

"The stone fence stretched its gray length between the Grayson farms slowly, for the winter days were short, and often too cold for even the hardy Irishman to work. We heard from the servant who had him in charge, that when he was not working, he was always reading out of big books. Rose became a changed girl. My uncle and aunt grew anxious about her and took her to a doctor in Lexington. He could find nothing wrong and advised a change of scene. But Rose would not go away.

"It was May and the fence wanted but a few yards of being finished that day when Rose said she would take me home. Martin was working but not singing as formerly, nor did he stop, though he must have heard Delight, galloping down the pasture. When we reached the gap still between the two farms Rose drew up. Still he went on with his work. She leaned over the saddle, and cried 'Martin, won't you forgive me?'

"I can always see him as he stopped and lifted himself, taking off his hat, as he did. 'When I forget you!' he said, and with another look at her replaced his hat, and stooped again over his work.

"The stone fence was finished and ignored of the tragedy which hid into it, my uncle paid Martin Kelly, and apparently he passed out of our lives. But not so. He went straight to Lexington and entered the law school of the University. Before he was graduated, even, he began to attract attention, for he joined the Abolitionists and was like a firebrand. As a lawyer, he fairly leaped to success. I was fifteen now, and as the constant companion of my cousin Rose, went about more than I should otherwise have done. All her sisters and brothers were married, and while she had suitors, it seemed that she could not make up her mind. We were often in Lexington and saw Martin Kelly, for while his race and his religion were social bars, his fame and talent and personality carried him across them. Then he was handsome and accomplished, and much is forgiven such men.

"But with Lexington's wealth and beauty before him, he fell in love with a young French girl from St. Louis, who was teaching at St. Catharine's Academy. I was with Rose the June day she received the announcement of the engagement of Martin Kelly. Across it he had written, 'I have forgotten!'

"I think that was her death-blow. A few days later she astonished us all by announcing her engagement to Richard Grayson, a distant relative, wealthy, and a rising power in Lexington politics. I was too young to understand all that was going on, but it was soon evident that Richard Grayson and Martin Kelly were openly fighting each other. I have heard men say no one knew why they should be enemies. Perhaps Richard Grayson himself did not know—but I know and I think Martin Kelly knew. And in every encounter Martin won. His wife's French blood delighted in such battles, and as far as a woman might at that time, she made her influence felt. She was charming, she could manage men, and every move she made was for the advancement of her husband. Their marriage was a perfect one.

"Then came the war, its red hand sweeping aside personal animosities. Of course, all the Graysons were for the South, and Martin Kelly joined the friends for the North. Honey, those two old houses on either side of the stone fence, went up in smoke. The slaves abandoned their masters, the cattle were taken to feed the enemy, the fine horses were ridden off. The day the houses were burned, Rose, flying with me and her two children, came to the stone fence and she flung herself on her knees and called down the curse of God on Martin Kelly. I was too shocked to try to prevent her. But I think she was half-crazy that day. I know I was—with the house gone and Yankee soldiers everywhere.

"She died soon afterward, and Martin Kelly fell, fighting for the cause he believed was right. The end of the war left the little Graysons and the little Kelly penniless. But blood always tells. Now here is Rose Grayson, whose father is one of the big land owners of Fayette County, going to marry Martin Kelly, whose father is one of the leading lawyers of the State. But I keep thinking, honey, of that moment in the old house, that Christmas eve, more than sixty years ago."

MONT ST. MICHEL

A. Hilliard Aterideo in America

In the deep bay where the northern shores of Brittany meet the western coast of the Norman peninsula of the Cotentin, a small island, end of the granite, rises amidst a wide expanse of sands that twice a day are covered by the tides of the Atlantic. Forty years ago it was linked with the mainland by a long dike of solid masonry. Before that it was accessible only when the tide was out, and even then the journey across the sands was not without its perils for the careless wayfarer.

From the southern shore of the Bay of St. Michel visits from Pontorson followed a marked track or trust to a guide. From Genets on the northern side of the bay one came in a car with broad-tired wheels, and scouts went in front with long poles sounding and testing the sands. For the receding tide left bare miles of beach that

abounded in treacherous and ever-changing quicksands. In the old days of Celtic paganism the lonely rock thus guarded from approach was regarded with superstitious terror as a refuge for the ghosts of the dead, and the Bretons called it "the Mount of the Tomb." The fisher-folk told how they saw the forms of the departed flitting over the island rocks in the misty moonlight, and heard their wailing voices when the waves broke wildly round the granite hill as storm and tide-race drowned its girdling sands.

The story of Mont St. Michel tells how some 1,000 years ago, the Archangel appeared in dream or vision to St. Aubert, the Bishop of the neighboring city of Avranches, and told him that he must take possession of the haunted island, and build there a Christian sanctuary. So the Bishop built a chapel on the rock and placed there priests and hermits who were to pray for those who were in peril of the sea. Henceforth the rocky height was known as St. Michel's Mount. Its beacon fires became a guide for seamen and fisher-folk, and they came to pray as pilgrims at St. Michael's chapel. Then when Rollo and his Norsemen built up their Duchy of Normandy and became the Christian Normans, his grandson, Duke Richard the Fearless, in the tenth century built a monastery on the island and brought to it a colony of Benedictines from Monte Cassino. By this time there was a village on the island, a group of cottages huddled behind the rampart erected to protect the sanctuary against piratical searovers. Out of these small beginnings grew the town, fortress, and abbey of Mont St. Michel.

