PALMS

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BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FABIAN'S GOLDEN SANDS-SHE KNOWS It had been a sultry day, but twilight

now tempered the heated atmosphere; and when the stars began to glimmer through the purple shadows, a soft breath of air from the Tiber whispered breath of air from the Tiber winspered among the leaves. The flowers lifted their drooping heads, and offered incense; grylli shrilled their peans under the violets, among the grass; glowworms, like pale, lustrous emeralds, gleamed out of the darkness in fantastic generallations; and the nightingales. constellations; and the nightingales, among the roses and orange blos or perched high on the feathery palms, poured out upon the night the songs which thirlled their hearts.

And now a tremulous radiance wavered through the shadowy spaces growing brighter and brighter, unti-the stars paled in its increasing effalgand the full moon rose the Aventine in such a glory of silvery whiteness, that the fountains, transfigured by its splendor, looked like showers of diamonds, and the marble statues appeared indeed like dicties elected in reservoir collection. clothed in vesture of celestial light.

"Come, my dear one, we will go ou into the beautiful night. Throw a light into the beautiful night. Throw a light cloak about her, Zilla; we will go and find a place under the old trees to rest, and talk, and grow cool," said Nemesius, who had seized the opportunity of an hour or two with his child. An oppres ive heat still pervaded the interior of the villa, and he longed for the open air—for air that had no taint of blood, and which the echoes of barbarous shouts and dying groans from the arena could not reach.

how sweet!—I smell roses. orange flowers, carnations, lilacs; now one, now another, now all together!
And listen, my father, to the nightingales! And to have thee, with all this!
Oh, I am too happy!" said the child, kissing the hand to which clung, and appearing her check upon it.

pressing her cheek upon it.

"It is indeed refreshing to be here, and to have thee so near, my dearest one; it rests me. Here I breathe and and-forget. It has been very hot in Rome to-day, and, what with the crowds, and ill odors, and things more unen-durable still, I was rejoiced to find I could escape it all, to spend a little while with thee. Here is our restingplace, where the ilex and palm trees make a roof above us, so close that the moonbeams can scarcely steal through. Sit thou here, my sweet. Gods, now delicious!" he sighed, as he stretched himself on the moss-covered bank at her

feet, his head upon her lap.
Claudia passed her soft hands tender ly over his still throbbing temples, and, with soothing words of endearment, promised, with all the strong faith of a child, to make him well, and that he should never, never be so tired and hot acreis. He listaned, her voice falling again. He listened, her voice falling like dews of refreshment upon his heart, until his mind regained its usual calm, and he could enter into her little world of fancies, and discuss them with her as usual. He also had something to say to her, which he had good reason to fear would distress her, the very thought of it having added no little to the extreme discomfort of the day. But it was for her good, which must not be sacrificed to avoid giving her moment-

ary pain.

After the little ripple recently made in her daily life, Claudia had imagined that, as soon as her young guests had taken their departure, everything would For a brief his expectation seemed to be realized; but now she was to hear that which would foreshadow changes she had never dreamed of, and which would fill her mind with distress, and a vague sense

Wouldst thou like to know how some of my time is spent down there in the great city, my child?" he asked, after she had told him all the little

events of the day.

"Oh, so much! I have told thee everything that I have been doing, and all that has happened since thy last visit. It is but fair thou shouldst tell wisit. It is but tair thou subdust me, in turn, some of the things that keep thee away so much from me. Now, my father, I wait," she answered, with a

"I have had the old palace openedthe home where thy mother was born, and spent her early youth, until she

left it with me, my wife—'
Nemesius paused an instant, wrung
the thought of al a bitter pang at the thought of all

at his words recalled.
"Zilla has often told me of it," was the quiet answer; "such a stately, beautiful palace it was, she said. I am glad, my father, that it is open to the warm sunshine and air. Some day thou wilt take me there."

"It is to be repaired and made beautiful for thee, my pretty one."

"For me!" she exclaimed, breath-

For thee, yes. Listen, my child. We are going to live in Rome a month or so. There thou wilt meet again thy young friends, and know many of thy mother's and mine, who will love thee for her sweet sake; then we will go away to the sea, perhaps as far as Cap-

reæ, until October-'
"And then?" she asked, low-voiced

like a sob. "Then, daughter mine, a month here,

Then, daughter mine, a month here, after which we shall live in the old relace in Rome until Spring—"
"I cannot! I can not!" she sobbed, threwing herself upon his breast; "the thought of it stifles me!"
"Will not I be with thee?" he said,

"Thou! Oh, that would be enough; but strangers frighten me. Oh, I never, mever wish to go away from my sweet, quiet life here!"

