FATHER JOGUES AT THE LA OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT

BY WILLIAM HICKLING.

AURELIA;

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DELIVERANCE.

If, some thirty hours after the consummation of this fearful atonement, a citizen should have ventured, notwithstanding the darkness, in this deserted section of Rome, he would have noticed, with surprise, four slaves bearing a litter, and who silent and motionless like so many shadows, waited patiently under the solitary portices of the temple of Safety.

Then, if this belated citizen, inclining a little to the right, had ascended by the way of the Agger of Servins as far as the Collina Gate, he would have discovered by the pale light of the stars, an old man kneeling on a slight mound in the barren plain and praying with fervor.

kneeling on a slight mound in the barren plain and praying with fervor.

Now, at the very time we speak of, an
individual was precisely accomplishing
this nocturnal excursion; walking with
noiseless step, peering carefully into every
dark recess and corner, and stopping,
from time to time, to listen anxiously to
the slightest noise. These extraordinary precautions were justified by the very singular appearance of this night prowi-er, which would have certainly excited the suspicions of the capital triumvir if he had suddenly came upon him.

The mysterious wayfarer carried a rope ladder rolled around his body, a spade in one hand, and an iron crown-bar spade in one hand, and an iron crown-bar in the other. He was, moreover, provided with a dark-lantern. The chief of the urban police would have doubtless asked our friend Gurges—the reader has already recognized him—what use he intended to make of these suspicious instruments, and whether he was not undertaking one of his old expeditions, and repeating to describe the grave and rob preparing to desecrate the grave and rob the dead, for the benefit of his friend the

Gurges was making all haste to join Clemens in the Campus Sceleratus, but he had to use a great deal of cantion to avoid dangerous meetings on the way At last, he reached the further end of th At last, he reached the further end of the Vicus Cyprius, and before ascending the Quirinal, he paused in the shadow of the temple of Fortune, and peered through the gloom at the porticos of the temple of Safety, close by, to ascertain whether his vespillos had carried out his instructions.

"Very well!" he muttered, as he discovered the lectica and its motionless bearers. "All is well. Those vespillos have understood me. By Venus Libitinal! . I can laugh now at the Libitinal! . . I can laugh now at the capital triumvir and his men. ."

But Gurges had scarcely muttered by the him-

those defiant words, when he threw him self down flat on the pavement of the temple of Fortune, exclaiming: "Hateful triumvir! . . . Unfortunate

The regular tramp of a patrol could be in the distance, coming up the Cyprius. If Gurges had had the good luck of preceding the cohort, the co-hort would now have the advantage of pourcing upon Gurges. Still, thing might take a different course. The patro might pass straight on without discover-ing the designator, but then they would necessarily come upon the vespilles and their suspicious lactica. Or they might turn to the right; but in this case the would surprise the pontiff of the Chris-tians in the Campus Sceleratus.

The dilemma had three horns, and al

equally dangerous! Hence the designat clamation and the curse he addressed the triumvir.

There was, however, still a chance of

safety.

About a hundred steps from Fortune's temple, there was to the left a narrow lane which led to Caesar's Forum, and near the atrium of Freedom. If the patrol followed this lane there would be nothing to fear, for it would lead them to distant quarters of the city, whence they would not be likely to return in this direction. The queetion was, would they take the lane? Meanwhile they advanced with their torches, whose light caused Gurges no little perturbation. Another cry of alarm was very near

escaping his lips when he recognized the voice of his personal enemy, the capital triumvir, ordering his men to ascend the Quirinal, near whose base was situated the Agger of Servius, whence it was an easy matter to survey the Campus Sceleratus. But to the designator's great as-tonishment, the patrol stopped and re-fused to proceed further. The triumvir, surprised at this unusual resistance, reted his order.

Are you not aware," remonstrated

some voices, "that this spot is cursed... and if we were to advance we should see the shade of the Grand Vestal hovering near her grave!... And such a sight announces death within the year to the

older!"
That is a fact," said the triumvir, not
superstitions than his men. "I had less superstitious than his men. "I had forgotten that execution. Let us get

And the officer countermarched his little troop, who turned into the narrow

When the noise of their steps had died

when the noise of their steps had died away, Gurges sprang to his feet. "By Venus Libitina," he cried, "what cowards those fellows are!.. Who ever knew the dead to come back?.. I have never seen any, and many a night I have passed amidst the tombs! . . I mean the veritable dead . . for as to mean the veritable dead . . for as to the Grand Vestal, I hope and trust she is still alive . . and that I, Gurges, will soon take her out of the vanit! soon take her out of the vault!

