THE CRUSADER'S KEY.

BY L. M. PIKE.

"The story," whispered M. le Marquis on his deathbed, "is that a crosader of our dear family," he always spoke thus, as he might of his country, "brought back the gates and their key from Jerusalem and built our chapel for them and set the key in precious stones." He lay a moment, breathing exhaustedly. "They are our sanctuary gates, there is nothing like them in all France. Our dear ancester built also a secret chamber for his treasures, the lock of which was made to fit the key. Thus his treasures were guarded by one key." He fixed his eyes on me with a strange, wistfal look.

on me with a strange, wistful look.
"The key held his treasures of Heaven and earth," he said, and watched me

"Twas a beautiful thought," I answered huskily, holding his poor withered hand in mine and returning his gaze straight. There had been a time before he took Catherine of Medici's favorite lady for his wife, when he viewed all the world with childlike trust and confidence. Of late, alas! he had grown slow to believe, quick to suspect. On his deathbed he wrapt himself in reserve, even with me, whom he had always loved, and who bore him a love and gratitude of which I cannot speak, for he had given me charity in such guise that I knew not it was sly. beautiful thought," I ancannot speak, for he had given me charity in such guise that I knew not it was charity. He continued to gaze at me, troubled, and seemed to wish that I should understand some hidden mean-

please him I repeated the words, key held his treasures of Heaven

I had heard the story, but only the Da Viennes themselves knew where the secret room was. He breathed quickly as one fearful of having said too much. I tried to prove my truth by meeting his eyes calmly, for I had nothing to hide from him, no, not even my love for my lord, his son, whom he had sent away to forget ma a year ago. Presently the old lord, his son, whom he had sent away to forget me, a year ago. Presently the old man's troubled gaze wandered to the Abbe Duclos, who, always in waiting, read his office near the fire. On the little table by him, where the dying man could see it, lay the crusader's key. It was of gold, with a bowl-like handle, set in precious stones.

"Gnard it," whispered Monseigneur "Gnard it," whispered Monseigneur. He spoke no more, save a murmur of 'Godefroy," which was his son' name. I remained with him to the end.

When she—his wife, Madame le Marquise—came into the room, he turned his head from her to me and held my hand in a fast, trembling hold.

She gazed down at him when he lay dead her face unmoved. She was a great

She gazed down at him when he had, her face unmeved. She was a great lady, very grand and very beautiful. The sanctuary key lay on his pillow, he had wished it near him, and putting out her hand, she made to lay hold of it. wished it near him, and putting out her hand, she made to lay hold of it. The Abbe covered it with his own. She raised her sombre eyes; some strong passion dwelt in them, but she did not

Remember, Madame," said the priest, gently. Still that passion glowed, now bright, now shaded in her eyes, but she withdrew her hand.

The flaming candles round the bier deepened the shadows in distant corners of the great hall of the chateau where of the great hall of the chateau where Monseigneur lay in death, waiting for the hour when his tenants and servants would pass before their master to pay their last homage to him.

The precious key lay in his folded hands as it had lain in the hands of each Marging de Vienne during the time be-

nands as it had lain in the hands of each Marquis de Vienne during the time be-tween their death and burial. The hang-ing lamp above caught the glint of the precious stones and threw the yellow light of a great topaz in a glory round his

atching the key knelt the Abbe Duclos, so motionless that

Watching the key kelt the Abbe bus, so motionless that I wondered if he could ever move again. His fellow-watcher was my lady's great-uncle, a wise doctor from Padua. He was an old, old man, with a fringe of white hair beneath a black skull-cap. A shade covered his eyes. He was bowed and feeble.

A breathless silence reigned that filled me, who had never seen death before, with wild, imaginary horrors. I had wept all tears away. I sat watching the Abbe's face, wondering at his calm. He suddenly stirred slightly—he raised his head like one seeking air; for a moment he remained thus, motionless, then flinging wide his arms, he fell forward on his face. My lady sprang from a shadowed cor

My lady sprang mearer him than I, reached him first. A thick throbbing swelled my throat—it was all part of the vague horror throat—it was all part of the vague norror I had suffered. I raised his fallen bead, for the Ma-quise only stood shuddering over him, and the Padua doctor bent to loosen his

throat. There was not only a death-like pallor on the old priest's face, but also a great agony of fear.
"Go, seek help to carry him away," said my lady.

