

St. Nicholas and the Doves.

BY ELIZABETH C. DONNELLY.

'Tis a legend of the past, (In old books and page seen), Of the angelic saint, St. Nicholas of Tolentine;

How within his cell he lay, Once upon his pallet bare, With a mortal sickness on him, And the sunbeams, like a flame, Thro' the western window came.

How it lit his wasted cheek, With the glory of the skies! Touched his pale, ethereal temples, And illumed his lifted eyes; And a halo seemed to shed Round the tresses on his head!

Till he cried: "O brothers! see, What a glorious light it is! Jacob's ladder, thro' which angels Must have descended, like this! For the blessed spirits go, Up and down, with constant wing, With their tender voices calling, And their white hands beckoning! Ah! if I could descend to meet, I would fain go up and rest!"

But the Prior said: "Say, nay, nay!" (Bending over his saintly son), "Upon must not depart, Nicolo, Till thy mission is done. And it is the Master's will (Now thou art in the III), Thou shouldst for a time relax Those austerities of thine, Which have worn thy feeble body. To a shadow—son of mine! Therefore, thro' obedience, cease, And make through thine abstinence."

At a slight monk appeared, Bearing on a wooden dish Two small doves (a feast prepared Society at the Prior's wish). And the good superior, Turning to the saint, said more: "Make thy victory complete, Scouring every foolish scruple, And take, and through obedience, eat!"

Nicholas looked up and smiled, And solemnly raised his hand, Of the cross above the dish, (Roasted at the Prior's wish), And solemnly raised his hand, Of the cross above the dish.

Lo! a miracle of faith! Ere the monks a word could utter They beheld the little doves, On the dish begin to flutter. One their eyes and spirit rich their wings, Happy, shining, flying thence!

Thro' the sunny window fell, Thy shadows on the floor, And a fragrance from the garden, Flashed thro' the open door. 'Tis the spirit-time in the land, (Tender grass and golden mist), As the wind blows, and the birds, Settled on Nicolo's wrist!

Then up-soaring thro' the air, Whistled the herald, smiling lay, Round his best went sailing, sailing, In a graceful flight, (Till, at last, the window opened, Thro' the vines, they disappeared!)

"THE LION OF THE FOLD."

FATHER TOM BURKE'S PANEGYRIC OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, PATRICK, ST. LOUIS, MO.—A VOICE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE SHANNON.

We reprint from The Catholic Review of 1872, the following beautiful and eloquent tribute, in the great Dominican's best style, to the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, by Father Tom Burke, O. P.

Now that the great prelate is dead, these thrilling words will have a fresh interest for all interested in the name and fame of the illustrious "patriarch of the West."

The oration was delivered in the presence of Bishop Ryan, the Mayor of St. Louis, the Governor of Missouri and a great gathering of the chief men of the West.

Knights of St. Patrick.—I am a friar, and one of the friars vows is obedience, (laughter and applause). Acting upon that vow a great big six-foot four of a friar in Ireland was once known to eat the whole of a roast-goose because he was told to do it, (laughter and applause).

"It can't be done, ma'am," said he to the farmer's wife. "You will have to do it, your reverence, says she. "Well ma'am," says he, "I was brought up to obedience, and I will try." The voice of ecclesiastical authority calls upon me to speak, and I thought I might resist because this is not exactly an ecclesiastical meeting (laughter), but when the mailed hand of the leader of the Knights is lifted up (great laughter), and from out that visor of a good-humored face, the voice comes telling me I am in order, I said to myself, in the language of the old monk, "The Lord Abbot may be wrong, but surely when the Baron comes with him, he must be right." (laughter). Well, gentlemen, you have received with acclamations of honor and joy the memorable name, and I wish, in return for the manner in which you have received the name of the great Irishman, the best reward that I could wish you—that he were here himself to charm you with his eloquence in responding; but the old man is far away in the midst of his people, and it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to me to speak in response to that dear and venerable name. Dear to every Irish heart wherever that heart throbs, venerable shall it be, when the future historian of Ireland shall come to chronicle that grand character of a life over which seventy-three, aye, eighty, winters have passed, and have found a man always faithful to his country in the exigencies of the hour, a heart that never grew old in its love for Ireland; a mind that never lost its acumen in the pursuit of all that was truly for the interest of his country, and a man who to-day, hunched with the wrinkles of nearly a century, is still as fervent as a youth of twenty in his love and aspirations for dear old Ireland (great applause).