But, my sweet one, such a quiet life is not good for thee; it will be best for thee to know people, and get used to them, now that thou art growing out of

thy childhood. Believe me, thou wilt rn to understand and enjoy life in learn to understand and enjoy life in this way more than thou dreamest; and is it nothing to know that I will be often with thee—more often than now?" he asked, his hand laid lightly on her

"It is all-all!" she said, after a silence of several minutes; "I care nothing for the rest. If it is thy wish, let it be so; thou shalt find, my father, that thou hast not a little coward for thy daughter. I am a silly child, but I believe thy words, although I do not understand all that they mean; and, leaving that I leave thee, and that they knowing that I love thee, and that thou lovest me, it is enough. But thou hast said nothing of Zilla," she added, in quick, questioning tones.
"Zilla shall never be separated from

thee; and thou shalt have flowers and thee; and thou snat have lowers and fruits from thy own gardens up here, and nothing shall be spared for thy happiness," he said, pressing her head to his breast, and kissing her golden hair, proud of her brave spirit hair, proud of her brave spirit even while deeply touched by her pain. Then he began to talk of other things, and told her pretty myths of mortals who had been transformed by the gods into flowers and plants,—the very ones in whose fragrance she most delighted,—until, full of beautiful fancies, her sorrow was for a moment forgotten, and she was her blithe self again. When Nemesius, after a farewell em-

left her, to return to Rome brace, left her, to return to Rome, Claudia stood on the portico, listening to the echo of his horse's feet, until the sound was lost in the distance; then, placing her hand in Zilla's, she told her that she was sleepy and tired, and wished to retire to her couch. She was very quiet while preparing for the night's rest,—a few gentle words and a kiss were all; then, laying her head upon her pillow, she closed her eyes. Zilla stole quietly from the room, but Zilla stole quietly from the room, but

close a window. eturned later to hrough which a strong breeze entered; and as she paused an instant, to see it her movements had disturbed the child's slumbers, she heard her weeping softly; she flew to her, and with words of en dearment sought to ascertain the cause of her tears, that she might better know how to comfort her. Gathered in Zilla arms, her head reposing on her kind breast, Claudia at last confided her grief to her. The woman saw at once how vain all efforts would be, at that noment, to reconcile the child to dreaded change: for had not every fibre of her heart taken root in this her home striking deeper and growing stronger year by year? and was it not natural that sudden strain should hurt and wound Time only, and the influence of parental love, could reconcile Claudia to the

ordeal that awaited her.

Zilla wisely refrained from ill-advised words of sympathy, but soothed with endearing tones and tender caresses, knowing that in some cases these avail where words of consolation are useless patiently and tenderly she waited, until the stress of the child's grief bbbed away in sighs,—until tears ceased flowing from the blind eyes,—until the eating heart lapsed into ge tions, and a soft slumber stole over wearied senses. Fearing to awaren her, the kind nurse still held her in her arms, the golden head upon her bosom, and the warm, fragrant breath fanning her own white cheeck, now drenched with tears which her darling's grief had wrung from her heart.

"Oh, gentle heart!" she thought "why must they take thee from this little world of thine, which so fills thy life with innocent enjoyments? art not as other children; what them may not be best for thee. What it that whispers, without words, warning of unspeakable sorrow, while my flesh shivers as if the shadow of an my desh shivers as it the shadow of an awful presence were passing over me? Keep guard, oh, ye gods! who defend the weak, over this helpless one? suffer no adverse power to darken her life, as it has darkened her eyes, and I will not

Then Zilla, after the mysterious shadow had passed from her spirit, chid herself: she had been unnerved. The night air, sweeping up from the Tiber, was chilly, and had made a low, mourn ful whispering among the leaves of the old trees. She must not, for the dear child's sake, give way to dismal fancies child's sake, give way to dismai fancies and presentiments. No! she would gird up her courage, and spare no efforts to make the trial more easy and pleasant to her. This was the resolve that crowned her self-communings.