I went, sobbing affrightedly, to do her bidding. Those whom I brought took him away gently. I was following, but a look from my lady held me where I was. It was all so swiftly done, that when the silence I dreaded fell once more it seemed never to have been broken. never to have been broken

I sank on my knees and my eyes again sought the peaceful face. It was in shadow; the yellow halo had left it grey and pinched. Turn my head as I would, the light from the topez on his head was gone, yet I had returned to my first position. Then all my fear of death vanished suddenly, though my awe of it increased. How can I explain? A singing filled my ears, my eyes grew blind. "Susanne," I heard someone call my name in sad, helpless entreaty, "Suzanne, Suzanne," It was the voice of Monseignent! I lost myself, even though I was conscious of a stream of people passing slowly before I sank on my knees and my eyes again stream of people passing slowly before the bier. Men and women came with awed faces and silent, frightened chil dren, who hid themselves behind their mothers' gowns, that they might not see the unknown and terrible thing which lay so near to them. But the voice drowned every other sound, though I know not why it called me.

The last man had gone, the footsteps making me a sign to do the same. It was the last visit we should pay him in the house that had been his, for he was to be moved to the chapel in the grounds on

-Monseigneur had called to me vainly.

"Oh, see," I whispered, choked, "the key is slipping!"

key is slipping!"
She pushed me from her, but even as she did so there was a faint rustling

sound and the key clattered on the floor. sound and the key clattered on any solution my agitation it struck me as strange that so old a man could stoop so low and easily, but all was forgotten the next moment when I saw the key replaced.

"Oh! That is not the sanctuary key," "Oh! That is not the sai whispered, "take it—look at it—'tis not

They stared at me aghast.
"Believe me," I cried, breathless
saw it. I have watched it so close breathlessly. "Hush, hush, child," interrupted Doc-or Ambrogio, sternly. "Who has left the hall an instant to sacrilegious hands?" My lady's face was turned toward me,

inscrutable.

"Oh, fit it in its lock and see it will not fit! I know it is not the sanctuary key."

I was beside myself. I could not tell in the flickering light where the difference when the transfer of the same that it was not the same that the same that it was not the same that the same that it was not the same that it was not the same that the same that the same that it was not the same that it was not the same that th ce lay-nothing-save that it was no

the key.
"Come with me," said my lady, slowly.
"Come with me," relentlessly. Doctor

"Come with me," said my lady, slowly. She led me away relentlessly. Doctor Ambrogio knelt down.

Agitated beyond measure, I followed, she holding my arm tightly. Forgotten words came beating through my brain"the key held his treasure on earth."
Then that piteous cry—"Suzanne, Sczanne."

To those who had the key was also To those who had the key was also given the treasure and someone had robbed my lord. Such passion as I had never known now shook my very soul. Instinct told me to hide it, to let her think that I was still afraid, though my fear of her had slipped from me as had my fear of death. I followed her to her room, where brilliant lights dazzled me. She where brilliant lights dazzled me. She betrayed no agitation.
"That was a strange idea of yours

Sazanne," she said, coldly.

Again that passion held me. I fought wildly with it, knowing I could not serve

my lord by giving way.
"I had been kneeling for some time,"
I murmured. "My thoughts had run You are not strong." she said, softly. astray

"You are not strong." she said, softly."
"You are not strong." she said, softly."
"These past events have overtaxed you.
You may retire to rest."
1 cartseyed. When I reached the door she called me back.
"I have received a message that M. de Vienne is on his way hither." She paused, watching my face. "Keep out of his way, Suzanne," she said, slowly; "your birth has not changed with your benefactor's death."
The crimson tide made its way to my head, choking me, blinding me. I groped for the door and left her. Once I thought I heard footsteps following down the coraticor to my room, but when I turned I saw no one. A sudden impulse seized me. I ran swiftly to my room, closed my door loudly, then slipped behind the topestry opposite and waited. my door loudly, then slipped behind the tapestry opposite and waited. Someone had followed re. I peeper

Someone had followed me. I peeped through a moth-eaten hole and my heart leapsd to my throat. I had left the Doctor Ambrogio watching before Monseigneur, but now I saw him turn the key in my door, then speed away. I waited, cramped and breathless, my heart glowing, They were afraid of me! I was the only being in the great house not in their ing, They were afraid of me! I was the only being in the great house not in their pay, save the poor Abbe, God help him! I had no doubt in my mind now that some plot was afoot to rob my lord, and that they should never do while I was

alive.

