

Ancient Hymn to a Dying Christian.

[The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," assured at their waking at the Resurrection call.]

Sleep on, beloved! sleep and take thy rest!
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast!
We love the well, but Jesus loves thee best.

Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.

Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise.

Good-night!

Until, made beautiful by love divine,
Thou art the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine.

Good-night!

Only "Good-night," beloved, not fare well?
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible.

Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives His own;
Until we know, even as we are known.

Good-night!

S. H. Review.

La Grande Chartreuse.

Scenes at the Closing of One of the Most Famous of French Monasteries.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The excitement of the Catholics in France over the present expulsion of the religious orders, which has already resulted in riots in different parts of the country and in the resignation of several army officers—among them the distinguished Colonel of the Fourth Dragoons, Monsieur de Combertin—is particularly apparent here in Grenoble and the surrounding Dauphine region.

For a time it was supposed that the Carthusians of La Grande Chartreuse would not be included in the forced exodus of the "religieux" because of the financial benefits accruing to the country from their presence. When, however, Monsieur Combes sent forth the order expelling also the monks of La Grande Chartreuse the indignation was great in all Dauphine.

In Grenoble especially, these monks are highly regarded and beloved. Their liquor factory at Fourvois gave employment to a large number of workmen; they built and sustained a free hospital at St. Laurent-du-Pont, as well as an asylum for deaf mutes near the monastery. A large part of their immense revenue was given away yearly in charity.

The majority of the monks have already gone, taking with them their treasures, their library, their chronicles and the appliances for making their precious liquor. Only a handful of brethren remain to represent their order in that bleak monastery high up in the mountains of the Massif de la Chartreuse, where since 1089 Carthusian monks have lived, prayed and died. It is true this handful has been carefully selected, and only able-bodied men, recognized and of cool judgment were allowed to remain to hold the monastery against the Government. They have barricaded the doors, no one is given exit or entrance; they are provisioned for three months, and it is their avowed intention to compel the Government to forcibly eject them, and by so doing, said Father Clovis, "violate in our persons the rights of citizens."

As the expulsion was expected to take place on the night of the 29th, a small party of Americans, myself among the number, determined to visit without delay the famous monastery before its extinction.

It is not the time of year the average tourist selects for a visit to La Grande Chartreuse. The snow lies too deep yet on the mountains, the road is not without its dangerous places, and the air is far too cold for comfort. Nor are the "volatures de service" running, and those who contemplate an excursion must either walk or engage a private carriage.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April we accordingly started for the monastery.

SCENES ON THE WAY TO THE MONASTERY.

We were accompanied by Madame la Comtesse G., whose husband, an ardent Catholic, is among the vast number arranging a "manifestation" when the moment of expulsion comes.

We drove past the little village of Correncon, along the ledge of the "Col de Vanoz," where we commanded a magnificent view of the valley Grailivaudan, watered by the winding Isere, and the more distant lying Drac. The white houses of that

"ocquette ville" Grenoble glistened gayly below, unawed by the grim, gray walls of Fort Rabaut above it. On our right towered Mount Saint Eynard, its bleak fort isolated in the clouds.

The snow became less deep as we descended into the valley of Saint Hugues, where small hamlets snuggled cozily on the side of protecting mountains. But, if we left a rain-storm above us, we found a driving rain-storm awaiting us. We arrived at Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse wet and cold and hungry. We halted at the small hotel for luncheon. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the inn, and indeed in the usually quiet little village as well.

From the direction of the convent came a succession of women and children, trudging along in the pouring rain, carefully balancing under their arms cheap-framed pictures of saints, of the Virgin, of the infant Christ—the farewell gifts of the Chartreuse monks. But a longer procession passed them, ascending the steep mountain road to the convent, a procession composed of peasants, some white-haired, the backs bent with age, others in the full vigor of manly strength, and still others not out of their boyhood days. Not for monkly gifts were these peasants going—they left that to their womenkind—but to join the army of campers outside the convent walls.

