

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER III. AT LIFE'S OUTSET.

Later that evening Olivia sat alone in the parlor of the little home which was to own her for its mistress days and months, perhaps years, to come. The conversation held with Nano McDonnell in the preceding chapter cannot be failed to give a fair idea of this cheerful lady's disposition. The kind, active sympathy of her nature, its graceful, womanly vivacity, so tempered by good sense and true modesty as never to exceed due bounds, were united with intelligence and piety of a high order. She was educated, too, after the fashion of Charles Reade's ideal heroines—that is, could speak a few languages besides her own, play the piano correctly and well, sing charmingly, make her own dresses and bonnets, and cook with shining success. Her culture in the transcendental sense, was remarkable only by its absence. She was the black beast of the cultured circle to which Nano belonged, and where Nano admitted her in order to startle the refined body whose tolerance was as conspicuous as their professions of liberalism were loud and ridiculous. She knew no mythology.

Her sunny disposition found proper expression in the sunniest, purest, shapeliest little figure and countenance. She was not a handsome woman. She was too little to merit that appellation. Her light hair and blue eyes, her pretty mouth and fine complexion, her graceful alertness and well-shaped body were the qualities which arrested the eye and gave Olivia the reputation of a beauty. Her pure heart shone in her eyes and gave an expression to the loveliness which, without it, would be only the beauty of the flower or the butterfly. When she spoke the sweetness of her voice, the good sense of what she said, the kindly wit or innocent sarcasm of her words, and the pretty dimples that ran up and down in playful response to her own emotions, were sure to attract her hearers and win from them admiration and very often regard. The young gentleman of a pugnacious disposition and high rank had already laid siege to her heart and carried the outworks. She was sitting now alone in her parlor, her sewing in her hands; but the needle had dropped from her fingers, and her eyes were gazing dreamily, and with a shade of sorrow in them, into nothingness. Outside the wind moved the professional sign enough to bring to her ears a gentle squeak of the "sweetest music in the world." The fire was flashing and leaping in the grate, and the clock on the mantel pointed almost to the hour of nine.

"Poor Nano," she said aloud, and the words showed of whom she was thinking. The sound of her voice roused her from her meditation, and she resumed her work with a sigh. The thought of her friend's condition had long been the thorn in her heart of love and faith, and she longed to see her obtain the security and peace of truth. The interview of a few hours previous was not soon to be effaced from her mind. Some of its facts still rankled severely. "I wish she had not uttered them," she thought, "for that I could forget them, or that her ways of thinking were not so wild. She is growing wicked. How can she help it, having no one to help her to be good and refusing to look for assistance, when we, with every facility to avoid evil, and the work of good? Again, after a long interval of thought, she said aloud: "Poor Nano, poor dear Nano!" "Poor Olivia," mimicked a deep voice from the door. She gave a little scream of surprise, and rushed to throw her arms around the neck of a stalwart young fellow who was just entering, to upbraid him for giving her such a fright, and to assist him in a steady way to remove his outer clothing. He sat down in the easy chair, when the first flurry was over, laughing. In the strong light of the hanging lamp the faint resemblance to his sister was clearly seen, although his muscular development and rougher complexion took away considerably from the likeness. And, moreover, his face was grave and serious in its expression, and had perpetual care marked upon its handsome outlines.

"Poor Olivia," he said again when comfortably seated. "You have any amount of pity for your neighbors and not a drop for yourself. Didn't somebody say that charity begins at home?" "Yes, dear; and somebody answered that that was no reason why it should make an old gossip and gabdoubt of itself. There is a man in everything—" "And especially in men," interrupted she. "No invidious, if you please. There is a man in everything, and it should be sought out. Shed some tears for your own pretty self now and then. Afterwards give away as much sympathy as you wish."

