

and Amy, showering into the hands of the messenger several gold pieces, led the way into the hall, that her lady might be left to peruse her packet in privacy.

"The peasant clinked the money in his hard palm; then looking cunningly at Amy, 'Your lady said I should have what I would.'

"Well, and have I not rewarded you handsomely?"

"Why, pretty fairly, pretty fairly; but I should not mind another gold piece or so. You must bear in mind that my journey has been somewhat perilous, all through the royal armies and the loyal inhabitants, with a letter in my pouch from a rebel lord to a rebel lady."

"Nay, you are unreasonable; you should not be covetous; but here are a couple more, for my dear mistress will not think any thing can be too much for one who brings her news from her husband."

"Thanks, fair mistress! I am one who always keep the eleventh commandment, even if I keep no other."

"The eleventh, follow! Why, Protestant and Catholic agree there are no more than ten!"

"Ah, but I know the eleventh, and I know it best of all, and so do most people; and if they all kept the ten others as strictly as they do that one, why the world would be a better world than it is, —that's all!"

"You speak in riddles, friend; explain yourself!"

"Get all you can, and keep all you get! Did you never hear that before, mistress? if you have not heard it you have practised it, I warrant me. — But where's your buttery-hatch? I am spent with hunger, and specially with thirst."

While Dickon, the Lancashire ploughman, was restoring the strength, which did not seem to be much impaired, the countess was absorbed in the long-wished-for epistle.

The letter was sad, almost hopeless; but it was from herself, and she gazed with delight on every line traced by that loved hand. The first impulse was that of joy; it was not till upon consideration and reflection, that she found in it matter for deep sorrow and despondency.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARTIN LUTHER'S CONFESSIONS.

A correspondent of the Ulster Examiner supplies that journal with the following authenticated copy of Martin Luther's confessions, and allows that apostate to tell his own story:

"I did not turn monk voluntarily. Terrified by a sudden apparition, surrounded by death, and conceiving myself summoned by heaven, I made an inconsiderate and forced vow. When I told my father of this he was at first irritated, when he was pacified, he exclaimed, 'God grant that it be not a trick of Satan,' a saying which has struck such deep root in my heart that I have never heard anything from his mouth which I remember more tenaciously. Methinks God spoke by his lips. However, at that time I was so obstinate in my devotional intent that I shut my heart as much as I could against his words, as being only a man."

"When I said my first Mass at Erfurt I was all but dead, for I was without faith; it was unjust and too great forbearance in God that the earth did not at the time open and swallow up both myself and the Bishop who ordained me."

"I hardly knew what indulgences were at that time—(when he opposed them)."

To the Pope—"Most Holy Father, I throw myself at the feet of your Holiness, and give myself up to you with all that I am or have. May your Holiness dispose of me at your pleasure. It rests with your Holiness to promote or prevent my undertaking, to declare it right or wrong. Whatever happens I desire nothing more than to know that the voice of your Holiness is the voice of Christ who speaks and acts through you."

"Call God and man to witness that I have never wished, and do not now desire, to touch the Roman Church or the Pope's sacred authority, and that I acknowledge most explicitly, that this Church rules over all, that nothing in heaven or on earth is superior to it, save only Jesus Christ our Lord."

"I command you" (the peasants in arms) "to submit with patience, because it is forbidden in the Holy Scriptures to oppose force by force, for the wonderful time has arrived when a Prince can more easily gain Heaven by shedding blood than others by saying prayers. I am of opinion that all the peasants must perish since they take up the sword without divine authority. They deserve no mercy, no toleration, but the indignation of God and man. They are under the law of God and the Emperor, and may be treated as mad dogs."

"I confess that under the Papacy are many good things, nay, all that is good in Christianity, true Scripture, true baptism, the true Sacrament of the altar, true keys to the remission of sins, true office of preaching; nay, I say that in Popery is true Christianity."

"I confess that I am not prepared to say that polygamy (or having many wives) is contrary to the Holy Scriptures; yet I would not have the practice introduced among Christians, because they ought to abstain from even what is lawful in order to avoid scandal, and maintain the decorum which St. Paul requires under all circumstances."

"Polygamy is not allowable among Christians, except in case of absolute necessity as when a man is forced to separate from a leprosy wife."

