

Saint Cecilia's Day at the Sacred Heart.

(Written for a Convent Celebration of the Feast of the Patroness of Sacred Song.)

BY ELEANOR CECILIA DONNELLY.

Scarcely had the office of our Lady's feast,
(The Presentation's glorious annals),
And scarce the vision of the Temple dim,
The blessed Child, Saint Anne and Joachim,
Had from our vigils passed,—when seraphs
Came,
Chanting a virgin-martyr's deathless fame;
And, thro' November's twilight, dull and gray,
Pealed the glad chimes of Saint Cecilia's day!

Oh! for an angel's wings to waft us o'er
The sea of time, to that old classic shore,
With the blood of saints, and snow with seed
Of Christian sacrifices, blest indeed:
Whose golden harvest yet, unheeded, fills
Home's treasure-house upon the storied hills
Where, wrapt in silks, as fragrant as the rose,
The martyrs' bones within their shrines repose!

Oh! for an angel's hand to backward roll
The curtain of the Past, like some dark scroll,
Beneath whose sable shadows we might gild
Into the chamber of the virgin-bridal
And look upon Cecilia, nobly-born,
In all the splendor of her marriage-morn.

Enchanting music fills the hushed air,
And, on the maiden's long and wailing hair—
(Blest tribute from the garden of the Skies!)
A crown of white and scarlet roses lies,
Emblems of snowy souls, untouch'd by sin,
Emblems of rosy wounds which martyrs win—
This morn'g on our virgin-martyr's brow,
Those pure and ruddy blooms should pale and glow!

—Into the open door, as if by magic,
And, at her feet, with young Valerian,
Kneels,
And spouse and brother listen to the words,
(Sweet as the carol of imprisoned birds),
That from those gracious lips, convincing,
Luring them upward to their high award,
The crown the Lord, the glory of the Lord,
In that fair land where fadeless flowers bloom!

Three happy brides whose countenances and grace,
Whose silken robes, and meek, angelic face,
(Pious with the love of God), have thus en-
thralled the tortures and the prison-drear,
The rack the sword, and blind blasphemous
appetite,
Over the clouds the sun of Justice shines,
And pure shall be the gold, His fire refines,
And cool and calm, beyond the furnace-
heat,
His Paradise shall rest thy burning feet!

Three happy brides! beneath thy clinging curls,
A gleam of pearls, and gold and precious
gleams,
A nuptial gift, which gaily would out-vie
The snowy thread who rears the jewels lie:
Ah! there shall come a day of strange de-
light,
A day that ne'er shall darken into night,
When, on the marble floor, thy beauteous
head,
Like some rare blossom, drooping, pale and
dead,
Shall sweetly slumber, showing thro' its
curls,
A necklace richer than the bridal pearls—
The rose-crown of the Bride of Heaven,
The blood-red roses in the martyrs' gown!

Widowed and lonely, hurried to thy doom,
In all thy maiden innocence and bloom;
Here, in the nuptial halls of thy fair youth,
Shall dawn thy marriage-day in very truth:
For thine Eternal Bridegroom shall draw
near,
And catch thee to His Heart, so true, so
dear—
And bear thee in His arms, without a stain,
(Released from care and agonizing pain),
Beyond the stars, yond the jeweled door,
To seal thee for His Bride forevermore!

Strike then, to-day, among the virgin choir,
O sweet Cecilia, sing thy golden lyre,
And sing from out thy happy heart a song
Which all the saints shall echo and prolong,
A hymn of worship worthy of the Skies,
The psalm of the Blest in Paradise!

The changing centuries may roll away,
Age upon age may perish, pomp and pride
may fade
Into dead Creation's dust and shade—
But thou, triumphant in the realms of light,
Shalt fare no more the touch of change or
blight,
Safe in thy Lover's Heart, supreme and
strong,
Sweet patroness of pure, celestial song,
Thou art secure, O pray that we may be
Partakers of thy blissful fellowship!

Filled with this ancient zeal, to-day, im-
part
Unto the children of the Sacred Heart,
(Pure as the sublimations streaming from
above),
Thy faith, thy hope, thy brave, seraphic
love,
And, from our souls, in petty cares im-
mers'd,
New hymns of world-grad, immortal lay
Which we may hope to chant some happy
day,
When, near thy throne, Cecilia, glad and
free,
We strike our harps, and, rapturous, sing
with thee,
The praises of our God eternally!

TRUE TO TAUST.

OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER II.
When it is remembered that even in the
last century Cornwall, owing to its remote
position and the difficulty of approach,
was in moral as well as material progress,
far behind the rest of England, so that
acts of wrecking and smuggling could be
constantly perpetrated with impunity,
the reader will be able to form some idea
of the state of that county at the period
of which we write.

It was thinly populated, and the lands
comprised in the Duchy were little better
than profligate moors. The Catholic
priests had not been driven out, and very few
priests had not been replaced by ministers
of any other creed. The people had
so fallen into a state of deplorable igno-
rance with respect to religion, and absurd
notions of superstition had taken the place of
those practices of piety which, under the
enlightened guidance of their priests, the
Cornish people, naturally religious, had
loved to perform.

Nature had not been sparing of her gifts
to Cornwall, and if, in an agricultural
point of view, it was inferior to the rest
of England, its mines were rich, and it
abounded in wild and beautiful scenery.
The situation of Penzance, on the magni-
ficent Mount's Bay, is universally admitted
as a rarely found enclosed bay, such as
is rarely found enclosed by headlands,
in the midst of which, rising to the height
of nearly two hundred feet, stands an
isolated mass of rock, which bears the
appellation of St. Michael's Mount. At
an early period this romantic eminence
was consecrated to religion; old legends
assert that St. Michael appeared to some

hermits upon one of its crags, and a large
rock on the western side is still pointed
out as the site of his vision. Edward the
Confessor granted the mount to the great
benedictine house of St. Michael; later on
it was transferred to the monks of the new
Monastery of Sion.

But the island rock
Is crown'd with castles, and whose rocky
sides
Are clad with dusky ivy.

has echoed with sounds of war as well as
those of prayer.
On the side of the bay opposite to that
occupied by Marazion stands the little fish-
ing-town of Newlyn, nestled on the
gentle-sloping hill. After passing this
place, the road, or rather bridle-path, for
such it was then, wound round the rocks
close above the sea, and finally led to
Moushole. About halfway between the
latter and the former, at the time of
writing, an old-looking but substantially
built house, bearing the name of Ty-an-
dour, which means "dwelling by the water."

And it was well named, for it was situated
on a rock overlooking the whole bay; a
flight of steps, roughly hewn in the side
of the rock, led down to the water's edge.
This house was inhabited by the brothers
Stephen and Mark Casterman, their old
mother, and two children of Stephen.

Viewed from without, Ty-an-dour had a
gloomy appearance. The few tall dark
trees, which grew close to it, the uncul-
tivated lands, covered with gorse, which
stretched for miles in its rear; the wild
waves, ever dashing against the rocks be-
neath, seemed like monsters endeavoring
to assault the crags, yet always repulsed
by some unseen agent; all these added, no
doubt, to the melancholy aspect of the
building itself. But let us now enter
within.

The large room on the ground-
floor served for both kitchen and sitting-
room; its chimney advanced several feet
from the wall, affording ample accommo-
dation within for two persons on each
side; and there old dame Casterman used
to sit spinning during the long winter
evenings. A very solid oak table, a few
wooden stools, and a solitary arm-chair,
constituted all the furniture of the dark
low room. There were cupboards and
shelves in abundance; and a strange col-
lection of things they contained; old
clothes, jewelry, fishing nets and tackle,
articles of value and worthless lumber
were heaped together.

How this medley of goods had been ob-
tained will be easily imagined when we
state that the Castermans were renowned
wreckers and smugglers. On stormy
nights the lonely house often became the
scene of men as daring and as worthless as
themselves. Many a storm-battered ship,
struck against the rocks which fringed the
coast on the side of Newlyn; and, while
the unfortunate crew were endeavoring to
escape, the cargo was secured by these Cornish
pillagers, with whom it was a saying that:

"If ye save a stranger from the sea,
Then he'll turn your enemies to friends."
Smuggling was also carried on exten-
sively by the inmates of Ty-an-dour. The
desired booty once obtained and stowed
away in caves dug for the purpose under
the house, the brother wreckers and their
associates would indulge for a time in
feasting and revelry. But these hours of
relaxation were only of short duration; for
the Castermans were not given to
conviviality, and therefore no great favors
were shown by their neighbors, who neverthe-
less rallied round them on account of the
wonderful dexterity and their usual success
in undertakings of danger.

As Stephen Casterman's wife was dead,
his old mother looked after her two chil-
dren; that is to say, she saw that they had
enough to eat; but further than that she
did not trouble herself about them. And
so Patience and Anthony grew from year
to year in ignorance and neglect. From
their earliest childhood they were accus-
tomed to wander about alone,
and to play in the town and country, and
to be a wanderer no harm befell them;
but there is an allseeing Providence
that watches over those whom none pro-
tect or care for; and these poor children
were certainly of the number.