You want to sneer, septic; but look at that and be silent." And she pressed into his hands a photograph of her friend. It was impossible to look on the handsome, haughty, and intellectual face of Nano McDonnell without emotion, and the doctor, hardened as he had been in the severest of schools, and not inclined to surrender on the instant, felt a momentary thrill steal through him as his eyes rested on the beautiful countenance. He remained silent for some time, absorbed in studying the picture, while Olivia watched him with a keenness that almost bordered on anxiety and argued the presence of the deepest spirit of intrigue in her innocent breast. He handed the photograph back with a deep, involuntary sigh, as if awaking from a pleasant dream. Olivia clapped her hands and laughed in triumph.

"Oh," said he, blushing at his inadvertence, "besides her own, play the piano correctly and well, sing charmingly, make her own dresses and bonnets, and cook with shining success. Her culture in the transcendental sense, was remarkable only by its absence. She was the black beast of the cultured circle to which Nano belonged, and where Nano admitted her in order to startle the refined body whose tolerance was as conspicuous as their professions of liberalism were loud and ridiculous. She knew no mythology. Her sunny disposition found proper expression in the sunniest, purest, shapeliest little figure and countenance. She was not a handsome woman. She was too little to merit that appellation. Her light hair and blue eyes, her pretty mouth and fine complexion, her graceful alertness and well-shaped body were the qualities which arrested the eye and gave Olivia the reputation of a beauty. Her pure heart shone in her eyes and gave an expression to the loveliness which, without it, would be only the beauty of the flower or the butterfly. When she spoke the sweetness of her voice, the good sense of what she said, the kindly wit or innocent sarcasm of her words, and the pretty dimples that ran up and down in playful response to her own emotions, were sure to attract her hearers and win from them admiration and very often regard. The young gentleman of a pugnacious disposition and high rank had already laid siege to her heart and carried the outworks. She was sitting now alone in her parlor, her sewing in her hands; but the needle had dropped from her fingers, and her eyes were gazing dreamily, and with a shade of sorrow in them, into nothingness. Outside the wind moved the professional sign enough to bring to her ears a gentle squeak of the "sweetest music in the world." The fire was flashing and leaping in the grate, and the clock on the mantel pointed almost to the hour of nine.

"Indeed! I never had the honor of a close acquaintance with the gentleman, but I should say he would make the very worst of husbands. Do you know, I have been thinking of entering into partnership with him. He has a splendid practice, and probably finds counting and practising not agreeable neighbors. He is to send a messenger to-night to inform me of his decision on the matter. I thought he had already come."

"There has been no messenger yet. I do not like—but like have nothing to do with business. Will the arrangement be better than independent work?" "For a time infinitely better. It is a real stroke of fortune. Don't you see that for many months I could do no more in my present position than pay expenses? With Killany I shall have a handsome salary. And, again, I shall become known in the city. When I do start on my own account, I shall have a host of friends. Yes, it is a real stroke of fortune."

"I am so glad. After all your hard struggles, Harry, to find a safe position at last!" She took his hands in hers and they looked into each other's eyes. Her last words and her affectionate action had caused a burst of feeling that turned their thoughts into a gloomier channel and shut out for a time the remembrance of those who had formed the subject of their conversation. They could not speak, and a delicious silence settled on the room, save for the crackling of the fire, and the ticking of the clock, and the wind-borne music from the professional sign outside.

melancholy. Their causes had long disappeared, but the suffering he had endured had given him stability and firmness of mind, had opened his heart to the keener sympathy for the sufferings of others, and had taught him above all the necessity of unwavering confidence in God, and its consolation and its reward. His disposition was noble and generous, yet shrewd, too, and full of caution. He had made too many painful blunders in his struggle for bread to give his generosity free rein at every opportunity. An honorable prudence guided even his kindest charities, and impulse was a thing of the past with him.

"Fairly settled, as you say, Olivia," he said after a long silence. "Yet I have a name to make, though in the meantime money will be plentiful enough."

"You will not find that so very hard," said she, with loving confidence. "I am not without some influence. I know many of the best and highest people here, and first among them is my poor Nano. Her friendship for me will bring the crowd to you. Have I been altogether useless?" "My guiding star, dear," answered he tenderly, "could hardly have been that. If you had not been near to cheer and strengthen me I should have succumbed many a time."

