

The Prussians stretched themselves on the stone floor, their feet to the fire, their heads on their rolled-up cloaks, and soon all were snoring in six different noises, sharp or deep, but all sustained and alarming.

They had certainly been asleep for a considerable time when a shot sounded, and so loud that it seemed to be fired close against the walls of the house. The soldiers sat up instantly. There were two more shots, and then three more.

The door of the staircase opened hastily, and the keeper's wife appeared, barefooted, a short petticoat over her nightdress, a candle in her hand and a face of terror. She whispered: "Here are the French—two hundred of them at least. If they and you here, they will burn the house. Go down quick into the cellar, and don't make a noise. If you make a noise we are lost." The officer, amazed, murmured: "I will, I will. Which way do we go down?"

The young woman hurriedly raised the narrow square trap door, and the men disappeared underground backwards so as to feel the steps with their feet. But when the point of the last helmet had disappeared, Berthine, shutting down the heavy oak plank, thick as a wall, and hard as steel, kept in place by clamps and a padlock, turned the key twice, slowly, and then began to laugh with the silent rapture, and with a wild desire to dance over the heads of her prisoners.

They made no noise, shut in as if they were in a stone box, only getting air through a grating.

Berthine at once re-lighted her fire, put on her saucy apron once more, and made more soup, murmuring: "Father will be tired to-night."

Then she sat down and waited. Nothing but the deep-toned pendulum of the clock went to and fro with its regular tick in the silence. From time to time the young woman cast a look at the dial—an impatient look, which seemed to say: "How slowly it goes?"

Presently she thought she heard a murmur under her feet, low, confused words reached her ear through the vaulted masonry of the cellar. The Prussians were beginning to guess her trick, and soon they came up to the little stair, and thumped the trap-door with his fist. Once more he cried: "Open the door."

She rose, drew near, and imitating his accent, asked: "What do you want?"

"I shall not open it."

"Open the door, or I'll break it in."

The man grew angry.

"Open the door, or I'll break it in."

She began to laugh.

"Break away, my man; break away."

Then he began to beat, with the butt end of his gun, upon the open trap-door closed over his head; but it would have resisted a battering-ram.

The keeper's wife heard him go down again. Then, one after another the soldiers came up to try their strength and inspect the fastenings. But, concluding no doubt that their efforts were in vain, they all went back into the cellar and began to talk again.

The young woman listened to them; then she went to open the outer door, and stood straining her ears for a sound.

A distant barking reached her. She began to whistle like a huntsman, and almost immediately two immense dogs leaped upon the shadows, and she held them by the neck to keep them from running away, and called with all her might: "Halloo, father!"

A voice, still very distant, answered, "Halloo, Berthine!"

She waited some moments, then called again: "Halloo, father!"

The voice repeated nearer: "Halloo, Berthine!"

"The keeper's wife returned: 'Don't pass in front of the grating. There are Prussians in the cellar.'"

All at once the black outline of the man showed on the left, where he had paused between two tree trunks. He asked anxiously: "Prussians in the cellar. What are they doing there?"

The young woman began to laugh.

"It is those that came yesterday. They got lost in the forest ever since the morning; I put them in the cellar to keep cool."

And she related the whole adventure; how she had frightened them with shots of the revolver, and shut them up in the cellar.

The old man, still grave, asked: "What do you expect me to do with them at this time of night?"

She answered: "Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his men. He'll take them prisoners; and won't be pleased."

Then Father Pinchot smiled; "yes he will be pleased."

His daughter resumed: "Here's some soup for you; eat it quick and go off again."

The old keeper sat down and began to eat his soup, after having put down two platefuls for his dogs.

The Prussians hearing voices had become silent.

A quarter of an hour later Pichon started again. Berthine, with her head in her hands, waited.

The prisoners were moving about again. They shouted and called and beat continually with their guns on the immovable trap-door of the cellar.

Then they began to fire their guns through the grating, hoping, no doubt, to be heard if any German detachment were passing in the neighborhood.

The keeper's wife did not stir; but all this noise tried her nerves, and irritated her. An evil anger arose in her; she would have liked to kill them, the wretches, to keep them quiet.