What does the name John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, bring before you? It brings before you the image of a man crowned with glorious and beautiful gifts of Irish genius and Irish intelligence. Gifted with a hereditary faith which no man of his race or of his name ever yet resigned or gave up; standing upon the stage of our national history as priest and as Bishop, whilst the nation was yet lying, bleeding and fainting, after the last desperate struggle of 1798 (great applause).

John McHale as a priest, comforted the poor, failing, impulsive, generous Irishmen, who were brought to the scaffold under a mockery of justice, because they dared to hope in the last effort of their country (great applause). From that date up to the present year of grace, 1872, that man has stood before us, and his life belonged to Ireland and her people. His was a private life, the joys and sorrows of which were screened from the public eye. His was a heart consecrated unto the altar which he served and unto the country from which he drew his lineage. The people of his faith and of his

blood have been witnesses of his life, and it is not a grand and proud thing to say that neither the friend who fought with him, nor the foe who assailed him, can now touch the honor and the unblemished reputation of the old man bending under the weight of his years (great applause). He stood and he led the last echoes of the voice of Henry Grattan, and John Philip Curran, as they thundered in the cause of Ireland in the defence of the last vestige of their and of her freedom. He saw the giant arise then, as another Samson to his people. His episcopal hand was laid upon the head of the youth who grew into the mighty man whose claim and demand for justice thundered with the voice of eight millions of Irishmen at the gates of the English parliament, as the prayer of a saint storms at the gates of heaven—Daniel O'Connell (great applause).

Two men in Ireland prepared the way for that glorious uprising of our nation that ended in the emancipation of the Catholics, and prepared the way for that great act of justice which Gladstone has done in our day, the disestablishment of the church (great applause). These two men were Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who taught Irishmen to be sober, and, in the sobriety they found an *omni potentia*, and an invincible strength (great applause); and John McHale, who, standing at the head of the episcopate, of the priesthood, of the genius of Ireland—first by the authority of his position, first by the power of his intellect, first by the greatness of his heart, upheld what a mighty hand every man that ever yet put up his voice from a true heart in favor of old Ireland (great applause). Well did the Liberator call him "the Lion of the fold," for like an aged lion—aged yet strong in the energy of his years—aged yet terrible in the voice that he sent far through the forest glades—so for fifty years has the Archbishop of Tuam lain right athwart the designs of every enemy of Ireland, and at the sight of his eagle eye, and at the sound of his terrible lion-like voice, and at the shaking of his aged mane, every man that ever lifted his hand against Ireland recoiled in terror, for there was a lion in the path (prolonged applause).

The days of victory passed away, and in the day when O'Connell gained the triumph of Ireland by peaceful, intellectual, and, as my friend Governor Reynolds has said, powerful agitation, founded upon eternal right, justice and reason, and not in the mere brute force of arms, but in the polished arms that come from the armory of God—the sword of the word (great applause)—in that day Ireland set her first wreath upon the brows of her great Tribune, and then turned with eyes glittering with tears of love, and placed her second crown upon the hoary brow of the great Archbishop of Tuam (great applause).

The angel of famine came upon the land, and stalked from end to end of Ireland. The heart of Ireland's great Tribune could not bear it, it turned away, and he laid his weary head at the foot of the Alps, and there, his heart broken, he yielded his spirit to God, but the lion remained. The man who loved his people as no man ever yet loved the Irish race remained; and what bore him through that terrible day in which I first had the honor of loving and knowing him, what upheld the old lion's heart, when the people he loved were dying around him? The love that upheld Mary at the foot of the cross when her natural grief and sorrow would have killed her. The love that came from heaven above sustained him, and John of Tuam outlived the famine of '46. (Prolonged applause). He is an aged man to-day with the instincts of Irish ingenuity, Irish brain and Irish faith; he can look back today upon an Episcopate of fifty years. For fifty years he has worn the mitre and wielded the crozier in Ireland, and there is not a man in Ireland who can point to a religious or political mistake in that life! (Applause). He never made a mistake in the great cause of education; he never made an mistake in the great cause of permitting the Government of England to have hand, act or part, or little finger on anything connected with the Irish Church, (great laughter). He always said, "We are here and able to do our own business." Never has he made a mistake in his patronage of a public character; he has never taken the wrong man by the hand. Grown old to-day, the Celtic blood that has flown in those veins for eighty years, flows as fresh and as vigorous and as free as ever. At this very time twelve months, just one week before I started for America, I spent eight days in the company of that venerable man, and every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine, there was the aged Archbishop, his white hair falling like the untrodden snow over his shoulders, observed in prayer: at the foot of the cross before the altar of the Cathedral of Tuam. (applause). Well do I remember having preached one day in his presence, not without fear and trembling, and he returned with his whole heart to the accompaniment of that harp, and it seemed to me as if I had beheld Brian the brave and immortal, as he sat in his tent on the morning of Clontarf, and invoked the God of battles by the sound of his Irish harp (applause).