I went over the story, word for word as Mouseigneur had told it to me. I recalled his earnestness and evident wish that I should understand some hidden meaning in his words. Who was Doctor Ambrogio? 'Twas no aged savant that tripped from my room down the corrid-

I looked from my hiding-place. There was no soul in sight. To my left were the Marquise's apartments; down some was a door leading to There was a great stillness over the house; twilight was deepening into night. A moment's terror seized me as I realized what I was about to do. My trembling hand had scarcely strength to turn the handle. hall. It was to this door I fied.

hand had scarcely strength to turn the handle.

There was but one watcher who knelt at the foot of the bier, his head buried in his arms. I paid no heed to him, thanking God that it would be easy to evade one man's scrutiny. I stole along close against the shadowed wall. It was all so grand and holy in the presence of peaceful death that I knelt a moment and prayed. I rose, seeing Monseigneur's face and hands clapsed over the false key. He had called me, I firmly believed, and I had come. Hidden from that rapt, kneeling figure. I crept very near and I put out my hand for the false key. Suddenly tearless sobs beyond my control began shaking me, but I had the key fast.

control began according to that voice again, "Suzanne," Cried that voice again, "Suzanne," I sank on my knees; someone raised me to my feet. The silent watcher was crying: "They told me you had gone. Oh, Heaven! They told

I put out my hands to keep him from me, for that figure was so helpless to par us now. The face like mine was hardly

us now. Include like himseless like death.
"Come," I whispered.
He kept fast hold of my hand as though I should slip away, and I led him to a little room off the hall. Forgetful of all, I poured forth my incoherent tale, with the key lying on the table before us. I knew as I spoke he barely heard

me.
"What do I care, he said, "seeing my treasure which I thought I had lost is

treasure which I thought here."

"Oh, hush," I breathed.
"When I came here I told them to let me be alone. I forgot that he lay dead while I knelt. I remembered he had separated me from you, and that in my passion at seeing you subject to his wishes, believing there was someone before me, I had rushed from home, leaving you."

)h, never, never," I whispered. I feit dumb at the thought of what my agony would have been had I believed the same of him.

"When I returned, called back by his illness, they told me"—he seemed choking—" nothing and looked the more. I came in hore to light it.

came in here to fight it out alone, not to pray for the dead."
"My lord, my lord, listen." I tried to soothe him. "I have never changed."
The sight of his great agitation calmed

my own.
"Sazanne, it was killing me! wed to the chapel in the grounds on morrow.

seized my lady's dress as she turned donseigneur had called to me vainly.

Coheren I believe debuted it the

The was was crying—he, such a strong, big man, that when he knelt his head was on a level with my own. I smoothed his hair with trembling fingers.

"Even as he lay dead I hated him! He took you from me. He preached to

you of duty."

" I could not have loved you had I set him at naught. Oh, listen to me now. They are playing for a great stake against you. I am here safe, you cannot lose

me."

I repeated the story more calmly, and he listened, with the agony dying from his face. We looked at the false key glittering on the table.

It was a roughly carved imitation. The original had been too closely guarded to obtain a faithful copy.

Then my lord saith in a thick whisper:

per:
"Monseigneur, forgive me," and
bowed his head. He rose to his feet.
"Suzanne, stay here," he said. "I
am going to the secret room. Without
doubt I shall find him there." I would not let him go without me.
He made a gesture toward the hall.
"He is in God's keeping," I answered

I held him tightly, he could not shake

we off.