"And now," he added, as if struck with a sudden inspiration, "I see a way to lose it just as I begin to enjoy it."

He would not take up her words when she stopped, but smiled and enjoyed her confusion. "I tell you, Harry, I have had experience of it myself. You haven't found it unpleasant, since you seem anxious that more of our sex should grow sicker still."

A VISIT TO LOUISE LATEAU. Another Interesting Account.

A few weeks ago it was the privilege of the writer to have the opportunity of visiting Louise Lateau, the humble ecstasica of Bois d'Haine, Belgium. There may be a considerable number of very well informed readers perfectly acquainted with the wonders that occur in the modest cottage of Louise Lateau, but, owing to the want of any popular work on the subject, the bulk of our countrymen are totally unaware of those marvels of grace which are manifested so close to our own doors. The first question one expects to hear, and one which I myself have put to those who had seen Louise Lateau, will be, "Are these wonderful manifestations genuine? Is there no deception?" From the learned and astute gentleman of whom I inquired, men who had seen jugglers in all its forms and in all climes, the answer was clear and emphatic. It was his opinion that under the circumstances, deception was impossible.

THE IMPARTIAL AND UNBIASED SPECTATOR at Bois d'Haine is not annoyed with fears or doubts of deception or imposture. There is so much unaffected simplicity and candor about Bois d'Haine and its occupants that the idea of double-dealing or imposition never occurs to the visitor; he simply wonders the wonders that Divine Providence so generously places at his disposal to strengthen his faith in Him. Very early on the morning of Friday, the 14th of October, I arrived at Manage, a little town in the province of Hainault, between Mons and Charleroi. Bois d'Haine is about two miles distance from Manage. On my way I met a poor working man of whom I had heard, according to his unflattering phrase, had used the weak and lowly to confound the mighty ones of the earth. At six o'clock, Mass was said in the village church by the venerable cure, M. Niel, so well known to all visitors. After Mass, tickets being given to those who applied to see Louise Lateau, preparations were invited us to enter, and arranged us in the little room in the most advantageous manner. The Doctor was seated on a low chair at the side of the bed near the head, so that he was in the most favorable position for observation. The writer was placed next him and had to kneel the greater part of the time to give those behind him an opportunity of seeing. When we entered the room we could scarcely repress

AN EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE. There was Louise, but her eyes were now very wide open. Her head was slightly turned to the right and her eyes seemed fixed on some distant object in the direction of the remote corner of the ceiling. Her countenance bore a mixed expression of pain and wonder as if she witnessed something awful and surprising.

SOME OF THE ORDINARY PHENOMENA were then produced. The cure invited a young gentleman present to move his hand before Louise's face—no result. He then asked a priest to do the same, and the awe-struck expression, signs, and above all, reliquaries were brought near the ecstasica, and although often wrapped up in an unrecognizable way, the blessed objects never failed to make Louise smile and extend her bleeding hands towards the holy object until she touched it. I carefully noted these surprising effects and can describe them no better than by comparing the effect of a blessed object on Louise to the effect of loadstone on a piece of iron.

WHEN THE BLESSED OBJECT WAS WITHDRAWN, Louise fell back on the bed like a corpse. We watched with a lively interest the scene before me. The first object that caught the eye was Louise, her eyes and mouth firmly shut, and her breast heaving in a most alarming manner, just like a person in agony. After the raising up of the priest approached with the Sacred Host and Louise opened her mouth gently. As soon as the Host touched her tongue her mouth closed suddenly, all signs of breathing or consciousness instantly disappeared. She was now in ecstacy. The cure removed the white cloth which covered her arms and her hands were seen resting on the coverlet, the blood flowing from the stigmata on the back of her hands. Many prayers were recited aloud by the cure, those present taking part in them. During this time all who were anxious to carry away a souvenir of their visit touched the bleeding hands with religious pictures, or had kerchiefs which were thus stained with her blood. It may be well to remark that

