# HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR . ESPIRITU SANTO "

CHAPTER XXXII.

Six weeks passed in the prison at Mazas—weeks in which I was daily witness to such scenes of lofty courage and heroic endurance that I could not but feel that even the Commune is not an unmixed evil than frames men in such sublime mould. The blood of such martyrs must enrich the soil of France, and make it fruitful in high deeds and noble lives.

My companions suggested that I should send some appeal to my friends and fellow-countrymen in Paris, urging them to obtain my release on the ground of American citizenship. I hesitated, however, to do so, fearing to attract attention to them, and perhaps thus lead to the arrest of one or the other. I had little fear that the Commune would resort to the extremity of shooting the hostages, and as my dear ones knew that I had been at the archbishop's house at the time of his apprehension, they would doubtless conclude from my non-appearance that night that I had suffered arrest with my chief, and would already be taking steps for my liberation. But as the weeks went by and no message came from the outside world, I began to dread the worst. Had my grandfather perhaps died of the shock and anxiety; had Dr. Chabert perhaps been arrested as holding a surgeon's commission in the army of the republic? And if so, where would Etienette have found refuge? But I could not complain where none complained, though many of the men about me had keener anxieties than mine. They where objects of personal hatred to the Commune and in imminent danger of its vengeance, or they had been torn from the arms of helpless wife and children, or mother sisters, their property was confis-d and ruined. Yet they met the cated and ruined. terrors, the privations, the insults, and the gnawing suspense of each day with high, unflinching courage and neerfulness. I tried to learn a lesson from them, pray the prayer of faith, and then smile into the face of destiny.

It was the seventh week of our cap tivity, the morning of the 20th of May, that among the many confused noises reaching us from street and court-yard I seemed to hear the clear, high tones of a soprano voice, singing a familar air of the French provinces. Visions of the blue Detroit and forest-crowned Belle Isle swam before my eyes. How often we had sung that melody as we returned from hunting and fishing excursions and canoe trips! It used to be the signal of our return to the dear ones waiting at home, and at the first bars of "Dans les Prisons de Nantes" they would trim the lamps, throw fresh logs on the fire, and hurry down the road to meet the weary sportsmen. And this was the air that greeted my ears now be-hind the bars of the Commune fortress:

"Dans les prisons de Nantes, Il y'a t-un prisonnier. y's t-un prisonnier; Il y a-t un prisonnier : Gai, faluron donde !"

I instinctively moved nearer to the high barred window looking on the court-yard. I could see nothing, as it was far above my head, but I seemed to hear more clearly, and there was some thing in the tones of that high, ringing voice that thrilled me through and through. It sang it again :

"Personne ne val'voir Que la fille du geo ier. Gsi, faluren f durette! Gal, faluren donde!

"Un jour il lui demande : B-lie, que dit-en de moi ! Gai, taiuron faiurette ! Gal, faluron donde !

Le bruit court dans la ville

At the words, "It is reported that to-morrow you must die!" there was a little break in the high, elear tones. I my strongest companions to hold me on their shoulders, I sprang towards the window, clutched the bars, and lifted my chin up above the level of the sill.

The court-yard was empty save for the court-yard was empty save for the level of the working classes. Bagging two t no longer.

The figure in the court-yard service violently, then, with an assumption of indifference, began to toss the gay-colored ball, though ever edging a little nearer my window. I cleared my nearer my window. I cleared my throat, and sang again, though more

" Que Dieu benisse les filles, Surtout coile du gooiler! Gai, faluron falureite! Gai, faluron donde!"