To the Landgrave—"Your Highness must be aware of the difference between establishing a universal and exceptional law. We cannot publicly sanction a plurality of wives. We pray your Highness to consider the danger in which a man would stand that should introduce a law (such as that of polygamy) that would disunite families and plunge them into endless lawsuits."

"As to what your Highness says, that it is not possible for you to abstain from adulteries and an impure life, as long as you shall have but one wife, we wish that you were in a better state before God. But, after all, if your Highness is fully resolved to marry a second wife, we judge that it ought to be done secretly."

MARTIN LUTHER.

IRELAND A SOURCE OF WEAKNESS TO ENGLAND.

The weakest part of a chain is the measure of its strength. England would be a far stronger country than she is, politically or in a military sense, if Ireland were not a source of weakness to her. We do not mean to discuss the later part of the question just now. The disadvantage at this moment which the Empire suffers in a military sense is chiefly of a negative kind, the result of that distrust which prevents Government from availing itself of the martial enthusiasm of a population confessedly unsurpassed in aptitude for soldiering. The political weakness resulting from the present condition of things is, perhaps, one of the most striking features in the constitution of England. Ireland is a constant focus of political motion; it is the creator of anomalies; it is the cradle of new and disturbing ideas; it is a battery of action and reaction. It was on account of Ireland the corn laws were repealed, and that English Catholics received the boon of religious equality. It is on account of Ireland also that the principles of freedom are set at naught. Seven centuries after the signing of Magna Charta the Habeas Corpus is still habitually suspended under the authority of the British Constitution. This is only one of many discrepancies. In England where Protestantism is the rule, but where, nevertheless, the population is divided into two pretty nearly equal sections, differing from and almost hostile to each other, denominational education is the law. In Ireland where four-fifths of the people are of one creed, mixed

education is forced upon them in order to gratify the remaining one-fifth. The English Radical becomes a Tory when he comes to Ireland. All political principles are in fact confused when we compare their application to the two countries. Amongst the other distinctions which Ireland enjoys is that of being the corpus vile upon which legislative experiments are to be tried. Things that could not be attempted in England are carried out here, sometimes with advantage, sometimes the contrary. Our Grand Jury system is one of those legislative experiments whose result hardly ensures its limitation in England. The constabulary was tried here long before its adoption at the other side. The Irish National Education system was the first attempt in a direction into which English radicalism is endeavouring to force all the teaching of that country. Perhaps, the inconsistency of its practice with its theory may not only show how false and unstatesmanlike is the idea, but afford an irresistible argument in the hands of those Englishmen who wish to save their country from an unmitigated secularism. Sir Robert Peel established the Queen's Colleges in Ireland as a first step towards dissociating the higher education from the knowledge of God. England is humbly following suit. The abolition of tests in the Universities is, probably, the first step towards the entire secularization of these great institutions. The process of experimentalizing does not seem to have yet come to an end. Ireland is still the animal destined for vivisection. An essay in legislation on municipal corporations is, it seems, to be made, and it is to commence here. The Irish members have recently made a claim to equality of municipal franchise with England—to have the same qualification adopted in two countries. The answer was not a denial of the right of Ireland to equality, but a suggestion that the system which we claimed to be admitted to had not worked so well in England that it was desirable to transfer it to this country, and that an entirely new one must be devised. The Times credits Sir Michael Beach with an intention of counteracting the effects of an extended franchise by the cumulative vote, and seems to be expecting from that right honorable baronet some comprehensive scheme of reform in which Ireland will be made, as it were, the jackal for her big neighbour. It would be premature to judge a question in such an initiatory stage or a project of whose nature we have only got such trifling hints. But if the scheme be marked with the wisdom which has characterized the other measures for which Ireland is indebted to the present Secretary, we rather think we shall have it all to ourselves, and that its success will not lead to any covetousness for its possession on the part of a country which has taken far better care of herself than ever she did of that island of whose custody she is so jealous. It would be a pretty piece of poetic justice, though, if England were compelled to accept for herself a legislative measure framed for Ireland by the remarkable statesman she has placed over us.—Cork Examiner.

WHAT IS THE USE OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT?