Never mind, those worthy patrolmen have given me a terrible scarce!

But the pontiff of the Christians will be thinking that I have broken my word to him, and I would not have him think this for

anything in the world! Let us make haste, then, I shall explain to him what caused my delay. Good luck my dear triumvir! it is probable

what caused my delay. . . . Good lick, my dear triumvir! . . it is probable we shall not meet again this night."

Collecting his various instruments, Gurges ascended the Quirinal as promptly as he could, embarrassed as he was with his load. A few minutes later he was near Clemens and apologized to him the telling him his advantage with the

with his load. A few minutes later he was near Clemens and apologized to him by telling him his adventure with the triumvir.

"You see it, my son," said the priest with a quiet smile. "God watches over us; He proves it by turning off these first dangers. It will, perhaps, not be the lest mark of againtage He will give re. us; He proves it by turning on these first dangers. It will, perhaps, not be the last mark of assistance He will give us. But what are you doing, Gurges?"

The designator, after striking the soil were even made to descend into this death. She accompanied Flavia Domitilla, and shared voluntarily her exile, her long sufferings and her death.

"This is singular !" he remarked. " I

"This is singular!" he remarked. "I have made this noise to warn the Grand Vestal that we are here. . . and I hear nothing, absolutely nothing! . . Not a cry, not a movement! . . . Has she then already succumbed? . . Oh! . . And Gurges laying hold of his spade began to dig with an ardor that amounted almost to rage.

Clemens said nothing. It was well that the weakness of man should show itself before the greatness of God.

Three men had been employed piling up earth into the shaft; then they had trodden upon it, and made it so compact and firm that Gurges soon found himself struggling against an almost insuperable obstacle. It had been easy work at first, but when he stood up to his waist in this narrow aperture, hemmed in between four narrow aperture, hemmed in between four thick walls, he saw that it would be impossible for him to finish his task unaided. Every shovelful of earth that he threw out would crumble in again carrying with it the rubbish previously shov-elled out, and which, falling upon him, made his work still more difficult.

made his work still more difficult.

The poor fellow persisted manfully but his efforts were unavailing, and once, being nearly covered up by the crumbling sand, he uttered an exclamation of despair. But another voice replied to his cry of anguish, and Gurges looking up saw Clemens in a halo of light with his hands extended over the chasm!

Then, Gurges felt that the ground upon od was sinking rapidly, and he rolled suddenly into the open vault. When he rose to his feet, Clemens was standing by his side. No other light could be seen but the small funeral lamp still burning near the bed. By this flickering flame they saw the Grand Vestal stretched motionless on her couch. Gurges laid a trembling hand upon the orm, and fell sobbing at the pon-

tiff's feet. "Oh, my lord," he exclaimed, "she is dead! her body is icy cold!" Clemens smiled as he looked at this

poor man whose heart would not yet open to confidence, and said to him kindly: "What, my son, after what you have

seen, do you still doubt?"
Gurges then saw that the old man held in his hands a vase and some bread.
"My son," added the pontiif, "the work of God is accomplished!... The work of man must now commence." seen, do you still doubt?

When Cornelia descended into the vault, she placed herself on the bed, in the attitude of one who has lost even the power of thinking. She did not weep but the fictitious strength which had sus tained her during the execution, had completely vanished. She was in that state of stupor which causes a void in the mind, and plunges the body into a rigid

Her eyes followed vacantly the motion of the earth shovelled at the entrance of the vault by Ravinus and his aids, and part of which, sliding into the vault, rolled to her feet and gradually covered them. This sand which moved as it spread into the vault, the noise made by

the workmen above, all these fearful preparatives were life still, and the Grand Vestal clung to them as to a last hope. Then all was hushed, and all motion Cornelia gazed slowly around her, with

eyes distended by terror . . She saw the bread, water and milk, placed near the lamp. She remained thoughtful a long time, contemplating this food by which her remaining days were measured. Then concluding, doubtless, that all hope had vanished, and it was better not to prolong sufferings which must end in death, she took the bowl of milk, prought it to her lips, and poured the re mainder of the contents on the ground.
With a bitter smile she now took up the
piece of bread, felt its weight, and breaking it into crumbs, cast them about and trampled upon them.

