fathers that they, rather than the mothers, should be the judges of the mothers, should be the judges of the plays that their children might be permitted to attend; the other was expressed by the distinguished German dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, who is at present on a visit to this country, and who, in a lecture before an audience composed mainly of woman, declared that the present unfortunate tendencies so dangerous in certain respects in the drama and in fiction, result from feminine domination in art and litera-

ture at the present time.

It is usually considered, and quite pro perly so, that good women have very tender consciences with regard to the evils most to be bewailed in modern dramatic and fiction literature. It is well understood, however, at the same time that women are much more the creatures of convention, that they are much more likely to allow themselves to be swayed against their better judg ment by the customs of society than is the masculine portion of humanity. It the masculine portion of numanity. It is as a consequence of this unfortunate tendency that women have stepped down from the pedestal on which they should stand as the guardians of the great moral principles that underlie society and especially the ultimate unit of it—the family. It is for this reason that reality and not are it consonance. that prelate and poet are in consonance in condemning the present attitude of women, especially toward erotic manifestations in literature and upon the

Bishop Scannel deliberately advised his people, on the occasion of the visit to his cathedral city o' a great French actress who is celebrated for her crea-tions of many unworthy plays, that only the fathers could be the best judge what was suitable for their children at the theatre. He said fathers should attend the plays with their children. They cannot safely relinquish this duty to their wives, for many women allow themselves to be swayed in this matter by extraneous considerations, and as a consequence their judgment cannot always be depended upon. Men are, however, rarely under any delusion as to the urderlying meaning, the true moral consequences of significance an such representations. The Bishop has struck the keynote of the modern social situation. Entirely too much acquaintsituation. Entirely too much acquaintance with erroic literature and drama is allowed to the present rising generation, because, forsooth, the usages of modern society permit it. In this matter it must not be forgetten that the ter it must not be forgotten that the upper classes of modern society when not rotten to the core, have so little regard for morality, in the ense of the word, as to consider it

quite beneath their notice.

It is appalling to see the number of young girls between fifteen and twenty young girls between nitteen and twenty years of age who come out of the mati-nee performances of theatres in which the plays that are being given are founded on immoralities of various kinds, on the unfaithfulness of wife or husband, and on social vice of other forms. The result is a precedicts knowledge that cannot fall to be baneful because of the prurient curiosity it arouses and which only too often leads to further indulgence in every oppor-tunity to learn all about the underside of human nature. How much the women are responsible in this matter

can be best appreciated from the fact that carefully collected statistics show that over 75 per cent. of those who go to the theatre are women. If the women do not care for a play it care, it matters not what the the strical critics may say, it will succeed; and success seems to be the one thing that the theatrical managers of the present

time consider worth their while.

The spread of education in this country, far from lessening the dangers and lifting women above such interests, has rather added to the danger. More than this the standard of tastes set up and the fact that dramas with dubio and the fact that dramas with dublous situations are more popular, have led to the writing of more of these than would otherwise be the case. There has been a district lowering of artistic has been a district lowering of artistic standards as a consequence. It is from this viewpoint that Herr Fulda has considered the subject. We are living, he declares, in an age when women have the greatest influence. The playwright has come to feel that it is necessary to make women the most important feature of the drama. The heroine is now more discussed than the hero. is now more discussed than the hero. This has so influenced dramatic art as to make it more erotic than ever before.

There are subjects for serious conideration in these expressions of deep thinkers who have the good of their people and of their art at heart. If too willing submission to conventionally too willing submission to conventionality is bringing woman down from the higher ethical sphere which she should occupy, and has always held under truly Christian conditions, then it is time for those with social aspirations to call a halt and sak whither the present social those with social aspirations to call a halt and ask whither the present social movement tends and whether the reward it offers for following blindly in its wake is worth the sacrifices that it entails. Unfortunately, sometimes one gets so close to the passing show as not to realize that one is being carried along with it in suits of one's self, and along with it in spite of one's self, and that the end thereof is destruction. It is impossible to see the forest for the leaves. Perhaps these serious warnings may lead Christian women to step aside to see whether they have been neglecting their paramount duty—the care of their children's morality; and their mean process. their most precious privilege—the leadership in an ethical way, in radical conservation and development.—Catholic Union and Times.

Whoever learns to love what is beau-tiful is made incapable of the low and mean and bad.—Lowell.