This is a question which we frequently hear put and as this is an utilitarian age, it ought to be answered. Not that those who ask it deserve so much consideration, as that the question is in itself a very interesting one at any time, but particularly at a time of the year when displays of that sentiment are unusually frequent. Before answering the question, we will distinguish, as the logicians say. National sentiment may be of use to particular individuals, or it may be of use to the nation to which it pertains. As to the first of these, he must be a very superficial observer who cannot see its utility, and point out proofs and examples of the fact by the score. Probably there is no nationality in the universe so decried by those not belonging to it as the Irish, and no national feeling that sooner evokes a hostile one in those not sympathising with it than it does, and yet see what it can do for individuals—always, provided that those individuals do not really share it themselves, but only sham it and play upon it in their dupes. What, for instance, made a "lord" of O'Faggin, a baronet of McNaggin, a knight of O'Neil, and a judge of McFlail, a lord of the treasury of Mr. Skey Daddler, and a governor of an island of Mr. Sanchope Hansey? The manner in which patriots of this class utilise national sentiment is so simple that a child can comprehend it. They are all for faith and fatherland (the faith particularly), and they so win the simple faith of the people to a trust in them. The national sentiment which "they gather in the dew" (as Mr. Gladstone says) they bring down upon their own heads in a shower of titles, place, and gold, and so they illustrate one of the uses of national sentiment. But everybody can't be a member of Parliament and thus get these big prizes through shamming nationality, and so there are many other ways known of turning it to account. There is the patriotic newspaper, for instance, in which national sentiment is vended, wholesale and retail. Of course a newspaper proprietor must sell his newspaper to live, and it is no more necessary that he should participate in the glowing patriotism he writes or sells than that an apothecary should swallow a dose of every portion he mixes. He may be a Nagle or a Birch—no matter, he illustrates one of the uses of national sentiment all the same. There is another way of utilising national sentiment—at least, Irish national sentiment which, if less striking in its result, is yet, on the whole, very satisfactory to the practitioners of it. There is a class of men, both in Ireland and here, who never miss an opportunity of making glowing national speeches, who "spread themselves out," as the Yankees say, on the "glories of Brian the Brave," "the fidelity of the Irish race," "the harp that once," and "the Irish Brigade." In this way they "gather up the dew"—to them the manna—of Irish sentiment. Acquire the credit of being "influential men," "leaders of the Irish," and so become men of consideration, get into Town Councils, Vestries, School Boards, organise volunteer corps, and perhaps, in the end, illustrate on the bench, amidst the unpaid, another of the uses of national sentiment. But of the whole of this class who exploit national sentiment for their own profit, perhaps the most objectionable to the Irish nationalist is the Barnum of Nationality. The man who gets up "national" shows, concerts and entertainments, and such like, and appeals to his "patriotic countrymen" to support him because of their nationality. "The Barnum" generally figures in Great Britain, and very frequently is not an Irishman himself, but that does not matter. He sees in Irish national sentiment a good field for enterprise, and he determines to cultivate it. He is particularly active about St. Patrick's Day, and imports hundreds weight of shamrocks, with which to bait his traps for national sentiment. If you look at the walls about that time, you will see them adorned by enormous green posters, announcing the affair, and having his (the Barnum's) own name the most prominent thing upon them in letters at least two inches long. But go to one of those "national" entertainments, and what do you find? The Irishman represented in the worst style of the London stage (before Boucicault showed it something better) with caubeen, duleen, triehens, elogh-a-peen, and brogues. He comes out with an idiotic leer, hitches up his breeches, twirls his kippeen, cries wheeugh, and dances something surprising to be a jig, compared to which a Lancashire clog dance or a nigger breakdown would be graceful itself. But that is nothing to the acting (if there is any), and worst of all is the singing. One or two of Moore's melodies may be found by way of seasoning, but the rest are simply the refuse

of the London and Dublin music halls, things which disgrace national taste, belie national feeling, misrepresent national manners, caricature national character, ignore national aspirations, and represent the "mere" Irish man and woman as a kind of half reclaimed savages and whole slaves, playing the fool to please their lords and masters. We hope, however, that the days of this kind of thing in England are well nigh closed, and that if any enterprising speculator in Irish feeling and Irish good nature should again "try it on," his efforts will be allowed to perform "Lannigan's Ball" and "Finnegan's Wake," to "mocking echoes," and to empty benches. We have done with the men who traffic in national feelings, and the base uses to which they make them subservient, and turn with pleasure to contemplate the advantage of national sentiment to a nation. The world is governed by feeling more than by reason, and the healthiest, the purest, the noblest feeling which has ever moulded its Government (we speak only of its civil government), is the sentiment of nationality. The development of the principle of nationality. Says Goldwin Smith, is the high water mark of modern civilization, and he is right. In nothing else has the spirit of modern times so clearly advanced beyond that of those who have gone before. Men banded together by races see in each other only enemies to be conquered and plundered; peoples forced into union by conquest only hate each other less than they do their common "Imperator," and the ties of even a common religion have so far scarcely modified, much less prevented the suspicious jealousies or ambitions of governments, the aggressions of rulers or the wars of dynasties. But the spirit of nationality, ignoring as it does all the other distinctions which hitherto have divided mankind into hostile camps, gives a ground upon which all meet upon an equality, and where liberty to each may co-exist with fraternity amongst all.