The water she preserved. Was it from

some secret hope? The sacrifice was con-summated, life was no longer possible. Death could come now, and the Grand Vestal lay on her couch, to await its com-

We shall not describe the mental tortures of this unfortunate young woman the cruel sufferings caused by the want of air, or the first pangs of that terrible disease—hunger. When Gurges found her rigid and cold as a corpse, she had fainted, exhausted by thirty hours of want and terror.

Finding Cornelia inanimate, Clemens raised her head, and poured drop by drop between her lips the cordial he had brought with him. A slight tremor of the rigid limbs soon proved to Gurges that the Grand Vestal still lived and

would not be long recovering her senses.
Clemens again opened Cornelia's lips
and repeated the dose at short intervals. until the small amphora he had brought was emptied of its contents. Life was re-turning, but the exhausted girl was still urning, out the extansied girl was stin unconscious. After a little while the good priest took a small loaf of bread, made from the whitest flour kneaded in pure milk, and placing it between the vestal's fingers, lifted her hand near to vestal's ingers, litted her hand near to her face. By an instinctive motion, the Grand Vestal brought the savory food to her mouth and ate it greedily. Still, she spoke not. So completely exhausted had been the victim, that her faculties could only be grandfully as the rest.

only be gradually restored. Clemens waited, kneeling near the bed. Garges, overcome by emotion and admir ation, seemed plunged in a sort of dreamy stupor. His face was bathed in tears. A deep sigh announced at last that the resurrection was complete. Cornelia raised herself on her elbow, and passing

her hand on her forehead, as if she awo from a dream, exclaimed: "Where am I?"
But she fell back with another cry—

cry of terror and fearful despair! By the dim light of the lamp she had recognized the vault in which she had been left to

"You are saved! madam," said Cle-

several times with his crowbar, had thrown himself on the ground and was listening anxiously.

"What are you doing, Garges?" the pontiff repeated, no answer having been made to his first question.

Gurges raised himself on his knees and looked at Clemens with an air of anoguish.

Gurges raised himself on his knees and looked at Clemens with an air of anoguish. She sprang from her couch and fell at the feet of her preserver, holding them tightly clasped and bathing them with her tears. So great was her gratitude, so overpowering her emotion that she could not speak. Nothing was heard in this narrow space but the convulsive sobs of the poor woman miraculously restored to

> "Madam," said Clemens, as he deavored to raise her trembling form.
> You are saved! But you must now
> hasten to leave this dismal abode. A devoted man will take place of concer where your persecutors cannot reach

you."
And turning to Gurges:
"My son," he added, "prepare your ladder!. Your prudent forethought has been wise!. You may now finish the work of God."
The rope-ladder having been made fast to a prejecting stone on the creat of the

to a projecting stone on the crest of the wall, the pontiff placed the other end in the Grand Vestal's hand. "Come, madam," he said trying to re-

lease his knees from her embrace. "It is getting late and day-light must not find us here! . Hasten, I pray you?" Cornelia rose to her feet, but instead of

taking the rope she let it drop. Going to the further end of the vault she took the small pitcher of water she had pre

small pitcher of water see nad preserved, and bringing it to the priest, she again knelt before him:

"Father," she murmured faintly and in a beseeching tone, "Metellus Celer is no more! . . I heard his last cry! . . All the affections of my heart are dead, and of the Vestal there remains only the virgin saved by you! . Your God is mine! . It is by water that one becomes a Christian, and I have kept the water given to allay the dying thirst of water given to allay the dying thirst of the victim, in that hope; for, as I was about to spill it, I remembered that you might come! . . Before you return me to the world of the living, make me a Christian, so that I shall be henceforth only your daughter!"