Then, as her impatience increased, she began to look at the clock and count the minutes.

At last the hands marked the time which she had fixed for their coming. She opened the door once more to see if they had come. She perceived shadows moving cautiously. She was frightened, and screamed. It was her father.

He said: "They sent me to see if there's any change."

"No, nothing."

Then he in his turn gave a long strident whistle into the darkness. And soon something brown was seen coming through the trees—the advance guard composed of ten men.

The old man kept repeating: "Don't pass before the grating."

And the first comers pointed out the formidable grating to those who followed.

Finally, the main body appeared, two hundred men in all, each with two hundred cartridges.

M. Lavigne, trembling with excitement, posted them so as to surround the house on all sides, leaving, however, a wide, free space round the little black hole, level with the earth, which admitted air into the cellar.

Then he entered the dwelling and inquired into the strength and position of the enemy, now so silent that it might be thought to have disappeared, flown away or evaporated through the grating. Lavigne stamped his foot on the trap-door and called: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

The German did not reply.

The Major repeated: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

It was in vain. For a whole twenty minutes he summoned this silent officer to parlate with arms and baggage, promising him life and military honors for himself and his soldiers. But he obtained no sign of consent or of hostility. The situation was becoming difficult.

The soldier citizens were stamping their feet and striking wild-armed blows upon their chests, as coochees on the grating, with an ever growing childish desire to pass in front of it. At last one of them risked it, a very nimble fellow called Potvin. He took a start and ran past like a stag. The attempt succeeded. The prisoners seemed dead.

A voice called out: "There's nobody there."

Another soldier crossed the space before the dangerous opening. Then it became a game. Every minute a man ran out, passing from one troop to the other as children at play do, and raising showers of snow behind him with the quick movement of his feet. They had lighted fires of dead branches to keep themselves warm, and the lying profile of each Garde National showed in a bright illumination as he passed over to the camp on the left.

Someone called out: "Your turn, Maloian!"

Maloian was a big man whom his comrades laughed at because he was so fat.

He hesitated. They teased him. Then, making up his mind, he started at a regular breathless trot which shook his stout person. All the detachment laughed till they cried. They called out: "Bravo, Maloian!" to encourage him.

He had gone about two-thirds of the distance when a long flame, rapid and red, leapt from the grating. A report followed, and the big baker fell upon his nose with a frightful shriek.

No one ran to help him. Then they saw him drag himself on all fours across the snow, moaning, and when he was beyond this terrible passage he fainted. He had a bullet high up in the thigh.

After the first surprise and alarm, there was more laughter.

Major Lavigne appeared upon the threshold of the keeper's lodge. He had just framed his plan of attack and gave his word of command in a ringing voice: "Plumber, Planchet and his men!"

Three men drew near.

"Unfasten the gutters of the house."

In a quarter of an hour some twenty yards of leaden gutter pipe were brought to the Major.

Then, with innumerable prudent precautions, he had a little round hole bored in the edge of the trap door, and having laid out an aqueduct from the pump to this opening, announced with an air of satisfaction: "We are going to give the German gentlemen something to drink." A wild cheer of admiration burst forth, followed by shouts of delight and roars of laughter. The Major organized gangs of workers, who were to be employed in relays of five minutes. Then he commanded: "Pump!"

And the iron handle having been put in motion, a little sound rustled along the pipes and slipped into the cellar, falling from step to step with the tinkle of a waterfall, suggestive of rocks and little red fishes.

They waited.

An hour passed; then two, then three.

The Major walked about the kitchen in a fever, putting his ear to the floor from time to time, trying to guess what the enemy was doing and whether it would soon capitulate.

The enemy was moving now. Sounds of rattling, of speaking, of splashing, were heard. Then towards eight in the morning a voice issued from the grating: "I want to speak to the French officer."

Lavigne answered from the window, without putting on his head too far: "Do you surrender?"

"I surrender."

"And pass out your guns."

A weapon was immediately seen to appear out of a hole and fall into the snow; then a second, a third—all; and the same voice declared: "I have no more. Make haste! I am drowned!"

