

The Coolin.

BY G. P. CHRYN (LIMERICK).

The scene is best where the Avenmore flows—
For the spring of the year, and the day's near
its close—
And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee—
She smiles like the evening, but he like the sea!

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing me
a kenny."
The beautiful Coolin, so sweet and so low;
For I love its soft tones more than blackbird or
cuckoo.

"Tough often the tears in a shower will gush
From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny,
When my heart's full of pleasure I sob and I
cry."

"To hear the sweet Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin?"
An angel first sang it above in the sky."

And she sings and he listens; but many years
pass,
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapelyard
grass;

And a couple are seated on the same stone,
Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the
kenny.

"The boy—'tis the man, and he says, while he
sings,
To the girl at his side with the love-streaming
eyes."

"I sing me, sweet Oonagh,
My beautiful Oonagh."

Oh! sing me the Coolin, he says, and he sighs.
That air, no star, brings back the days of my
youth.

That flowed like a river there, sunny and
sweet;
And it brings back the old woman, kindly and
dear—

If her spirit, dear Oonagh, 'tis hovering near,
'Twill glad to hear the old melody rise
Warm, warm on the wings of our love and our
sighs."

Oh! sing me the Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin?"
Is't the dew or a tear-drop moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand,
Far less fair—
By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the
pair;

And the dark hemlock-fr waves its branches
above,
As they sigh for their land, as they murmur
their love;

Hush!—the heart hath been touched, and its
musical strings
Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolin she sings—
The home-sighing Coolin,

The love-breathin' Coolin—
The well of all memory's deep flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down
beside,
When he was a bridegroom and she was a bride;
The pulses of youth seem to thro' in the strain—
Old faces, long washed, looked kindly again;

Kind voices float round them, and grand hills
are near,
Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a
year—
And, as ceases the Coolin,
The home-loving Coolin,

Not the air, but their native land, faints on the
ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped
in hand—
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off
old land;
And while grateful to Him for the blessing He's
sent,

They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth con-
solation;
For the Exile and Christian must evermore
sigh
For the home upon earth, and the home in the
sky.

So they sing the sweet Coolin,
The sorrowing Coolin,

That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they
sigh.

Heaven bless thee, old Bard, in whose bosom
were nursed
Ere thou gavest us such melody burst!

Be thy grave ever green! may the softest of
showers
And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its
flowers;

Off, off to be moist with the tear-drop of love,
And may angels watch round this forever
above!

Oh! Bard of the Coolin,
The beautiful Coolin,

That's throbbing, like Erin, with sorrow and
love.

—From Hayes' Ballads of Ireland (Vol. 1.)

THE SONG OF THE COMFORTER.

A Messenger of Peace that Unexpectedly Came into a Young Girl's Life.

BY JOHN J. ABECKETT.

[The midway location of the following scene is perhaps owing to the indicated omission of the first part of the manuscript. It is a lovely fragment and does credit to Scribner's Magazine for October; but we deem it better to locate the scene at once by saying here in advance that it is Italian, with an American figure (Protestant by inference), and a very sweet figure truly in the foreground.]

From the rough yellow road led a path to a small wayside chapel, while higher up, its white walls rising above the encircling green like the soft breast of a dove, stood the Convent of the Comforter, a thin blue smoke oozing indolently from one of its chimneys. Over all, like a sapphire, stretched the pure serenity of a cloudless sky.

Up the road slowly came a young girl. Her lagging steps and drooping head were a pathetic strain of dissonance in the symphony of the buoyant spring. In nature, such joyous energy in its calm vernal functions; in her, such a protest against the weariness of being. It was like a tear in a circle of brilliants.

Climbing to the lichen-covered top of a rock by the roadside, she sank down. Not ungrateful to the tender fellowship of the bright spring tide, she wondered wearily whether time would bring her ever again into union with happiness, or would Death, which had passed her by as she waited wistfully for his coming, return again and take her?

She had been a year in Europe alone. Through a long ordeal of severe study she had labored unflinchingly to perfect an exquisite voice, sustained by an ardent desire to compass the highest that her art could yield. Her master, so sensitive to artistic excellence as to be crabbed, and so independent, through success in teaching, as to be merciless to mediocrity, devoted himself to her progress with an unflagging vigor. Six weeks ago he had said to the girl, with a brusque wave of his hand:

"Go, and conquer the world! I can do no more for you. You have a voice which God can listen to with complacency. The world will listen to it, too." She had secured a good engagement. Her master and his friends had made the verdict of the public a matter of little doubt. She herself, with the fervid exultation of a musical temperament, felt that she was about to gather a pious harvest of

glory and of riches by her powers. It was the dawn of her day of triumph.

Then—oh, the agony of reverting to it! Her sorrows came. Time might soften the death of her mother to her. Perhaps in years to come the sense that she had been absent from that New England death-bed where a lonely woman yearned for the touch and glance of a daughter, might grow less a reproach. Now, it was hopelessly bitter to think of the pitilessness of death in taking her as the term of her sacrifice ended, and reward to the hundred-fold was about to begin.