We are on the banks of the Mississippi to-night, but we live in a day when we no longer exist, and the words that resound to-night within this hall will be read by some affectionate heart and lips to the aged man as he sits at home in his Cathedral house in Tuam (applause), and when he hears that the children of his race and of his nation, for whom he has battled and fought for so many years, received that dear and venerable name with loud shouts of joy, it will be a balm to his aged heart, and perhaps he will say in his highly imaginative soul, they died under mine eyes, and my breaking heart could not relieve them; but lo! they have sprung up again, in a foreign land far beyond the Atlantic waves, just as the seedling that escapes from the mother pearl in the bosom of the rose is borne away by the autumn breeze and falls off to produce again from the same stem the self-same beautiful flower (applause). "They are born again," he will say, "my children, my race, my blood, in a far foreign land, and they sprung up again like flowers and

have given forth fruits unto grace and unto a divine order of faith, and there as the bay tree or the cypress tree upon Lebanon, by the running waters, they have sprouted in a foreign soil, they have put forth all the old love and all the old faith, and the old name falls upon the ears of their afflicted fathers at home." This will be a consolation to the aged man, and many a sad thought will it soften; and as he goes back and roams in spirit through the halls of that memory, fruitful with so many spectral reveries, reminiscences, and wrongs and grievances of Ireland—the voice from America will come like the fluttering of angels' wings to him who tosses in an uneasy dream, and it will truly bring calm to his spirit, and sooth the pillow of his old age." (Tremendous cheering).

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

A Syrian Protestant Becomes a Catholic in Scotland.

The Protestant Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will perhaps not be gratified to hear, says the London Tablet, that their friend and leading missionary, Mr. Amine Nassif, who came to England on the 25th of June, partly for the sake of a little relaxation and partly for the purpose of collecting funds for the extension of the English missions in Egypt, was received into the Church by Prior Vaughan at St. Benedict's College and Monastery, Fort Augustus, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Amine Nassif is a Syrian by birth, a native of Lebanon, and, when a child, was baptised a Catholic, but losing his mother when quite young was brought up as a Protestant. Polished in manner, agreeable in conversation, intelligent and observant, a finished Arabic scholar and an eloquent and fluent speaker, he was selected as a fitting person to superintend the English missions in Cairo, and in cases where he found it impossible to make proselytes to his own Church was active in deprecating the Catholic Church and in dissuading persons from entering its fold.

On arriving in London last June, he devoted his time to questions of religion, attended "divine worship" in more than a score of churches belonging to various sects and denominations, and in many cases at the invitation of the services he called upon the minister and probed the reasons of the faith that was in him. The result, as may be imagined, was highly unsatisfactory, and at the end of two or three months, Mr. Nassif found himself more anxious and perplexed than ever. It was evident that he had not yet discovered the one and only true faith of Jesus Christ, and he next had recourse to the Scottish Kirk. He found here confusion still more confounding, and after visiting Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, he at length arrived at the door of the Monastery of St. Benedict, where he was fortunately met by the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Talbot, Sir Charles Wolsey, Mr. Manley, of Spofforth, and Mr. Middleton, of Leamington, who happened to be on a visit to the College at the time, and were soon interested in his conversion. Mr. Nassif, who had intended to have left next morning, was induced to prolong his visit, and at the end of a fortnight, touched by the grace of God, had the happiness of being reconciled to the Church. The interesting ceremony took place in the Collegiate Chapel before the conventional Mass, and in the presence of the whole establishment. As soon as the fervent neophyte had made his profession of faith, a loud cheer, the monks and chorists sang forth the *Te Deum*, the strains of the organ were sounded during the Mass, and immediately after the *Domine non sum dignus*, when the new convert had received the Blessed Sacrament as a loving child of the Church, the chorists again rose and sang out the psalm *Laudate Patrem Domini*. About ten o'clock Mr. Nassif, accompanied by the Prior and Prefect of Studies, entered the study hall and delivered a touching address to the students—now nearly sixty in number. He spoke of the store they should set on the gift of the faith, and he readily defended it, and eloquently commended himself to their prayers. In conclusion he announced that the Prior wished the whole house to share in the joy of this day—the greatest and happiest of his life—and had accordingly given this a holiday. Next morning Mr. Nassif, my Dominican host, and the Rev. Lord Howard, accompanied with the best wishes and fervent prayers of the Community of St. Benedict's.