The Major commanded "Stop!"

And the handle of the pump fell motionless.

Then having filled the kitchen with soldiers, all standing armed, he slowly lifted the trap-door.

Six drenched heads appeared, six fair heads with long, light hair, and the six Germans were soon issuing forth one by one, shivering, dripping, scared. They were seized and bound. Then a surprise was apprehended, the troops set out in two parties, one in charge of the prisoners, the other in charge of the Maloian, on a mattress carried on poles.

Rebel was entered in triumph.

M. Lavigne received a decoration for having taken prisoner a Prussian advance guard, and the Maloian had the military medal for wounds received in face of the enemy.

What compensation for the fatigues of the journey met the Blessed Mother have found in the presence of her Son? If my road, like hers, lies uphill, why do I not find strength and comfort in Jesus, present with me always by blessing and grace, and present, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, in the Blessed Sacrament—as really present as He was with Mary!

When in 1890 Cardinal Newman passed away at a great age, there was such an outpouring of reverential appreciation as has rarely been witnessed. Other men, Diarsell, Gladstone, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Froude, for example, have also been honored by many pens and much panegyric; but in the most kindly articles much criticism was mingled. No critic felt abashed in the presence of these worthies; no pen was restrained. In the case of Newman alone is to be found that element of reverence which marks the highest appreciation. We have before us a volume made up of essays and studies published at the time in British and American reviews; and seldom, we believe, has such a collection been made, containing so much admirable writing, so full of knowledge, of kindness, of skill in interpreting a many-sided mind, of ability to appreciate the results of memorable labors.

Now after more than twenty years we have before us the authorized Life of the great Cardinal in two noble volumes by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The whole course of thought in the ecclesiastical world since 1833—from which we may date the modern "Oxford Movement," though, of course, that movement, like all historical influences, was by no means new—will be now revived for discussion by these volumes which deal freely and frankly with remarkable events and ever-memorable names. It is no light task to undertake to bring before a critical audience even a brief study or two of things and men that still awe us by their seriousness, and that still press upon a half-reluctant world the promise, and the menace, of historic Christianity.

The hold which Newman had upon the educated classes among English-speaking people and which grew stronger as he grew older, till his lightest word was welcomed as a species of oracle and his disapprobation felt as a court-sentence, was due to many causes, arising partly out of his own character and partly out of certain peculiarities of the educated British. What made the strength of Pitt was his disinterestedness; what made the strength of Diarsell was his patriotism; what made the strength of Gladstone was his religious sincerity, his moral earnestness. The British assessed their qualities in a general way, as titles to their esteem; however much they at times resented the particular political conduct of their heroes.

Now, Newman exhibited all these qualities in a notable manner, unqualified by the personal ambitions and party passions which lessen the admiration paid to even the most memorable writers. All his life long he was wholly disinterested; poverty was a penalty he imposed on himself. All his life long he was in all relations of life conspicuously an English gentleman; no word ever fell from his lips; no sentence ever fell from his pen, which was not acceptable to the best men in England; by whom this his quality Newman will be welcomed with eagerness and criticized with as little of the critical spirit as it is possible to use with any respect to sincerity. Criticism, of course, there will be from many points of view. The arguments which to Newman seem all-consistent, and which we feel compelled to follow, many of his contemporaries even in his own personal circle. They are now less applicable to this new generation in England, which has gone farther in the direction of negation of all authority, all dogma, all revelation, all consistency. The enemy he would find now is an enemy consisting of an insolent, "scientific" rejection of all authorities, which have been allowed to submerge all other forms of thought; a feverish frivolousness of life from which the element of religion is excluded. Nevertheless the details of that great battle of the Early Nineteenth Century for sincerity, strength, self-sacrifice, perfect faith, offering the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire. "Do not forget to pray for me," she did not forget to do what he had asked her to do, and on the morning of the battle of Sedan, when the French were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint bit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even a scratch.

From that day he has been related above, many people should be led to know and feel that a mother's prayer is the most powerful of anyone on earth.—True Voice.

