

The Weaver.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A dinging his shuttle fast,
And a thread that would wear till the hour of
doom,
Was added at every cast.
His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Likethreads which the morning unbrides from
the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.
And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flow-
ers
In the rich, soft web were bedded;
And blithely the weaver sped onward the
hours,
Nor yet were Time's feet led!
But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell,
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For Thought hath a wearisome spell.
And a thread that next over the warp was laid
Was of melancholy gray;
And anon I marked there a teardrop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.
But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray;
And the flowers and the buds and the leaves
Were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.
And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly woven thread;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.
And things all strange were woven in,
Sighs, down crushed hopes and fears;
Each newly woven thread;
And the web was broken and poor and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.
And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin,
So in light and in gloom, the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life chords in.
And as he wove, and weeping still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And, with glowing words he to him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.
He up and turned his eyes to heaven,
And still went on—on—on—
Till the last, last chord from his heart was
given,
And the tissue strange was done.
Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.
And after I saw in a robe of light,
The weaver in the sky;
The angels wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale at night.
And I saw mid the folds all the iris-hued bow-
ers,
That beneath his touch had sprung;
More beautiful far than these stray ones of
ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.
And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels beaming a monarch's crown,
Were the footprints left by care.
And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the
sky,
Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.
And then I prayed, "When my last work is
done,
And the silver life-chord given,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one,
That I bear with me to heaven."
—EMILY JENSON.

ONE NUN'S LIFE STORY.

The Steps That Led to Mother Drane's Conversion.

"A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D." is the title of a book that tells the story of the life, conversion and work for God of a remarkable woman. The work, which is published by Longmans, Green & Co., is edited by Father Bertrand Wilberforce. He has allowed Mother Drane to tell the story as nearly as possible in her own words.

Where Father Wilberforce had written at all, it is where the modesty of the saintly religious made her silent as to labors full of merit and benefit. Regarded as a whole, the volume is extremely interesting, and one which, once commenced, few will lay down without full perusal. The holy woman whose life's story is told within its pages, Augusta Theodosia Drane, who was afterwards Mother Francis Raphael, of the Order of St. Dominic, was born at Bromley, near Bow, in what were then the eastern suburbs of London, on December 23, 1803. Her father, who was managing partner in a firm of East Indian merchants, was a man of considerable culture and, during the childhood and girlhood of the future nun, possessed of considerable wealth. Later on commercial disaster came upon him and brought the family face to face with needs which they had never felt before. Writing of this time, Mother Drane herself has said: "As to my mother, the real beauty of her character never shone so brightly. Accustomed to a life of luxury and indulgence of every kind, she accommodated herself to the change as if there were nothing to sacrifice, and took on herself different habits of life with a facility and cheerfulness which were wonderful. I grew out of childish ways, and began to understand that the really beautiful thing in this world—the only beautiful, I may say—is usefulness." Perception of this truth seems never afterwards to have faded from the silver mirror of a mind illumined by the love of God.

Born and bred a Protestant, but accorded every definite religious teaching, it was only in 1837 that Miss Drane fell under the influence of a truly devoted spirit. This was when her father, having retired from business and master of large means, settled at Babbicombe, in Devonshire. Here she came to know one of those holy and devoted men who have so often within the ranks of the ministry of the Church of England been the human means of guiding earnest souls into the paths which lead to perfect peace and certainty, but which they were not themselves in all cases fated to tread. Of her personal experience Mother Drane wrote:

"Above all other influences under which my mind and my religious sense ever fell was that of the preaching of our Vicar, George May Coleridge, nephew of the poet, cousin to the judge. He was a man of profound patriotic learning; his sermons were something you could never hear twice in this world. For the first time in my life I listened to dogma. I learnt to believe, and to know that I believed in the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Church, the Sacramental system. I

learnt to read the Scripture as interpreted by the Prayer-book. I learnt to love the Prayer-book, to love the mystical sense, too, of the Sacred Text, and to all this I applied myself with an inexplicable ardor. I scarcely knew how many new ideas were growing in my mind; but still they existed in my mind only. I do not think I was, in point of fact, gaining many religious habits, or practising many degrees more of self-restraint. Still, it was an education, and sowed in me the seeds of faith."

So wrote Mother Drane long after she had become a cloistered servant of the Most High God, towards Whose truths the hand of her old vicar had in some degree shown the way. At the time, however, of which she here writes, Miss Drane, as she then was, had no perception of the actual direction in which her steps were leading. In the winter of 1839 and the spring of 1840 she was brought to London, and plunged with all the delight of her girl's heart into the gaieties of fashionable society in the great metropolis. Of this period she says:

"In London that winter I first heard Mass. A ward of my father's, a Catholic, was staying with us, and he took her to Mass on Sunday and me with her. I understood nothing and liked nothing of what I saw; and on returning said: 'Well, I have been to Mass for the first time in my life; I think it will probably be the last.'"