The lad's ball fell from his fingers, he drew the back of his hand across his eyes a moment, then, as the sentinel's reappeared, he stooped to pick it up and resumed his game repassed, and as soon as his back with a clever throw the lad tossed the ball directly up to my open but iron-barred window. I was prethis, thrust out my hand and clutched it eagerly, but in so doing lost my precarious hold and slipped back to the floor. My companions put me on my feet, and I began hurriedly to unroll the tightly knotted American flag of which the ball was made, and soon shook out the folds of the Stars and Stripes. A closely wrapped paper DR HAMILTON'S PILLS CURK CONSTIPATION.

lay within; it was my passport, duly made out and signed by the United States consul at Paris and the Secretary of State in Washington. I could now prove my identity and my American citizenship, though whether this would avait for my liberation I could not judge. For the moment I did not care. I was too minch overcome by Etienette's courage and devotion, and the knowledge that she was safe, to be capable of any other thought or emotion, and I of any other thought or emotion, and I strained my ears to hear that voice ow fainter and farther off.

"La fille encore jeunette Les pieds lui a lache, Gai, faiuron falurette! Gai, faluron donde!"

On the evening of the following day, the 21st of May, we were led forth from the prison of La Force and escorted across the city, we at first knew not where; but little by little we learned that we were being taken to La Roquette. Shouts and cries and the crack f musketry rent the air, and the very eavens seemed aflame. Marshal Macheavens seemed aflame. Mahon had captured the forts that day, they told us; his troops were actually within the city walls and were fighting the insurgents from barricade to barricade. As a last desperate expedient the Commune was leading forth hostages to be shot from the walls of La Roquette, hoping thus to stay the hand of the government, which would declare amnesty rather rather than see its most distinguished citizens butch ered in cold blood. Not all at once were the after day for seven days MacMahon troops lought hand-to-hand in the streets with the insurgents, who dened with despair, defended ground with the ferocity of tigers, the troops of vengeance pressing them backward, inch by inch, while behind was the conflagration—the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the rue de Rivoli, one roaring sea of petroleum-fed flames. And for every inch of ground the insurgents lost, hostage died. They led them forth to be shot in batches before the eyes of their companions, and day by day for seven days I saw men die as only heroes and martyrs die, the prayer of faith mingling on their lips with cries of "Vive la France!" Among the first to meet his death was Archbishop Darbey, pierced with bullets as he raised his hand to bless his murderers. The older ecclesiastics died with words of forgiveness and tender pity on their lips, but the younger priests and monks d Christian Brothers met death with all the triumphant joy of the early martyrs, their arms outstretched in welcome, their last breath a song of victory. The laymen, chiefly middleged men chosen for their prominence as magistrates, officers, or journalists, faced the muskets of their murderers calmly and unflinchingly. A word of prayer for those they left behind, a prayer for those they mile of defiance for their foes, a cry of Vive la France!" and all was over! While we, standing by to see them die, their companions during seven weeks of captivity and suffering, united our voices as one man to plead with the Eternal in the grand chant of the hymn of faith of modern France:

"Dieu de clemence!
Vois nos douleurs!
Sauve, sauve la France,
Exauce entin nos pleurs!
Sauve, sauve la France,
Au nom du Sacre Cœur!"

I think it was my insignificance that saved me. My passport proclaimed me a private citizen of a foreign country, and what the insurgents were looking for was men whose death would be a blow to the French government. I wore the American flag wound about my breast, and they merely glanced at my passport, not liking to liberate me, but passing me by for another day, while they singled out those whose promi-nence before the public eye made them ore desirable victims. The seventh day of shot and flame dawned, MacMahon's troops gained the final victory at La Roquette and Pere la Chaise, the few remaining hostages were liberated,

my chin up above the level of the sin. The court-yard was empty save for the figure of a lad of the working-classes, poorly clad, with tora red bloase, and the red cockade of the Commune in the peaked wooden cap that entirely covered his head. He was walking listlessly blonse and peace.
It and runnind to catch it as it leads to method and process the large black eyes turned in my direction my heart beat violently. I tried to make some sound, but it stuck in my throat and died away in a hoarse gurgle.

