The Two Wishers.

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Out in the street, this winter's day,
A brawny man is shovelling snow;
Steadily there he works away
With muscular arms and face aglow
Glad to earn a pittance for pay,
Shovelling off the snow.

Unto eyes that can only see
The tangible ontward, here is one
Who suffers the stings of poverty,
Who wearlly drudges from sun to sun,
Whose shackled hours are never free,
Whose work is never done.

For ragged he is, and scantilly clad,
And one would be willing to hazard the guess
That meat and bread are not to be had
By him and his in plenteousness;
For all his life he has shovelied through
The drifts of want and distress.

Yet a keener vision might detect Some priceless things which belong to him Muscles of iron, a form creet, An eye that is never glazed or dim, And the rich, hot blood of perfect health Coursing through limb and limb.

Now, across the street from the shoveller stands A stately mansion, built of stone, And there, in the window, with folded hands, A pale-faced man looks out alone— Looks out at the laborer over the way, At the snow his shovel has thrown,

At the snow his shover has thrown.
Exotic plants in the window bloom,
Shut in by cartains of finest lace,
And scattered about the spacious roo
Are all things which befit the place
A poor man might subsist a year
On the cost of that Sevres vase.

On the cost of that Sevres vase.

Resting a moment, the shoveller sees
The face in the window across the street,
And he thinks; "Could I live like that, at my case,
With nothing to do and pienty to cat,
With money and servants and all at command,
Then surely would life be sweet!"

And he wearlly sighs as he turns again
To the work unfinished that waits his hands:
But his sigh is echoed in sharper pain
By him who has called it forth, who stands
Watching the laborer, while he thinks;
"Houses and money and lands—

"All that I have of power or wealth—
I would freely give if I could but know
The rarer riches of strength and health;
Yes, all on the laborer there I'd bestow,
If I, like him, could go out in the street,
And shovel off the snow!"

FERNANDO.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

that he could give her no proof of his sincerity. Fernando became almost desperate, and poured out to her the story of his love and his repentance in a way which could not fail to touch the girl's heart. Finally, on his recovery, she gave him a conditional promise that she would marry him at the end of a certain time of projection, when she would see if he It was a beautiful evening on the Lagunes. The sun had sunk behind one of the small islands dot-ting the Adriatic, in a sea of purple and yellow and ting the Adriatic, in a sea of purple and yellow and gold. The fisherman were spreading and drying their nets on the shore, while their wives were sitting outside their doors, chatting and laughing and showing off the charms of their respective babies, had been faithful to his new and good resolution; and tying a small bag around his neck, she made him swear never to take it off, for her sake. This him swear never to take it off, for her sake. This was the only gleam of sunshine in Fernando's sad and checkered career. It was a pure and honest love, which, with the grace of God might have brought about his salvation. But, unhappily, he did not seek for that grace; his repentence and his good resolutions melted away as his health became protocols, he trusted in his own strength, and so and the older children built imaginary villages of sand and peopled them with shells. Suddenly a deep bell was heard, and instantly the voices were hushed, and all knelt and repeated the "Angelus" with the simple faith of the Italian race, whose evening would be incomplete without that touching tribute to Our Lady. But among the women was one who had sat apart sadly from the rest, and down whose furrowed cheeks a few tears were coursing when she rose from her knees and found herself suddenly facing a venerable priest, with silver hair, who had just come from the neighboring village. "What ails you, my good Caterina?" he asked, seeing the marks of distress on her face. "Is it the old sorrow always, or something fresh?" The and the older children built imaginary villages of asked, seeing the marks of distress on her face. "Is it the old sorrow always, or something fresh?" The woman bent forward to kiss his hand, and replied "The old geief is ever fresh, my father; and widows cannot forget. It is a weary long waiting for the meeting up there," she added, pointing to heaven. "But it was not that which made me cry just now. "But it was not that which made me cry just now. It was Fernando. Ah! people tried to console me when my husband died by telling me I had the children to comfort me. The children! It is they who make my cross intolerable to me. To be left alone to bring them up; to have no one to help me to guide them, or to consult with about them. speak to about their faults or their virtues—it is speak to about their faults or their virtues—it is which sometimes drives me to despa is all very well—she is a good child on the whole—but Fernando is always headstrong and wilful. I cannot manage him. He will not listen to me, but cannot manage him. He will not listen to me, but goes off for days together, I don't know where, and goes off for days together, I don't know where, and I fear with bad companions. Now he is gone again. I waited up half the night last night to let him in, but he never came, although he promised me he would return yesterday evening and bring me some things I wanted from the town. It was only an excuse to get away, and I am fairly broken-hearted about him." And the poor woman covered her face with her apron and began to sob bitterly.