Saints who could Detect Sinners against Holy Purity.

God has at times allowed some of His saints to experience something of the foulness which the sin of impurity inflicts on the soul of the one who commits it. So it was with St. Enthanis and St. Catherine Senensis, who discovered impure persons by the stench which emanated from their presence. It was well, perhaps, if all innocent persons possessed this rare gift of some of God's saints, for they might then easily avoid contracting from others the foul leprosy of impurity. No one, 'tis true, can look for a grace so extraordinary, but every one who has charge of children, especially of the young, should take every means suggested by wisdom and experience to preserve them from contact with persons already infected with this vile pestilence. A brief conversation with one badly tainted with the leprosy of impurity is oftentimes enough to implant its seeds in young and innocent hearts, and once the seeds are planted, they are hardly, if ever, entirely uprooted.

A Popular Remedy.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throats, asthma, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers.

THE CALM, CONCLUSIVE LOGIC OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

It is curious to mark the effect of the calm, majestic reasoning of the Angelic Doctor, with his feet firmly planted on the foundations of eternal truth, upon the vague, restless mind of an inquiring Protestant, to whom nothing is certain, but all is in a mist of emotional yearnings mingled with critical scepticism. In the last number of the London Quarterly Review is an article on "Thomas Aquinas and the Vatican," from the pen of a Protestant writer, and in it occurs this passage: "Speaking from our own experience, the effect produced on the mind by these closely argued, interminable discussions is not a little curious. The whole process may be likened to the action of a machine, pounding away at its work with measured beat and play; never hastening and never resting; absolutely passionless and indifferent, whatever the materials it is fed with, or the products that issue from it in a manufactured state. Logic, logic, logic, here, here, here, is the battle array, and the foe is not a man, but a machine, a procession of fleshless skeletons, an array of spectral propositions, which the dialectic machinery, like the artillery, and manoeuvres to and fro on some phantom tangle of warfare. Not an emotion breaks the imperturbable calm; not a breath of a loving soul passes over the dry bones of the desert; not a word carries with it a hint of a spiritual struggle with doubt, or of joy in the victory of faith. Were there between the two, the soul of a saintful man and the solemn mysteries of the eternal world, no deeper puzzles than those of the logical understanding, no worse difficulties than those which dialectics can solve, then indeed we might sit contentedly at the feet of St. Thomas, believing that all we had to do was to listen and be at peace, so clear is his arrangement, so subtle his analysis, so triumphant his reasoning. . . . But alas, for all the mighty conclusions of Scholasticism! when the shadows of real doubt close in on the soul, and the foundations seem to be sinking beneath us, when before the eyes of the spirit the heavens are shrouded in impenetrable darkness, and God and immortality become as illusive phantoms, flitting without substance and accident, matter and form, quiddity and essence! The abysses yawn beneath, and no metaphysical assumption can bridge them over, no subtle logically dispute dissipate their terrors. Truth, not logic, is the soul's need; but when it cries in its agony for bread, scholasticism offers it a stone."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