At the same time Stephen, after her
arrival at her aunt's house, was pouring
forth her soul in earnest prayer; she re-
tired to rest, the minds of old dame
Casterman and her sons were very differ-
ently occupied. There they sat in their
disorderly kitchen, a small lamp, placed
on the table round which they had gather-
ed, threw a wavering light on their sin-
ister countenances, while the rest of the
room was enveloped in almost complete
darkness. The three were holding a family
council. How astonished and shocked
would poor Catherine have been could
she have overheard their conversation! for
from it she could have learned that her
aunt was an accomplice of the Castermans.
She transported the more valuable of
their ill-gotten goods secretly to the ship,
of a Jew in the town, and helped them
in various other ways; in return for which
they gave her a small share in their profits.

On the present occasion her name was
frequently mentioned with reference to
certain articles of considerable worth
which they wished to be taken privately
to the Jews.
"Mind, the other men of the town must
know nothing of it," urged the dame; "or
else they will want a share in the profits,
and then, forsooth, they were at the wreck-
ing, as you all know, 'twas myself
who found the jewels on the dead body
by the shore in the morning after they had
all gone."

A loud knock at the door interrupted
the conversation. Stephen cast a hasty
glance round the room. He was too much
accustomed to deal with men of wild
unruly passions to think it a needless pre-
caution, before introducing his nightly
visitors, to remove from sight any ob-
jects which might tempt their cupidity.
He pointed, therefore, to a couple of rings
and a bracelet which lay on the table. His
meaning was quickly understood, and his
old mother hastened to hide them.

Mark then opened the door to the ad-
mittance of four or five strong, rough-
looking men. After wishing good-evening
to the inmates they drew the wooden
stools round the table, and seated them-
selves.
"Mark Casterman," said one of them,
"you must let us have a taste of that last
shipment of brandy we smuggled in. At
the old dame on hearing the demand
rose, and produced a stone bottle which
she placed on the table, providing each of

the men with horn drinking cups. The
dangers and adventures which had accom-
panied the capture of the shipload were
for some time the subject of conversation.
Then one of the party started a new sub-
ject by saying:

"What are we to think about this Hig-
gins and his crew? What is his purpose
in coming here? What's a commissioner
got to do with looking after the coast?"

The subject was evidently one of inter-
est to the wreckers. They leaned over the
table and looked towards Stephen Casterman,
anxious to know what solution he
would give to these questions. But his gloomy
countenance offered no clue to his feelings,
and as he remained silent, one of the
men proceeded to explain what he
believed to be the state of the case. The
Sheriff of Cornwall, he told them, found it
impossible to put a stop to smuggling and
wrecking on the coast, so he had obtained
leave to appoint commissioners for that
purpose, and Mr. Higgins was one of them.

"He comes," continued the speaker
with increased wrath, "to ruin, if he can,
our trade; to rob us of our lawful prizes;
and to hunt us out of our lawful prizes."
The children had already crept away fear-
ful of the stray blows which often fell to
their lot when the noisy wreckers met at
their father's house.

CHAPTER III.
A bright sunny morning succeeded the
day of Catherine's arrival at Penzance.

At an early hour all was astir in the little
town, for it was market-day. The farmers'
wives and daughters came riding in with
all the various produce of the country.
The fishermen, wearing red cloaks and
sweat-bands, called "Mount Bays," hur-
ried along, carrying their fish in crows,
and a kind of basket supported on the back
and by a band passed round the forehead.
The intending purchasers went from stall
to stall, talking and bargaining, and the
noise of the market was everywhere.

Among the latter class might be seen the
rich ladies of the neighborhood, who were
far from disdaining such homely duties
and who greatly enjoyed the evening ride
into town.
The sun, which had risen in all its
glory over the sea, was peeping into the
narrow streets, and made them look bright
and cheerful; but it was in the open
country that the beauty of the hour was
fully visible. A soft sea breeze blew over
the water, and in its passage the
sweet scent of the heather and other wild
flowers, rising from a morning hymn
of thanksgiving to the Creator, and her-
alding the dawn of a new day, was wafted
to the nostrils of the faithful.
To pray, as in former days; no convent
or monastery rung out the Angelus at
early morn'. It would seem that while all
nature celebrated the praise of God, man
had forgotten his Creator. No longer did the laborer
halt before the wayside cross to beg a
blessing on his toil.