Claudia had also made a vow, in the midst of how stormy grind to the one

midst of her stormy grief, to the end midst of her stormy grief, to the end that she would, without a murmur of discontent, and, as cheerfully as she might, acquiesce in her father's wishes, knowing that whatever he proposed was the wind read another could over for her best good—nothing could ever shake her belief in that. And, having so determined, the struggle ended as described, when she fell asleep in Zilla's arms, resting there until a faint, rosy glow illumined the room; then the fond watcher laid her upon her pillow, waiting a moment to see if the movement had disturbed her; but her slumber was uninterrupted, and she retired ber was uninterrupted, and sne retired to her own couch, not to sleep—her mind was too anxious for that—but to wonder in what manner the coming change would affect Claudia; and she dreaded the moment, which now seemed to be inevitably approaching, when she would discover that her eyes, unlike the eyes of others, were darkened and

sightless.
The contemplated change in the life o the little recluse on the Aventine met the high approval of Fabian, by whose advice it had been urgued. Had not the Jew healer, Ben Asa, given him the soundest reasons why, for her own good, it should not be delayed? And had not he himself sworn by the mother of the gods to devote himself to the pur the gods to devote nimself to the pur-pose of making up to her, in every con-ceivable way, the loss inflicted on her by Fate? He knew also that some one of judgment and taste must supervise the renovations which were to be made in the old palace up there in the neighborhood, of the Forum Trajano, it had so long been given over to dark-ness, mildew, and dust; and, as his kinsman could not spare time from his military duties to apply himself to that object, he blandly offered to take the matter into his own hands. Nemesius was grateful, but, hesitated to take

advantage of his generous offer, until Fabian with friendly insistence gained

his point.
Fabian Cæcilius was a rare compound of qualities both admirable and eccentric. He set precious value on Time's golden sands, life, he declared, being too short to waste a single grain, an opinion which his constitutions described and ity of mind and body had warmed and ity of mind and body had warmed and fostered until it ripened into the governing principle of his existence. He classified his pleasures as duties, and enjoyed them all the same, and enjoyed them all the same, was ready either to plunge philosophy or unravelling an deep questions of expend his ingenuity in intrigue. Above all things, he abhors a vacuum, and an opportunity, great or small, by which he could avoid them, was welcome. He glassed it tested interregnums as much as nature them, was welcome. He gleaned all that was brightest and best in his intercourse with the world, leaving the im-pression on some that he was wise, on others that he was foolish—and he laughed at both. He was not by any means a pessimist, although, with rare exceptions, he despised human nature cause he thought he had fathomed al its weakness and all its meanness; it amused him to experiment with it by assuming, like a chameleon, the color of leaf he fed upon, knowing what would follow when his victims compared

otes. Fabian was eminently good-natured, loved luxury in its place, and was always as generous with his gold as with his advice; by which it must not be understood that he was officious with the latter, for, with all his peculiarities he was in growy sanse a Roman gentlehe was in every sense a Roman gentle man. His movements were so erration man. His movements were so erratte that his acquaintances were never sure of finding him; one day he would be seen north of the Tiber, perhaps in the neighborhood of Tarquinii, at the unearthing of an ancient Etruscan tomb, in search of intaglios of pietra-dura, or a fine fragrament of alti relievi; later he was visiting his farms and vineyards on the Alban slopes, inspecting his imported bullocks, introducing improved ine-presses, and giving personal in spection to his olive and orange groves from that to Salerno, to examine so from that to Salerno, to examine rare conception of Hellenic genius wrought in deathless marble, which, lately discovered under a

temple, had just been landed. He believed that true friendship wa rare, its attainment being so environed by difficulties that few persons had courage or constancy sufficient to overcome hem; and considered that a man who could count two friends in a lifetime was singularly favored by the gods was singularly lavored by the gous—a fact verified by the ages. Yet he repulsed none; it was the easiest way, and also gave him wider scope for the study of mankind. He was generally liked for his good-natured, pleasant ways, and, as his satirical wit often left a deserved sting none cared ways, and, as his satirical wit often left a deserved sting, none cared to offend him. His courage no man questioned; he was distinguished for his handsome person, his graceful manners, and was so enormously rich that Valerian Imperator, with a covetous eye to his possessions, secretl hoped that he would some day become a Christian. But under the sparkling shallows of this man's life were depths which he held too sacred for the common gaze-where, like pearls of great price, lay many a tender, noble resolve, and a capacity for friendship whose rare quality was to be crucially tested in the