Archbishop McHale—the Lion of the Fold of Judah, as he was styled by O'Connell—was born at Tober-na-vin, in the parish of Adraigoole, at the foot of the picturesque mountain of Nephin, in the County of Mayo, Ireland, on the 6th March, 1788, and was the fifth child of Patrick McHale and Mary Mulhern. Having completed his studies in Maynooth College, he was appointed professor of dogmatic theology in that institution. During his professorship he published in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, under the nom de plume "Hierophilus," a series of thirty-two letters on Irish affairs which attracted world-wide attention. In 1825 he was appointed Bishop of Maronia, in *partibus*, and conjoined to the then Bishop of his native diocese—Killalee—with right of succession. On the death of Dr. Waldron in 1834, he succeeded to the government of the diocese. In the same year, however, the archiepiscopal see of Tuam became vacant and Dr. McHale was translated thereto. This appointment, however, was not pleasing to the British Government of the day, and "any one but McHale" was the *mot d'ordre* sent by the Prime Minister to his agent at Rome. The latter's efforts were unavailing; Gregory XVI. would appoint no other than the Bishop of Killalee. Doctor McHale, as may be inferred from the foregoing, was "Irish of the Irish," and during the struggle for Catholic Emancipation and the abolition of the tithes—a system under which Catholics were obliged to contribute to the support of the Established Church—and later, during the "Repeal" agitation, and the establishment of a system of education—he was always a foremost figure. His letters to different British statesmen during a long course of years are in themselves a compendium of the history of his country, and are remarkable as well for their classical purity of diction as for their uncompromising advocacy of the cause of his nationality and his religion. During the terrible famine of 1847, and subsequent years he was indefatigable both by voice and pen in his efforts to relieve the distress of his people. He also translated several works amongst others Moore's *Melodies* and Homer's *Iliad*, into the Irish language. His love of his mother tongue was remarkable. He exacted a thorough knowledge of it from all candidates for ordination at his hands. He was a deathly opponent of the Queen's "Godless" college of State education. Although of late years the venerable deceased did not take quite such an active part in public affairs, still every word that dropped from his lips or his pen was anxiously listened to by his fellow-countrymen all the world over. At the time of his death, and for some years back, Doctor McHale was the oldest bishop in Christendom. Indeed, we have read that the only instance on record of the wearing of the mitre for such a long period is that of his protomartyr, St. John the Evangelist. Consecrated when Pius XIII. occupied the throne of St. Peter, the deceased has subsequently served as a bishop under Gregory XVI., Pius IX. and Leo XIII. In 1875, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the Episcopate. It is not to every great man that it is given to see a statue erected to him while he yet lives, but Doctor McHale was on this occasion an exception. The number of churches, colleges and schools created by the great Archbishop of the West, are almost past counting—the cathedral church of Killalee, in the town of Ballina, an immense gothic structure, is a lasting memorial of his zeal. It was also through his exertions that the cathedral of Tuam, Kelly, was completed. The appointment of a conjoiner against his desire was a cause of deep annoyance to him a few years ago. With his usual straightforwardness he made the fact to be fully understood; nor did the selection made appear to please him, his reasons for which he also gave. Nor was the annoyance confined to himself, as the writer knows that, at least, one member of the Hierarchy expressed his disapproval of the course of conduct pursued on that occasion.

NEW GLORIES OF THE CHURCH IN AFRICA.

Monsieur Lavignerie, the Archbishop of Algiers, has addressed a long pastoral letter to his clergy, giving them some particulars of his appointment by the Holy See to the apostolic administration of the Regency of Tunis. Nothing can be more touching than the mingled patriotism and episcopal zeal of the Archbishop. The reasons set forth by the Holy See for the nomination are exactly those given by the "Catholic Times" some weeks ago, when rumors were afloat that Monsignor Lavignerie was about to act in a high-handed way towards the Italian Capuchins; to whom the spiritual care of Tunis had been long handed over. The Archbishop explains that the political side of the question in no way affects his sacred mission. When the French protectorate was created the French Government resolved to petition the Holy See for the appointment of a bishop of that nationality. In this request they were singularly aided by the course of events. Monsignor Suter, the venerable bishop of Bostonia, in his fidelity, had already sent a supplication to the Holy See, praying that at the advanced age of eighty-six, and after more than forty years of episcopal labor, he might be allowed to end his days in retirement and well-earned repose. This request was granted; and on the eve of the feast of St. Peter and Paul Cardinal Martini sent the pontifical brief to the Ministry of Public Worship nominating the Bishop of Algiers to the vacant See. The new administrator is thoroughly conversant with the language and dialects of the regency; and he himself joyfully anticipates a great increase of faith. Once more human events have unconsciously worked for God's glory and the African Church will rise with new life in Carthage. The humble church of the Capuchins, in which the Catholics of Tunis have so long worshipped will now see raised by its side a cathedral, bishop's residence and seminary. Ten new churches will be erected, and schools will be established. The preparatory seminary will be upon the very hill of Hippone, where St. Augustine lived and died.—Liverpool Times.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—Nunda News.

To join your hands is good, but to open them is better.—Louis Ratisbonne.

ROME AS THE CAPITAL OF ITALY.

It may seem strange to non-Catholics, but it is not at all strange to Catholics who know and believe in the unchangeable determinations of Divine Providence, that just when the world had comfortably settled into the belief that the city of Rome, by force of circumstances which it was fated to protest against and worse than fully to resist, had been made permanent and irrevocably the secular capital of Italy, reasons for the Italian Government abandoning Rome and selecting some other city should be urged by the upholders of the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff. Yet so it is. The very men who rejoice at the spoliation of the Church and the humiliation of its Visible Head are discovering that any other city in Italy would be preferable to Rome as a capital.