Just then the sentinel paced across the lad, paced out again through the gate. With a desperate effort I litted my voice and sang, with all my power, though hoarse and weak enough it sounded:

"Oh; si damain; meura, Lachez-maddene less pieds! Lachez-maddene less needs! Lachez-maddene less needs need

"Que Dieu benisse les filles, surrout celle du geolier! Gui, fuluron fulurett! Gai, faluron donde! "Si je retourne a Nantes,

Qut ja me marieral, Et ja prendral pour ma femme La fille du geolier ; Gai, faluron f.lurette! Gai, faluron donde!"

And the tired, blood-stained soldiers catching up the refrain, sang, as they wound their way back to the carnage and terror of the streets below:

"Que Dieu benisse les filles! Gai, faluron dende!" TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Quarter Dollar's Worth

contained in a bottle of Polson's Nervi-which cures theumatism. Neuralgia, tica, Toothache, Headache, Cramps, Sick nach and Indigestion Mothers find Ner

# GRANDMAMMA.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

Outside the wind blew flurries of snow against the panes. Within the fat china mandarin on the centre-table blinked at the glowing fire in the old-fashioned Franklin. Before him, on the sofa, lay a dozen knobby bundles, tied with scarlet ribbons.

Grandmamma knew it was a sad waste of good ribbon, but she had heard such was the fashion. Since she must tie up her gifts with ribbons she would have none but the best. Perhaps the Girls ould make use of it later for hair bows. It was cozy in the quiet warmth of

the prim, old room, and Grandmamma's head nodded; the knitting slipped from from her knee, and the spectacles from her relaxed forefinger. The fat china mandarin nodded also, as he leered from the winking fire to the perky scarlet bows. He had been dusted three times that day, and his squat

figure fairly shone.

The door-bell pealed through the house, and Grandmamma—waking with a start—felt nervously for her cane. She could almost caught her napping! hear footsteps approaching from the kitchen; then the door was opened and a deep voice pronounced her name. So it was not the Girls after all! Next moment Hannah brought in a package gay and holly. "Another!" cried gay and holly. "Another!" cried Grandmamma, her tender-mouth trem-ulous, "do they think I am a child that they send me so many presents? A book from Mrs. Waters? How very kind of her! Hand me my glasses, Dear me! A novel by a n! Well, at least I am too Frenchman! old to be hurt by such reading."

Left alone the old lady laid the book

on the table and covered it She had her opinion of French Then her glance, falling col novels. placently on the little heap on the sofa, reminded her to seek the window.

'I thought the Girls would be here before this. Poor children how busy they must be! And such a disagreeable day, too. I hope Sallie remembered to wear her overshoes and Elizabeth her fur tippet. Why, here is John!"

Next minute John's sturdy stamp sounded from the door rug, the big, silent son-in-law whom Grandmamma and learned to love.

'Have Mary and the girls been here?'' That is curi he asked. They spoke of coming early, and so getting home in time to dress Madge Wilkins' dance. Chris Eve is a home night, I think, but Mary is ambitious for the children, and girls will be girls, mother." His warm smile encompassed her bowed figure as he felt boyishly through his pockets. Just a trifle to say a happy Christmas o you, mother. Found it in the to you, mother. joweler's. I thought it seemed to suit Here, let me open it for you, dear.

Her brown eyes grew misty as she looked at the exquisite gift he had brought her. "Pin it on my collar," she said, "my dear boy." He obeyed so awkwardly that they both found in He obeyed laughter an excuse for the tears in their eyes. Then he sat by her arm-chair, telling with quiet gratitude of the successes the last year had brought him, and of his Christmas plans for his work-people.