Lives, there, a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own native land.

And the men who have that pride in his native land which the poet praises, is more likely to be sensible of the obligations which his own nationality imposes, and of the rights of that of others, and so nationality amongst the nations themselves tend to produce peace and goodwill amongst men. It is the sentiment of nationality which in reality constitutes a nation, and so long as that remains a nation will survive defeat, annexation, and conquest—that is, if a nation can ever be said to be conquered, whilst the sentiment of nationality remains. It takes centuries to make a nation, but once made, once instinct with that fire from heaven, the sentiment of nationality, it will take as long again to kill it, as Ireland's history testifies. The same testimony justifies us in saying that so long as a nation conserves its national sentiment uncorrupted, no external power can destroy it. It may be overcome by superior might for a time, the inundation of empire may flow above it; but centuries are but as days in its life, and in time those external forces exhaust themselves, the imperial deluge subsides, and the nation emerges only the more glorious for the peril it has gone through. But national sentiment not only restores freedom when it is lost, it is its strongest bulwark where it exists. We need not go so far back for examples. We have seen it in our own time restore the independence of Greece, Hungary, and Belgium, and make of the latter the garden of Europe; we have seen it fling "the barbarian" out from the fair fields of Italy, and preserve the United States to be the refuge for the oppressed of other nations, in despite of the almost superhuman efforts of the holders of slaves at home, backed by the makers of slaves, and the abettors of slavery abroad, to break that union and destroy that freedom which with all its shortcomings was a standing reproach to themselves. We have also had examples of how much more the might of a nation depends upon the intensity of national sentiment than upon the magnitude of its territory, or the multitude of its soldiers—the victors of Sadowa and the conquerors of Sedan dare not risk the encounter which they so much seem to desire with a handful of mountain warriors, the heroic inheritors of the nationality of Tell. But a strong national sentiment will not only accomplish the freedom of the people possessing it, and thenceforth make them respected abroad and secure at home; it will also, when endowed with the blessing of freedom, be the best nurse of the political, social, and domestic virtues, the highest stimulant of industry, the truest inspiration of genius, and the surest guarantee of progress. That it can and will be all this, Irishmen may learn by merely reflecting on what was achieved in eighteen memorable years of their own history, and what followed after that too brief gleam of the light of freedom was past. However, the memory of it still remains, and in the confidence which it gives we are bold to say, Irishmen, cling to your nationality as your highest possession on earth. It is the ark of your covenant which has brought your fathers safe through the desert, with the instincts, virtues, and the fortunes of a nation. Let it be touched by no unholy hand. In it you have a common religion, undivided by creeds—a faith only less sacred than that which you owe to your God. Thus will you best honor the names of your heroes, the memories of your martyrs, and if only true to the trust consigned by their sacrifices and handed down to you through so many misfortunes, the day cannot be far distant when you will realize the words of the seer that—  
Your sun is but rising when others have set,  
And tho' slavery's clouds o'er your morning have hung,  
The full noon of freedom will beam round you yet.  
—United Irishman.

FREEMASONRY.