The good old priest did his best to comfort her, and reminded her of the efficacy of a mother's prayers; but he knew well how great were the dif-

was pleased and flattered by her manner, and so began an intimacy which was destined to have the most fatal consequences. In spite of his genuine love for his allianced bride, the passionate nature of this bad woman worked upon all that was worst and lowest in himself, degrading him in his own eves, yet blinding him to the inevitable consequences. She became his avil grainer a size of degrading the state of the state and reminded her of the efficacy of a mother's prayers; but he knew well how great were the difficulties of the case. The boy was bright, handsome, and clever; he had learned quickly at school, and, as long as his father lived, had been checked and controlled and made to obey. But with the father's death this wholesome authority privated with for eyes, yet binding him to the inevitable consequences. She became his evil genius, a siren dragging him slowly but surely down to perdition. We need not enter into the sad story of passion and ambition on the one hand, leading to jealousy and fury on the other, and ending in the death this wholesome authority mingled with fear had ceased. He loved his mother, but she was too soft and gentle to influence so headstrong and re-bellious a character. He began to deceive her in a bellious a character. He began to deceive her in a thousand little ways in order to compass his own ends; he neglected his religious duties, and though compelled to go to Mass with her on Sundays, and outwardly to behave as usual, the priest, who, knew his heart, found him entirely changed. In vain he reasoned with him and represented to him the solemn charge his father had left him on his death bed to obey his mother and care, for her and his bed to obey his mother and care for her and his little sister. The boy was stubborn and sullen, and little sister. The boy was stubborn and sullen, and at last determined to run away from home and earn a living independently," as he said. "earn a living independently," as he said. But, like the prodigal son, after a week or two's absence he had repented of his folly. He had suffered a great deal in his vagabond life, and at last determined to come back to his mother and own his fault. Her joy was so great at his return that perhaps she did not make him feel sufficiently the full order of his in. She thought that he had not make him feel sufficiently the full order of his in. She thought that by showering extent of his sin. She thought that by showering love and tender offices on him his heart would be touched and that he would spare her a repetition of such conduct. But there was no earnest purpose of amendment or true repentance in the boy's heart. Very soon he got tired of the monotony and slight control of his home life, and the result was that, at the moment our story opens, he again deserted her, and ever after led a wild, unsatisfactory life, someand ever after led a wind, unsatisfied to give any times coming home, but always refusing to give any times coming home, but always refusing to give any count of himself or to confess how he spent the account of himself or to wonder that the poor account of times of to comess now he spent the intervening time. No wonder that the poor mother's heart was riven, and that the place where she knelt in the church was generally wet with her

At last affairs came to a crisis. Fernando had re At last alliars came to the form of temper than usual, and flatly refused to obey some trifling order his mother had given him. His words and manner mother had given him. roused even so gentle a nature as hers, and, speak ing to him for the first time with real sternness, she warned him "that if he continued in his wilful and disobedient career, indifferent to the bitter pain h disobedient career, indifferent to the outer pain he caused her, God would signally punish him, and that he would surely die on the scaffold." Her words startled him at the time, and he promised to words startled him at the time, and he promised to behave better. But the impression was a transitory one, and a few days later he again left her—this time for ever. The teachings of his childhood were forgotten, the whisperings of conscience and of his good angel were stifled; the devil entered into his heart and blinded him with visions of liberty and independence. independence. And God never permitted him to see his poor mother again on earth.

