

indeed Hermann. It has been recorded that from the moment he took the rescued waif in his arms, the fear of death left him. It was succeeded by a wondrous tranquility of mind.

A cloud seemed to have been lifted from his soul; and, with that intense activity of the consciousness which comes to the drowning, the whole panorama of his past life whirled before his mental vision. Childhood, innocent and wondering; manhood, with its questioning doubts and rebellious pride, flashed before him in a succession of vivid images.

Suddenly he realized all that he had lost in abandoning his ancient faith; and, for the first time in many years, he made the sign of the cross upon his breast, and knelt down trembling upon the slippery deck. He invoked the saints to intercede for him. He called upon the sweet name of Jesus, pleadingly, passionately; and, behold! the little waif smiled once more upon him, and he rose up strengthened, comforted.

In the meantime the vessel had been borne by the waves and wind far into the interior of the country. It was passing over the verdant tract of meadow-land that once stretched along the southern shore of the Meuse, from the harbor of Dordrecht to Gorcum, where it struck with a violent shock upon the submerged dyke that formed the river bank. Then he sprang with the child onto the mast.

As he clung rocking to and fro upon the bending rod, he realized that eternity yawned beneath him. Not far off a white rose above the flood, which he might have reached by swimming, but this would have necessitated his abandoning the child. Several boats were already approaching to rescue the half-drowned wretches that clung to it, but he resolutely turned his face from them, and held closer to his burden.

"Nay, little one," he muttered, "I'll not desert thee! We'll live or die together."

Then came Joan's ask, threatening destruction; then that great, green hill of water that wrecked his bark and wrenched him from the mast. Down, down he went, and then up, up again, until the water grew from dark to yellow-green, and he arose struggling to the surface.

St. Christopher! Then who didst bear the child Jesus o'er the flood, pray for me!" he cried.

And lo! Wonder of wonders! The face of the little waif suddenly became radiant. It fluttered its tiny hands above the howling billows, and it was no longer a burden that he bore in his arms, but a sustaining spirit. At this instant a cloud passed over his mind, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was sitting in the stern of a boat, bounding over the waves toward Gorcum, with the child sleeping tranquilly in his arms. "I have had a beautiful dream," he thought, "such visions come to the drowning."

On drawing nearer to Gorcum, he noticed that a great number of small boats had put out from the place, and were plying hither and thither across the watery expanse on the merciful errand of life-saving. He noticed, also, that the crews that manned them consisted of the Spanish soldiery that garrisoned the town. "Taught to believe that in the breasts of these men fanaticism and cruelty had usurped the place of every gentle passion, he was surprised to see them now animated with a generous humanity. They were not merely succoring their enemies, they were risking their own lives to save them. Indeed, the men who had effected his own rescue were his enemies, the Spaniards.

into the rooms above to make this offer of hospitality good.

When the boat reached the monastery, two monks appeared in an arched window on a level with the water, and received its occupants cordially. Hermann observed that their faces were refined and austere. It was evident that they lived in strict accordance with their rule. He had been taught by the ranting gossippers, that monks were idle and dissolute; but he was soon to see that there existed among them a spirit of generous emulation as to who could excel the other in piety and good works.

They were conducted into a large, airy apartment, that served as the recreation room of the Friars in inclement weather, where their immediate needs were provided for. They were then furnished with dry garments, out of the stock of clothing which the Franciscans always had in store for their poor, and were taken to another part of the building to be presented to the guardian.

He was pacing back and forth in a spacious chamber, furnished with shelves and drawers, in the interstices of its Gothic windows, and curiously carved chairs and tables grouped round the columns which supported its groined ceiling. One glance at the manuscripts and folios that filled the shelves, sufficed to inform them that it was the convent library.

The guardian hastened to meet them as they entered the chamber, and, after congratulating them heartily on their marvellous escape from the flood, bade them be welcome to everything the house afforded, adding that they were to consider themselves masters of the place, and him and his brethren their servants. He beamed upon them so benevolently that Hermann felt encouraged to take him at his word.

"Good sir," he said, "I have a child in my charge whose mother has doubtless perished in the flood. Could you not find me some good woman to look after him while I rest?"