"By another year you will be a rich man, please Gor.," she told him; and in the sympathetic silence each wondered what another year would bring

When he was gone she sat alone thinking the long thoughts of age smiling half-sadly as she fingered his John is lonely, too," she told her-

self, "and he is working beyond his strength. Will Mary never realize that she is wasting his life and her own? Her old age will have few precious memories of love and peace to dwell upon. A carriage rumbled heavily as it rounded the street corner.
"The Girls!" cried Grandmamma,

"I wanted to bring you some hyacinths of my own raising," she said.
"Of course Sallie and Elizabeth have been here before me to wish you a happy Christmas, but then I am only an adopted grandchild." and she smiled affectionately into the sweet old face upraised to meet her lips. "Such beautiful things as every one has sent me." above continued. "me. of all

on the sofa, sighing softly as she straightened the flaunting ribbons. In that little heap lay the work of many happy weeks: gay slippers and fleecy evening hoods, in which jeweled gifts were hidden by way of a surprise. Grandmamma did not let herself think which part of her gifts would prove most welcome. A fortnight ago she had tied the scarlet bows; since day-break she had been up and dressed in her best silk, waiting for the Girls. Now it was almost too late for them to Her kind mouth drooped like a

child's in her disappointment.

"By next Christmas John will have retired from business," she thought, "and the Girls will perhaps be betrothed, while I-

trothed, while I—"
Again the bell rang loudly, an impatient, discordant jangle. Grandmanna stood leaning on her cane, listening intently, prepared for disappoint-

"Why, it is Mary's voice," she cried happily.
"Merry Christmas, mother," said the daughter who entered, pausing to sleep; you are so tired,' I said, as we

let her bundles slip into Hannah's wait-ing hands. "Dear me, how cozy you are here, and what a borrid day it has been. Just rush, rush, rush! Christmas has become a positive nuisance. Another year I shall give only to those who give to me. All those presents for How generous you are, The girls will be delighted. They were so worn out with running about to-day that I would not let them come with me. Sallie was quite vexed not to see you. I made them both lie down to

I am very glad that you did, dear, and that they were so sensible. At first I was afraid" (with a wistful little smile) "that they had forcetten to that they had forgotten to
Mary Boyle O'Reilly, in Benziger's Magazine.

### TOLD IN A FLORENTINE STUDIO.

A PLAYMATE OF THE CHRIST CHILD. " May Jesus Christ be praised!" said Francesco Bandinelli. And chorus of children's voices answered

Forever and forever. Amen."
"You come, dear children," old pittore, as his habitual smile grew sunnier, and his ever cheerful voice became more animated—" you come in the train of all things holy, bright and beautiful. How good is God! An beautiful. How good is hour before the morning Ave an angel whispered, and I woke. Sun had anticipated me. The gay, glad The birds had reached the third nocturn of their ma tins. Yonder mass of blue and scarlet anemone bent in adoration as the wind of Heaven swept by bearing on its bosom the angels of the city. The mignotte set forth a breath of sweetest incense as the birds reached their Benedictus. I knelt and prayed."

The old man bent lovingly over a fold of St. Francesco's brown habit, touching it caressingly with the point of his brush. He was painting the seraphic one on Mount Alverno. The children stood in an orderly group around the easel. An aureole of sunlight flamed about the head of the saint, and the glorious light of early morning lit up the little oratory near the door and played upon the bold bands of color that gleamed here and there in that long garret, which was at once studio, salon and bed chamber of Signor Bandinelli. Such an odd little rabble of child-

like in this Florentine chamber! Such a quaint, genial, benignant maestro in the tall, thin figure at the easel. five years had bleached the once jet black hair and beard; deep wrinkles had fallen upon the sunny face. But the smile of perfect gladness with which nature, aided by grace, had endowed him, was one of the greatest gifts pittore possessed. A rising artist at the time Cornelius

and Overbech were at the height of their fame—a husband at the age of twonty-two, and a widower at thirty-Bandinelli had given up the brilliant prospects then opening out to him in the Eternal City, to live an obscure, but useful and happy life in the Florence where he was born. Here, within earshot of the bells of Santa Maria del Fiore, he prayed and worked, este by all, loved by the children and the

Scarcely a day passed but a troop of "earth's angels" invaded the privacy of his studio; never a gloaming fell but, in the court below, the representatives of Christ were consoled and relieved. Never a morning came that did not find the painter at the altar of his God; never an hour passed in that upper room without its act of homage to the

Queen of Heaven.