Fabian entered with zest on his voluntary and congenial task, and his methetic soul was more than repaid by the rare and ancient treasures of art which he discovered in the old palace of Serventus Cresius. The rooms were spacious, and separated by pillars, some I which were of rose tinted marble, there of malachits, others again of Carrara. The vaulted ceilings, fres-coed by Grecian artists in graceful delineations of mythological fable, looked dawn in colors as givid as if the delineations of mythological fable, looked down in colors as vivid as if the fingers which wrought them—gone to dust long ago—had just completed their task. Cornices of alti relievi, full of graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons with the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Indian missionary, Father De Smet, S. J., in a letter to the editor of the Precis Him, the Princess learned the object of him, the Princess learned the object of him the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Indian missionary, Father De Smet, S. J., his visit both from himself and from the distribution of the princess learned the object of him the prin task. Cornices of alli relievi, full of graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons f flowers carved in alabaster apparently of Howers carved in alabaster apparently depending from them, enriched the walls; the great casements were set in deep, wide embrasures, and shaded by heavy draperies of Oriental silk, stiff heavy draperes were were with gold embroidery; there were tables of carved citrean wood of lapislazuli, of rmber; there were couches

and chairs of ivory and of finely-wrought Groups of statuary gleamed here and there through the shadows, full of deathless beauty. "Leda and the Swan" stood between two rose-tinted illars; in another of the silent rooms, near a window, and apart from all else, The Parting of Achilles and s;" farther on, standing pale and eautiful, was "Eurydice and the erpent;" while the white carven forms of "Prometheus and the Nymphs shone dimly in the distance. The shone dimiy in the distance. There were ornaments of gold carved with cunning skill, vases older than Tarquin, and wonderful crystal urns from an Egyptian temple—all and everything covered with fine dust of years.

Enhan found a corresponding magni-

Fabian found a corresponding magni-leence throughout the old palace, only modified to an appropriate fitness in various parts. was tarnished; some of the rooms leaked and were mildewed; draperies hung and were influence, supports, and an insufferable damp, mouldy smell pervaded the air. There was much to be vaded the air. done, much to be re-arranged, and it may be imagined that he allowed no waste of time to delay the work of

renovation.

Nemesius sometimes dropped in, and ogether they made choice of Claudia rooms, which fronted south, overlooked the fountain in the court, admitted plenty of sunshine; they were soon transformed into a very bower of loveliness. Conspicuously placed were three marble statues, of Joy, Prosperity and Happiness—the father's gifts— which he fondly hoped would preside over her existence. Fabian remem-bered that she could not see all this harmony of color, this beauty of design, or the golden sunbeams that danced over the mosaic floor; the thought was never absent from his mind, or the impression that she, like some precious

jewel, should have the most exquisite jewel, should have the most exquisite setting that the skill of man could devise; and upon this idea he expended the riches of his poetic fancy and his conception of the ideal, until, when all was finished, even his fastidious taste was satisfied.

was satisfied. With all its ancient splendors newed, the palace was now ready occupation—not the least thing seer have been forgottenit occurred to Fabian that it would be proper a matron should preside over the establishment during Claudia's residence. Zilla was well enough at the villa on the Aventine; but here it would be a different thing, and the proprieties must be observed. Prolife resources as he generally was, on the resent occasion however he was lightly bewildered as to how the diffishould be met, and rushed off to find Nemesius, and explain the dilemma.

"I have already thought of that, my Fabian. Hast thou forgotten our re-lative, the Princess Vivia Caetani, who has seeluded herself from the world ever since she became a widow?" he asked, with his grave smile. Yes, yes; but I have heard such

travagant stories of her grief, I ought she had followed Cætani to the extravagant hought she had followed the charge ago. What of her?"
"I have written a letter, inviting her, for the sake of my child, and as a her, for the sake of my child, and as a her. I am in favor to me, to visit us; but I am in

oubt of her acceptance."
"Hast thou dispatched the letter, Nemesius?" asked Fabian, quickly.
"Not yet; I will send a messenger with it to morrow at day-dawn."
"Give it to me. I will go myself."

with it to morrow at day-dawn.

