

A TYPICAL TERTIARY.

(From The Rosary Magazine.)

Born in the palace of one of the most illustrious kings of the fourteenth century, daughter of Edward III, King of England, the victor of Crecy, sister of the terrible Black Prince, grand-niece by her grandmother, Isabelle, of the three Kings of France, Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IX., nevertheless Euphemia died a humble servant in a Dominican convent of Germany.

From her childhood she had given, at the court of the King, her father, an example of every virtue. Her most earnest desire was to live for God, the only object of her love. Early she was asked to marry the most powerful prince of her time. But she had in her heart such a high ambition that no human union, the noblest to be dreamed of, could satisfy her. She had resolved to accept no other spouse but the Son of the Great King, the only one whose love elevates and ennobles the souls, the only one who never wanes and never passes away, and to this invisible bridegroom she had vowed her virginity.

The aversion which Euphemia manifested for earthly marriage was not according to her father's taste. Edward had resolved to give his daughter to the Duke of Gueldre, an ally whose help was greatly necessary to him to continue the war—the war of one hundred years—which he had just begun against the King of France. Pressed to consent to this union, the young princess besought her Divine Spouse to make her know the means that she had to use in order to keep for Him her sworn fidelity.

It is chiefly in face of the extraordinary facts of which the lives of the saints are full—facts sometimes unreasonable if one judges them only with the light of reason—that it becomes us to repeat the words of the sacred writer: "How incomprehensible are thy judgments, O Lord, and inscrutable thy ways!"

Constrained to give her consent to the proposition made to her, Euphemia asks three days of reflection and retires to the apartments which were assigned her, requesting the ladies of the court not to trespass under any pretext on her solitude, in which she was pleased to enclose herself. The order was respected.

Guided by the spirit of God, the young girl renewed in a certain manner the story of Saint Alexius. She availed herself of the isolation in which she found herself to dress in a borrowed habit—a habit of a poor woman—and left secretly her father's palace. Afterwards, without losing time, she directed her steps towards the sea, and took passage on a vessel which was just sailing for the Netherlands. Arrived there, she went on foot, begging her bread, to the city of Cologne.

Great was the astonishment of the city of London, and especially at the court of England, when the disappearance of the august princess was known. A battle lost by the English armies on the Continent would not have caused more anxiety. Messengers were sent by Edward to the different counties of the Kingdom as well as to Flanders, to France and to Germany, to try to discover the fugitive.

On a certain day that the messengers who were seeking the young princess in the towns of Germany, were in Cologne, they witnessed a strange spectacle. On a square of the town a scaffold was erected, and on this scaffold, tied to a pole of infamy, was a young girl presented as a thief to the outrages of an exasperated crowd. Rumor said that in a hospital of the city, in which she had volunteered herself to nurse the sick, under pretext of charity, she had stolen the clothes of one of her companions.

Puzzled, the English messengers came nearer to the pillory and were seized with astonishment, in the victim of the hue and cry of the people they recognize their Sovereign's daughter! But it is not an assurance of her identity which enters their minds, but a serious doubt—a question, so perfect in the resemblance between the unfortunate young lady who is before them and the princess whom they desire so ardently to restore to their King. They go to the magistrates, they reveal to them the real aim of their presence in Cologne, and ask them the favor of seeing the condemned woman.

Their request is granted. Euphemia, because it is really the daughter of the King of England, who, unjustly accused of theft by a wicked woman, in the hospital where, by true charity, she had dedicated herself to the

care of the sick, underwent the ignominious pain just mentioned—Euphemia from the scaffold had recognized the messengers sent by her father. Being brought before them, she brought the spirit of God to guide her in circumventing the designs of the noble messengers who had charge of taking her back to her father. Requested to reveal who she was, she answered in a flippant tone, quite strange to her education and birth, and as one joking: "Very nice of you, indeed, gentlemen, to mind me. You ask me who is my father. My father has been hanged. I had twelve brothers. Eleven of them suffered a violent death and the twelfth hanged himself. I am alone here of my family. You see by the spectacle at which you have just assisted on the public square, that I am a chip of the old block, and the best you have to do is not to trouble yourself about me."