We hurried through dim passages and down deep stairs. I knew not where he led me. Suddenly we turned another corner of the portrait gallery and in the distance from the very floor, it seemed burnt a faint but steady light .My lord

stopped.
"Suzanne," he said gently, "tis as here
I thought. I forbid you to follow me."
I made as though I would 'obey him,
but when he crept softly towards that
traitor light I stole after him. He drew
the tapeatry saids, the oak wainscoting the tapestry aside, the oak wainscoting beneath had been slid back and steps led from the opening to some region below.

He disappeared behind the tapestry, drawing it back into its place. After a short panes I followed him.

the foot of the stairs was a long,

At the foot of the stars was a long, narrow, low room lighted by a lamp. I came upon a motionless group.

My lady had risen from a littered box of papers on the floor, with an ashen face and shining eyes. Doctor Ambrogio—I pressed the palms of my hands close to my lips to prevent myself from screammy lips to prevent myself from scream-ing—It was the Queen, Catherine of Me-dici ! She had on a long brown cloak and had tossed the wig and skull cap from her had toseed the wighter levely black hair.

Never confused, never outwitted, her Majesty spoke almost immediately.

"M. le Marquis, you come at an opportune moment. Madame," she waved her

hand gracefully towards my lady, who looked more and more livid, " is search-ing for the last wishes of poor Monseigneur."
Madame de Vienne flung the gold key
from her clenched hand and it struck the
stone floor in shivering splinters at my

rom her clearly splinters at my lord's feet.

"Curse you! Take it," she cried.

"Caterina, you are a fool to think he does not know you are lying—that his dotard father was a miser and hid his gold."

My lord ignored the outburst, but he became very white as he bowed to the

queen.
"I trust you have been successful, Madame," he said, with strange calm.
Madame de Vienne lifted her hand slowly to the bosom of her dress. The Queen saw her. "Fool, take thy hand down," she whispered and showed her teath between her snarling lips. They between her snarling lips. teeth petween ner snaring nps. They looked like tigers, ready to spring. My lady's gaze fell suddenly and she tapped her foot against the floor.

"Devil," she broke out, hoarsely, "vou

can judge the success."
"Will this be of better use?" asked my

lord quietly, and he held out the false key.
I had crept behind them as they spoke to the fragments of the crusader's key which lay near his feet. The gold bow

smashed to atoms. I gathered them up, n broke into a ripple of laugh-

ter. A vile imitation," she exclaimed,
"yet I think it must content us, piccina."
Sne laid her hand on my lady's shoulder; she fixed those burning eyes of hers upon the Marquise. They fought a terrible, silent hight. My lady thrust her rible, shent hight my hady thicks her mistress from her screaming: "Liar! You shall stand by me as faithfully as you swore to do. coward—strike one blow!"

coward—strike one blow!"
She panted like a wild thing, but terrible as it was to see her stately beauty so moved, more terrible still was the Queen's face as she quelled that passion. May God remember the Medici saved my lord's life that day! The Marquise shrank cowering, shuddering from her.

"M. le Marquis," said her Majesty raciously, "Madame de Vienne is at graciously, your mercy."

There was a calm grand ignorance of

her own work in her bearing, for was she not the Queen of France? What could ouch her My lord drew aside for them to pass.

"She has desecrated my father's life and his memory," he said, "But under the Queen's protection she goes free,"

He looked across at the bowed figure, whose hands the Queen still held fast; from a fury the Marquise had turned to stone, save for those ever-varying lights within her eyes.

"The leanings of our youth cling to us

"The leanings of our youth cling to us in our age," murmured the Queen, "once or twice this day I have felt young again. That poor Duclos! I would fain see his face when he awakes. "Tell him salittle as necessary, my lord. And that little maid, there, picking up gold and silver, will she also hold her tongue?"
He turned and saw me; he took my hand and held it tightly.
"She is my betrothed," he answered. Her Majesty gazed at me.
"Little maid, where is Doctor Ambrosic?" the arked, where is Doctor Ambrosic?"

o ?'' she asked.

My lips moved, but no words came.

Ty lord suspected nothing, for I had deribed the doctor as I had seen him in

the hall. " Madame," he said gravely, "does he too lay claim to the Queen's protection?" She paid no heed to him, but continued to gaze at me.
I held something in my hand that made my color come and go.
"You will never seek him, little maid?"

she askad.