"Give it to me; I will go myself;
but where shall I find her?"

"Can it be possible thou hast forgotten the old gray villa on the Alban opes, and, towering high above it the nnacle of rock on which Juno stood to Hast thou forgotten dark Soracte looming in the distance, and the far-off white line where the sea beats along the Latian shore? We saw all that and ore when we were boys up there for a oliday, and used to spend the time which only goats could reach," said farewell Nemesius, his eyes brightening with parted.

the long-ago pleasant memories. "Yes, yes: I recollect perfectly, since thou hast recalled it. She was a since thou hast recalled it. She was a kind soul, though sharp about her grapes and melons, said Fabian, laughing. "But what a folly to bury one's self alive! If I am ever mad enough self alive! If I am ever man thousand to do so, may Apollo speed one of his swiftest arrows through my heart! I will take the letter, and if I have not forgotten the art of beguiling a woman's senses away by soft speeches and agree-like detroips, we shall have our Prinable flatteries, we shall have our Prin cess here without unnecessary delay."
"May the gods speed thy mission, my

Fabian, for it is one of love! Here is the letter. How soon wilt thou leave ! "Within the hour. Farewell!" plied Fabian, gayly, charmed by the sparkle of a new bubble in his experi-

Nothing could have been more suitable than the arrangement decided on, if the Princess Vivia could be prevailed upon to accept the invitation so cordially offered; for this noble lady, now past middle-age, was a widow of great wealth, who ever since the loss of her usband had lived in the deepest seclusion up there in her old gray villa on a slope of the Alban hills, with huge, towering rocks and forests above it; with orange and olive groves, vine yards and cornfields (in Europe wheat and other cereals are spoken o around it; and a vista across the Cam pagna to the sea, in front. Occupied with the cares of her little world, and keeping in order her peasants, who adored even while they feared her, the monotonous years had dragged on, shadowed by her grief, until there were

letter of Nemesius, she gently recalled to his mind the sad bereavement she had suffered, and her long seclusion; saying that she had grown old in her solitude, and forgotten the ways of the world, and that—as was to be expected every one had forgotten her. It may be imagined with what suave denials Fabian met her objections, and all the compliments, pleasant assurances, and earnest arguments he made use of to convince her of her mistake; and how at last, with ready tact, he invented so many charming things to prove she was under a delusion that she showed signs of giving up, and asked a night to con-

Her hesitation was, however, partly assumed, as he suspected; for just about the time of his visit she was weary almost to death of the monotony of her existence, and had been secretly pining to revisit Rome and take a peep pining to revisit Rome and take a peep—only a peep—at what was going on in the gay patrician circles of which she was once a conspicuous ornament. But she had been posing so long as a dispatch of the property and had alread here. consolate widow, and had closed her door so resolutely against the world, that she could not exactly see how she would be able to dismount gracefully from her pedestal, until this invitation, which certainly involved a family duty, offered the wished for opportunity.
"It would not do," she reasoned,

for the daughter of Nemesius, considering her blindness, to live in that great, rambling palace with only the servants; I should be blamed to permit it; therefore"—with a sigh—"I will sacrifice myself to the family dignity. Yes, I will leave the solitude which has been made sacred by my sighs and tears and sorrowful memories and where my bereaved heart has found a sad repose, to go and act a mother's part towards the unfortunate

child of my kinsman."
With the help of this salve to her self-love, and Fabian's silvery tongue, the disconsolate Princess dismounted her pedestal without in the least comchild of my kinsman. promising her dignity, taking credit to herself for a noble disinterestedness, while all the time she was subserving her own object. She talked it over with Fabian in the morning, and gave

him a letter to Nemesius, the substance of which was that, after mature consideration, she accepted his invitation. She required a week for her preparations; there were so many business affairs to be looked after, and things to be planned to prevent idleness and con-fusion during her absence, she informed Fabian that she could not possibly fix s now ready for st thing seemed on an earlier date; then they parted, on an earlier date; then they parted, and he went away, believing in her almost as much as she believed in her-

self.
"She is coming, Nemesius; here is her letter," said Fabian, as soon as they met at the old palace, where the former changed to be when the latter former chanced to be when the latter called to inquire where it was likely he should find him. He threw himself on a couch with his usual easy grace, and when Nemesius finished reading the missive, he said:

"Vivia is a discreet woman, and it is highly satisfactory to know that she is coming; but, if I am not mistaken, she will quite enjoy a nearer view of the pomps and splendors of life in Rome. However, one will be wise to take no notice; for she will prefer it to be beotice; for she will prefer it to be lieved that she has not lost sight of her sorrow, but is making a sacrifice of her self. That is the way I read it."

sorrow, but is maxing the saft. That is the way I read it."