But this early morning hour was the children's, and they knew it. neither for romps nor bon-bons did they gather, though the former would not have been frowned upon, while the latter were plentifully bestowed on feastdays-and oh, how many patron saints and special feasts the maestro had! The attraction, however, was Signor Bandinelli himself.

slopes of Alverno with his palette-knife.

"Parkman, philosophizing on what painting depicts the Child J.

urkeys, and old-fashioned, yet so beautifully chiral with the control of the five cont the Eternal Paradisc. He Himself is there. Seraphs sing the laudi of the blessed. A thousand golden stars twinkle about Histhrone. All is light,

color, beauty and sweet song.
"My darling was entranced—wrapt in the sacredness of a child's unspoken prayer. Once or twice I glanced at pale, sweet face. He knelt rever-

Adorable One.

"Half an hour sped quickly. I arose, inwardly chiding myself for neglecting the baby so long. I touched his arm, but he did not stir. I bent down and whispered in his ear. He looked up pleadingly, and said softly: "'May I go?'

"'O yes, carissimo,' I said, 'it is time.'
"'To the Bambino Santissimo? Ozio. He is so lovely, and He wants

me to go.'
"I took the laddie into my arms, re proving myself severely for allowing him, as I thought, to sleep through

"' Lie still, child of my heart, and

stepped out into the cool air of early spring. ... But I have not slept-I am not

sleepy; I wish only to play with Him and the other pretty children among the stars and flowers.'
"'You have had bright dreams,
"'You have had bright dreams, sweet one; but tell me what you saw added, as the tears gathered in his

big dark eyes. ... Zio, mio! but you are cruel. A moment ago I saw the Bambino Santissi mo, bright and pretty, high up among flowers in a house of gold, many, many little children flying all about, playing oh! such pretty games. And once the on: such pretty games. And once the Santissimo flew down from His golden room. He looked at me, and said: You will come '—and then He smiled, and I knew He wanted me. Zio! I should like to go. Only when you touched me He flew away.'

"I put my hand to his head; it was burning hot.

to its mother. She thought he had caught a chill; but she did not reproach me. She knew how tenderly ". That great Chiesa has terrible

burning hot.

draughts,' she said ; ' my Alessandro is feverisb. "I assented, and remarked upon the

unusual flickering of the candles on and about the altar. It was then the ling—lying now with eyes unnar-rally bright, and cheeks more searlet than the geranium—looked up quickly into his mother's face and said Ah, but it was not the wind that made the stars to twinkle; that was the

wings of the angel children as they flew in and out among the lights, and played with the Santissimo. That night Alessandro lay in his little cot in the agony of a burning fever. In the morning he had passed beyond the flowers—higher than

the stars, and was playing with the Bambino Santissimo in the garden of Heaven. The pittore looked round upon his little guests, smiling through his tears. He had told the story so gaily and briefly, they scarcely realized its almost tragic ending. They were silent for a moment, and then one little lad, with an old-face and grave tone, added

"But your bambino was right. know that, when the candles flicker, it is always that the angels are flying around. They never leave the Santissimo. Only perhaps at Exposition there more angels than at other times.'

Bandinelli was making an Francesco act of thanksgiving for the child's simple faith when a bell in the near distance rang out for morning school. In a moment the chamber was cleared. A fresh flood of sunlight poured itself into the room, as though to console its ecupant for the departed "angels. A gush of bird music came through the open window. The painter resumed mire as to be almost impassable his task. The labor of the day went on the rainy season. Its many church unbrokenly in a place where work prayer, and prayer was work.—David Bearne in Irish Monthly.