The Nation (Dublin) this reviews two works recently published on the above subject.— Secret oath-bound societies have fallen under the emphatic condemnation of the Catholic Church, Pope Clement XII., as early as the year 1733, issued a bull pronouncing against all such bodies the severest spiritual penalties. His menace was confirmed and renewed by Benedict XIV., in 1751. Seventy years later Pius VII. raised his voice in an unmistakable manner against the Carbonari. Leo XII. denounced the Freemasons. Gregory XVI. did the same, and Pius IX. has several times during his long pontificate repeated his predecessors' warnings to the Christian world. We need hardly add that the bishops have followed the example of their spiritual chief, and refused to see only a convivial club or a society for administering out-door relief in a body spoken of by so many Popes as seriously endangering the very foundations not only of the Church but of civil society. And though at the present day the civil governments of the world would almost all seem either to be afraid to prohibit the anomaly of an imperium in imperio, or to be in tacit league with the Freemasons and their allies, it was otherwise in former times. The great Secret League was proscribed in 1735 by the States-General of Holland, by Louis XVI. a few years later in France, by the great Council of Berno in 1748, by Bavaria on two occasions, by the Regency of Milan and the Government of Venice in 1814, by Portugal early in the present century, by Russia in

The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State. Translated from the German. With an introduction. London: Burns, Oates, and Co.  
A Study of Freemasonry. By Monsigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. London: Burns, Oates, and Co.

the time of Alexander V., who banished the Freemason order from the whole Russian empire. Even in Prussia, about fifty years ago, several Freemason lodges were closed because of political intrigues; and Spain has also more than once discountenanced "the brethren" in a very practical and summary manner. Nor is this all: the list of condemnations is yet far from being exhausted. Some Protestant nowadays, seem to feel bound in honour to defend Freemasonry, but in the year 1745 the Protestant Consistory in Baden forbade the clergy under its control to join the society, and decreed that any of its preachers who were already Freemasons should be compelled to resign their membership; and a similar injunction was issued by a Lutheran congress at Kammin. And now for all these denunciations what is the justification? It is to answer this question that the two volumes under notice have been written, and we cannot see how any intelligent person who reads them can help being convinced that, serious as is the indictment which they lay, the evidence produced in support of it is quite as weighty, as serious, and as startling. One point should be made specially clear at the outset. We are not here asked to take "the ghost's word" for the authors' allegations. The French prelate writes with all the terseness and brilliancy so characteristic of the best French authors of the day, and the German assailant of the order analyses facts with no small power of logical disquisition; but neither the epigrammatic brilliancy of the one nor the acute criticism of the other is nearly as well calculated to arrest attention as the extracts, ludicrous and shocking by turns, which both produce from the ritual of the craft, from Masonic newspapers, from records of lodges, from speeches and writings of high Masonic officials. We propose to give here an idea of the general character of these revelations.