"I leave her to thee, my Fabian; I am only a rough soldier, who does not understand all the delicate intricacies of the feminine character," said Nemesits, with a grave smile. "If she is good to my little daughter, I shall ask no more; meantime she must receive no more; meantime she must receive all honor as the head of my house and

our kinswoman."
"Yes, yes, by all means! I am willing to get up a private apotheosis of her defunct prince, if it will contribute to her happiness, and shall place my-self submissively at her disposal. Pour me a cup of that old coecuban wine, then I must be off to the Baths of Salperial palace to-night?"

perhal parace to-night?

"No," was the quiet answer; then said farewells were exchanged, and they

That evening, Fabian, faultlessly attired, his manner full of that irresistable charm which is too subtle to be exactly defined, appeared in the imperial circle. After making the customary obeisance to Valerian, who tossed few coarse words, which made men laugh and women blush-words to which Fabian returned so witty a rejoinder that he not only parried their coarseness, but made the tyrant roar with laughter—he slipped through the crowd of courtiers, and noble, richlyattired women, who were pressing around, and went in search of Laodice.

After passing through two of the imnense rooms, gayest and best of the patrician society, ne caught sight of her as he entered the third, and in time reached her, as cool and unruffled by the impedimenta which had opposed his progress as if he had just stepped from his dressing-room.

Laodice was, as usual, arrayed with plendor—in rich foreign silks broidered vith gold, and Syrian gauzes spangled with pearls—darkly, superbly ful; such a vision as Cleopatra must have presented to Cæsar, when, coming to conquer, he was vanquished by the wonderful charms of the "sorceress of She was surrounded by flatterers and adorers, but her eye lighted up with additional brilliancy when she saw Fabian, for she felt sure that now she should hear something of deep interest; nor was she deceived.

A glad greeting to the long-al she said, laughing; "when didst thou return to Rome? TO BE CONTINUED.

Peace Through Mary's Help. A remarkable circumstance connected with the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Inspecting the Trappist r Historiques, brussels, dated when the May 16, 1857, on the life and labors of the Rev. Theodore De Theux. The letter is little known, but furnishes an interesting chapter in the ecclesiastical history of the United States, especially to the Catholics of Cincinnati. Father De Smet says: "In 1844 Bishop John De Smet says: "In 1844 Bishop J B. Purcell of Cincinnatti found him frequently menaced, as well as the Catholies of his diocese, by tumultuous mobs composed of the enemies of the catholic faith. He asked counsel of the cages, and their occupants. Father De Theux. After some mo-ments of reflection the Father answered that he should obtain peace and securty in those difficult times if he would have recourse to the Pope, and would Purcell received the advice with respect, and the request was soon after made at Rome and crowned with suc-

A GODLESS CIVILIZATION-STRIK-ING. NON-CATHOLIC TESTI-MONY.

What doth it profit a nation that it What doth it profit a nation that it be rich and nursed in comforts and lux-ury, that trade be free, revenues large, that it have ships sailing over every sea and bringing home delicacies from every port, that merchant princes ac-cumulate large fortunes, if a whole people is eaten up with sins of usury, of fraud, of mad speculation; if adulteration of food is the rule, not the exception; if avarice has eaten into the very vitals of the population; if truth, goodness, and the beautiful are forgotten and sacrified to a mad greed for old? Such a nation may be rich and prosperous, and its people nay be sav-ing and thrifty, but in God's sight it presents one vast, hideous ulcer. This result has come about because the spirit of Christianity is dying out of