In 1017 Abbot Hildebert planned the magnificent pile of buildings that made the place world-famous. His plan was not completed till 400 years later. There was no space on the steep rock for the cloister courts and quadrangles of a widely extended group of abbey buildings. But Abbot Hildebert decided that the Abbey of St. Michel should be a glorious place not unworthy of its patron, and began to build it up story above story around the island summit, to form at last a lofty platform for the great church that was to crown it all. Massive strength and delicate beauty combined in the execution of the daring scheme and the result was one of the marvels of Gothic architecture.

There were dangerous times while the work was still in progress. In the thirteenth century under the feeble rule of John Lackland, Normandy was lost to the English Crown, and Philip Augustus, in fortifying the coasts of his new dominion, made the island into a strong fortress, with the Abbot for its governor and a garrison under a French captain to provide for its defense. Then came the Hundred Years' War. The Mount was held for France against more than one English attack. In 1428 when it was in dire peril it was saved by a Breton fleet from St. Malo. But the English came again in 1434, seized the neighboring rocks of Tombelaine, gained a footing on the island, and brought up two huge cannons to throw bombs and fireballs into the place at close range. But they were beaten off, and the two "bombards" were captured. These trophies stand today at the gate of the island-town and the townsfolk call them "les Michelettes" "the little Michaels."

Then the invaders were driven from France, after Ste. Jeanne had raised the siege of Orleans and crowned the King at Rheims. With victory and peace there came prosperous days for Mont St. Michel. There was an outburst of popular devotion to the great Archangel. Had he not appeared to Ste. Jeanne d'Arc in her visions at Domremy? So pilgrims flocked to the sanctuary. A new order of knighthood the Chevaliers de St. Michel, was founded in his honor, and they held their chapters in one of the halls of the abbey. Rich endowments were lavished upon it by the piety of France, and there were abundant resources for completing Abbot Hildebert's daring plans. At last in 1520 the church on the summit of the hill was finished, rising 300 feet above sand and tide.

Then for a while the glories of Mont St. Michel seemed on the wane. France was torn by the Huguenot wars. The island was more than once menaced by the searovers of La Rochelle and their English allies. The numbers of the monks dwindled. There were few pilgrims. The abbey was less important than a fortress. Its possessions were frittered away upon courtiers, who, by an abuse of the time, received the abbacy from the King, and named a deputy to discharge its functions. But at last there was a reform. Louis XIII. handed over the abbey to the Benedictines of St. Mar. They held it until at the close of the eighteenth century the revolutionists expelled them, stripped church and monastery of their treasures and dispersed the library that represented the pious labor and learning of 800 years.

For more than half a century Mont St. Michel was reduced to the degraded position of a prison, and endless damage was done to the beautiful buildings by their conversion to this use. But at last France awoke to a sense of this outrage on its past, and in 1864 the prisoners and their keepers were removed, and soon after began the careful restoration of the buildings. But the abbey became a mere show-

place for tourists and students of architecture, a "historical monument," no longer a sanctuary. On rare occasions Mass was said in the great church, but mostly it was desolate.

Happily all this is now being changed. Thanks to the better relations between the French Government and the Church it has been possible this summer to arrange for the permanent restoration of the famous abbey church to Catholic worship. The fetes which took place on St. Michael's Eve, September 28, were presided over by the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Cerretti and the Bishop of the diocese. It is to be hoped that this auspicious event may clear the way for the perpetual residence of the monks at their abbey. But be this as it may, there is ample reason for rejoicing that the wonderful church will no longer be a show-places for tourists and artists, but a sanctuary in which God will be perpetually praised.

FAITH-HEALING AND MIRACLES

It would be ludicrous, if the fate of souls were not in question, to contemplate the recent manifestation of Arglican energy in setting up a special service for the healing of disease through prayer. The authors of this are the heirs and spiritual descendants of the ruffians who in the sixteenth century rifled and then destroyed the shrines in England on the ground that they fostered superstition and that pilgrims sought there cures of disease. The heirs of the Reformers, while retaining the spoils, have learnt something from history and pretend to base their present position on foundations much more remote. History tells us of many wonders wrought by God through His Saints but it does not show us the Church devoting a religious service entirely to the relief of bodily sickness. It would however, be idle to expect consistency in a church where essential formularies were deliberately constructed to carry two meanings, which cannot speak decisively on the great central rite of the Eucharist and which after filling its temples with the relics of the man who sells patent medicines, has nothing for the souls of men who are or believe themselves cured.