My attention was, however, particularly attracted to a quiet, elderly man, military in appearance, and possessing a fine air of distinction. He was keenly alive to all that took place in the dining room and watched sharply each new arrival. Once his stern features relaxed and I saw him smile kindly upon a tall young man who entered. Madame G. whispered to me, indicating the new arrival: "That is Monsieur Ponset, the 'avocat' of the Chartreuse Brothers." This young lawyer has for many days past remained behind the convent walls with the monks, advising them, directing them in every step they take in resisting the government's action against their order.

Later, during luncheon, Madame G. learned that our military-looking neighbor was Count P. de C., with whom her husband was well acquainted. She promptly made herself known to him, at the same time introducing us. We had a most interesting conversation with him. For eight days he had been in camp beyond the walls of the monastery. He came up on the first morning that gendarmes were to be sent to expel the monks, and such was his haste that he stopped for nothing, not even for a change of clothing. He was in a white hunting costume, very much soiled as to color from his long exposure in the mountains. He intended, he added, to remain to defend the monks if any violence was offered them. We heard him give an order to send forthwith all the necessary ingredients for a punch to the camp about the convent. He turned to us with a smile and said we must not suppose him capable of consuming that amount of liquor; that he intended it for his men in camp, who had slept for nights in cold and wet, without covering of any kind. It was almost two o'clock in the afternoon when we again stepped out in the pouring rain and into our carriage. The Count had preceded us, his picturesque figure enveloped in a long black cape and a "beret" (a species of Tam-o-Shanter) covering his gray locks.

THE MONASTERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

Three-quarters of an hour later we reached La Grande Chartreuse. Behind the great stone inclosure of the convent no sign of life was apparent. The heavy wooden doors were locked and barred; the "avocats" alone can gain admittance there. But beyond the walls a curious scene of animation reigned. In all the little sheds and outhouses of the monastery bonfires blazed, around them peasants were drying and warming themselves, while on some fresh-laid straw nearby tired watchers slept. One young fellow stepped up to us as we entered a shed and invited us to share the welcome warmth of their fire. He pulled a large log near the blaze; at the same time apologizing that he could not offer us more comfortable seats.

When it was war-time," he said, "one cannot have many conveniences."

"Ah! it was war, then?" I asked. "I hope so," he replied, significantly.

"There are not many of you," I continued tentatively, at the same time throwing a comprehensive glance at the figures about the fires.

"The others are in the forest—everywhere" (par-tout), he answered.

CONTINUE

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quietly, casting another stick into the blaze.

Just then the Count came up to us, in his hands some small "objets de piete," which he presented to us, saying he had begged them from the monks as souvenirs for four ladies of his acquaintance.

A CONVERSATION WITH ONE OF THE FATHERS.

We were very desirous of a conversation with one of the fathers, and asked the Count if he could not persuade one of them to talk with us through the small grating in the gates. He promised to lend us his influence to obtain our wish.

We accompanied him to the great wooden gates, before which stood a crowd of men who had also come up from Saint Pierre to interview the monks. They had wrung the big bell knocked vigorously on the doors, and made, in fact, every effort to obtain some response. But no sign came from the inclosure that they were heard. The count pulled the bell gently, then stepped up to the small wooden slide in the gate and called softly:

"Frere, frere, c'est moi."

Instantly the slide was withdrawn, and through the grating a cowed head was just visible. The Count explained our desire to have a conversation with one of the fathers, and added, "as well as a benediction."

The brother said he would inquire, and before long he returned with the reply that if we could wait until 4 o'clock our petition would be granted.

Unfortunately we could not wait. As we turned to leave, I noticed for the first time, suspended from a tree, an unfurled flag of France draped with long streamers of black crepe; beside it floated the red flag of the convent, the "Bleeding Heart" in the centre.