Tears of happiness suffused the eyes of venerable pontiff and rollod slowly over

his cheeks "My daughter," he said, with deep emotion, "take off that veil and bow your head . Ordinarily the holy baptism is given only after a long period

of preparation and probation But you have already been structed in our holy doctr been instructed in our holy doctrine. . and then, who could add anything to the solemn teaching of this tomb, from which God alone, and not I, has delivered you? Recollect yourself, my daughter, and pray to Him who, at my voice, will make

Then Clemens laid his hands on the head of the recollected virgin, and marked her forehead with the sign of the cross. This preliminary ceremony made her a catechumen. Then taking the water which he blessed, he proceeded:

"Cornelia," he said, "I baptize thee in

the name of God the Father Here he sprinkled her with holy

I baptize thee in the name of Jesus Christ His Son."

And he again poured water on her

"I baptize thee in the name of the Holy Ghost."

And what remained of water was

again poured on the pure brow of the kneeling virgin. After a last invocation, in which he united the three persons of the Holy Trinity, he blessed Cornelia, saying:
"Rise, my daughter, thou art a Chrise"
Christian in life! . . . a

tian! . . a Christian in life! . . a Christian in eternity! ." A few moments later, Cornelia stepped out of the pit, supported by the holy pon-tiff, Gurges followed. As soon as he came out, the dreary chasm was suddenly filled

"My daughter," said the pontiff, "I must go to my brethren. . . But, after God, here is the man who saved you! I confide you to his care. Follow him! ." Cornelia took the designator's hand in hore and research it officially. ed it affectionately. Gar-

corners took the designators hand in hers and pressed it affectionately. Gur-ges came near fainting. "Father," he cried, throwing himself at the pontiff's feet, "I also want to be a Christian!"

Christian!"
"I receive you, my son, and it is not the least joy that God gives me! . But for the present we must part! . We shall meet again soon, and theholy water will flow also on your head." will flow also on your head"
The holy old man, taking the staff upon which he usually leaned, was soon lost in the gloom.
Gurges had the happiness of support-

ing Cornelia's feeble steps as far as the temple of Safety, where he found the liter and his blindfolded vespillos. Everything passed off in accordance with the programme announced. The vespillos reached the isolated house without accident, and departed according to their master's previous order, fully convinced that they had left this worthy with his

lady love When Cornelia stepped out of the litter she could not restrain a cry of joy. She was received in the arms of Aurelia and Cecilia. This great joy was due to the delicate attention of Gurges, who thought that the Grand Vestal would feel more

safe if, coming out of the tomb, she found herself surrounded by the beings dearest A short time after these events happened, the sentence of banishment pro-nounced against Flavia Domitilla was carried into effect. Domitian ordered her to repair to the island of Pontia, which

would be thereafter her residence On the night preceding her departure the crypt in which the Christians cele brated their mysteries, was brilliantly illuminated for a double and imposing ceremony. The divine Aurelia, the better the dot the Caesar Vespasian, and Gurges, the humble designator of funerals, knelt side by side to receive the Sacrament of Rantism

nent of Baptism.

Afterwards the venerable pontiff conse

crated to God three virgins, who received from his hands the first veil worn by the brides of Christ.

These three women were: Flavia Domitila, grand-niece of the Emperor Domitian; Euphrosine, a waiting maid of the trions matrous and Theodora. Under mittan; Euphrosine, a waiting maid of that pious matron; and Theodora. Under this last name was concealed Cornelia, the Grand Vestal, who consecrated the remainder of her life to the service of that God who had made a miracle to save her from a horrible death. She accompanied

CHAPTER XXII.

GURGES TREATS OF THE EMPIRE. On the eighth day before the ides of September, (6th of September, A. D., 96)) as the shadows of night commenced to invade the streets of Rome, two men to invade the streets of Rome, two men could have been seen walking hurriedly in the Suburana Way. They came from different directions, one looking modestly on the ground and absorbed in thought; the other casting anxious glances on the houses as if he were seeking to recognize some particular one. As neither of them looked before him, it naturally happened that they ran against

each other.
"Ah!" cried one of the two men. "Oh!" exclaimed the other simultane ouely.