Yet this was a wound of Nature, and Nature has her antidotes. But for him! Could time ever come when the thought of what he had done would not be like the stroke of a whip? She could not recall that cruel letter of his without a flush rising in her cheeks as if she had been buffeted? It had struck her down with such double force, coming so fast on her mother's death. Her first instinct on rallying from the anguish of that stroke had been to turn to him; to think what she was to him, what he was to her. The world was not empty while that frank, faithful, blue-eyed New Englander wore her in his heart; that noble soul whom she was proud to honor and love.

There was the pang! Each time has recalled him it was to go through this brutal task of correcting herself again. The man she had worshipped was a phantom. She had created it and set it like an idol in her heart, and he had cast it out. She had put him there for what she thought him, and he had forced her to dethrone him for what he was. She had been very ill. But the fibre that feels most is the fibre that parts last. She did not die; she regretted even yet that she had not. But in spite of her waiting at the open portal with more than resignation, Death had passed her by. A languid woman had come back to life; a woman who awoke in the morning with a pang to recovered consciousness, and who, at night, sank into sleep's oblivion with a sigh of relief.

She had not sung once since her sorrows had stricken her. They had cared for her till she reached convalescence. Then, with his dogmatic kindness, Ferrari had told her to go to the mountains and rest in the soft spring till she felt the need of music again.

"When you wish to sing you are cured," he said.

She had come obediently. It was comfort to have some one assume the mastery and direct her course when she felt such a listless indifference to all things that she could determine herself to nothing. She had come here to this little village, clinging to the slope of the mountain, and had gone to a simple, good-hearted *contadina*, whose deference was not without dignity. She had a room about whose windows vines clambered, and looking forth from them she saw the woods rising above her, and the red-tiled roof of the Convent of the Comforter pricking through the trees. The little church could not be seen. Bianca used to go there on Sundays and hear one of the Brotherhood sing the Mass.

Each day the girl walked forth, submitting with patient resignation to the burden of a life despoiled of appetite, aim and vigor. This gladsome day of spring was the first that had seemed to quicken her vitality; and she rested in its peace and almost forgot.

So she sat there on the great rock, the waves of melancholy lapping her soul, with her dark eyes looking up to the blue of the overhanging sky. As she let them fall they descended on the figure of a young monk, slowly walking down the road saying his office from the Breviary which he carried in his hands. He was in perfect harmony with the scene. Tall, broad-shouldered, supple, with the sinuous movement which goes with elastic muscles, there was a rhythmic smoothness in his gait. His eyes were riveted on his book. The thick brown hair clustered about his broad forehead, and his cheeks, with their clear olive tint, sank in slightly below the cheek-bones. His eyelids were large and full, with long, thick lashes.

For some nameless cause the girl felt an instant affinity with him. The suggestion of strength and calm control was supporting. He turned up the little path which led off from the road and disappeared. It seemed a loss as he passed from view, and she felt drawn after him. He looked so simple, so true; and what was true came home to her. And to her sore heart there was something appealing in the thought that he was cut off from the world, buried here in the white convent, mother and sister left behind him forever down in the plain below.

As she sat in her reverie the tones of an organ came to her from the church. It must be he who had gone there and was playing. Soft and low the strains were borne to her in faint gusts of melody. She felt her soul stirring beneath the influence of the music as it had not since her life had grown so dark.

She slipped down from the rock and slowly made her way up the path. The music sounded fuller as she approached. She went on until she stood at the porch of the church and saw it was empty. She hesitated a moment and then entered. The interior was bare and poor; the walls were white-washed. At the end was an altar, in front of which hung a brass lamp, suspended by a long chain from the ceiling. In it glowed a spark of red, where a burning taper shone through the thick ruby glass. On the right hand side of the little sanctuary was a *Fieta*, the Mother of the Christ with her dead Son stretched across her lap. Her dead Son stretched across her lap. The cold, bare church surged upon the music. The monk was apparently improvising, for there was no strict development of theme; only the merg-

ing of one phrase into another as they occurred to him.

She put an old chair, which stood near, back against the wall, and sitting down closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the sweetness of the music. The monk had a musician's soul in him; she could tell that by the way in which his wandering fancy touched the keys. There were sudden transitions, though all he played was grave and sweetly sombre. Her soul lived with new life as she sat there motionless, while the waves of music rolled through the little church, broke about the Mother and her dead Son, and flowed back upon her in rippling consolation.

Oh, the restfulness of it! She uttered a sigh of thanksgiving that music could still so master her spirit. No converse could have done for her what that dignified harmony did; it was a messenger of peace. She sat there unable to move, and uncaring, till she heard the flow of music cease, and then a slight sound as the cover was placed over the key-board. She rose at once with a long sigh and hastily left the church. She did not wish the monk who had gone there and played his soul out on the organ in the sacred confidence of solitude to know that another, and that other a woman, had listened to his communications with his spirit. She felt that he had expressed himself as naturally and as artlessly through his medium as the birds moving through the cloister of the woods. He was singing his spring-song—a song, like theirs, without words, but a song grave and sweet, and with soul in it.