Slowly but surely, however, enquiry was ripening into knowledge, bursting into the glorious blossoms of realization and conviction! The writings and teachings of the Oxford men within the Church of England were leading many nearer and nearer to the truth. Pusey's, Newman's, and the works of others of the Tractarian school were closely studied by Miss Drane, whose father witnessed with a fond alarm the development within her mind of High Church ideas, which to his old-fashioned Protestantism were exceedingly distasteful. It is a notable fact, too, that while Miss Drane's vicar, Mr. Coleman, died as he had lived, a Protestant, his curate, George Barber, became a Catholic, entered the Cistercian Order, and died Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's.

At last, however, the final solution of the thousand questionings which wrung a tortured heart came and opened to it the gates of perfect peace. The portals swung back on the 3rd of July, 1850, and the story is told by Mother Drane herself. It is necessary to mention, by way of explanation, that the Mr. Maskell referred to in the following extract was the Vicar of Babbicombe, in succession to Mr. Coleman, who had died. Mr. Maskell had himself just been received into the Catholic Church. Mother Drane writes:

"So I resolved on doing what would compel me to do more, and to burn my ships, so as to cut off all possibility of retreat. One Sunday evening, after dinner, I told my father, face to face, all about it, and my fixed intention of becoming a Catholic. Of course, he was, it was an immense relief to me, I had pulled the string of the shower-bath, and now there was no recall."

"My father went to London, and one day Mr. Maskell, who had resigned his living, and was at the vicarage arranging his departure, came down to our house and told me that Mr. Fanning, the Catholic priest of Tiverton, was in Torquay, and I was to go to him forthwith. I was exactly in the mood when the word of command settles one's fate, and I went. It was settled that I was to go to Tiverton on Tuesday in the next week."

"I reached Tiverton. The priest occupied part of a large house built for a convent. That evening, and all the next day, he devoted to my instruction, and in the evening Miss Moore (a friend who was also to be received) arrived."

"Next morning, July 3, we heard Mass. Then came confession, conditional baptism (what an ecstasy it was to feel the water on one's head, and to be sure!) and our profession of faith at the altar."

Mother Drane went on to tell how, leaving the church, she and her companion were met in the hall of the priest's house by his old Irish housekeeper and her husband, who, with true Celtic courtesy, presented them with beautiful bouquets of pure white flowers. Mother Drane adds: "What a pretty thought it was! I kept one of my white roses as a relic." Then comes a characteristic touch, one very true to life, as Catholics will recognize:

"How happy I was!—so happy that I could not understand myself. I was not in the least pious, and did not want to say my prayers, but to go into the garden and tell the air and sky and the fields how happy I was. Mr. Fanning perfectly understood me, and instead of prescribing piety, desired us both to eat strawberries, and I obeyed. I think I ate a good many."

Here we have a picture which tells at once of a happy heart and a conscience clear of every burden. In 1852, after a visit to Rome, where she received many graces, and what appear to have been actual inspirations—notably in the famous shrine of Mater Admirabilis, in the convent of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart—Miss Drane offered herself as a postulant of the Order of St. Dominic, towards which she had long felt herself drawn, and of which she was destined to remain so long such a distinguished ornament. Many years afterwards, in 1868, Sister Francis Raphael as she then was, in company with another member of her order, went to Ireland on a special mission, being received as a guest at the house of Mrs. Scully, in Dublin. During this visit

the future Mother Drane made the acquaintance of an Irish Dominican nun whose name is destined to long remain honored in the annals of her order, in the memory of her people, and in the history of the lovely country to the service of which she has given her splendid talents and a devotion unsurpassed. Mother Gabriel Gill, now the Provincial of the Dominican Order in New Zealand, and whose brilliant services in the cause of Catholic education beneath the Southern Cross are amongst the proudest trophies of the missionary zeal of the Celtic race. Amongst others whom she met during her stay in Ireland was Father Matthew Russell, S. J., of whose kindness she cherished grateful memory until her death. On April 29, of last year, Mother Francis Raphael died—dying, as she had lived, the death of a saint. A gifted writer whose works have enriched Catholic literature, a perfect religious whose counsels, quoted in the present work, will long be treasured in every cloister, a ceaseless worker whose zeal and energy ever were the veil of a sweet graciousness, Mother Francis Raphael has left a memory which her spiritual Sisters and children will not willingly suffer to fall into oblivion, and of which Father Wilberforce's charming memorial—a fitting and worthy memorial.—Catholic News.

WEALTH OF ARCHBISHOPS.

Very Limited Resources of Great American Prelates.

The transfer of the authority *de facto* and *de jure* of the Metropolitan See of St. Louis from Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick to his coadjutor, Archbishop John J. Kain, has, says the New York Herald, occasioned the publication of many misleading and erroneous statements concerning the two prelates and their relations to the temporalities and the spiritual jurisdiction of the church.