For in every language these two little

words "Ah!" and "Oh!" are used to express sudden admiration or astonish ment. Blockhead!" added the house-seeker "Blockhead!" added the house-seeker, which showed that his 'oh!" was not intended as a mark of admiration.
"What shall I call you?" replied gently and almost laughingly the other; the shall are resident attention;

gently and almost laughingly the other;
"neither of us paid any attention to
what was in his way. That is all!"
"Hallo!.. itis Gurges," exclaimed
the former speaker, casting a single
glance on the designator. "Ah! this is a
lucky meeting!.. I intended to see
you in a few days, to speak to you about
some important matters, in which you
may be very useful"

may be very useful. may be very useful."
Garges was surprised to hear himself called by name by this stranger. Still, upon studying his features more closely, it seemed to him that this was not the first time he had met the man. He looked at him, trying to remember when and where they had met. Light dawned at last, which the designator expresse by another "ah!"

Ah! you recognize me, do you? said the stranger.

"You are the man," replied Gurges firmly, "who, two years ago, came to my house one night, and brought me a certain later."

tain letter. "That's it," said the stranger, " was i then a bad office? And did it not result in your being able to save the Grand Ves-

Silence !" muttered Garges. "Very well," replied the unknown, we shall drop this subject if you wish. But I wish to speak to you. Let us And he pointed to a tavern near by

And he pointed to a tavern near by through whose door, left ajar to attract customers, streamed a ray of light.

"Let us go in;" said Gurges who, naturally, was curious to know who this mysterious individual might be who was mingled with one of the most important circumstances of his life, "Let us go in; I am somewhat in a hurry, but I shall make greater diligence in what I have to nake greater diligence in what I have to lo, and it will amount to the same

The stranger, preceding the former designator of pagan ceremonies—Gurges had resigned this important office in consequence of his conversion to the Christian faith—entered the tavern and for a private room. He also ordered some food and wine, which he offered to Gurges to share with him. But the latte

declined, with thanks.

"My dear Gurges," the stranger began, "in order to give you confidence, shall I tell you where you come from and where you are going? For, although I was slightly astonished to meet you on my way, I soon recollected that you must have been in this neighborhood, at the time we met?" declined, with thanks. time we met.

"Speak," said Gurges, still retaining a ceremonious tone, although his compa-ion treated him familiarly. "Speak, listen to you.'

"Well, my dear Gurges, you have been washing the body of that Nicomedus who was beaten to death yesterday, near Minerva's temple because he refused to Shall I add dear Gurges, continued the unknown, "that you will go a little out of your way, to call at the house of the divine Aurelia, who expects you, and who will watch near the dead body until her brethren "—there was irony and contempt in his voice as he spoke these words—" will present them-selves this very night to carry it to the crypt where you have your tombs!
And now, my dear Gurges, tell me, am I well informed?"

It was at the time of the second persecution, and any Christian, however strong his faith, might well shudder on hearing such precise revelations concerning his secret acts. Gurges was astonished, but

secret acts. Garges was astonished, but showed no fear.

"It is true," he said, "I have been doing what the holy priest Nicodemus himself used to do—taking away the body of a martyr from the hands of his murderers. I expect to be killed also, beaten like him with clubs or in some other manner. If you mean to say that I have been discovered and my life is hreatened like so many others, you do

threatened like so many others, you do not terrify me, but fill me with joy!"

"Are you mad, my dear Gurges?" the unknown asked compassionately, "to stake your life in this way for vain chimeras which are certainly not worth the trouble? Is it not enough that you have sacrificed your office and your fortune for this generation?

After all nave sacrinced your office and your for-tune for this superstition? . . . After all it is your own business, not mine But do not think that I am one of those vile informers who betray the Christians to their cases

to their enemies . . By all the gods, that trade does not suit the man who stands before you! Do you hear, Gurges?" "I am far from suspecting you," the ex-designator hastened to remark

"Yery well! . . very well!" said
the stranger, interrupting him. "But let
us return to the subject,—time is precious . . We were saying, then, that,
thanks to the letter I brought you, you
saved the Grand Vestal."
"Silence!" repeated Gurges. "You
must be aware of the misfortunes. . ."
"Oh!" cried his companion, again interrupting him, "you allude to the search
made and the prosecutions ordered to dis-

terrupting him, "you allude to the search made and the prosecutions ordered to discover an accomplice . It's an old story, my dear Gurges, and Domitian thinks no more about it . Besides, it is three days since the the Grand Vestal ceased to exist!"

"How is this?" cried Gurges, springing to his feet from astonishment. "How can you know?"