"Never," I whispered.

"What a fiasco!" she exclaimed, looking back with her foot on the first step.

My lady stood apart with an evil shadow on her face, and I crept between her

and my lord.
"M. le Marquis, you are a gentleman. I would fain honor you by having your-

wife at court."
When they had gone he held me close

"Oh, God, keep' my little [maid," he said.

Then I showed him what I had found among the fragments of the key. We spread out the little roll of parchment and read it together. There were closely written lines concerning his wealth, a great deal of which poor Monseigneur had stored away from his dreaded wife, and the whereabouts of which she had vainly sought in the secret chamber. The lest lines contained my treasure.

"I have suffered an agony of doubts. But Scranne is truer than the rest. Let my son take her for his wife."

Thus the crusader's key had held and grarded our fortunes. Then I showed him what I had found

MOST INTERESTING OF ALL MEDIAEVAL FIGURES Is That of Venerable Bede, Doctor of

The following brilliant discourse or hat most interesting of all mediaeval figures, the venerable Bede, was re ently delivered by Mgr. J. S. Vaughan in St James Church, London. Mgr Vaughan took for his text the words, Beloved of God and man, who memory is in Benediction."

xiv. 1.) As the glistening peak of the great Chimborazo lifts itself sharp and clear up above all the surrounding mountains of the Andes, so the majestic figure of Venerable Bede, saint and istorian, towers above all his contem poraries, and stands out with a glory all his own, amid the ancient celebrities of Anglo Saxon England. Though St. Bede is one of the earliest disciples of St. Benedict in England, yet he is one of the most celebrated. His name one of the most centerson.

Is made is written large across the pages of English history, and is as familiar to every scholar as a household word. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has just raised him to the dignity of Doctor of the Church, with special office and Mass, and other honors and distinc tions, and has placed him in the same ategory with SS. Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Leo, Bernard, Francis and Alphonse. He is the only English Doctor of the Universal Before attempting, as it were, with a few rough strokes of the penci to sketch an outline of his holy life, must ask of you to turn back the hands of the great clock of time until they point to the seventh century, and to transplant yourselves in spirit to the England of that remote period where we shall find Bede, never idle, but always studying, or praying, or writing or teaching. "Semper legit, writing or teaching. "Semper legit, semper scripsit; semper docuit; semper oravit," as we read in the Brev.

Twelve long centuries have iary. rolled away since those days, and many changes have since been wrought both in men and manners. At the time of which we speak the most notable institutions in the land were the great abbeys and monasteries. The monas tery served as university, as hospital as hotel, as almshouse, and as church, all in one, and was a great center of social power and influence. It was by the untiring zeal and industry and plodding perseverance of the monks, that England had been, in the first instance, won over from Paganism to the eauty and truth of Christianity, and by the time of St. Bade nearly whole country was in full pos

the Catholic faith. * *

Among the many monasteries scattered over the land, there are two of Wearmouth, so styled because built just on the north bank of the river Wear, close to the present town of Sunlerland, and the other at Jarrow, in which Bede passed the greater part of his long and eventful career. place ourselves in imagination in the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth. It is now 681. The building is new and perfect, and the marks of the chisel and maliet are fresh on the stones. As we wander through the spacious build ng we find the monks, dressed in their dark habits, as occupied and as busy as bees in a hive. Some are toiling in the fields, some are transcribing or illuminating manuscripts in the library; some are in the kitchen preparing the common meal, while others are study. ing or praying, or otherwise engaged in the privacy of their own cells. Each is busy and intently pursuing the task allotted to him, and which he performs, if he be a true monk, in a spirit of ready and cheerful obedience. Pres ently a knock is heard at the postern gate. The lay brother hastens to draw the bolt, and as he draws open the massivedoor he sees a bright little child of seven years of age, in company with his elders. This is Bede, the fu ure saint and doctor. His parents are both dead. But there he is smiling and conversing with his guardians, who have brought him to the monastery. As we listen, we hear them talking to the good old Abbot, Benedict Biscop, in accents of great earnestness. are they saying in their quaint Anglo Saxon speech which sounds so strange and foreign in our nineteenth centur ears? On! they are asking Benedict Biscop to take the little fellow under his charge, and to bring him up among heart as yet untouched by the world. Though the Abbot, clad in his rough serge habit, falling in loose folds at his feet, can not now foresee the fu ure greatness of Bede, he realizes at a

glance that he is no ordinary child.