The effrontery and apparent cynicism of this answer disconcerted and baffled the English lords. They thought they were the plaything of an illusion. Understanding not the true meaning of the young lady's answer, she had called Jesus Christ her father, and the twelve apostles her brothers,—they dismissed with abuse the servant of God leading her with contempt.

It was exactly that for which the young virgin was seeking. She had chosen for her portion, her inheritance, her treasure, the cross of her Spouse. She had just relished its bitter delight, and she firmly expected that this beloved cross would not be taken away from her.

In order the better to secure its possession and more surely to escape the researches of which she was the object, the servant of God left Cologne and went up the Rhine as far as Pfortzheim, in the Margraviate of Bade. There was a monastery of Dominican nuns, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God and to St. Magdalen. It is at the door of this monastery that the saint came to knock, asking for work and for shelter. Moved by compassion at the sight of the strange young woman's destitution, and won over by the grace and charm of her manners, the Prioress of the convent, Luvgarde who had been Countess of Asperg, admitted her as a laundress and gave her as shelter a small house outside the enclosure.

It is in this humble hut that, hidden from all, unknown, earning her bread by the sweat of her brow, reduced to a servile condition, Euphemia led for many years, under the name of Gertrude of Cologne, an existence, contemptible to the eyes of the world, but eminently great before God. Devoted to her work, simple and docile as a child, she lived unceasingly united with God, keeping piously in her heart the secret of the King, letting appear nothing exteriorly of the wonderful gifts and supernatural graces with which God was pleased to favor her.

Thus was passing in silence, in obscurity, and the practice of the highest virtues, this life commenced amidst luxury and the pomp of a palace, and nothing would have betrayed the mystery of so much hidden greatness if God Himself had not been pleased to raise a corner of the veil under which His faithful servant sheltered her humility.

In that time lived, in a country beyond the sea, a pious hermit, who served God with his whole heart. On a certain day, however, in that joyous and bright heart of the saint, a cloud and a doubt had found their way. Looking at himself as grace had made him, the hermit felt: a thought of vain glory and a strong temptation of pride lurking about his soul under the form of a point of temptation of pride lurking about his distaste. "Was it probable that in the world God had a better servant than himself?" This question Our Lord Himself undertook to answer. Appearing to His servant who resisted the evil spirit indeed, but all too weakly: "Go," He said, "cross the sea, and seek in Souabe a soul dearer than thee to my heart; by a sign I will make her known to thee."

Obedient the Divine Voice, the hermit undertook the journey; then Providence doing the rest, led him to Pfortzheim. When going to beg at the monastery of the Dominican nuns the servant of God saw a poor woman who was washing the clothes of the community in a brook. Between these two souls who had never beheld each other existed a link formed by God Himself. A mysterious current drew them towards each other. In the material world such currents ex-

ist, how much more in the spiritual world fully impregnated with grace! Besides, God had kept his word and gave the promised sign. The solitary had seen the humble woman surrounded by a dazzling light and her brow crowned with an aureola. A pious conversation takes place between these two souls. They speak to each other of their common friend of Jesus, the great Lover and defender of souls. They narrate to each other His mercies and His favors and separate basking more than ever with the fire of exuberant charity.

The hermit had received a lesson, which forever would cover him from all temptations of self-love; he had found a soul more elevated than his own. Unfortunately he could not keep the secret of his discovery, and before leaving the convent where he had found an hospitality of a few hours, he revealed to the Sisters the treasure of sanctity they possessed.

From that moment the community knew no rest until it had withdrawn the humble servant from her work and her hut to introduce her in the closure and enjoy the edification of such a holy life.