"Yesterday," replied the mysterious stranger. "a messenger brought the posi-

tranger, "a messenger brought the posi-tive news that Flavia Domitilla, Euphro-sine, and Theodora have found their death in Terracina."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gurges sorrowfally.

"What! Flavia Domitilla also! . . . But you said at Terracina? The island of Pontia was the place of banishment of those three Christians . You have been deceived!"

"My dear Gurges," replied the other, thave you page heard that Domitian.

"My dear Garges," replied the other, have you never heard that Domitian, when he wishes to destroy people, and is withheld from doing so on account of their name or influence, or from some other motive, draws them to some place where name or intuence, or from some other motive, draws them to some place where everything has been prepared for their 'accidental' death? This is what has happened. Flavia Domitilla and her companions were suddenly transferred to Terracina, upon the pretext of softening the rigor of their exile. But on the very night after their arrival, the house in which they had found shelter was destroyed by fire, and good care was taken that they should not escape."

"Another sorrow for the divine Aurelia and her noble relatives! Another triumph for the religion of Christ!" exclaimed Gurges, with that accent peculiar to times of persecution, in which bitterness and sorrow were blended with faith and enthusiasm. "Yes, for the religion of Christ! for those illustrious virgins have suffered martyrdom!"

"It was martyrdom, or at least what you call by that name," replied the terrace.

"It was martyrdom, or at least what you call by that name," replied the stranger. "It is said, in fact, that Flavia Domitilla and her companions showed publicly their contempt for the gods and refused to offer them incense. So did Nerens and Achilleus, Flavia Domitilla's eunuchs, who were beheaded in Terracine on the very day their mistress died." cina on the very day their mistress died.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

A JEWEL OF CATHOLICISM.

It is a country pushed almost out of sight by France and Belgium. It is a little country consisting of three or four towns, and innumerable villages, mountains and valleys. We speak o the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. Its history is unimportant, and, therefore, little known. It was long a disputed possession of the great powers, but peace has one sceptre in her hand and rules with her gentle sway.

At the congress of Wiener, 1815 i was raised to a grand dukedom, with Wilhelm I. as its first Duke. He was succeeded by two other Princes, who in their turn passed away, an i left the government of the little Adolph of Nassau, and his wife, the Grand Duchess Adelhaid.

In 658 St. Willibrord left Northum-bria and became the apostle of the He was held in great venera tion and every year a pilgrimage is made to his tomb at Echternach, a town on the frontier of Prussia, where he spent much of his life and founded a

It is the only one of its kind in the world. The pilgrims, carrying their sick, dance round the town to the sound of music. This seems rather comical than otherwise, but it is a most edifying sight to see the simple devotion of the dancing crowd, and moves one to tears rather than laught-

The procession was only once omit ted and that year the beasts in the stalls, it is piously recorded, imitated the step in reproach.

The first thing that the traveler notices as the express crosses the Balgian frontier is the immense difference in the landscape. In the latter country it is flat and most uninteresting, but once the border is passed, immense moun tain, pine forests, rocks and precipices burst into view.

out, the dreary chasm was suddenly filled up, and Rayinius himself, if the had seen fit to visit the spot on the next day, would have never suspected that any strange hand had disturbed his work.

Minerva's temple because he refused to pices burst into view.

The country is thickly populated, at going to the Capena date, to tell the Christiansthey may come for the body of him they will call a mady does for the country is thickly populated, at least as far as can be expected from its hilly structure. Little villages are sentenced to pices burst into view. ecattered all about in the valleys and on the mountain sides, sometimes consisting of but five or six houses, and diminutive church and school every hamlet does not possess the for-mer, so on Sundays and holidays the peasants have a long walk over the

mountains to get to Mass.

A bell is rung three times before each service; first half an hour before, then after fifteen minutes, and lastly as the priest and acolytes leave the

sacristy.

But it is hardly necessary to go to such pains to call the pious Luxem burghers to prayers. Their religion in the observance of it.

Every morning at 7:30 the little troops of school children are to be seen hurrying to Mass, with their basket of lesson-books on their arms. The ingly as to play, and so the years roll by, and the children become men and women, plous and good natured, such as one likes to meet on life's rugged

There is a spirit of chivalrous devothe street the little children run after them, and the men salute them respectfully, often stopping for a friend v chat on the harvest or the latest bit

The Luxemburghers are Catholics in the truest sense of the word, and one cannot remain a day in their midst without noting the thousand and one trifles which make them so different to Protestant nations.