Life is a series of steps, each one bringing us nearer to the awful moment when we shall kneel at our Lord's feet, and look up inquiringly into His eyes.—Fr. Dignan, S. J.

Trouble yourself not with superfluous cares; torment yourself not about the future. Day by day take your cross upon your shoulders and bear it. Leave the rest to our Lord. Do not harass such voices! They are a possession to him forever.—One of those

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the telegraph wires like the words of the men who sway the world. We read of the quiet Oxford scholar's arms emblazoned on vestment and furniture as those of a Prince of the Church, and of his motto—"For ad cor loquor." It is the secret of all that he is to his countrymen. For the skill of which he is such a master, in the use of his and their sweet mother tongue is something much more than literary accomplishment and power. It means that he has the key to what is deepest in their nature and most characteristic in their feeling and conviction—to what is deeper than opinions and theories and party divisions; to what in their most solemn moments they they most value and most believe in.

We quote these things because they represent still the thoughts of the best men in England; by whom this his quality Newman will be welcomed with eagerness and criticized with as little of the critical spirit as it is possible to use with any respect to sincerity. Criticism, of course, there will be from many points of view. The arguments which to Newman seem all-consistent, and which we feel compelled to follow, many of his contemporaries even in his own personal circle. They are now less applicable to this new generation in England, which has gone farther in the direction of negation of all authority, all dogma, all revelation, all consistency. The enemy he would find now is an enemy consisting of an insolent, "scientific" rejection of all authorities, which have been allowed to submerge all other forms of thought; a feverish frivolousness of life from which the element of religion is excluded. Nevertheless the details of that great battle of the Early Nineteenth Century for sincerity, strength, self-sacrifice, perfect faith, offering the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire. "Do not forget to pray for me," she did not forget to do what he had asked her to do, and on the morning of the battle of Sedan, when the French were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint bit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even a scratch.

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**MOTHER'S PRAYER**

We cannot better illustrate the power of a good mother's prayer than by relating the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire. "Do not forget to pray for me," she did not forget to do what he had asked her to do, and on the morning of the battle of Sedan, when the French were shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint bit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even a scratch.

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voices was Newman's, who so often filled the historic pulpit of St. Mary's. "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisle of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music subtle, sweet and mournful."

Principal Shairp, in his studies, contributes another vivid pen-picture of Newman in the pulpit. "The look and bearing of the preacher," he says, "were as of one who dwelt apart, and, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From the seclusion of study and abstinence and prayer, from habitual dwelling with the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day in the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. . . . He laid his finger—how gently yet how powerfully—on some inner place in the hearer's heart and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtle truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropped out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power!—how gentle, yet how strong—how simply yet how refined."

Mr. Froude, kindly and gentle for once, contributes an equally friendly reminiscence:—"I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been inside to have led his disciples on and on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one and he leaves the rest to Providence."

How far Newman left things to Providence, an how boldly he took steps to which he felt impelled, may be seen in the last sermon at St. Mary's on "The Parting of Friends." Proceeding from illustration to illustration, on the text, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening," he gathered up all the instances in Scripture of abandonment and self-sacrifice for the sake of duty, in obedience either to inner light or authoritative command; and those who were listening knew what he meant and that they were listening to him in the place for the last time, when he said:—"And O, my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you hear anyone who speaks to you, by writing or word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than his daily one; and a brighter world than you see; or encouraged you or sobered you, or opened a way to the equipping, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him and feel well inclined to him—remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

We have preferred in this preliminary notice of a remarkable work to speak mainly by the lips of others rather than by our own, since the others speak so well. The recent two years that have passed since Newman's death have dimmed his image in the public mind; and a new generation has arisen, less literary and less interested in serious things than the previous generation. The names of Newman, Pusey, Keble, Whately, Church, Froude, Shairp, are not more names to the new man. It will do them no harm to be reminded of times that were so interesting and of men who have passed away. The details of the work we are discussing will be approached on a future occasion.

Has not God guided you lovingly heretofore? Has He not shielded you from countless dangers, lightened many a burden, assisted you through many a painful hour? And is He not always the same God?

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