#### PILGRIM, PURITAN AND PAPIST. The New England Catholic Histori-

cal Society issues from the press of Thomas A. Whalen & Co., Boston, a paper by Helena Nordhoff Gargan, read at the annual meeting of the Society on June 5, 1902, and entitled: "Pil-grim, Puritan and Papist in Massachusetts." It is a pamphlet of thirty-three pages. The distinction between the Pilgrim and Puritan settlers in New England is here indicated, as well as the milder spirit shown by the former community in regard to men differing from them in religious matters, and the growth of Catholicity despite all difficult-

ies is traced. We quote the following paragraphs:
"We read in the Chronicles of Massachusetts that when Govenor Winthrop made his first official call on the Governor of the Plymouth Colony, he passed through a place called Hue's he passed through a place called Hue's
Cross. He was so incensed at the mere

The church of the Annunciation is built within the walls of the Latin

sdopted grandchild." and she smiled affectionately into the sweet old face upraised to meet her lips. "Such beautiful things as every one has sent me," she continued, "me, of all people!" and while Grandmamma held her chilled hands to warm them she ran over the tale of her gifts.

"And why should they not, my dear child? Are you not always doing for others? What have you now piled up on that front seat?"

"Mostly mittens, and turkeys, and fernow with his paiette knife.

slopes of Alverno with his paiette knife.

"Alverno with his paiette knife.

"Parkman, philosophizing on what he termed the failure of the French Catholic missions in America, wrote as though Protestantism in New England and triumphed over what he called by is Mary, her distaff, the or companion of the women of he simple so loving, yet so bashful; so implementation one hundred Catholics in Boston in The synagogue, where Christ

# A NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE.

Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Consolations in Travel," after describing an

interview that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome to reinto his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which hip or shoulder, these daily gatherings hip or shoulder, these daily gatherings shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received. It is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and teen centuries ago. Nazareth has ever been famous for its beautiful women, And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a uni-

the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of 'Holy Father—the most Holy Father! His restoration is the work of God!' I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women around me—many of them were sobbing hysterically and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occa-sion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerated Pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed benevolence are an honor to his Church

#### WHERE CHRIST SPENT HIS YOUTH.

THE HOLY HOUSE NOW AT LORETTO-SIGHTS AND SCENES AT NAZARETH

To the Christian the world over Nazareth, the home of our Lord, must always be the spot richest associations. For nearly thirty years the Saviour trod it streets, living the life of the humblest, doing the work o the most lowly; it is strange, there-fore, that this little town, insignificant hough it be in size, and of no commer-cial importance, should, nevertheless,

Nazareth is built, amphitheatre fashion on the slopes of the Galilean hills, whose barren, unattractive asp vated valley below. Here, in this sheltered inclosure, is situated the home of the "Nazarene," in the mids of fruit-bearing trees and gayly of flowers, the golden pomegranate vy in beauty with the nodding hollyh The valley is peculiarly favorable to t growth of fruit; oranges, figs, oliv are yellow fields of waving grain. dows are bright with poppier

From the summit of Mount Tabor, vicinity of Nazareth, is one of the most perfect views in the world. A panorama of verdant hills and fertile plains; to the north the ridges of Lebanen overtopped by the snow-clad peak of Hermon, while in the west one catches an occasional glimpse bright blue Mediterranean. It jects to depicit the Saviour as standi on this elevation and viewing the ma

ably clean town, though its narrow irregular streets are so full of mud and erected by the Crusaders have long been destroyed by the infidels, and until the thirteenth century, when the Emperor Frederick II. rebuilt the place, it had no importance as a town. In 1620 the Franciscans established themselves on its sunny slopes, built churches and monasteries, and Nazareth resumed its former condition of mild

ated with Nazareth is the interesting one of the "sancta casa," or "holy house," described as the home of the Virgin, the original site now marked by a stone nicely inlaid with marble. is said that to prevent desecration by the Moslems on 1291, this sacred dwelling was carried off by angels and deposited on the coast of Dalmatia, where it remained three years. It was finally borne to the small town of Loretto, Italy, and is carefully preserved in the Church of Our Lady, with one hundred priests in daily attendance, and is the most fre

quented of all places of pilgrimage.

The church of the Annuncia A carriage rumbled heavily as it rounded the street corner.

"The Girls!" cried Grandmamma, rising in her excitement. "The dear, extravagant children. Now where is my purse?"