THIS WAS THE 70TH FRIDAY that Louise had the bleeding stigmata of our Lord, as had the seraphic St. Francis and several other saints. The stigmata appeared on Louise Lateau for the first time on the 24th April 1878. At present Louise's stigmata appear like blisters which increase in size till about midnight on the Thursday, then they burst and the bleeding begins. The blood continues to flow all Friday and then the wounds heal themselves. Most minute details as to the character of these stigmata, their rupture &c., are given in Dr. Lefebvre's splendid medical work entitled "Louise Lateau" and which has been translated into English by Dr. Northcote. Before leaving the house another glance around tents but to confirm the impression made by the genuine simplicity and modesty of the good people. Adeline, Louise's sister, is sitting in the ante-chamber (the principal room in the house) sewing. Besides her are two sewing machines, one of which was often covered with the blood of Louise when, by way of the island experiment, she was ordered to continue her work on the Fridays. Rosine, the eldest sister, I am informed in reply to my inquiry, is out working a la journal. We then all leave the humble abode of divine favors to return at 2 p. m. But then we shall see the ecstasica during an hour, and be less crowded, as no ladies will be present.

many criticisms on the saintly ecstasica which M. Neils is not afraid to keep on his table. These range from the exceptions taken by a Relempostist Father to some of the phenomena, to the frantic ravings of a Dr. Charbonaer of Brussels. This impious man winds up one of his distiches by declaring that rather than throw in his lot with the miracle loving God of the devout, he would prefer to share his fate with the honest, matter-of-fact devil! May the poor fool live to regret his delicate choice! And this is but a specimen of the blasphemous rhetoric with which the liberal press of Belgium greets the name of the inoffensive and saintly village girl.

THE CURE FROM NAMUR, who had carried the Holy Communion to Louise that morning, told me privately that he would not say he had given her the Holy Communion. It seemed to him that the Sacred Host had left his fingers of itself when he was about to place it on her tongue. M. Neils stated that she had 30 or 40 ecstasies each day, and it was his own private opinion that during these ecstasies her soul was united to God and her body was then like a corpse soulless. He attributed her sufferings in good part to the repugnance the soul felt to return to the body. It was a noted fact in the life of Louise Lateau that she suffers very much when a calamity or scandal afflicts the Church. Many wonderful instances of those are related in her life by Henry Van Looy, showing that the seizure of Rome in 1870, the atrocities of the Commune, &c., were faithfully mirrored in the sufferings of this holy victim, although she was, humanly speaking, completely ignorant of these events.

At 2 p. m. we started from the presbytery. The good cure had preceded us. In deference to the oft-repeated request of Louise, that she might be freed from the embarrassing visits of numerous persons from every quarter of the world, the Bishop has ordered that the visitors shall be admitted only after the ecstacy is begun, and leave before it is over, so that Louise is unconscious that she is still the object of so much observation. When we arrived at the cottage our number had increased to about fifteen. There were six or seven priests, some from the vicinity and some from a distance. The laymen included a doctor from Brussels and two French gentlemen. At about 2.10 the cure came to the door of the cottage, invited us to enter, and arranged us in the little room in the most advantageous manner. The Doctor was seated on a low chair at the side of the bed near the head, so that he was in the most favorable position for observation. The writer was placed next him and had to kneel the greater part of the time to give those behind him an opportunity of seeing. When we entered the room we could scarcely repress

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tatica recognizes the blessings and prayers of the Church. One of the commonest is to present a medal or rosary which has never been blessed—Louise is insensible to its presence. If it be not taken away, blessed privately, and then presented she smiles and seeks to touch it. As has been already stated, medical men have entirely failed, with all the means at their command, to restore Louise to consciousness during her ecstacy, but the mere word or sign from her spiritual superiors, that is the Bishop or the cure, never fails to cause the ecstacy to cease. What is strangest is that this authority can be exercised from any distance and can be delegated to any person. Wonderful instances of