and he was safely landed at Southampton, and from thence sent to Winchester, where he was tried, and the evidence against him being overwhelming, he was finally condemned to death. We will pass lightly over the intervening years of the boy's life till he became a man. He was first engaged as a cabin-boy on board a merchant brig sailing from Trieste. Then, finding him clever and intelligent, the ship's carpenter took a fancy to him and taught him his trade, which he quickly learned, and soon was able to command higher wages. All

and soon was able to command higher wages. All this time, though growing in knowledge and stregth

he was far from growing in grace or in the love of God. Now and then he would turn in-

to a church and say an occasional prayer. But his companions were bad and jeered at anything like religion; so that he soon became ashamed of even so scanty a practice of his faith. After a year or Neopolitan vessel

so scanty a practice of his faith. After a year or two he was taken on board a Neopolitan vessel bound for South America. But the crew were Carbonari, socialists, and infidels, enlisted in a se-cret society to overthrow both the altar and the throne. Finding Fernando a likely subject, they quickly won him over by bribes and promises, and finally enrolled him as a member of their detestable sect and initiated him into overy species of injentity

finally enrolled him as a memoer of their sect, and initiated him into every species of iniquity. Unhappily, they found in him a ready pupil, and his gigantic strength made nim a formideble instrument when any deed of unusual daring and villainy was required. But low as he had fallen, and rapid

ment when any deed of finite was required. But low as he had fallen, and rapid as had been his descent from good to evil, yet God did not altogether forsake him or overlook his mother's prayers and tears on his behalf. He sent him a dangerous illness, and his heartless companions, finding him in consequence only a burden sailed away, leaving him to seek an

pantons, manighim in consequence only a burden upon them, sailed away, leaving him to seek an hospital, in a strange port of South America. The sufferings he there endured, the desertion of his wicked companions, and the kind and tender care he received from his nurses, awoke in his breast feelings of removes and companions for his reast

he received from his nurses, awoke in his breast feelings of remorse and compunction for his past life, and a wish to turn over a new leaf if God should once more spare him. The fear of eternal punishment and the recollection of the teachings of his childhood strengthened these good dispositions

his childhood strengthened these good dispositions in his heart, and an apparently trifling circumstance

in his heart, and an apparently trining circumstance helped to confirm them. Among the nurses was a young girl, the daughter of the matron, to whom he became deeply and passionately attached. She was good and pious, and a devout Catholic; so that be-

sured her he was a Catholic and born of Catholic

parents. But when she questioned him as to his mother and his home, and especially as to his reli-gious practices, she found he had nothing to say, and

ertain time of probation, when she would see if he

restored; he trusted in his own strength; and so the last state of that man was worst than the

No sooner was his health re-established than

No sooner was his health re-established than Fernando was anxious to be afloat again, partly to hasten the time of his probation, partly to earn more money wherewith to enable him to marry the pure, good child whose heart he had won. His skill in carpentering was well known, so that in a short time he obtained an excellent situation in an Italian ship bearing the English flag, in which he hoped to make only a short cruise, and then return

conceal, and only showed by increased kindness and attention to Fernando on the plea of his having lately recovered from a serious illness. Fernando was pleased and flattered by her manner, and so

a fearful crime. Suffice it to say that, under the impulse of a sudden and terrible temptation, Fer

nando mortally stabled the captain in his own

aimed, 'see what you have done!"
"Yes,' he replied sullenly, "I see; but you know

it is all through you."

Then the wretched woman appealed to him to do

her at least one last favor, and that was to light six

andles before a picture of Our Lady which hung in

eandles before a picture of Our Lady which hung in the cabin, and to promise her that when he came ashore he would have six Masses offered up for the repose of her soul. This he did and promised me-chanically, for, his furious passion being over, he was, as it were, stunned at his own acts. His miserable victim expired a few minutes later on the couch where he had laid her. It was then for the first time that he realized what he had done, and, without stamping to consider he instinctively opened

first time that he realized what he had done, and without stopping to consider, he instinctively opened the little bag which hung around his neck, and saw that it contained a scapular with an image of Our Lady. At the sight he was softened, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "My God! my God!

murder.

could give her no proof of his sincerity.

fore encouraging his addresses in any way wished to ascertain if he were of her faith. He

ne was finally condemned to death.

We must now leave the criminal for a short time, and give our readers the graphic description of his conversion from the pen of the holy Capuchin father who was God's instrument on this occasion.