"The carriage drew up at the curb, and out stepped a sweet-faced girl, carrying a pot of flowers.

"I wanted to bring you some bya cintbs of my own raising," she said. "Of course Sallie and Elizabeth have been here before me to wish you a happy Christmas, but then I am only an adonted grandchild." and she smiled strateation, however, was signer bar attraction, however, was signer bar. "Cross. He was so incensed at the mere mention of the symbol of man's redemption, that he ordered the word 'Folly' to be substituted for Cross, and the monastery and is dedicated to Angel Gabriel. It is supposed stand on the spot where the Ble place was called 'Hue's Folly.'

"You promised the street on, however, was signer bar. "Cross. He was so incensed at the mere is built within the walls of the L monastery and is dedicated to Vangel Gabriel. It is supposed stand on the spot where the Ble view each certain the word 'Folly' to be substituted for Cross, and the place was called 'Hue's Folly.'

"What a change in our times! We see the cross even on the Puritan meets too sad."

"But the maestro's stories are never too sad."

"And a promise is the most sacred thing, lower, laying down his brush, and beginning to patch the place of the place was called 'Hue's Folly.'

"What a change in our times! We see the cross even on the Puritan meets too sad."

"And a promise is the most sacred thing, lower the mention of the symbol of man's redemption, that he ordered the word 'Folly' to be substituted for Cross, and the mention of the symbol of man's redemption, that he ordered the word 'Folly' to be substituted for Cross, and the place was called 'Hue's Folly.

"What a change in our times! We see the cross even on the Puritan meets the merit on the Puritan meets the measuro's stand on the spot of the L' Was at change in our times! We see the cross even on the Puritan me

or "overthrow" of Christ, as described in the fourth chapter of St. Luke, lations in Travel," after describing an interview at Fontainebleau with Pius VII., who had blessed a rosary brought by his visitor from the Holy Land, writes:

"It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out with almost interview at Fontaine and interview at Fontaine and interview at Fontaine and interview at Fontaine later than a province with the order in Nazareth. At the northern extremity of the town is situated "Mary's well." Here, was eighteen months after this repair with the other inhabitants of Nazare h to draw water in the curistill shown on the brow of a precipit ous hill, about a mile from Nazareth Nazare h to draw water in the the whole population of Rome to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious father of the Church into his capital. He was borne or the who in the sixth century affirmed the gift of beauty was bestowed on them by the Virgin—a tradition that exists to versal prostration—a sobbing and marks of emotions of joy, like the bursting of the present day.

entiment, as the memorial of a man and to human nature."

"Hastening home, I gave the child

be the center of profoundest interest

and pomegranates flourished in abundance, while as far as the eye can read brilliant plumage fill the air with

pleasure of the writers on sacred sub velous scene; and there is little doubt that it was often the resort of the towns-folk, among whom the Lord moved as one of themselves. For the orient, Nazareth is a remark

prosperity.

Among the many traditions as

visiting pilgrims.

The scene of the attempted murder

Twas night, a caim and silent night Seven hundred years and fifty three Had Rome been growing up to migh And now was queen of land and sea Her banners waved in triumph high In every land, 'neath every sky, Her iron sceptre swayed alone The world from Caesar's lofty thron And Caesar ruled with tyrant rod Reyered and worshipped as a god Centuries ago. Centuries ago.

Twas night, a calm and silent night the clash of arms was heard to mo Mid peace held undisputed sway, from Parthian plains to Tiber's she The eagles fierce of ruthless Rome Were resting in their baughty hom And gloating our the bloading proy of nations crushed beneath her sw While watched she with an eye of And wary look, her conquests wide Centuries ago.

DECEMBER 20, 1902.

CENTURIES AGO

BY FATHER RYAN.

Centuries ago.

Twas night, a calm and silent nigh
The conquered world in bondage is
Benesth the rod of Roman might.
The slave of power, ambilion's pre
And tributes rich and tributes rar
In ceassless streams were flowing it
And royal vassals came to pay
Their homsge low to Cresal's sway.
He sat upon his lofty threne.
Without a rival, high, alone;
And Rome kneit down and kissed it
That ruled the seas and ruled the
And nations, with one loud acclaim
Proclaimed his high immortal nam
Centuries ago.