A Metropolitan is a Bishop who presides over the chief city of an ecclesiastical province. Every Metropolitan is an Archbishop, but every Archbishop is not a Metropolitan. The former are those who have suffragan Bishops, the latter may not have any at all. In the United States there are now four Metropolitans—the Archbishops of Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Oregon, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and Santa Fe. In addition there are four other Archbishops—Mgr. Satolli, Archbishop Grace, who resigned the See of St. Paul and lives there as one of Archbishop Ireland's Vicars; Archbishop Salpointe, who resigned the See of Santa Fe, and Archbishop Kenrick, who has just been relieved of the charge of the St. Louis province.

JURISDICTION OF THE METROPOLITAN.

Formerly the jurisdiction of the Metropolitans over their suffragans was almost absolute. Now it is almost nil. They can convocate provincial councils or urge a delinquent Bishop to conform to the duties of his office. They can entertain an appeal of a subject of one of their suffragan Bishops, or when a suffragan neglects to comply with the duties of his office the Metropolitan may remedy the neglect of his suffragan. This, of course, is only in very grave cases. If the suffragan dies or is incapacitated without naming a temporary administrator for the diocese the Metropolitan appoints that official. The permanent management, though, must come from Rome. Every Bishop is practically supreme in his own diocese. He does not share with the Archbishop the authority over his spiritual or temporal affairs. Archbishop Corrigan has no voice or direct control in the affairs of Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Albany or any of his suffragan Sees, unless the Bishop thereof neglects his duties.

The Pope alone can appoint a Bishop. In certain cases—for instance, if the diocese is a great distance from Rome—a Bishop who, through age or infirmity, is unable to perform his duties may select a temporary coadjutor with the advice and consent of his chapter. In case of the insanity of the Bishop the chapter itself by a two-third vote may name such coadjutor, but a report must be made to Rome as speedily as possible. This was the canon law made and provided in the olden time, when there was no cable to annihilate space and time. Now there are few lands so remote from the Vatican as to warrant such a course.

Coadjutors are appointed on account of any chronic and incurable bodily disease making it impossible for the Bishop of the See to perform his duties, as, for instance, loss of speech, blindness, paralysis and the like, old age, insanity, continued, and flagrant neglect of duty. Removals are made for the same causes. Coadjutors assigned to an insane Bishop take complete administration of the diocese in temporal as well as spiritual matters.

INCOME OF THE BISHOPS.

The salary of a Bishop or an Archbishop is called the *cathedraticum*. This is a yearly tax paid by each parish in the diocese into the diocesan treasury. The rate is usually fixed by the pastors themselves at a diocesan synod. They consider what would be the proper amount to meet the Bishop's expenses, and arrange it accordingly. The Archbishop's salary, however, is not provincial. It comes only from his own immediate episcopal jurisdiction. Archbishop Corrigan gets no income from Brooklyn or any other of

his suffragan Sees. They support only their own Bishops.

In New York Archbishop Corrigan's income from the two hundred churches of his diocese ranges from \$200 a year paid by the large city parishes down to \$5 sent from some of the rural churches. Out of this he has to support himself, his secretaries and the clerical domestic staff of his elaborate house in Madison avenue and pay his traveling expenses in the visitations that take up so much of his time. While the income is probably the largest of any of the Metropolitans in the country, the running expenses of the office are equally great and the demands on his purse for charities and needy churches are constant.

In Brooklyn last year the diocesan synod fixed the *cathedraticum* for the Bishop at 1 per cent. of the income of each parish. The same customs as those cited obtain in other dioceses, modified by minor local circumstances.

NEW HAVEN PERSONAL FORTUNES.

The late Cardinal Manning was wont to say that the proper way for a priest or Bishop to die was without money and without debts. The great English prelate followed out his own teaching in this respect, and it has been the usual rule with American Bishops also. Few, if any, of them have died possessed of any personal fortune, although the opportunity to amass wealth was often present. Here in New York, for instance, the late Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal McCloskey could, if they had been so disposed, have easily accumulated fortunes through speculations or investments. Neither had anything to bother him at his demise.

The late Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, was noted for his ability as a financier, having large experience in business before he entered the ministry. All his talent in this direction was exercised to improve the diocesan property. He left nothing of his own. The pioneer Bishop of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. John Loughlin, was famous for his shrewd foresight of real estate values. He secured property all over the city in the best sites long before the civic limits enhanced their value. With the resources at his command he could have easily been a millionaire. All he disposed of in his will was his watch and a set of old spoons, which he gave to his sister. A year before his death the people of Brooklyn gave him a purse of \$25,000 at the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee. With this money he paid the debts of some of the charitable institutions.