"I had been but & short time in England and "I had been but & short time in England and spoke the language very imperfectly, when I was one day sent for by Dr. Grant, the late saintly bishop of Southwark, who, to my great astonishment, asked me if I would go down as soon as possible to Winchester jail, to attend an Italian youth who had been condemned to death, for three murders committed by him on the high seas. The bishop added that the unfortunate man, who was only eight-and-twenty, had refused the ministrations of more than one priest who had been sent to try of more than one priest who had been sent to try and influence him; that he (the bishop) had himself endeavored to get at him, but had failed in the attended to get at him, but had failed in the attended to get at him, but had failed in the attended to get at him, but had failed in the attended to get at him, but had failed in the attended to get at him, but had been sent to be a sent to try the sent to be a sent to try the sent to the sent to the sent to try the sent to tr tempt, the prisoner having declared that he would have nothing to say to any priest whatsoever. It had then come into the bishop's head that he would sand you are I being on Italian might ever. It had then come into the bishop's head that he would send me, as I, being an Italian, might probably have some effect upon him and possibly soften that hard heart. I pleaded my inability to speak English, and the difficulty I should have not only in finding my way to Winchester, but in explaining my wants and wishes to the prison authorities, who were not likely to be favorable to the poor monk's brown habit. But the bishop replied that as a son of St. Francis my duty was to obey, and bade me go in God's name, and no doubt that and bade me go in God's name, and no doubt that Our Lady would assist me, and that, through my means, this poor guilty soul might be saved from eternal damnation. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception: and so, trusting in Our Lady's all-powerful aid, I accepted the bishop's commission and started. I borrowed a dictionary at the monastery and studied it diligently during my journey down so that I might know what words to use on my first arrival and how to enquire my way to the

my first arrival and how to enquire my way to the jail. . . . I was very courteously received by the governor of the prison, to whom I announced myself and explained my mission. He insisted on my taking refreshment at his own table, and then conducted me himself to the cell of the condemned nan. He warned me not to approach too near im, for he was so very violent that it had been ound necessary te chain him, and no one dared go within his reach. When I entered the cell I underwithin his reach. When I entered the cen'l under-stood at once the meaning of the governor's warn-ing. The prisoner, in truth, looked more like a maniae; but remembering under whose protection I had placed myself, I went straight up to him and spoke to him lovingly, saying I was his fellow-coontryman and had come to see him. I requested the governor to leave me alone with him; and then,

taking his hand, I told him how grieved I was to see him chained like that, and that I would ask to have the manacles removed, so that we might sit down comfortably together like brothers, as we down comfortably together like brothers, as we truly were. He asked me 'if I should not be afraid of him.' I assured him I had no fear whatever : and at my earnest request the chains were removed, though the warders were evidently alarmed at my being left thus alone with him when his limbs were being left thus alone with him when his limbs were freed. I reassured them, and the moment we were left by ourselves the poor fellow fell at my feet and burst into tears. I knelt down and prayed with him, and consoled him in every way in my power; and he then and there poured out to me the whole history of his past life, as it has been partly related above, tracing back all his misfortune to his first act of rebellion as a boy, and to the pain and trouble he had given to his widowed mother. He said that her voice still rang in his ears when she had told short time he obtained an excellent situation in an Italian ship bearing the English flag, in which he hoped to make only a short cruise, and then return to claim his bride. They parted with much love on both sides, but with a growing anxiety on hers which their late intercourse had only strengthened. She could not satisfy herself that his heart was really changed, and dreaded his being again led away by evil companions. The result justified her fears but too well.

The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad absorator, but he took a great fancy to his new The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad
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The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad
The captain of the The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad character; but he took a great fancy to his new carpenter, and even admitted him on terms of equality to his table. He had on board a handsome Italian woman, who passed for his wife, but who Italian woman, who passed for his wife, but who was not so in reality. This woman had no sooner seen Fernando than she conceived for him a strong and guilty passion, which she at first endeavored to conceal, and only showed by increased kindness and attention to Fernando on the plea of his having attention to Fernando on the plea of his having the work of the Immaculate Conception!" Only a miracle of the Immaculate Conception!" Only a few months before two other Italian Carbonari had been executed for murder at Winehaster, without been executed for murder at Winehaster, without been executed for murder at whenaster, whilede haying consented to see a priest. The poor bishop, standing among the crowd, could only give them conditionel absolution when the drop fell; and he had always feared that Fernando's end would be as had always feared that Fernando's end would be as sad as theirs had been. When Dr. Grant heard of the wonderful change which the grace of God had wrought in this poor young fellow's heart, he gave me leave to celebrate mass in his cell. And there on a little temporary altar I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice, Fernando himself serving my Mass with the greatest devotion and reverence, frequent-Holy Sacrince, Fernando himself serving my Mass with the greatest devotion and reverence, frequently receiving his Lord in Holy Communion. The rest of the day we spent in prayer, saying the Rosery and the Stations of the Cross, or reading the Gospel narrative of the Passion of Our Lord or the lives of the saints. Thus we trank the greater the nando mortally stabbed the captain in his own cabin, and the woman shared the same fate. The mate, hearing the murderous cries, rushed in to the assistance of his master, and was killed also. The captain and the mate died instantaneously, but the woman lived long enough for her Neapolitan faith to revive, and, calling Fernando to her, she exclaimed, 'see what you have done!" Thus we spent the greater part of the saints. I became intensely in-