Centuries ago.

Twas night, a caim and silent night the princely halls of Rome were g. With glare of gold and streaming i With feelive sound and grand disy and all was revelry and mirth For Romans high, of honered birth Were feasting, reckless of the tolis Of those who won their plandered And there were slaves from every From Asia's soil, from Afric's sand Who. torn from country, hearth as Stood there to serve the lords of R. Centuries ago. Twas night, a calm and silent nigh Priumphant Rome, in outline gran

Twasnight, a calm and silent nig. Triumphant Rome, in outline gray Stood towering on her dizzy heigh As if she were for e'er to stand. Emblezoned on her walls there she her boasted name, the inmortal of Twas written on her temple high Whose domes rose proudly to the And every arch that spanned the And every monument that fame—thad raised to grace a hero's name Seemed destined by great Rome to Her pledge of immortality.

Centuries ago.

Centuries ago.

Twas night, that self-same silent Far, far away from Caesar's home Was born therival of his might, The future king of hefty Rome. His palace was a table cold, His throne was not of gems and gr Within a crib of straw He lies. Who rules the earth and lords the He had no crown, to show His cit To noble birth, to royal name: But there He lay, to all unknown An infant babe—the Promised Of The Prince of Peace—God's only Centuries ago. Tis night, a calm and silent nigh

"Tis night, a caim and silent nigh And where is Caesar? where his And where is Rome? And where ther glory riches, and renown? And where are now her marble! Her arches oroud, her temple wat where are her slaves. her conque Where are her monuments of pri "Immortal" was her boasted nam Unrivalled her lofty fame. Where now is that "Immortal" The Queen of Earth, great Caesa. The Rome of Caesar stands no under the start has set. Her power water than the control of the control of the control of the control of the care where now is that "Immortal" the Queen of Earth, great Caesa. The Rome of Caesar stands no under start has set. Her power water than the control of the control of the care was a control of the care where the care was a control of the care was a care where the care was a care where the care was a Tis night, a calm and silent night and Caesar's Rival reigns alone.

THE BABE OF BETHLE O cruel manger, how bleak, how For the limbs of the Babe, my C Sof: little limbs on the cold, cold Weep, O eyes, for thy God.

Bitter ye winds in the frosty nigh Upon the Babe, my God.
Piercing the torn and broken that
Lament, O heart, for thy God. Bare is the floor, how bare, how h

For the Babe's sweet Mother, to Only a stable for Mother and Bab How cruel thy world, my God! Cast out, cast out by His brother Unknown the Babe, my God; The ox and the ass alone are ther Soften O heart, for thy God!

Dear little arms and sweet little. That stretch for Thy Mother, r Soft baby eyes to the Mother's e Melt, O heart, for thy God! W. xen touches on Mother's hea Fingers of the Babe, my God; Dear baby lips to her virgen brea The Virgin Mother of God.

The Shepherds have come fro The Babe in the manger, my (
Mary and Joseph welcome then
Worship, O soul, thy God! But I alone may not come near

The Babe in the manger, my C Weep for thy sins O heart, and With Mary, the Mother of Go May I not come, oh just to the To see the Babe, my God? There will I stop, and kneel, an And weep for my sins, O God

But Mary smiles, and rising up In her arms the Babs, my God She comes to the door and bend With the Babe in her arms, r Her sinless arms in my sinful a Places the Babe, my God; "He has come to take thy sins Break, O heart, for thy God!

Conde B. Pallen, in "The MASTERPIECES FOR LIONS.

For the CATHOLIC R
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that great masterpiece."

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For the CATHOLIC R

The great city dailies—if r purpose of cultivating art for their readers, at least for their mark—are from week out enough "at supplement house into a picture galiery ing room for the old fashione like home."

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