Quite recently the London Times quoted with approval the following declaration by a writer whom it styles "an eminent Italian patriot," and who, it says, "has rendered United Italy immense service": "Rome is a burden, an impediment, a political absurdity. . . . When we have recovered a more natural, more central, more appropriate, a less somber, and a less unhealthy capital, all that now impedes and threatens us will disappear at once, in spite of the interested clamor that will be raised by the cosmopolitan Revolutionists who are now laying siege to our royalty and our unity."

There is more in this than appears on the surface. The real meaning of the declaration of this "eminent Italian patriot" is that no secular ruler can feel comfortable under the mysterious, overwhelming power of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church, to whom Rome has been given by Divine Providence to be his city and the place where his Chair has been located by divine determination. Rome became an "unhealthy" city to pagan Roman emperors as soon as Peter entered it. They tried to destroy him and his successors and did not then to death, but they survived in those who continued to succeed them, while the Emperors of pagan Rome ceased to rule and were forgotten. Constantine and the Greek emperors found Rome so "unhealthy" that they were fain to abandon it to the Sovereign Pontiffs and to rule their Empire from Constantinople. Theodor, the Goth, found Milan a more "healthy" place than Rome, for the same reason—the presence there of the Sovereign Pontiff. Other ambitious kings and emperors of mediæval times avoided and kept out of Rome for the same reason; and now it is impressing itself at last on the minds of those who chose Rome for the seat of the secular Government of Italy, because of its being the city of the Visible Head of the Church, whom they hated and determined to despoil and humiliate, but who now are seeking a decent pretense to get out of Rome as quickly as possible, without condemning themselves in doing it.—Philadelphia Standard.

THE FIRST PUBLIC PROCESSION AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

For a long time the impressive sight of a suppliant multitude proceeding from the churches, singing in alternative choirs, had not been seen; only some aged religious could recollect those cherished festivals whereon the Lord vouchsafed to walk amongst those that called upon him.

Behold the glory of those feasts bursting in upon us upon France. We saw the people leaping with an incanting joy; the cries of blasphemy were at last put down. And the rich city brought forth for the occasion its carpets, its draperies, and erected thrones and triumphal arches to the Omnipotent who had come back to the earth. The crowd shouted for joy when they listened to the appeal of the ancients. They cried out: "We will be the soldiers of God!" They awaited with eager impatience the holy spectacle. The roar of the cannon is heard, it is the signal; silence follows. At this moment the procession comes forth from the church. Oh, what mingled sentiments of joy, respect, holy awe, appear to sway that crowd! At the crossings of the streets—those streets which surround the habitations of poor mortals—how many heads are bent to watch the coming of the King of the universe! The excitement of the people is gradually on the increase, when, at the head of the street, the first cross is seen glittering in the sun; it is followed by a troop of pious sinners; silence pervades the multitude. To this first cross and to the crowd that followed it succeed other crosses and other crowds, with floating banners. It was a pious multitude. The corps of the different civil and religious orders were distinguished. All were moved by the ineffable and mystic harmony of whatever meets the sight, whilst all lips and all hearts joined in the chant of sacred hymns, and thousands of flaming torches symbolized the resurrection of holy love.

It was touching to see the tears of joy coursing down aged cheeks, to see them bathing the countenances of sweet young maidens and their mothers—the souls of all being stirred to their depths by pious desires and burning with heavenly love. You beheld the young mother holding her child aloft, that he too might witness the majesty of this august pomp; she taught him to raise his little hand to his forehead, his breast and his shoulders, whilst he stammered the great words, the glory and salvation of the Christian.

This immense crowd who heralded the Most High having passed, sweet-scented clouds of incense were perceived; in the midst of these clouds a troop of angels in children offered up incense and cast flowers upon the perfumed air. Then, O love! respect! then came He who created the earth, who created the heavens, who created man, who unites Himself to our humanity, who shares in the miseries of mankind, who came to save man and console him!

At this spectacle the adoring crowd fell prostrate; I heard the sobs of many who said: "O Lord, have mercy on us who have so much offended Thee!" "I love you, O Processions! I love you, O public prayers of the Church, which rise to Heaven to fortify us in our dangerous combats!"—Silvio Pellico.

A man is fertilized by what he loses, just as a tree is fertilized by its own dead leaves and broken branches.

BRANNAGH.