It was already broad daylight when
Catherine awoke. Perhaps she had been
dreaming that she was once again seated
in her little cottage at Exeter; but now she started up in her bed
and gazed around with that astonishment
which one feels on awakening in a strange
place. Before morning brought with it
her mother's death, she had been a poor
worldly girl, she bestowed on her a rich
legacy of virtues; for she had instilled
into the mind of her child Faith, which
would guide her like a brilliant star,
through the darkest and most perilous
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paths of life. No longer did the laborer
halt before the wayside cross to beg a
blessing on his toil.

"Well, you took a fine sleep last night,
and you're up and about," said the old
woman, as she entered the kitchen.
"You have not been ill since you
have been up. Ah! well-a-day, it is a
long while since the place looked so clean
and tidy."

And the sight seemed to bring back to
Catherine some recollection of hap-
pier times.
"Ruth helped me," said Catherine,
"and we tried to make it look nice by the
time you returned from market."

"Did Ruth indeed help you?" said the
dame half laughing, well knowing that
her daughter was not much inclined to
industry, and very much doubting the
possibility of her being of much service.
For Ruth, though a gentle and affection-
ate nature, was in truth very indolent;
her training had not been such as to form
habits of order and industry. Less
impetuous than Catherine, whose sweet-
ness of temper was only the result of
an ardent prayer and constant efforts, she had
never her energy nor firmness of pur-
pose.

Before the end of the first week spent
at Penzance, Catherine found an opportu-
nity, when the children were absent, to
express to her aunt her desire to contribute
something towards her own support, by
her acceptance of a small monthly sum
for that purpose.

"Why, child," replied Dame Barny,
"don't want to take away your money;
but the truth is, I find it very hard to sup-
port myself and my child, and then, to
come, another person coming makes mat-
ters worse. I should never have asked
you for a penny; for, although I am poor,
I have never begged from any one. Since,
however, you are kind enough to offer it
yourself, I tell you honestly that it would
be of much service to me."

The young girl felt happy that she
could be of any use to her aunt, and
henceforth she paid regularly the sum
agreed on.

The week passed by without any event
worthy recording. On the following Sunday
Catherine was seated at the little window
of the cottage, gazing carelessly at the
waves as they came foaming up the beach,
then rapidly receding; her thoughts wan-
dered far away to the distant scenes of her
childhood. She recalled to mind the Sun-
days of the past; first, though only a

vague recollection, sitting with her brother
at their mother's feet, listening with won-
derful admiration to the history of some
saint, and, then, later on that solemn Sun-
day when, for the first time she accom-
panied her mother to one of those Masses
said in secret, and offered up by a priest
dedicated perhaps, ere long, to make the
sacrifice of his life in the holy cause of
religion.

She was roused from these thoughts by
a remark from her aunt: "I am going to
Galval church, Kate; you may come, if
you like; and Ruth will mind the cottage
and look after the children."

"I would rather stay here with them,"
replied Catherine.
Her aunt did not object, and soon after
started for church, the children continuing
to play near the cottage.

For some time Catherine amused her-
self with them. Then she entered the
cottage, and having taken from her trunk
which looked darker and dirtier than
before; contrasting as it did so strongly
with the brightness of all without. The
two youngest children were evidently of
opinion that it was far better to be out
in the summer sunshine and breezes, and
backed by their laid down their heads
and went to sleep in the midst of
Catherine to light the fire. This done,
and having made the bed, Ruth consid-
ered that the day's work was over; but
her cousin proposed that they should put
up some of the things which they had
brought with them. The little girl opened
wide her large blue eyes and seemed
bewildered at such an idea. And when, how-
ever, she saw Catherine first actively
sweeping, then at work cleaning the win-
dows, to the great annoyance of certain
old spiders who had resided there time out
of mind, encouraged by the example, she
began to lend her aid; and soon the kit-
chen looked cleaner and more comfortable
than it had done for a long time.

The children then retired themselves
to the door-step. They had remained
there in silence some minutes, when Ruth
suddenly jumped up, exclaiming: "There
is Patience."

Catherine was at first puzzled, but on
seeing her aunt, she comprehended, and
that this was the "Patience" to whom the
word applied.
Patience Casterman stopped when she
saw a stranger on the door-step, and fixed
her eyes on her with an enquiring look.
The addressing Ruth, she said:

"Grandma sent me to know if you
would come to-morrow. She has a
bundle for us to bring to your mother; it
is too heavy for me alone. Can you
come?"