And, first, there are some reasons (apart from those to be found in the essential character and tendency of Freemasonry) which should be sufficient of themselves to warn off from even the threshold of the Craft all men of common sense. What, for instance, can be so absurd, so childish, so contemptible as the various Masonic rites? We are not unmindful of, and we do not desire to depreciate, the innate disposition of the human mind towards ritual. That attribute may be used as a lever to ennoble man and sublimate his existence. But this is only the case when the ritual represents some divine reality. "If the worship and sacraments of Christians be august and venerable," says the Bishop of Orleans, "know that it is because of that something which God has put into them, and which God alone could give." But the most charitable interpretation of Freemasonry is that it is a "much ado about nothing." What laughable conceptions then of the ancients ever approached in grotesqueness the doings of these heroes of the trowel and plumb-line—these "Knights of the Brazen Serpent" and "Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret," these "Brethren of the Shining Circle" and "Supreme Commanders of the Stars," these "Brother Inspectors" and "Very Respectables," and "Great Experts"—with their "temples," their "altars," and their "baptism"—their "bits of architecture," their "cannons," their "tiles," their "planks," their "outlines," their "batteries," their "volleys," their "shovels," and their "pickaxes"—their "trials by fire" and "purifications by water"? What goat-hoofed satyr ever played such "fantastic tricks before high heaven" as fathers of families, merchants, lawyers, magistrates, legislators, ay, and princes now-a-days indulge in when, in the Masonic lodges, they put on the "apron" and the "gold sun," or go about with bare heads and only half their bodies in their shirts, or "stride" as if about to leap over a ditch, or get on a sea-saw, or stand to order "with the right hand flat under the throat, the body thrown lightly back, the right foot forward, the left brought across, heel to heel, in a square"? Is it not hard to imagine a grown-up man, with a wife and family and work to do, talking of his dinner-napkin as his "banner," of his knife as his "sword," and of his gassias his "weapon"? Is it not difficult to picture such a man drinking to a toast, and saying all the time that he is "saluting with the sword," "presenting arms," and "firing" "good" and "most brilliant volleys"? But we must pass on to another of the preliminary objections to Freemasonry, namely, that it is a violation of the natural law essentially immoral for any man to take an oath in the dark, to yield up his moral liberty unconditionally into the hands of an unknown and self-constituted authority, under the sanction of a most fearful oath to promise silence with regard to teaching and a course of action of which he as yet knows nothing. This is a proposition which requires no demonstration. It is almost as needless to prove that such restraint of liberty is also, in very truth, the most wretched of all kinds of slavery; for may it not come even to this—so far as the uninitiated know—that the person restrained will be, some time or another, reduced to the terrible alternative of obeying his superiors and going so far as to take the life of a fellow being, or disobeying them and imperilling his own? Even should the object and means of the society turn out to be innocent, there would still be a fettering of the will highly calculated to deprave the moral sense. Can we not well believe that many a generous and noble-minded youth, for whom the mystery of a secret society proved an irresistible attraction, has had, by the fact of initiation, his hopes dashed to pieces and his conscience smitten with remorse, and yet, unable to shake himself free of the Nessus-shirt of bad companionship, has become at the very least a liar and trickster given to mean habits and crooked ways? And then there is the danger to the State of turning men into conspirators. This danger was admitted by such an authority as M. Louis Blanc. "Darkness," he says, speaking of Freemasonry, "mystery, an awful oath to pronounce, a secret to learn for each trial courageously borne, a secret to keep under pain of excommunication and death, particular signs whereby the Brothers recognize one another at the uttermost ends of the earth, ceremonies referring to the history of a murder and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance—what more fit to form conspirators?" Our own Lord Plunkett considered any association bound by a secret oath to be "extremely dangerous on the principles of the common law." Finally, Freemasonry is, as we should say of an individual man, badly connected. It was the parent of Illuminatism, and it lent to Carbonarism the aid of all its organisation, its symbolical ceremonies, and its mystic nomenclature. It is a significant fact that Freemasonry were admitted into the society of the Carbonari without having undergone the initiation and probation to which ordinary candidates were subjected. On the principle, therefore, of noscitur a sociis, it seems pretty plain that Freemasonry cannot be a thing to be admired and embraced by virtuous men.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A TRUE STORY.

Count Skolinski, a Polish noble, had taken part in one of the last insurrections of Poland. Beaten and made prisoner, he was soon condemned to death. He had a wife, and a son ten years old, whose name was Stanislaus. At the terrible news that her husband was about to die, the countess, overwhelmed with grief, takes her poor child by the hand, and retiring to her oratory, kneels with him before a statue of our Lady of Sorrows. "Blessed Virgin Mary!" exclaims she in a voice broken with emotion, "pray for us! protect us! save us! restore a husband to his wife, a father to his child! Thou oughtest to take pity on our tears, thou whom none have ever invoked in vain!—thou who lovest so tenderly thy divine Son!—thou who hast also suf-

fered so much!" Soon after Stanislaus and his mother rise from their prayer. A secret hope has calmed their grief. The countess, escorted by a manservant and accompanied by her son, leaves the house and repairs to the prison where the count was detained. By the help of a few pieces of gold, slipped into the jailer's hand, she succeeds in obtaining admission into the dreary dungeon. What took place during the agonizing interview is not given to tell. But three quarters of an hour afterwards, the unfortunate countess, hiding her tears in her handkerchief, with her face further concealed under the immense hood she had adopted for the occasion, and her figure bowed down with sorrow, passed again before the jailer, dragging along with her, by her side, her weeping child. The cell of the condemned man was not reopened until the night. The jailer then made his inspection; on doing so he uttered a loud cry, called for help, and vociferated treason. . . . In the place of the man condemned to death he beheld the countess, his wife! . . . Count Skolinski had escaped, taking with him Stanislaus.

We will allow a year and a half to pass by—the count is in Paris, without any news of his wife. Have the Russians revenged themselves on her for the flight of her husband? Is she dead, or a prisoner in the frightful wilds of Siberia? The count is ignorant of these things, and to the eager questioning of Stanislaus, who repeats incessantly, "Oh, when will mamma come back?" he answers only by vague words, which ill conceal the ever-increasing anxiety of his heart.