Let me quote the words of the non-Catholic Froude the historian. Protestant world has accepted a code of action from which morality has been banished, and the clergy have for the

most part sat silent and occupy themselves in carving and polishing into completeness their scheme of doctrinal salvation. They shrink from offending They shrink from offending the wealthy members of their congregation. They withdraw into the affairs of the other world and leave the ent world to the men of business and the devil. For the working pur-poses of life they have allowed the Gospel to be superseded by the new formulas of political economy. This o-called science is the most barefaced attempt that has ever yet been openly made on this earth human society without God cognition of the moral law. The e moral law. The clergy have allowed it to grow up, to take no session of the air, and colleges, to control the action of legislators, without even so much as opening their lips in remonstrance." Ruskin has contended for years against this same political economy and the commercialism bred of it, and characterized the clergy of the Established Church as an order of men who dined with the rich and preached to the poor. As the Catholic Church stands forth pre-eminently for the interests of the world, never allow material interests to overshadow the preaching the doctrine of Our Lord "What doth it profit a man if he gai the whole world, and suffer the lo his own soul." So ought she to speak forth boldly and unflinchingly ever the need demands upon and shortcomings of the present industrial system. This has Pope Lec XIII. done in his Encyclical on Labor -(Rev. T. Donnelly, S. J., Liverpool, Eng.)

A CONTRAST.

It was not in a great city, but on a sunny island, "a summer isle of Eden, which, by some tasteless ingenuity, had been made a penal settlement. mission was being conducted there Regulars from the city; and we had been invited over to hear the convicts confessions. It was pretty late we finished, and on our way to dinner we had to pass through the or sleeping apartments of the pris It was just 5 o'clock, and the summer sun was streaming across the lighting up the headlands all around and the deep hulls of the ships, and casting great long shadows of buildings, and masts, and wooded promontories across the darkening sea. All was sunshine and life, and sweetness without; all was darkness and desolation here. For we saw but strong cages, tier over tier, walls and partitions of corrugated iron, and a net of strong wire or iron in front of each wire or iron in front of each cage, through which alone the little air, and the little light from the outer hall penetrated. Each cell was eight feet by four, and each, even at that early hour, that sweet summer evening, had its human occupant. Some were in bed others sat drearily on the wretched wooden stool and stared like wild beasts at us. All were locked in. It was a human menagerie. I have often seen prisoners since then, even under worse prisoners since then, even under worse circumstances. But, somehow, those wire cages haunted my imagination. And then we stepped, free and unembarrassed, and honored by the very warders, who held in their hands the keys of these human cages. er sun was oppressive in its heat and light. A pleasure steamer, well filled with all the fashion and style of a great city, panted by. A band was playing. No one gave a thought to the entomb-ment of their fellow mortals just a few

Some evenings later, I, too, was locked in at a comparatively early hour in some such solemn twilight as It was at a Cistercian m The bells had ceased their inter tery. The bells had ceased their interminable tolling; the rumbling of the organ was husbed; the pattering of feet, where the pattering of feet is the pattering of feet. birds, as if respecting the Trappist rule, were silent. ing twilight at the white statues glim mering against the deep background of pines and laurels. If there be any spot on earth where there is peace, and rest, surely it is here. Some day, a tired world will demand monasticism as a luxury, or necessity. But that was not my thought as I sat there, and put my hand on some such work of Catholic philosophy. philosophy, as the Imitation, or Soliloquia of St Augustine. My thoughts swiftly reverted to the penal an enormous gulf separated one condi-tion from the other! There the one feeling uppermost was the degradation of humanity; here you experienced elevation. It was the nadir and zer encourage the other Bishops of the United States to follow his example, so as to ask the favor by adding, in the preface of the Mass, to the word 'conception' the prefix 'immaculate.' Bishop Purcell received the advice with remuch coarser and more meagre fare, work harder, keep perpetual sleep on harder couches, submit to greater humiliations. And yet, there is the whole width of the horizon of heaven between them. There you pitied, or compassionated; here you are reverent and envious. Despair seemed to hover over the prison; but it is the wings of angels that lift the fringes of the pines that sentinel the mountain

abbey. But there is something more curious even than this. I should not like to say that those poor, squalid prisoners would gladly exchange their lot with the monks. That is doubtful. But there can be no doubt that the monks, the monks. That is doubtful. But there can be no doubt that the monks, if called upon, would assume the garb and chains of the felon, and in the terrible transmutation experience only the greater joy.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, in The Dolphin.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

IGNORANCE IS A CURSE—"Know thyself is a good admonition. whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habitudes one's physical condition or moral habitudes it know how to ach when any disarrangement in know how to ach when any disarrangement in Science in the condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas Relectric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

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