THIS MARVELLOUS OBEDIENCE TO LIGHT—MARK THORNTON—no matter by whom exercised—can be seen in all the works that have been published about her. However, this recall to consciousness is seldom practiced now as it causes her to suffer, and she has already passed through years of trials and experiments in the hands of eminent learned men. Suddenly, and without any premonitory sign, Louise stretched out both arms in the form of a cross. Her head turns considerably to the left but she still keeps her eyes fixed in the same direction as before. Her mouth half opens, and her whole countenance expresses the most lively horror, fright and consternation. During her ecstacy she has been following the Passion and she now sees our Lord expire on the cross of a cross. Her head leaves the room!" exclaims M. Neils; all obey, for in a few minutes Louise shall have regained her consciousness. It is worthy of note that this phase of ecstacy has occurred exactly at three o'clock every Friday from the beginning. Amongst those who had witnessed these consoling and faith-strengthening phenomena there was but one opinion concerning the consummate virtue and holiness of Louise Lateau; and when one is acquainted with the holy and self-sacrificing life of the "good Louise" it is not possible to look upon her otherwise than as a saint.

CANON MCKENNA AND "EDITH" O'GORMAN.

On Sunday morning, before the commencement of the eleven o'clock Mass, at St. Mary's Church, Derby, the Rev. Canon McKenna briefly alluded to the religious excitement in the town during the past week. He told his hearers not to be surprised if their holy religion was calumniated and reviled. Christ himself had been treated in that manner. No life could be more pure and holy than the life of the Saviour of men, yet some had been more reviled and calumniated by wicked men. During the past week vile calumnies had been uttered against the moral character of priests and nuns and the confessional; it was hardly worth while attempting to reason with those who uttered them. So long as they could make money by such means, they would continue to do so. Any man of common sense could easily discover from the antecedents of the lecturer that she was an impostor, and that her statements were a hideous caricature of the Catholic religion. She had been expelled from a convent, and now had her revenge in vilifying the character of the nuns who live nearly 4000 miles distant from Derby. It was credit to the town that the thinking and respectable class of protestants and dissenters in Derby had kept aloof from the disgraceful lectures against convents. No honest man or modest woman would go to such lectures. Only one public man in Derby, a Primitive Methodist minister, could be found to patronize the vile impostor, to open her unholy mission by offering prayer, and to give the influence of his position to help her in casting ridicule on Catholic doctrines and Catholic institutions. He perhaps forgot that the Catholic Church is the Mother Church of Christianity, that she is the most widely spread, that the number of her members exceeds that of all the other Christian communities, that the civilized world is largely indebted to her for many of the blessings it enjoys, and that it is from her, Protestants have received the Bible. It was a curious fact that in the Methodist Ecumenical Council recently held in London Catholicism was allied to in a kind and Christian manner, and the hope had been expressed that Methodist ministers might do much, if they tried, to spread the Gospel amongst Catholics. If the conduct of the Primitive Methodist minister in Derby was an illustration of the methods proposed to be adopted to enlighten the Catholic mind, that hope might meet with a bitter disappointment. Catholics judge that the vile impostor, while the epidemic of small-pox prevails in the town, a Catholic priest had been several times to the small-pox hospital to give religious consolation to the Catholic patients; but he (the speaker) had not heard that any Methodist minister had gone and done likewise. He concluded by asking the congregation to pray for God's grace and blessing on themselves, and to be zealous in spreading amongst their friends and neighbors a true representation of their holy faith. There was a large congregation, as many persons expected to hear something on the excitement of the week. The address, delivered slowly and with much earnestness, was listened to with breathless attention.—London Universe.

He Understood Human Nature.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can, if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam, you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-cream?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer? Well that was nat'ral, too," replied the l. of the h. "What d'yer want, sir?" Then the peddler displayed the wares and when he left that door-step, half an hour later, his face was full of pleasure and his pockets full of money. He understood human nature, and had made a good sale.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became generally known, and thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.