It was not according to the taste of the humble virgin. She had left her country and her parents to live unknown and despised. She was resolved to hold to this choice which she had made maturely in the flower of her youth. Therefore, seeking her preceding life, she left the monastery and was absent for two years.

But she cherished this monastery and this small house in which she had for so many years found shelter. Besides, God's will was that she should be there; He made her understand so an Euphemia came back to Pfortzheim, to the great joy of the community. Only then did the blessed accept an honor of which she did not judge herself worthy, the honor of entering the Dominican family by profession in the third Order. Unfathomable depths that humility creates in the souls of the saints!

God never allows His friends to surpass Him in generosity. He has an eternity in which to exalt them, to crown them with glory and honor, to make them enter into His power; but, generally, He does not wait to friends until death gives them a lost splendor to their virtues. God's justice seems to move Him if not to reveal, at least to let the world catch a glimpse of the heroic sacrifices that His beloved daughter had made for Him.

Euphemia had resumed her unpleasant task of laundress. She had exalted it; however, she did not live since her return to the convent in so complete a seclusion as before. On a certain evening, overcome by fatigue and cold, after her hard day's work, was over, she was warming her poor, shivering limbs near the stove of the infirmary when she heard a choir sister comment a narrative which from the first words called vividly her attention. It was about the seemingly endless war between England and France. According to the Sister, very serious news had just been received. The English had met with a real disaster, and the son of Edward III had been badly wounded. On hearing these words, Euphemia could not stifle the voice of blood. For an instant nature spoke louder than grace, and a cry of anguish escaped from her which betrayed her. Her people were vanquished, her brother perhaps dead! It was too much. The emotion by which the penitent was overpowered was such that all the Sisters perceived it. The veil which till then had concealed this holy life to profane eyes had just been partially rent.

No doubt the mystery was not as yet completely unveiled, nor the secret made public; but it was only a question of time—and of "Savoir-faire." This "Savoir-faire" a sister had it abundantly and more. She harrowed and worried the poor servant with her queries and at last obtained all the truth, under the promise of a secret. The secret, justice is due to her, was religiously kept until the death of the saint, only then did the monastery come to know fully the edifying facts we have just related.

Besides, the hard and laborious life of Edward III's daughter was nearing its end. Euphemia slept holily in the Lord in February, 1367. Her mortal remains were buried with royal pomp in the church of the convent, and innumerable extraordinary graces were soon obtained at her sepulchre.

Though the Lord was pleased to manifest by miracles the glory of his servant, Euphemia has not as yet received the honors of public veneration. Historians call her commonly blessed, and Klauber has placed her portrait amongst those of the saints and blessed of the Dominican family. In this picture the saintly one, dressed in the habit of her Order, is represented trampling under her feet the attributes of royalty, and with

her finger directed to heaven she indicates that her hopes and her love is there above. From heaven the saints encourage the generous athlete. Christ, full of wounds, humiliated, unrecognizable, as Pilate showed Him to the crowd of Jews, saying "Ecce homo," is a living model to His Spouse, and at the bottom of the picture, in the background, the two principle scenes of the life of the saint are represented, the meeting with the hermit and the ignominious scene of the pillory.

CATHOLICS ARE BUILDING EVERYWHERE.

The rector of St. Michael's, West Derby-road, Liverpool (Rev. Father Flynn) in asking his congregation at the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday, July 12th, to join fervently in prayers for the conversion of England, gave them some practical advice, evidently in view of the Orange demonstrations in connection with the celebration of the Orange anniversary, July 12. The spirit of the Catholic religion was, he said, the spirit of charity, and they must observe it under all circumstances. Unhappily amongst certain classes of Protestants there were those who felt towards them anything but Christian sentiments, who were animated by feelings of ill will. An instance, he might mention that when St. Michael's Presbytery was in course of erection one of two ladies who saw it from a tram car said, he was told, "Those Catholics are building everywhere, they ought to be stopped."