The only modern prelate on record who tried to make money was the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who started a banking annex to the episcopal palace. What a disastrous failure it was need not be recapitulated here. Yet it was his brother more than the Archbishop that was to blame in the matter, and the object of the scheme was not for personal gain. It was a means adopted to better the resources of the diocese to meet the demands of the increasing population for churches and priests.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S CHARITY.

Of the present members of the hierarchy of the United States Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is probably the wealthiest. His personal fortune comes from land investments made before the marvelous growth of the Western cities near his home and from railroad enterprises in which he had been included by the intimate and powerful friends he has among the Western Trunk Line magnates. According to his admirers the bulk of his income goes to the poor missions and churches that form no inconsiderable part of his province.

Archbishop Corrigan has a modest patrimony from his father's estate. It is doubtful if he has increased it from the salary of his office, which, as has already been explained, is well balanced by the demands continually made on it. He is now much interested in the completion of the new diocesan seminary near Yonkers. His personal contribution to it is the erection of the chapel of the institution. This will probably cost him \$75,000.

Cardinal Gibbons does not get a very large income from the comparatively small diocese of Baltimore. It is well known that he hesitated for some time about accepting the red hat, for the simple reason that he was too poor to incur the very considerable expense that accompanied such an honor.

Archbishop Williams, of Boston, whose name has more than once been mentioned for the second hat, has also given this reason for a refusal. The other day he commemorated his sacerdotal jubilee, and one of the gifts from his admiring subjects was a check for \$50,000. Perhaps he may now see his way to an acceptance of a seat in the Senate of the Church, where, it is said, the Pope desires to have him.

ARCHBISHOPS WHO ARE POOR.

Archbishops Feehan, of Chicago; Riordan, of San Francisco; Groes, of Oregon; Ryan, of Philadelphia; Chapelle, of Santa Fe; Katzer, of Milwaukee; Janssens, of New Orleans, and Hennessey, of Dubuque, are all comparatively poor men. There is not a money pinner among them. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has a considerable reputation as a financial executive, but all his energies have been spent in getting the diocese out of the tangle into which the Purcell disaster threw its affairs.

The salary of a pastor in New York city is \$800 a year. It is never any more. Father M. J. Lavelle is the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the largest and most imposing Catholic church in the whole United States.

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So with the cemetery and chancery receipts, which go to the Bishops. These must be devoted to charitable uses. The Bishop who would take them for his personal benefit would incur the gravest censure.

As a body, therefore, the Catholic hierarchy of the United States are not men of wealth or disposed to use their positions and opportunities to get money for their personal use.

AS OTHERS VIEW IT.

The outlook for Home Rule is not bright; but the prospect for its enemies is yet darker in the event of a great continental war, such as is liable to break out any time. Irish Americans have contributed millions for the peace settlement of Ireland's grievances. If the outcome of nearly twenty years' agitation is to be twenty more of coercion, England will find no friend in any man of Irish blood when her hour of need arrives and when friends will be as precious as they are scarce.—The Pilot.

Ireland has little to deplore in the downfall of Rosebery. He was recreant to all his promises to the Home Rule party, and, judged by the past, nothing in the way of substantial legislation was to be hoped for from the Liberals. If the Home Rulers would but cease their puerile contentions, unite their factions and agree upon a plan of campaign not altogether Utopian, they could as allies of the new party make Rosebery's disaster Ireland's opportunity.—Catholic Columbian.

The downfall of the Rosebery Government may be a blessing in disguise to Ireland. It may open the eyes of that people to the necessity of union among themselves. That they have gained nothing from the fallen administration is due largely to the disunion and differences among the leaders, the terrible causes of coldness and hesitation on the part of many who would otherwise have been first in the breach to Ireland's rescue. The duty of the hour so much discussed is union at home. Until this is accomplished all else remains undone.—Pittsburg Catholic.

The fall of the Rosebery Government surprised nobody who had watched the trend of politics in Great Britain during the last twelve months. The tumble had been long discounted; so when it came there was little excitement even in England. The only wonder was that the Ministers held out as long as they did. They had lost caste with the people; their working majority had been reduced to the vanishing point; they disagreed among themselves as to the policies which should be given preference in the legislative programme. With ample opportunity to choose the time of retirement from office and the issues which should form the basis of the party's appeal to the constituents, they blindly stumbled into a pit which the wily Chamberlain had dug for them, and inglorious and prematurely lowered their colors.—The Republic.

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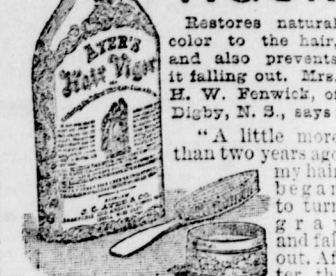
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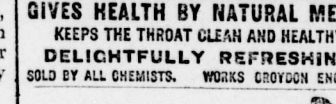
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