of the month of December. I became intensely in terested in and attached to him; and the warder and governor of the prison never ceased expressing their astonishment at the total change which had come over their once refractory prisoner. I would I could describe more minutely the strange events of his checkered life, and the interior conflicts he had gone through on several occasions before his last entire conversion. But up to the very end he dreaded lest I should reveal any circumstances con-nected with the wretched secret societies he had so unhappily joined, seeming always to fear the ven-geance of the Carbonari, so terrible is the terrorism

geance of the Carbonani, so continue their victims, lest their exercised by those men over their victims, lest their reference of those their over their victims, less their nfamous practices should be revealed! "Only a week before his execution I had a speci men of the influence these men still had over him.

I had said my first Mass, as usual, in his cell, and had gone to the church to celebrate the other two. Durgone to the church to celebrate the other two. During my absence three Italians of the worst possible sort, asked for, and obtained permission from the governor to see the prisoner. Of course he had not any idea who or what they were, and only thought Lady. At the sight he was softened, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! what have I done!" But the voice of grace was soon hushed in the tunult of fear and remorse which had taken possession of him. He realized also the excessive danger of his position, and his one idea was how to save himself. At last he made up his mind to take possession of the ship, and, effacing as far as possible the evidence of the struggle, and locking the cabin door, he quietly went ondeck, and, taking the helm, determined to alter the ship's course. But the sailors, who had liked their captain and suspected there had been foul play, would not obey him. Finally they rose against any idea who or what they were, and only thoch, they were friends and countrymen of Fernando's; and his conduct had been so exemplary since his conversion that every one was anxious to show him some kindness and sympathy. When I returned, some kindness and sympathy. When I returned, which I did the moment my Masses were over, I found, to my dismay, that Fernando was an altered man. He was no known to the latest the second to the seco man. He was no longer any humble penitent, anxious to do everything he could to atone for the past. There was again passion and vengeance in his eye. alked restlessly up and down his cell, eyeing me askance from time to time. I saluted him as entered, and said a few loving words to him on the entered, and said a few loving words to him on the feast; but he never answered, and looked sullenly down on the floor. I own that for the first time, I was frightened, but I determined not to show it. I said nothing more, but knelt down before our little alter with the picture of Our Lady of Dolors upon it, and began to pray, keeping an eye on him all the time. Suddenly he came up behind me and seized me by the back of the neck so as almost to captain and suspected there had been foul play, would not obey him. Finally they rose against him in a body and tried to seize him. Being a man of herculean strength, ten of his opponents lay at his feet in his struggle for liberty. At last he was overpowered by numbers and safely secured; after which the sailors ran the ship into the port of Montevideo, and delivered him over to the English authorities there on a charge of treble murder. From there he was sent to England on eized me by the back of the neck so as almost to seized me by the back of the neck so as almost to strangle me. I felt sure that the meant to murder me, and that my last hour had come. I made a fervant act of contrition, and called, as I thought for the last time on Mary, invoking her aid. She did not fail me; in another second Fernando had relaxed his hold and fell again sobbing and powerless at my feet. Grace had once more conquered. He knelt murder. From thence he was sent to England on board a man-of war, bound with chains. But in a fit of frenzy he burst his bonds and threw himself into the sea to put an end to his miserable life. He was rescued, but again and again attempted the same desperate act. God had, however, other and more mereiful designs as regarded this poor sinuer,

and implored me to forgive him for what he called his base ingratitude. He then confessed that the Lord."+—Catholic World. his base ingratitude. He then confessed that the three Italians who had been with him in my absence were members of this same secret society, and pre-tended that as I, an Italian priest, was attending him, all the evil secrets of their wretched lives would be revealed to the world; that the only way to save them would be for him to take my life.