If such feelings were displayed towards them, they must not forget that it was their duty not to return hatred for hatred, but on the contrary to meet hostility by the exercise of patience and charity, especially by prayer. He did not say that if violence were attempted against them the one hundred and sixty thousand Catholics of Liverpool would not be able to protect themselves in case of necessity, but, as he had said, the spirit of the Catholic religion was one which enjoined self-restraint and brotherly love. There were some thirty Catholic churches in Liverpool, and if throughout the year they were frequented by Protestants, those Protestants would find that the Catholic preachers never used language calculated to stir up animosity towards Protestants or anything but good will and friendliness. Now, in respect to the new Protestant Cathedral which the King was coming to Liverpool to open, their feelings were by no means grudging or unfriendly. They felt, in truth, that there was a certain appropriateness in the King laying the foundation stone of a cathedral belonging to a church which was founded by another King, Henry VIII., of whom the Spanish Ambassador at the time wrote that he was determined to be Pope in England. Seeing the position the King held with regard to the Church of England, it was very fitting that he should perform this act.

So far as the majority of Protestants was concerned, it was true to say that there had been a great improvement in the matter of toleration and regard for Catholics. Those who were advanced in life could remember how great was the change that had taken place. The Catholics of Liverpool alone had now some thirty-six thousand children in their schools and their power in the city was recognized. Various causes were assigned for the change, which had come to pass. It was no doubt due in a considerable measure to the fidelity of the Catholics themselves in the practice of their religion. By some it was attributed to the indifference of the general population respecting religion of any kind: For his part, he believed it was largely the fruit of prayer, and particularly of the Apostolate of Prayer instituted by the late Father Ignatius Spencer. Father Spencer (an uncle of Earl Spencer who was about to visit Liverpool for the purpose of unveiling the Gladstone statue) was consumed by the desire to see his countrymen professing once more to the faith of their forefathers, and his one request wherever he travelled was for prayers for the conversion of England. It would certainly seem as if the prayers had been answered, for the great change of which he had spoken had taken place since Father Spencer's day.—Catholic Times.

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On "Cold Water."

Very often the heading that I select for my contribution has little to do with the body thereof, but in this case I put "cold water" between quotation marks to indicate that I use the term in a figurative sense. Not that cold water would be a very commonplace subject, but because to treat of the actual use, and even the abuse of cold water would require as many volumes as Bancroft's History. You could write about drinking cold water, washing in cold water, putting out fires, and even reducing whiskey or milk with cold water. But all that would only lead you to the portico of the subject. Just imagine a person writing all about rain, river water, well water, spring water, stagnant water, sea water, congealed water, frozen water in the form of snow-flakes or ice, and the influence of water on the soil, the plants, the atmosphere, the animal creation, and its utility as a mode of transportation. In fact you could branch out into ten thousand paths all converging to the one subject—the great literary pond of cold water. It is, therefore, in another sense that I wish to deal with this element:

"THROWING COLD WATER."—There is no phase more in use in our day than that of "throwing cold water"; and it is thus frequently used because the practice is so general. There are persons who are adepts at that work. They can gauge to a nicety the exact moment when to throw the cold water, and have an aim that would rival the precision of an artilleryman. They seem to know to what exact degree of enthusiasm a person must be allowed to rise before throwing a douché of cold water on him; they can determine at what stage of the general pleasure they must act in order to spoil most completely the enjoyment of the greater number. They take a malign satisfaction in thus drenching those whose pleasure or happiness they seem to envy. I have met with some, on my rounds, who would seem to have reduced this cold water throwing to a science. I have no intention of filling up space this week with examples, although I could give scores of them—and some very laughable. In fact I do not deem it necessary, for I believe that my readers have each and all had similar experiences in life, and have felt the shivers that crawl over one under a dose of this kind of cold water.