"Who did that?" I inquired of our new friend, and pointing to the black draped flag.

"We did, France is in mourning," he made answer.

He then saluted us gravely and disappeared.

As we made our wet descent to Saint Laurent-du-Pont, we passed the still undeciding stream of peasants mounting to La Chartreuse. They were all unarmed, save for great mountain sticks, but a certain unsmiling mood seemed upon them which argued ill for the gendarmes when they should appear.

April 29th—Since the visit, the monks have been ejected, but not by the gendarmes alone. The Government, cognizant of the presence of those watchful campers in the woods, took the precaution to send two troops of cavalry and a battalion of infantry with the police. Against these well armed soldiery resistance was more than futile.

What would even a thousand unarmed men—peasants or counts—do against such a force?

They could only indignantly protest as the gendarmes, guarded by the sternly silent military force—for the soldiers, whether Catholics or Protestants, like all these recent ducs—battered down the venerable doors and led out one by one their beloved recluses from the chapel, where they were found kneeling in prayer.

But three of the officers—two captains and a lieutenant—who accompanied them men to La Grande Chartreuse, after obeying their orders they had received, sent in their resignation, with the statement that they entered the army to defend the country, and not to eject monks and nuns from convents.

Cardinal Newman wrote of the orders in the so-called Church of England, in 1868, long before the Pope's encyclical on that subject was thought of: "As to my views of Anglican orders I cannot conceive that they are valid—but I could not swear that they are not. I should be most uncommonly surprised if they were. It would require the Pope's ex cathedra to convince me. I would not believe in them if you (he is writing to Father Coleridge, S. J.) or a hundred Fathers of the Society guaranteed their validity, though, of course, it would be a remarkable feat; but nothing but the Church's action on it would convince me. I do not think that the Church will ever act upon it. And for this reason, that, putting them at the best advantage, they are doubtful, and the Church ever goes by what is safe." Now that the Holy See has acted on them and pronounced them apostolic, who will dare maintain that they are valid?—Catholic Columbian.

On June 12 the Mexican Government deposited to the credit of the U. S. Ambassador, Powell Clayton, \$1,440,662 on account of the "Pious Fund" award made in September last by the Hague tribunal in its first arbitration case. The claim arose through the failure of the Mexican Government to pay to the Archbishop of San Francisco interest on lands belonging to the Jesuits, for which the Mexican Government acted as trustee. The claim was submitted to the Mexican Claims Commission in 1877 and judgement given in favor of the Church for about \$1,000,000. The Mexican Government held that payment was withheld because the claim, but the State Department held that the interest began again from the date of the award. Personal representations by the Archbishop of San Francisco and other dignitaries of the Catholic Church caused the department to press the matter, with the result stated. This promptness on the part of the Mexican Government in meeting its obligations has broken all records in arbitrations. The money will be remitted to Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, the titular claimant.—Exchange.



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If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill to-night, before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

Teacher.—What comes after "t," Ruth?

Ruth.—The fellow what's going to marry my sister Jane.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

If there is a cavity in your aching tooth, plug it with a piece of Dr. Low's Toothache Gum. It will stop the ache promptly, and act as a temporary filling. Price 10c.

Father.—William, what are you doing with bird book?

William.—I'm looking for a picture of a round robin.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Bicyclists and athletes generally will find Hagar's Yellow Oil the most effective remedy for limbering up stiff joints and sore muscles. The best thing for cuts or wounds of any kind. Price 25c.

Tom.—I say, Jack, what reason have you for wearing an automobile cap? You never ride in an automobile.

Jack.—Oh, I suppose the reason is similar to the one you have for carrying a pocketbook.

Baddeck, June 11, 1897.

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Mandy Hayseed.—Well, what on it, Si?

Miller.—Don't them fools down stairs 'know when you ring fer it onest 't'her 'ere want it?

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingercake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed, guiltily.

"O Johnny," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't—well," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."

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