For us it is more profitable to recall the teachings of our Faith and the practice of the Church concerning miracles. In spite of so-called philosophers who boldly asserted that miracles were impossible the Church has constantly asserted that the Author of all things may in special cases suspend those laws of nature which were founded by His wisdom and that He sometimes does so. The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles teem with miraculous stories. While Protestants attacked the history on the ground that the Gospels were written too late to be reliable witnesses, that their whole story was a myth, the Church maintained their authority and today even unbelieving critics have been driven in spite of themselves to acknowledge the earliness of their date. It would be well for our enemies to have a better memory of history. Recently a writer in a monthly review described the attitude of our Church towards the advance of science as one of blank negation. It is and always has been one of critical examination. She does not accept sweeping statements made in the name of science because they are fashionable but she demands proof: she never quarrels with the truth but rejects vain pretence. Many Protestants of course believed in the miracles told in the Gospel but held, without any semblance of proof, that with the first generation of Christians all miracles ceased. The Church, accepting the Gospels as history and its miracles as matters of faith, is prepared to see God continue His miracles as He sees fit for the confirmation of truth. At the same time the Church maintains a very healthy and reasonable scepticism towards the narrative of such miracles as are alleged from time to time; for many cures are astonishing but not miraculous and the evidence needs naturally a very careful examination. Her attitude is well represented by the authorities at Lourdes where many true miracles have taken place in our own time. Scientific proof is required as to the existence and history of the disease, certificates from medical men must be furnished and the patient must be examined by professional men. Those who lightly and ignorantly classify the Lourdes healings as being performed only in cases of nervous disease, will learn, if they look at the records, that all such cases are excluded from the list of cures. This is done partly because the vague talk about nervous diseases masks a profound ignorance of the natural laws concerned, and partly because it is well known that sickness of this type is often suddenly cured by purely natural means. The Church deals officially with the matter when miracles are alleged in connection with the canonisation of a Saint. The examination is so thorough, the scientific possibilities are so exhaustively discussed that the average man outside the Church, who thinks us over credulous, would be astonished if he saw the process. The Church then recognises the existence of miracles not merely in the past but at all times. Some of the Saints have

had this wonderful power; the records of St. Vincent Ferrer read like that of St. Peter in the Acts. As the miracle is the direct and, in individual cases, the uncoincidental act of God, she would never call a number together and bid them expect miracles. Miracles then are performed to bring men to God,—as he of Capharnaum was who "believed with his whole house." If an Anglican works miracles to whom will he send the converted man for instruction? To Mr. Daintree or Bishop Talbot? To Bishop Gore or the prelate of Durham? If there is no question of miracles but only the exercise of a natural power, the work is for the hospital not the church.—Southern Cross.

POWER OF ORGANIZED EFFORT

The old adage runs that force like gunpowder to be effective must be concentrated. The modern world has seen many practical applications of this time worn maxim. It is the theory upon which big business is built. It was the principle that guided the nations in the Great War. It is the secret of success in all great enterprises. Lord Northcliffe, the colossus of journalism was fond of repeating the phrase, "the watchword of journalism is persistency."

"I union there is strength" is the motto emblazoned on the shield of successful ventures, not only among nations but among individuals. Divide and rule has been the secret course of the conquest of the calculating strong man over his less astute rival in all ages. The fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks is still the policy of some great powers today as it was in the days when Imperial Rome found all Gaul divided into three parts. Veni, vidi, vici, is the triumphal cry of the conqueror, who knows best how to concentrate his efforts, organize his forces, and build a mighty structure on the little things of life.

That "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, and the mountains grand."

is a nursery rhyme in all languages. What great things have come from humble beginnings is an inexhaustible theme. The most marvellous inventions of the age, the giant industries of the world, the imperishable deeds of heroes, saints, and scholars have come into being not Minerva like in panoply, but slowly, gradually, and laboriously. The United States of America grew from thirteen small colonies, to the greatest Republic the world has ever seen. The Catholic Church was established by Our Divine Lord with twelve poor, unlettered men.

This year has just witnessed the observance of the centenary of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. In 1822 a pious girl in France began collecting pennies from the working girls of Lyons for the Catholic Missions. Today this Association can point to \$100,000,000 collected in small sums during the last century from poor people throughout the world. And now the Association for the Propagation of the Faith by the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius XI. is raised to the status of an official Organization of the Holy See, placed under the control of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and appointed the collecting medium for all the Missions.

Thus the tiny seed, planted by Pauline Marie Jaricot at Lyons more than a hundred years ago, has grown into a goodly tree. The gents, nickles and dimes contributed regularly have grown to \$100,000,000, and the zealous pioneers among the poor working girls of France led to the establishment of now a part of the world-wide official machinery of the Holy Catholic Church.

In the history of small but persevering efforts grown to astounding success, the story of the Propagation of the Faith is unique. No other society in the Church, and possibly no society outside the Church has so strikingly demonstrated the truth of the maxim that "great events from little causes spring." The past record of the society lies open before us. The future is bright with promise. The immense achievement of the Society, its enhanced status, and increased importance should stimulate countless thousands to enlist their efforts in its support, and continue that sublime concentration of spiritual

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