He, therefore, accedes at once to the request, and fixes the hour of his for-

promise before God and before duly ap. pointed witnesses, that they dedicate this boy to the service of the Most

Here then the youthful Bede is left in the first dawn of intelligence, and as yet almost incapable of sin. It is an immense advantage and a great grace for him in an age of licentious-ness and excess, and of such dissen-sions, bloodshed and lawlessness, to escape from the corrupting influence of the world, to breathe the pure air of a religious house, and to live and grow up in an atmosphere of prayer and piety and religious fervor, and of hard work and regular discipline. His lim-pid and innocent soul expands under the influence of such an environment. He throws himself into the new life with all the impetuosity of youth ; studies the intricacies of the rule, and delights to carry out all its enactments delights we carry out all its enactments day by day with ever-increasing care and exactness. His occupations are enitable to his age and condition, but as little by little he grows older, he takes up almost every department of study then known, and under the distudy then known, and under the direction of excellent masters. He applies himself especially to the study of theology and the Scriptures, under the guidance of Trumbert, a monk ad been himself educated under St. Chad, Bishop of Litchfield. John of Beverley teaches him Greek and Latin, while he is instructed in the art of music and psalmody by John, the arch-chanter of St. Peter's at Rome, whom the Abbot had brought with him from the Eternal City. He is a most prom ising pupil, and soon grows into a ripe scholar, mastering every branch of learning that his professors can impart. Yet he does not disdain the more menial duties of the brotherhood. Like the rest he delights to exercise his limbs and muscles in threshing and

winnowing the corn; in feeding the lambs and calves and in laboring in the bakehouse, the kitchen, the gar-dens and in the fields. In due course he is promoted to holy orders. At nineteen years of age he receives the deaconate, and in his thirtieth year he is raised to the priesthood by John, Bishop of Hexham, or Hagulstad, as it was then called. According to the Roman Breviary he dweit within monastic walls from the age of seven to the age of ninety—that is to say, for a space of eighty-three years. He is forever either studying, or reading, or teaching, or praying, or writing, and the fame of his learning goes forth over the whole Christian world, and draws around him a large number of disciples, whom he instructs with great care. His pen is never idle. He write treatises upon aimost every imagin-able topic. History, astrology, orthog raphy, rhetoric, psalmody, poetry, hymns, and epigrams are some of the subjects he deals with; the works, however, by which he is best known, are his "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church " and his "Commentaries Upon the Bible." These form a vast mine f precious information, and contain splendid proofs that the Church in England in his day was essentially Catholic, Papal and Roman. But time

presses, so we must hasten on to the losing scene of the saint's life-to his happy and gloricus release from the miseries and trials of this world, and his departure to the House of Eternity. It is the year 735, or if the Breviary be correct in attributing to him ninety years of age, 771. The spring is just filling the hills and dales with newness filling the hills and dates with newness of life and beauty, but while Nature is renewing its youth, Bede has grown old and infirm. At last his chest and lungs are so grievously affected that he can hardly make himself understood and his voice sinks to a whisper stood and research beauth. In his guffar, as he gasps for breath. In his suffering condition, borne with exemplary patience, he lingers on all throug April and the greater part of May. Yet day by day, in spite of his painful condition, he reads the Holy Scripture to his brethren and draws out their in ner meaning and prays almost inces-santly. The brethren, who love him dearly and venerate him with the af fection of sons, are no longer able to restrain their tears, but weep long and loud. Now he asks to be removed from his hard pallet and laid on the yet harder floor of his little cell. There he lies, with his head supported by loving hands, looking at the little Oratory in front of him. He with the supported by heading the little Oratory in front of him.