"I suppose so, but mother is at market.
Do stop and play awhile."

But the other refused, and in a few
minutes was on her road back to Ty-an-
dour.
"Of often go to where that little girl lives,"
said Ruth to her cousin when they were
again alone. "Dame Casterman gives us
such large bundles to bring here, and
puts them never shows us what is inside, but
the Castermans always go out
in stormy nights, and father used to go
with them; and when the wind blew very
strong, and we sat shivering by the fire, he
would say it was a good night to go to
Ty-an-dour; but one night, two weeks ago,
there was such a fearful storm, and father
went out as usual, and he never came back
again, for the next day we heard he had
been drowned. Poor mother cried, but
she did not look so miserable as when
father used to beat her."

"But during the day," said Catherine with aston-
ishment.
"O, yes; and I used to be so frightened
when he was in his bad humors."

From this conversation, and many
things that Ruth related when speaking of
her past life, Catherine understood that
her aunt had been far from happy since the
time of her marriage, and that probably
the harshness of her manner was greatly
owing to the trials and ill-treatment she
had experienced.

Any further conversation at that
moment was, however, interrupted by the
arrival of Dame Barny, who placing
down her empty fish-basket and address-
ing her niece said:

"Well, you took a fine sleep last night,
and you're up and about," said the old
woman, as she entered the kitchen.
"You have not been ill since you
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and tidy."

And the sight seemed to bring back to
Catherine some recollection of hap-
pier times.
"Ruth helped me," said Catherine,
"and we tried to make it look nice by the
time you returned from market."

"Did Ruth indeed help you?" said the
dame half laughing, well knowing that
her daughter was not much inclined to
industry, and very much doubting the
possibility of her being of much service.
For Ruth, though a gentle and affection-
ate nature, was in truth very indolent;
her training had not been such as to form
habits of order and industry. Less
impetuous than Catherine, whose sweet-
ness of temper was only the result of
an ardent prayer and constant efforts, she had
never her energy nor firmness of pur-
pose.

Before the end of the first week spent
at Penzance, Catherine found an opportu-
nity, when the children were absent, to
express to her aunt her desire to contribute
something towards her own support, by
her acceptance of a small monthly sum
for that purpose.

THE PASSIONISTS.

A Visit to St. Paul's Monastery, Pitts- burg.

(From the Pittsburg Leader.)

"The St. Paul monastery on the south
side is one of the houses belonging to the
order of Passionists which was started in
Italy early in the eighteenth century. It
has been established in this country for
thirty-one years, this house being the first
one built, and one of the original priests
is still an inmate of the house. The habit
worn by the members consists of a long
black gown reaching nearly to the floor,
the breast bears in white letters under a
cross the motto of the order 'Jesus Xpi
Passio.' A heavy black cloak also bear-
ing the badge of the society completes
the costume, and the feet are protected
by sandals without stockings."

"The house, situated on the hill, has
many attractions for the visitor, who is
always warmly welcomed by the occupants.
In the sacristy, back of the altar, there
is a large oil painting, the Madonna of
Foligno, which was brought from Rome
thirty years ago. Below it is an oil paint-
ing on wood of Jesus bearing the cross,
which is the work of an eminent Italian
artist, and is valued at \$500. In a leather
covered volume of a record of all the pas-
sionists who have entered the order, and
of those who have died, is kept. A page
of this book is sufficient for each year,
and it will take forty years to fill the en-
tire volume."

"The library of the monastery, which
is pleasantly located in an addition to the
building built about two years ago, con-
tains about 3,000 volumes, varied in char-
acter and well arranged. The department
of a cetic works contains a complete set
of six volumes of "The lives of the Saints,"
a transcript of those whose fidelity to the
Church has given them a place in the
calendar, and although the work has been
in progress for 200 years it is not yet fin-
ished."

"In the chapel, which is now being en-
larged, and in its new form will have a
seating capacity of about 400, there is a
fine picture of St. Paul of the Cross ac-
cording to heaven. This work was executed
by Gualdini, who represents the Saint in
the habit of the order, surrounded by
angels."

"Father Hugh, one of the priests, gave
to a recent visitor the following account
of the objects of the order, and its daily
duties: "The principal purpose is to give
missions and spiritual retreats. We are
entirely different from the other orders
of our priests will go out and preach one
of our missions for two weeks at some
church. They try to arouse the people
and stir them up. Just now we are ac-
tually giving a large mission to one of the
churches in New York, where six or seven
of our fathers are at work. We have now
about 140 professed members—70 priests,