"THE CRANK THROWER."—There are some people who, either on account of a lack of good breeding, or an over-powering desire to appear

smart, or through thoughtlessness, have the bad luck of always making some fearfully untimely remarks. They do not perceive it, in all its effects, and they not infrequently wonder why their absence is preferred to their company. Such people are to be pitied, for they make life miserable for themselves and for others. But there are those who are cranks by nature. It is born in them too ugly; they cannot help being nasty; they must contradict, belittle, sneer, and insult. It is not always their fault, at first; but after a time they gain a certain unenviable reputation, and they feel in honor bound to keep it up. And to do so they must practise cold water throwing. And by dint of practice they really become experts in the detestable habit.

OFTEN STUPIDITY.—As a rule we find those who are the most effective in their cold water throwing persons of rare stupidity, if not of ignorance. One of them is in the midst of a pleasant reunion of friends. Some one is telling an interesting story, reciting a poem, or doing something else that is a source of enjoyment to all present. Suddenly an individual who is either too thick or too unappreciative, fires off a personal remark; and behold, the entire fabric of social enjoyment goes down like a child's house of cards at a gust of wind. On another occasion some friends are planning an excursion, or a party, or some other means of innocent pleasure; they are all enthusiastic over it, when this cold, bitter, sour creature comes along with some suggestion that takes all the life and animation out of the others, destroys the whole prospect, and leaves each one as if he had been plunged suddenly into an ice-water bath. I cannot say whether or not these people reap any personal enjoyment or comfort from the misery and discomfort of others; but if they do, I for one, do not envy them their pleasure. In all likelihood they do not derive any benefit, and quite possibly they feel pangs afterwards—for the very cold that permeates the atmosphere the moment one of them enters a room should be a sufficient punishment. But we must also conclude that their actions indicate absolute lack of all sensibility, consequently if would be presumptuous to say that they experience any punishment. It is a pity that they cannot be made to feel keenly that which they have made others feel. In fact I cannot think of a better advice to all young people than to beg of them never to practice "cold water throwing"—unless they want to chill all the joy out of their own lives.

FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Sunday, July 31st, the Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, is one that ranks very high in the commemorations of the Church. Not alone because of the wonderful life of the Saint, but also on account of the work he performed on earth and the perpetuation of his mighty organization throughout the succeeding centuries. The stricken soldier of Pampaluna hung up his sword in the temple and dedicated the remainder of his earthly career to the cause of Christ and of Christ's Church. No body of men has ever been more misunderstood, misrepresented and persecuted than the followers of St. Ignatius, yet no body of men has ever displayed more true heroism and devotedness to the cause of God and of humanity than the members of the same Society.

It has been a matter of astonishment to the world how they should have been always singled out for the attacks of the enemies of religion; how in all lands they should be destined to meet with unfair, and often cruel, opposition; how the tongue of slander should be eternally directed against them; and the whip of calumny should constantly lash them. Yet, in this very dispensation, have we the very best evidence of the saintly character of their founder. The clearest sign of God's favor is

the granting, by Him, of the prayers of His faithful servants. It was the dying prayer, and the fervent wish, of St. Ignatius that his followers should be perpetually obliged to combat. In that constant struggle did he perceive their salvation. And God heard and granted that prayer. Consequently from the day of his death down to this hour, at all times and in all lands, the Jesuits have been obliged to fight for their very existence, and to carry on their glorious work amidst the cries of fanatical opposition; and at the point of the arrow, the sword, or the musket, Driven from their homes in civilized lands, martyred in barbaric lands, they continued on to combat and to gain untold victories. It was a soldier of Christ he constituted his community a military camp, a regular regiment in the army of the Church Militant. Hence the discipline, the order, the regularity, the obedience, the onward march, despite all obstacles to the conquest of souls under the "Standard of Christ" and against the "Standard of Satan." Hence the inimitable "exercises" of St. Ignatius. Hence the triumph of his work and the grandest testimony to the merits of his life, and the clearest proof of his exalted station in the ranks of the Church Triumphant.