utter some beautiful prayers, concluding with a fervent "Glory be to the ather." As he pronounces the words, Holy Ghost," his pure soul leaves its earthly tabernacle and is carried to the eternal embrace of Him in Heaven m on earth he had loved and served so faithfully and so long. If the dead are "blessed who die in the Lord," then blessed indeed must be the great St. Bede. A long life of prayer, self-sacrifice and of hard and continuous labor, practical in the practice of vol-untary poverty, chastity and obedience, and crowned by a glorious end, must result in an exceedingly bright eternity. What are seventy or eighty years of prayer and penance, of fasting and watching, when compared to an eternity of supreme enjoyment? For the brethren in their holy retreat. As we turn instinctively towards this young aspirant we notice a bright intelligent looking boy, with a happy expression on his face, and a look in his eyes which tells of ionocence and a heart as yet untouched by the world Heaven, how insignificantly brief and momentary must seem to him the span of his monastic life, which has purchased for him so incomparable a re-

ward. Yet his eternity of ecstatic de

ights can scarcely be said to have be-

now, for then we may hope also to share in his glory and happiness and to enjoy in his company for all eternity the true liberty of the children of God.

USES OF HOLY WATER.

MAY 18, 1901.

Few Bites of the Church Are Solemnized Without It. The first point to attract attention is he extensive use of holy water in the sacred functions of religion and among the faithful. From the grand basilica to the hut of the beggar holy water is found, and it enters into the imposing eremonials of the one as well as into he simple devotions of the other. It is required in almost all the blessings of the Church and in some of the sacranents, and few sacred rites are complete without it. The room in which we are born is sprinkled with it; in one of its three several forms it is poured on our brow in baptism ; it secompanies the last rites of religion over our remains, and the ground in which we are laid to return to dust is consecrated with its hallowed drops.
This is an evidence of the importance the Church attaches to it, as well as of the perfect manner in which the faith-ful have imbibed her spirit, and it must also be regarded as a proof of its efficacy in conferring blessings and repelling the attacks of the enemy of

mankind. What, then, is holy water? We need not be told that it is water which has been blessed with certain exorisms and prayers and into which salt similarly blessed has been mingled.

The better to understand the history of holy water in the Christian Church will be well to inquire into the part which water played in the religious ceremonies of both the Jewish and pagan nations of antiquity. Water being the natural element for the removal of external defilements, it was to be expected that any system of relig-ion, whether true or false, abounding, as all did in ancient times, in symbolical rites, would adopt water as the symbol of interior purity. We do not, however, read of water having been used in the religious ceremonies of the worshipers of the true God before the establishment of the Mosaic law. Nor need we be surprised at this, for up to that time the ceremonial of divine worship had hardly begun to be developed, but consisted almost wholly of prayers and the offering of sacrifices by the patriarch of the tribe or family. But with the establishment of the Jewish dispensation, when the ritual prescriptions were defined with greatest precision, purification by water was

made to play an important part. The present rite of blessing water by prayer and an admixture of salt is frequently referred to Pope St. Alexander I., who governed the Church from the year 109 to 119. the words which he uses in his decree it would appear that the rite is more ancient than the time of that pontiff, He says, "We bless for the use of the people water mingled with salt." Marcellius Calumna attributes the in-

troduction of holy water to the Apostle
St. Matthew, whose action was approved by the other apostles and soon became general. Whether we are disposed to accept this evidence as con lusive or not, it is all but certain from other proofs that the use of holy water dates from apostolic times, as Basil, among others, maintains.

holy water among the faithful at their homes is of still great er antiquity, as may be learned from the apostolic constitutions, which con-tain a formula for the blessing of it that it may have power "to give health, drive away diseases, put the demons

to flight," etc. Let us now turn to the historical and liturgical view of the question. First, there are three or in another sense four kinds of holy water. According to the first division, there is, first, baptismal water, which is required to be blessed on every holy Saturday and eve of Pentecost in all churches that have baptismal fonts. This water after the holy oils have been mingled with it is used only in the administra-In the next place, tion of baptism. In the next place, there is water blessed by a Bishop to be used in consecrating churches or reconciling churches that have been desecrated. That is called Gregorian water, because Pope Gregory IX.
made its use obligatory for the purposes specified. Wine, ashes and
salt are mingled with it. Then there is the common holy water, which, as is well known, is usually blessed by a priest. This blessing may be per-formed at any time and in any suitable place. It is directed to be done every Sunday before Mass with the exception of Easter and Pentecest, when the water blessed on the previous eve is used for the asperges. In the Oriental churches there is the custom of solemnly blessing water on the feast of the Epiphany in memory of the baptism of our bord in the river Jordan, which event is commemorated by the Church on that day. — Weekly Bouquet.