They urged that it would make no difference to him; that he was, anyhow, to die on a scaffold, and that he could but die once; but that if he would only follow their advice and rid them of me, they would make the most desperate effort to release him, and that they thought they should succeed, even if they had to wait till he was on his way to the place of execution. All this poor Fernando poured out to me with many tears, ending by beseeching me to request the governor not to allow any one in future to be admitted to see him except myself. After this terrible internal struggle, he was, if pos-

sible, more contrite and more fervent than before. But the days passed on too quickly, and then the last night came. I dreaded lest the devil should make But the days passed on too futch, and make a final effort to gain the soul so lately snatched from his grasp, and so went again to the governor and besought him, as a very great favor, for leave to pass that last night with the prisoner. He said at first it was a thing that was never allowed; but I was so urgent that at last he said he could not refuse me. He likewise ordered a second bed to be placed in the sell so that I might, at any rate, have some me. He likewise ordered a second bed to be placed in the cell, so that I might, at any rate, have some rest during the night. But I had no inclination to lie down, and still less to sleep. Fernando wanted to watch with me; but I insisted on his making use of the bed prepared for me, and teld him to try and get some sleep, that he might be braver on the morrow. He obeyed me; and I sat with my Breviary town the control was referred to the might be braver on the morrow. in my hand, but my eyes fixed upon him, thanking God in my heart for the great grace of repentance he had vouchsafed to him, and with a yearning yet (as I well knew) fruitless desire that his life might I can never describe all I felt during be spared. be spared. I can never describe all I felt during those last hours. Soon after midnight Fernando suddenly started up in a paroxysm of despair. He screemed out in a loud voice that he saw the blood of the victims he had murdered before him; he dashed himself in a frenzy against the wall, tearing the bed-clothes from him and trying to destroy himthe bed-clothes from him and trying to destrey him-self. I took up my crucifix, and, putting my arms tenderly round him, began to preach of God's nercy and forgiveness, and, of the all-sufficient atonement offered for us all on the cross. God only knows what I said; I was almost beside myself with grief and compassion. But he designed to bless my poor words, and again his grace triumphed. Once more poor Fernando came back to himself penitent, strengthened, and consoled. But he would not lie down again, lest another frightful nightmare should down again, lest another frightful nightmare should come upon him. At two o'clock in the morning, for the last time, I celebrate the Holy Sacrifice in his cell, and he made his last communion with such

penitence and fervor as would have moved a heart stone. After it was over he asked me to sing ith him the 'Stabat Mater,' the hymn his mother had taught him as a child, and which he had never forgotten. I could hardly join in it, for my voice was choked with tears. Then he remained on his was choked with tears. Then he remained on knees in prayer, renewing his confession, his acts of contrition, and also of thanksgiving for the singular mercy God had shown him in calling him to repentance. So he went on till eight o'clock in the mornance. when I heard a knock at the door of the cell, and shuddered, for I knew but too well what it

meant. The governor, entering, said to me:

"'Mr. Pacificus, it is time.'

"'All right,' I answered: 'leave him to me.'

"And then I turned to Fernando, and told him

"To go where? he asked, as if bewildered.
"To Calvary,' I replied. 'Do not fear; I will go with you, and One mightier than I will be with

And then for the last time, we knelt togethe before the little altar, where the Holy Sacrifice had so lately been effered, and before the image of Our Lady of Sorrows which hung above it, and we said one more Hail Mary' to her whose loving aid had one more Hall Mary to ner whose loving and had wrough such marvels of grace; and then we rose and left together that cell, which had indeed become a sanctuary. The warders desisted from taking hold of him, when I assured them that he would be uite as a lamb; and he walked firmly, leaning on arm, to the place of execution. I wore my Franciscan habit, and we repeated together the litary in a lond voice as we walked along. When we had got a little way Fernando stopped me and begged that he might take off his shoes and his coat.

that ne might take off his shoes and his coat.

"1 have been a great sinner,' he said 'and I wish
to go to the scaffold as a numble penitent.'

"A little further on he stopped me again, and said
that when I went about preaching to others, I must
mention the example of his life, and warn all children to be duiful and abedient to their parents. mention the example of his file, and warn an emi-dren to be dutiful and obedient to their parents, and especially to their mothers, lest they should end as he had done. He added that ever since he had run away from his mother, and caused her such sorrow and anxiety, he had always felt miserable

and unhappy.