The guardian bent over the little form that he held in his arms, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Poor little unfortunate!" he murmured. "Rest content, sir. I'll see what can be done."

He then requested Hermann to be seated, while he went in person to inquire into the matter.

He returned with a face all wreathed in smiles.

"Follow me, sir!" he said, beckoning to Hermann. "I think I can accommodate the child."

He led them through a long corridor back to the recreation room, which was now filled with the fugitives they had passed in the boats. Several Franciscans were busy among the administering restoratives to the exhausted, and consoling the weeping bereaved; Hermann's conscience smote him for having ever entertained an evil thought regarding such charitable work.

The guardian pushed his way gently through the waiting throng, and stopped before a young woman who was sitting on the floor clasping a little figure convulsively to her bosom. It was the wild-eyed mother still clinging to her first-born's corpse. She neither spoke nor moved; but gazed steadfastly before her with strained dry eyes, seemingly oblivious of her surroundings.

Hermann sprang forward with a cry of joy and fell on his knees beside her. "It is Jo, my little wife, Joan! May God be praised for his mercy!" he exclaimed fervently.

She turned and looked at him blankly, without the slightest gleam of recognition in her eyes.

"If she does not weep soon, she'll lose her mind," whispered the guardian compassionately.

When he spoke to the bereaved woman softly, and gently removed the dead child from her grasp. And he took the little waif from Hermann and placed it tenderly in her arms. And as she felt the living child nestling against her bosom, the wild look left her eyes, and she bent over it and wept, and her reason was saved.

God, I could bear it without a murmur."

And Hermann replied: "You have been patient and forbearing with me, little wife. I have been rash and headstrong in my wicked zeal, yet you have never murmured. I know well how earnestly you have prayed for my repentance, and it has not been in vain. God has heard your prayers, deary. He has vouchsafed me a great and wondrous enlightenment, and I will straightway make my peace with Him, and beg absolution from the good Father Guardian."

Then he related to her all of his adventures in the flood, not forgetting to emphasize the black despair that filled his soul before his rescue of the infant, and the wondrous peace and light that descended upon him afterwards.

"It was a marvellous conversion!" cried Joan, when he had finished. "God has indeed heard my prayers. Aye, and in taking to Himself our little Paul, He has granted what I asked, that the burden of your penance might be borne by me. But now, in His mercy, Hermann dear, she added with a smile, "He has given me back my little Paul in this lovely babe. May God be forever praised!"

A SIX WEEK'S TRIP.

(CONCLUDED.)

Padua was celebrating its great Feast and holding its annual Fair, when Father Cruise arrived on the scene. The streets were alive with the 150,000 people who had gathered from the surrounding country to participate in the event. Booths and stalls were everywhere, and in them the fruits of sunny Italy and her many tinted light wines were exposed for sale. Here was heard the cry of the vendor mingled with the rumbling of passing waggons, the tramp of moving feet, the note of the organ, the twang of the harp and the chatter of the ever-increasing crowd. The women with their black eyes, white teeth, olive skin, picturesque head-dresses and brilliant costumes; the men with animated and ever-ubiquitous countenances, luxuriant of gesture and volubility of tongue; the whole presenting a pleasing and lively picture. But while attending to the sale of their wares and the pleasures of their merriment, they did not forget the occasion of it all, and on St. Anthony's Day and the following, the attendance at the Masses was enormous. St. Anthony's great church with its mosque-like domes and minarets was the principal rendezvous, and here on the morning of Padua's Patron, Father Cruise had the pleasure of saying Mass. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament before the doors of which stand the famous bronze gates, its altar adorned by the wondrously magnificent bronze candlesticks, was placed at the disposal of our pilgrim, and here he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice and distributed the Bread of Life to the gathered multitude. Next came Perugia, interesting as being for so many years the See of Nim, who now claims the world as his domain; Perugia, old and picturesque, nestling away off among the hills, and in whose ancient cathedral our traveller officiated. On the way to the old city the historic Lago Trasimeno is passed. Here the scenery is most picturesque and impressive, the lake with its triple islands, the olive-clad slopes, the gradually rising hills, the shores along which the wild fowl play, are all here, while a touch of melancholy interest is given by the remembrance of the fierce and sanguinary battle, which was fought on the spot, and in which the Christian King, the illustrious King of Rome, the Emperor, the Duke of the Roman consul Flaminus, who with 15,000 of his men pursued the small brook Sangunetto falling into the lake, memorializes the event. At Genoa Father Cruise visited three young men, in whom, as they are all from Toronto, the people of this city are interested. These were Father Richardson, ordained on the 4th of last month, and expected in Toronto shortly, Mr. Wm. Cullen and Mr. Fraser, who are still pursuing their studies. At Tortona, Father Cruise had one of the greatest pleasures afforded him by his trip, namely meeting with his brother who is at college there. Rome only occupied one day. This was mostly passed in the company of Mons. Merry del Val the popular ambassador to Canada. As this gentleman is a personal attendant on the Pope, he has apartments near those of His Holiness. In the sitting-room a picture of Toronto's Archbishop hung on the wall, and was conspicuous, as being that of the only prelate so honored. Mons. Merry del Val told Father Cruise that Archbishop Walsh is held in the highest regard by the Sovereign Pontiff. In great St. Peter's usually viewed as the acme of art, and the point towards which all tourists travel, is not looked upon with favor by our present narrator. Though it looks like strong heresy to say so, yet Father Cruise does not like St. Peter's, the rules of art as regulated in his mind are here art is found by him in this much praised and world renowned temple. Turin was also visited, but too late for the Exposition of the Suedone, or Winding Sheet, in which the body of Our Lord is said to have been wrapped. The wonderful results from the photographing of this much revered relic, are still