But of all times in the year that of the annual procession is most edifying. They begin the last week in April, and last nearly a fortnight, and are in honor of Our Lady Consoler of the Afflicted, whose miraculous picture hangs over the high altar in the Cathedrai at Luxemburg. Many are the miracles wrought by it, as is testified by the numerous offerings bequeathed to the shrine.

the pilgrims with their cures come pouring in from the neighboring vil lages, praying aloud to Our Lady. For hours they kneel befode the miraculous picture, oblivious of all that passes, thinking only of their needs

But Luxemburg is not the only place a lawsuit or otherwise.

in which these pilgrimages are made. At Esselbruck and Diekirck, they are celebrated with almost equal splendor The Blessed Sacrament is carried round the town under a golden canopy, and Our Lady's statue is borne on the shoulders of the Children of Mary,

dressed in white. The streets through which the pro-cession passes are strewn with flowers, and everywhere flags and decoration of all kinds announce the joyful

triumph.

burghers themselves.

It is a most touching sight to see the devotion of the pilgrims. Old men with their hats in one hand and their rosary in the other, mothers with their little ones by the hand—people of every rank unite in homage to Jesus and Mary.

Benediction is given five times on

the way, and is announced by the booming of a cannon. As soon as it is heard, the crowd fall on their knees in the roadway, in humble adoration. And now a word about the Luxem

In general their mode of living is much like ours, but they have many quaint customs of their own. Their day begins with the dawn and ends about sunset, and they live a

great deal in the open air, which is, perhaps, the cause of their invariable good health and good spirits. The women seldom wear hats out of doors on week days, but on Sundays they are resplendent in all kinds of bright colors. The grandmothers and old mothers wear little round white caps like nightcaps, instead of

nets, and the men felt hats and halflength blue blouses.

Of course, this does not apply to the upper class, who dress much the same

The Luxemburghers have a great taste for gardening and agricultural pursuits. Every family has its little patch of ground, with potatoes and beans planted in artistic shapes. The peasants seldom cultivate flowers ; indeed, it is hardly necessary, for nature is so lavish with them.

houses, but scattered all about on the mountain sides, and fenced off by a low railing. Sometimes they are so high that steps have to be cut in the earth to facilitate the assent of the pro-Fruit of all kinds is very plentiful,

The gardens are never near the

more especially cherries, grapes and pears. The latter grow to an enormous ize, and are remarkably fine. In some parts cherries are so abundant that a feast is made as soon as they are ripe (in May), and the whole village rejoices in cherry wine, cherry

tarts, and other dainties produced from this fruit. Owing to the mountainous formation of Luxemburg, goats are very numerous, and the poor would be badly off without them, as they drink their milk. And very good it is, too, though a little

stronger in flavor than that which the The food is of the simplest kind, and consists principally of soup, salad, and vegetables. Coffee takes the place of tea, and butter is almost a luxury, iam of different kinds being used in-

The language of the country is a patois of German and French, called 'Luxemburg Deutsch:" but everyone can speak German, and the better edu-

cated French as well. German and French coinage is current, and also English gold. The scenery is exquisite, particular

ly in the environs of Veanden and Diekirck. Luxemburg, the capital, is a very pretty town though small, built on the side of a mountain and strongly fortified. It contains many beautiful parks and boulevards, and the churches are magnificent, particularly the cathedral and the church of St

Many Luxemburghers emigrate to America, but few go to England, though they take a great interest in all that goes on there.

THE CATHOLIC LAWYER. St. Ignatius' Calendar.