At last he quietly mounted the steps of the scaffold; I and the executioner being at his side. He embraced me, and then meekly submitted to have his embraced me, and then meekly submitted to have his execution. hands tied. But when the cap was put over his eyes he complained to me that he could not again see kiss the crucifix. I lifted the covering from mouth, and held the sacred image to his lips while he joined with me in fervent ejaculations, and im-plored the mercy of God to the last instant when

e was launched into eternity.
"It was an awful moment; even now, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot think of the terrible details without a thrill of horror. Fernando was in the full vigor of youth, and, as I have said, of enormous strength, and the consequence was that his death was very, very hard. It seemed to me an eternity before the doctor, with his finger on his pulse, pronounced that he was quite dead.
was a great crowd around the prison de was a great crowd around the prison doors and around the scaffold; but, contrary to what is usually the case on such occasions, their demeanor was quie and even respectful, and many were moved to tears. Two of the officers of the jail were so impressed by what they had seen that they came to me the following day, and asked to be put under instruction, and

The local Protestant papers, when describing the execution, all said that, "if ever there were a true penitent, it was Fernando, and if ever there were a priest worthy of his name it was the poor Francisan monk.

n monk."
"If you wish for more details," writes Father neificus, "I will try and give them to you; but I Pacificus, "I will try and give them to you; but I think the foregoing narative is correct in every particular. I have tried to read it over again, but I have never succeeded It brings me back to Winchester, to the cell, to the scaffold, to all those territories." ble moments. It makes me cry! I had become so fond of him, there was so much that was so grand and beautiful in his character; and I had loved him as a son, for many reasons, but especially because through the intercession of Mary, 1 had been per through the intercession of Mary, I had been permitted to deliver him from the hands of the devil and his instruments, the Carbonari, and to bring him back, as a loving and penitent child, to the feet of our dear Lord, who had suffered and died for him

on the cross."

We feel we can add little or nothing to this beau tiful narrative of the first missionary work in Eng-land of this holy and devoted Capuchin father. Many as may be the souls whom he has saved since Many as may be the souls whom he has saved since these events took place, we think that in the last day, when he will receive his reward, none will give him greater joy than that of this poor Itailan youth, whom his wonderful charity and courageous faith rescued from so terrible a condition, and brought,

AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST.

A. E. R. "IN LA SALLE ADVANCE."

Years ago, while traveling in France, the followng story was related by an engineer, who had been formerly in the French service:

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"I was travelling through Arragon," said he, "and that is a country full of brigands and evil-disposed people—it is my candid opinion that they have no people—it is my candid opinion that they have no good will for any one, more particularly for the French, whom they then (and perhaps now) hated cordially. But were I to begin to tell the reason, it would take too long a time, and so I shall pass it by; suffice it to say that they had then a deadly hatred towards us, and that any Frenchmen, who might towards us, and that any Frenchman who might appen to fall into their hands would have a pretty

Premising thus far, I will begin to adventure. Jpon this day I happened to have for a travelling companion a handsome young man of family and

Amidst these mountains, bordering on the Pyre-Amidst these modificans, bordering on the Tyrenees, the roads are very steep, almost precipitous.
It was with difficulty that our horses could move
forward or keep their feet. My comrade was ahead,
and a pathway which appeared to him shorter and
less difficult led us astray.

Well, that was my fault, as I ought not to have

sentrusted myself to a head of only twenty years. As long as it was day we sought to disentangle ourelves, and to find our way out of the woods, but the more we searched the more we lost ourselves. It was dark night 'ere we arrived at a house—whose outside appeared blacker than the night itself. We entered, not without suspicion, but what could we

There we found a whole family of colliers at the table, to which they cordially invited us the moment that we entered. My young friend did not wait to be asked the second time, and we both sat down to supper. There we were, eating and drink-ing—my friend at least, for as to myself I was ex-

anining the place, its contents and the counten-ances of our hosts.

