

Origin of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

The third centenary of the institution of the Forty Hours' Adoration was celebrated on November 23, 24 and 25 by the Fathers of the Perpetual Adoration in the Church of San Claudio in Rome. The Solemn Triduum was closed by a "Te Deum," in which was given a ready response to the Cardinal Vicar's appeal to the devotion of the Romans who in the crowds assembled there every day to implore pardon and peace from our Father through the mediation of His Son hidden beneath the Eucharistic species. The crowd, in fact, was so great that when the Benediction was given on the last day the doors of the church had to be opened so as to allow those outside in the street also to receive the Benediction. It was an impressive sight. In the middle of the street before the church door men and women of all ranks, poor and rich, knelt together. It was a sight that has not been seen in Rome for many years. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar, in publishing the *Imito Sacro* for the celebration of this solemnity, gave an historical sketch of the pious institution of the Forty Hours' Adoration. Blessed by Paul IV. and encouraged by St. Charles Borromeo, this pious custom gladdened Milan for the first time under the auspices of the Blessed Zaccaria, founder of the Bernabites, and of F. Joseph of Fermo, of the Capuchins. For half a century—that is, until 1591—this pious ceremony was left to the personal piety of the faithful, and the Church authority did not include it in the Grand Order of the Public Liturgy until Clement VIII., moved by the heavy calamities under which Europe was laboring at the time, especially France and Italy, published the celebrated constitution of November 25, 1592, *Graves et disturbans*, in which he urged Catholics to appease by prayer the just anger of God—incessant prayer night and day during the whole year in this City of Rome, before the throne of Jesus in the Sacrament solemnly exhibited. Confirmed by Paul V., the work of Clement VIII. acquired its last and definite form on January, 21, 1705, by a decree of Clement XI., whose ruling constitution of the Forty Hours remains unchanged until the present day. The calamities, His Eminence says, which afflict the Church and civil society in our days, are not less grave than those during the last period of the fifteenth century; therefore the mode of imploring the tempering of divine justice with heavenly mercy ought not to be different. On Advent Sunday the Forty Hours' Adoration, which formerly began on that day in the Pauline Chapel of the Vatican, for the ecclesiastical year, commenced its course in the Lateran Arch-basilica, the Cathedral of Rome.

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We have learned, with much regret, the sad news of the death of Mr. P. J. Begley, at sea, on his way to Australia. Mr. Begley, who was brother of Messrs. James and John Begley, of Toronto, was so well known that it is superfluous to say anything of his antecedents. Mr. Begley left home about a month ago, full of health and spirits; and the cablegram telling of his sad and sudden death at sea has filled his relatives and friends with deep grief.

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A Young Artist.

One fine May morning between forty and fifty years ago a little French boot-black was standing at the entrance of the Pont Neuf, one of the finest of the many bridges that cross the Seine between the great divisions of Paris.

The boy was watching for customers, but there was none to be had yet, for it was too early. At length, finding nothing else to do, he took a piece of chalk from the one untorn pocket that he possessed, and began to sketch a face upon the stone parapet of the bridge.

A very strange face it was, very broad across the jaws, and narrowing as it sloped upward, so that with its curious shape, and what with the pointed tuft of hair that stood up from the high narrow forehead, it looked at a little distance exactly like an enormous pear. But it was plain that this was the likeness of some real man, and that the boy was immensely amused at it, for he chuckled to himself all the time he was working, and more than once he laughed outright.

So completely was he taken up with his picture (which was now very nearly finished), that he was unconscious that somebody else was very much taken up with it too.

A stout gray-haired old gentleman, very plainly dressed in a faded brown coat and shabby hat, and carrying a cotton umbrella under his arm, had come softly across the road, slipped up behind the unconscious artist; and was looking at the pear-like face on the wall with a grin of silent amusement.

And well he might, for strange to say, his own face was the very image of that which the boy was sketching so eagerly. The queer pear-shaped head, the large heavy features, the tuft of hair on the forehead, and even the sly expression of the small half-shut eyes, were alike in every point. Had the little artist not had his back turned, one might have thought that he was drawing this old man's portrait from life.

But just as the boy was in the height of his abstraction, and the single looker-on in the height of his enjoyment, the old gentleman happened to sneeze suddenly, and the sketcher turned round with a start. The moment he caught sight of the old fellow standing behind him he uttered a faint cry of terror, and staggered back against the wall, looking frightened out of his wits.

"The King!" muttered he, in a tone as if the words choked him.

"Himself, at your service," answered the old gentleman, who was no other than King Louis Philippe of France. "It seems that I've come up just in time to serve as a model. Go on, pray, don't let me interrupt you."

The boy's first impulse was to take to his heels at once; but there was a kindly twinkle in the King's small gray eyes which gave him courage, and looking slyly from the pear-like head to the royal model, he said, "Well, your Majesty, I didn't mean to make fun of you; but it is like you—is't it, now?"

"Very like indeed," said the King, laughing, "and I only wish the pears in my garden would grow half as big as that one of yours. However, I'm afraid that I haven't time to stand still and be sketched just now, so I'll give you a likeness of myself"—putting a gold twenty franc piece (which was stamped with the King's head) into the boy's brown hand—"to copy at your leisure."

Years later, when King Louis Philippe had been dethroned and driven out of France, a rising young French portrait painter used to tell his friends that the first portrait for which he had ever been paid was that of the King himself, and he declared that "the old man was not such a bad fellow, after all."—*Chicago New World.*

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