WANTS THEM TO MARRY.

Boston, April, 19.-At the eighth annual reunion and Irish night of the St. Mary's parish of Cambridge last night the Rev. Thomas Scully declared that hereafter he intends to tax all unmarried men in his parish over twenty. five years of age \$25 a year until they reach the age of thirty-five years when they will be taxed \$50 After that age they will be exempt from the tax, as the priest says that no woman

mal reception. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the bells ring out, and past the stalls up to the High Altar of the monastery. There they solemnly would care to marry them then.

THE MONK AND HIS WORL

In the "Travellers' Record Hartford appeared, recently, a pic of a monk engaged in illuminati manuscript. Apropos of the pictureditor of the Record writes: Our monk is evidently amused

his eye beams a beneficent satisfac his eye beams a beneficent satisfacthe set of his lips, the hand that in the chin, are full of supreme self placency. Evidently the copy work of art. The letter has more perfectly under his careful stroke selects of the careful tilength. the colors of the careful illumin fect whole.

"To him and his kind we owe The best thoughts of the old pl phers and poets, the history of ages, the chronicles of his own have been preserved to us have been preserved to us through his labors; much also o ality and virtue, in an age when ization seemed vanquished.

In the breaking up of the old

which we trace from the fifth eighth century, ignorance grew To the men of that day it mus seemed that the world was sink to barbarism. The arts, the so the culture, all that was best in civilization, seemed to have sha fate of all that was worst an swept into oblivion. Rotten and corrupt as was I

the years of her decadence, shame of these was dimmed by ditions of her magnificence ture in the days of power. To man subject and to the ban kimself, Rome remained the of might, and men looked though no longer for power, ideas. They believed she was again, and the reign of Char emed to be the forerunner Roman empire, but it was to break in the slouds of anar chaos of the years that again i ly with Charlemagne's death. The Christian Church,

through its organization an line, incorporated in itself th a real religion and the g Rome's traditional power and "The monasteries, severe yet offered a place of peace

nidst of a storm of conflicts. ideas, and general ignorance in quietness and contempla thoughtful, the virtuous, had from the utter ignorance, the morality, the dangers of a we throes of change. Here, the come not only the ascetic m Church, but the disappointed tired with the vanities of the scholar, the scientist. acteries were the fortresses They taught not on of plain living, but the labor. They gave to the that time some knowledge of peace, of agriculture far of the rude and barbarous was generally practiced. The value of public morality selves set an example in the To their influence

social morality and virtue

was due.
"The Benedictines, es

couraged learning; reading pulsory, and during ce chosen brethren made the see that all the inmates w or writing instead of lan gossiping. To them, and that sprang from them, great part the preserva Greek and Roman classics creep over the western tenth century—the dark of lead, as those year which saw the growth system, the decay of the frightful immorality of noble, and people alikeof copying the old mar building up of the gr libraries, the art of illu been so far accomplished taken up as a means of ployment, that the mome practice brought it thr regenerating influence the middle years of the tury; and though the many years and the ico ies of certain periodi damage to many pricelin the days when we was scarce, and argu-disputatious brethren w

> keep intact until the B the reign of the pri treasures of the past. Done by hand, eve with care, a whole spent on one copy of manuscripts have con days perfect in form, Latin of the later year corrupt as to be an a able horror to moder great number are tr and painstak ng lab mony of rich coloring ated manuscript, fre day it was done, star ample of exquisite a

> some discourses and the

Order's saints over the

of their predecessors, e

done, and still continu

the periods of revival

of the imitator and present day." LONDON'S GREA

The great Catholic don, close to West nearing completion. as the only cathedrs the reddest of red br majority of cathed Moorish in design.

It covers a large and has a single tower rising from