Some time since the Hon. Zachary Montgomery delivered a remarkable address on "The Sphere of the Catholic Layman." Among many pertinent things, he said : " What is the good that may be accomplished by Catholic laymen in the field of newspaper work, is correspondingly true as to what may be accomplished in the other professions. Take for example the Catholic lawyer; I mean the lawtion among them to the cure, and all yer who is a Catholic in fact. How priests and nuns. When they pass in many unjust lawsuits will he not prevent, by telling his client the plain truth. How many scandalous divorce suits may he not crush in the bud, by a little plain common sense talk, by counseling mutual forbearance be ween husband and wife, and by placing plainly and graphically their eyes the sorrow and pain they are about to inflict upon their neares and dearest relatives and friends : and far worse still, the burning disgrace and ruin for time and eternity they are liable to bring upon themselves and children by sundering those ties which, before the sacred altar, they have solemnly vowed would last until death. Lawyers have thousands of opportunities of acting the peace maker, in cases wholly inaccessible to the priest. Whenever such occasions present themselves no Catholic lawyer o the shrine.

At the earliest hours of the morning he pilgrims with their cures come

No true Catholic lawyer will ever suborn, nor will he tolerate the subornation of a witness nor the bribing of a judge or juror. No, not even in behalf of a just cause; nor will he resort to any other species of dishonest or unfair conduct in the management of We take pleasure in copying the American Messenger of the Sa Heart the following beautiful pwritten by Dr. De Costa (under nom de plume of Wm. Hickling copy of which he had sent to a fr

in Ontario: The beautiful inland sea now nlarly known as "Lake George, originally named Lac du S. Sacra the great martyr missionary Iohawks, the Rev. Isaac Jogues, On the eve of the festival of C Christi, the Father arrived at the let or northern end of this most p esque water, when on his way complish a mission attended with vet nevertheless most dear to his His immediate object was to con a peace between the French in Ca under Governor Montmagny an Mohawk Indians, amongst who purposed, later, to take up missi work. He passed the night wh first reached the lake. The morning, May 29, 1646, he nam lake while the Church througho the world was celebrating the feast, and then started to travel southward to the Mohawk c where councils were held under great pine tree." He doubtles lowed the known Indian trail getting well into the valley, near Johnstown and Fonda, re-Tribes' Hill, which then mus been a beautiful and romantic tion, and marching on by the the present Auriesville; little ing that one day his shrine we set up there, and that thousand vout Catholics two hundred an four years later would be making grimages and offering their at this place.

Reaching the Mohawk coun safety, he met the heads of the in council and concluded the pe French and the Indians exch presents, the latter receiving strings of enameled porcelain

which they valued highly.

Leaving with the people a b
taining probably small arti
altar use when he should retu missionary, Father Jogues party started on their return J neavy laden, carrying provisi baggage, the account says, like horses. Oa their return, they the head or south end of the the Holy Sacrament, and there while the Indians built can these they embarked and pad entire length of the lake, the outlet, where first they s night on the lake. He encamped again, and the fe St. John the Baptist, making age, they re-embarked on La plain and reached the first Fa

tlement about the 27th of month. Father Jogues was the fi man and the first Jesuit, then by the Indians as the "Black the visited the lake. Chan 1609, saw the Carrillon, but nothing to indicate that he ev this unequalled body of wat exclusively bore the name Father Jogues during one and eleven years, the lake b erally regarded as of high

value and the gateway to Car Just one century after it w by Father Jogues, it was General William Johnson, town, who says:
"I went on Lake Saint in 1746, when, to show the French) the strength of o alliance. I desired each nati their symbol to a tree to The Oneidas put which they painted red. (NY., Vol. IV., p. 271). 1753, General Johnston wa

tne lake, with his English campaign against the Fr changed its name to Lake honor of theking. This is regretted, and, upon the wh rhaps be regarded as an dalism. The water of this born lake, by its singular been valued for baptismal 1 by its transparent purity, it the saintly life and stainle of the martyr. No circums ever, could have justified of name, and, as "The Holy Sacrament," this exq of crystal, which recalls Glass before the Throne, remembered by truly Car The name applied to it The Horlcon," was an in

later in life the novelist co

The piece of verse herew simply a portion of an ex-composed in 1868, devoted tory, legends and antique Lake of the Holy Sacra work was submitted at th Protestant friend and cri it was criticised unfavora quently it was laid aside, almost forgotten until ent year; when, through the manuscript was struck by the character of its teaching nn Protestant, indicating peared to be the tone of h remote period of 1868 who yet a Catholic. His intere fore, excited afresh : whi ular portion now submitt ested some of his Catholic suggested its publication attempting a similar task ent time, he would, no d more varied measures;

theless allows this effort