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the subject of comment. At Venice old St. Mark's was entered, and the doves which flocked round in thousands, were fed. To be near Assisi, and not see the home of St. Francis would not do, so our traveller climbed to the old town and visited the spots revered for seven hundred years as the scene of the life and labors of the gentle founder of the Little Brothers. There everything spoke of him who preached to the birds and looked upon all creatures with love. Here is the great church of Our Lady of the Angels, in the nave of which is the Portunus of Portunus, called by the people the Holy Chapel. Spelling it St. Francis said: "This place is holy; whatever you ask for fervently here shall be granted to you; never abandon it; if you are driven out by one door enter by another; let the holiest of my Friars live here." Another object of interest is the rose garden of St. Francis; with this the following beautiful legend is connected. One wintry night St. Francis being tempted to lay aside some of his usual mortifications, threw himself into a bed of thorns and briars; these at once were converted into fragrant and thornless roses, the leaves of which were spotted with blood. Next angels visited our saint and wrapping him in a white mantle, they carried him to his much loved Little Portunus, where he was met by Our Lord accompanied by His Blessed Mother, and a great choir of angels. St. Francis was then assured by his Divine Visitor that his petition so long craved, of having a special indulgence attached to his Little Portun, was granted. Some of the rose leaves from this interesting spot now lie before me, and as though testifying to the truth of this story, they are dotted on the underside with dark brown spots, as though blood had been sprinkled upon them.

To see for himself the "dead hand" Father Cruise went to the Franciscan Convent at Foligno, and there plainly in evidence was the hand with its outstretched fingers, looking as if it had been hurled into the panel of the door with red hot iron. The story of the hand in short is this: Sister Teresa Gesta one of the Order, died suddenly on Nov. 4th, 1850. Two days later a sister who had taken her place as Sacristan was appalled on entering the sanctuary to hear moans, and cried out: "Jesus! Mary! What is that?" She was answered in the voice of the dead God, who exclaimed: "Oh! my God, how I suffer! The chapel became filled with smoke, and the sister was seen to approach the door, and placing on it her hand, she said, "behold a proof of the mercy of God." The community were at once alarmed, and prayed without ceasing for her suffering sister. Two days after she again appeared, and in a voice hurried to the "I died on a Friday, the day of the Passion, and behold on a Friday I enter into eternal glory." The hand on the door has been proved to correspond in every particular with that of the dead religious.

The first Mass after his return to Canada was said by Father Cruise at our own marvellous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and on July 4th, looking just as of yore, he again entered St. Helen's sanctuary followed by the welcoming glances of his people.

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