The child had been placed in a school under ecclesiastical management, and he grew there in learning, in piety, in good sentiments. The period assigned for making his first communion approached. The count took advantage of this circumstance to inspire his son with ideas of patience and resignation with regard to his absent mother. "I will," said the child, "I will have her to come back for my first Communion, and she will come back."

Preoccupied with the desire of seeing his mother again, Stanislaus, one evening during study time, drew from his desk a sheet of paper, mended his pen, made the sign of the cross, and wrote the following letter to Peter, the countess's servant, who had remained in Varsovia to be near to her:—

Peter.—Will you please tell my mother that I am to make my first Communion in a month, and that she really must come to Paris to be present at it? I do not write to her because all our letters are stopped; but I trust to you, while using every precaution, to make known to her my wish. I kiss you with sincere affection.

"P.S.—Tell mama I am staying at my school in D—Street."

Having written this letter, the child put in a picture of the Blessed Virgin for luck, closed it, sealed it, and put it into the post. Alas! while this was taking place, Count Skolinski received from an unknown hand a dirty scrap of paper which contained only these lines:—"No longer any hope—departure for Siberia—resignation. Peter is to make one last effort, but it is said that on the first attempt at evasion the countess will be massacred. We love you, and we pity you still more."

The day appointed for the first Communion was approaching. Stanislaus had not mentioned his letter either to his father or his masters; he had spoken much about to God; he had counted the days and the hours; he had said to himself "Before my first Communion, I will make a novena to the Blessed Virgin; I will so time it that it shall finish just as I am about to receive absolution, and I will pray so hard and so well that our Blessed Lady will be obliged to give me back my mother." The eve of the "great day" had arrived. According to pious custom, the parents of the children had been requested to come and give their sons the blessings they deserved. Count Skolinski came with the others. Stanislaus ran to him and embraced him; then devoutly kneeling he received the paternal benediction.

"I have now your blessing," said the child, "but I hope also to have my mother's."

The father said nothing.

"You know mama is to come back," continued Stanislaus. The count only sighed. "I want her to be present at my first Communion, and she will be there. And now I must tell you all about it, father dear. Do you see, I have made a novena to the Blessed Virgin; it finishes at five o'clock; I shall receive absolution at four; then I shall be as pure as the angels, and I will entreat the Mother of our good God to give me back my mother this evening, or at least to-morrow without fail."

"Ah!" sighed the count, interrupting, and trying to smile; but being unable any longer to endure the conversation, he went away.

It was five o'clock in the evening; Stanislaus was going to the porter's lodge, when he was met by one of the priests belonging to the house.

"Where are you going, child?"

"To see if anybody has called for me."

"But your father came this morning."

"Ah, sir, I am expecting some one else: I expected mama."

"But your mother is not in Paris."

"She is coming back, I am sure."

"My dear child, I quite understand your desire and your prayers, but let us have no distractions to-night; my dear boy, the hour for receiving visitors is gone by, and so return to your companions."

The novena was finished, and the child imagined that the proper thing for the Queen of Heaven to do was to give him back his mother there and then. Not to go to the porter was therefore an immense sacrifice; he made it, however generously. "After all," said he to himself, "when my mother arrives she will ask for me." Six o'clock strikes, then seven then eight . . . no one. Supper is over, and all the boys are preparing to go to their dormitories. Stanislaus was a little discouraged. . . . While all this was going on, the count, badly dressed, looking worn and haggard, had entered the porter's lodge and asked to see young Skolinski. The porter, taking her for an impostor, and being, moreover, suspicious on account of the lateness of the hour, refused point-blank to call the child. At last, however, overcome by her importunity, he consented to allow the countess (for it was she) to go to the window, and just look at the pupils as they crossed the yard. Stanislaus, who still hoped for his mother's return, stepped a little out of the ranks to cast a glance up at the porters. The mother had only time to exclaim: "There he is—there! there!" and, uttering a cry, fell fainting.

But how did the countess arrive just at the time appointed by the child? She had escaped from the men who were taking her to Siberia; she had fled towards France, and in disguise, without resources, without money, she had reached Paris. Where was she to go in this vast city? Happily in his letter to Peter, which the countess had received, Stanislaus had put the address of his school; and thus it was that the countess had gone straight to her son.

The next day the Count and the Countess Skolinski, reunited, happy and transported with joy, were present together at the first Communion of Stanislaus, their only child.

A distinguished gentleman whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of myself," replied the gentleman; "for a great many words have passed between them already."