Our entertainers had certainly the look of colliers; but as to the house, you would have taken it for an arsenal, for the walls were covered with guns, pistols, sabres, knives and cutlasses. Everything displeased me, and I must say that I seemed to be looked upon with displeasure. On the contrary, my comrade made himself at home. He laughed, joked and chatted with the whole family; and by an imprudent step, which he should have guarded against he told them from whence be came, and whither we were going; and that we were French. It may be easily imagined how I felt, here among our deadly enemies, alone, lost as wanderers, and so far from any human succor. And then, in order to omit arsenal, for the walls were covered with guns, pistols any human succor. And then, in order to omit nothing that would tend to destroy us, he spoke of his wealth; he made great promises to repay those people for their trouble and kindness, and if they people for their trouble and kindness, and it would be our guides upon the following day, to pay them whatsoever sum they asked. Finally, he spoke about his valise, beseeching them in strong terms to take good care of it; that they would place it unde his head, when he lay down—"he would not wish"

his head, when he lay down—he said, "to have any other pillow."
Oh, youth, youth! How your time of life is to be pitied! To hear him talk about that valise, a person would have supposed we were carrying away the diamonds of the crown. But what had he in it,

the diamonds of the crown. But what had he in it, which caused him so much care and solicitude? It containeds imply the letters of his lady love.

The supper over, and our conversation ended, the family left us. Our entertainers slept down stairs, but we were to sleep in a room over that which we had taken supper. This attic or left was about eight feet in height, to which an entrance was effected by means of a ladder, there was the bed upon ed by means of a ladder; there was the bed upon which we were to sleep, into which we could only introduce ourselves by crawling under the rafters, from which were hanging provisions, it seemed, as if for the whole year. My comrade crept in alone, if for the whole year. My comrade crept in alone, and, worn out with his day's fatigue, soon fell fast asleep, his head resting upon his precious valise. As to myself, I determined to keep awake; I had a pretty good fire, and I seated myself beside it.

sed away so quietly that The night had nearly pasnot a sound was to be heard but the occasional bark-ing of one of the house-dogs, or the noise of some night-bird fluttering through the woods; and now I ommenced to gain confidence that nothing would be wrong, when, just as I was thinking that the dawn of day could not be far off, I heard, in the room, of day could not be far off, I heard, in the Foom, beneath, our host and his wife talking, and, as it were, disputing; and placing my ear to the chimney which communicated with the one below, I perfectly distinguished these very words of the husband; feetly distinguished these very words of the husband:
"Well, now, let us consider; is it necessary for us to kill the two?" To which the woman answered, "Yes."
And I heard no more. What shall I say? I could scarcely breathe; my body became cold as marble.
Were any person to see me then, I scarcely know whether I could be pronounced alive or dead.
Good God! When I think of it even now!

Here we were two of ms almost without arms. Here we were, two of us, almost without arms, against ten or twelve others who had an arsenal And my comrade worn out and fatigued, dead with I dared not call him. I dared not make a sleep. I dared not can min. I dared not make a noise; and to escape alone, I would not. The window certainly was not very high, but underneath were two large bull-dogs, howling like wolves. . . . In what a state of suspense and horror I was, is not

easy to be imagined. At last, about a quarter of an hour having passed, which appeared to me to be very long, I heard some one at the foot of the ladder. Looking through a crevice in the door, I saw the father, a lamp in one hand, and in the other, one of his large knives. He mounted the ladder, his wife behind him and mymounted the ladder, his wife behind him and my self behind the door. The collier opened the door, but before entering he placed down the lamp, which his wife took up; then he entered the room in his bare feet; while she outside, shading the lamp with her hand so as not to give too much light, said to him in a low voice: "Quietly, go quietly." He placed the knife between his teeth, took up a large sten ladder with both hands, carried it to the head step ladder with both hands, carried it to the head of the bed, laid it down and mounted upon it. Stretched beneath him lay that poor young man, Stretched beneath him lay that poor young man, presenting his uncovered throat. The man takes the knife in one hand, and with the other—ah, reader!—he seized a ham which hung down from the ceiling, cut off a large slice and retired as he came. The door was closed, the lamp was taken away, and I remained to my own reflections.

As son as the day dawned the whole family.

soon as the day dawned the whole family, making a great noise, came to awaken us, as we had desired. We went down the ladder, washed our desired. We went down the ladder, washed our hands and faces in a basin of pure water, and sat down to the table, upon which was placed an excellent breakfast, with all the surroundings neat and clean. Two large fowls formed a part of the meal, one of which, as the hostess said, we were to eat, and the other we were to take with us for a lunch were to take with us for a lunch page.

seeing the two fowls, I began to understand the sense of those terrible words: "It is necessary for us to kill the two." And I believe the reader has a sufficiency of enetration to guess now what the words did actually

ignify. The Madras Catholic Directory for 1879 gives a total of 22 Bishops, Vica. - Apostolic, and 1,130 priests in India, Ceylor Eurma and Siam, exclusive of the elergy who, who amount to 660.