She walked slowly back to Bianca's cottage, where the vines clustered so thickly about her windows. The good peasant woman looked at her when she came in, and sighed to herself. Under the pale cheeks of the girl was a delicate pink color, and there was a brilliant light in her large eyes. They were signs of greater vigor, perhaps; yet they only seemed to accentuate her frailty; but the good Bianca kept these thoughts within her heart. To the girl she spoke cheerfully of the bright spring day. Had her walk refreshed her? Yes, she felt better than she did when she went out. She felt stronger. She did not tell Bianca that the monk's music had sent the blood coursing through her more than the ravishing day. That was her secret. Untold, it seemed so much more a solace all her own.

The Italian spring held many of these days of delicate brightness, as the earth ripened on into the flush of summer. The girl took her way up the mountain road with a lighter heart, even if her steps had not a more elastic tread. She knew no tonic could do her such good as that pure music with its mellow chords and subtle transitions, like a change from tears to a smile. The thought that pleased her most was that the young monk was pouring out his soul into these strains of music. And she grasped them so clearly! There were sadness and resignation, and, at times, jubilant measures of hope in his chords—never despair, nor the bitter unrest which beats against bars.

She began to feel that she was getting better. As she sat and listened to the pleading tones the feeling within her was not happiness, nor excitement, nor melancholy, but it participated in them all—it was rest and comfort. She could have sat for hours in this glad emancipation from her weary self. When the music ceased it was an effort to rise and hasten forth, the mantle of her sorrow falling heavily about her again.

She always felt this desire that the strong monk should not learn that she was there. Should she know that he was playing with the consciousness that one was listening to him, even were he to play the self-same music (and she was sure he would not) it would have appealed to her in this subtle, comforting way. His soul exhaled some sorrow to itself, alone; and her soul felt it, unknown. The charm lay there.

The monk was so recollected that he never remarked her. Two or three times he had passed her on the mountain road; but his eyes were either fixed upon his Breviary, for he seemed to be saying his office much of the time, or else they were modestly cast down. After a while she felt safe in meeting him, it was so hard to distract him from this concentration. It was only through his music that he seemed to go forth from himself, and then it was a flight toward heaven.

Happily for the girl, he went almost every day to the church and played upon the organ. There were certain airs which he played frequently, and she got to know them and to look for their recurrence. One in particular appealed to her more than any other. The monk gave it with an intensity of expression that showed how deeply he felt it. It was a series of aspirations, prayerful, but exultant withal; the softly pleading tones of the prelude would swell into greater strength, and, as if soaring higher and higher with the increasing fervor of the suppliant, closed in a very ecstasy of impassioned entreaty. She got quickly to know it by heart, and often as she sat by the vine-clad window of Bianca's cottage and saw the night draw down over the mountain, the music sang itself in her heart, while she watched the stars pierce through the dusky blue of the sky.

One morning, a few weeks later, Bianca had sallied forth to Mass in the little church. When she returned and they were eating their simple breakfast, she said to the girl: "Signora, I remembered you to-day in church. It is the Feast of the Holy Ghost. They call Him the Comforter, you know, and I prayed that He would comfort you, in

body and in mind. The hymn to Him is very beautiful, dear lady."

"Then that white convent in the woods is the Convent of the Holy Ghost, is it not?" she returned. "They call it the Convent of the Comforter."

"Yes," answered Bianca. "Would you like to read the hymn in the Breviary to the Holy Ghost? I have it in my prayer-book with the Italian words," and Bianca got her leather-covered prayer-book and pointed out the well-fingered page. The Italian translation was not necessary, except for a few words, as the girl had learned Latin in the High School in her town, and had sung many church arias written in it. Ferrari had taught her the soft Italian pronunciation of the old Roman tongue; but the invocations and petitions of the hymn were soothing to her. The very title of Comforter given to the Holy Ghost stirred a devotional sense in her heart. She read it through, meditatively, and slipped the shiny little book into her pocket when she was done.

That day she was a little later than usual in climbing up the road; but as she drew near she saw the monk, her comforter, striding up the pathway to the church. The afternoon was waning into twilight, and when she followed him and heard the organ, the music took on new grace in the golden brown of the fading light.

He preluded with short, quick chords, some of them harsh, and between them little trembling flights of notes. There was a disquiet in his music that seemed to have an artistic, or at least emotional, justification. It was a tentative reaching forth for something, the delicate eagerness of the runs and hurried melodic phrases seeming yearning impatience, and the nervous strong chords the morning gasps of frustration. It was a joy to hear at last, firm and full, the joyful melody which had so grown into her soul, melting on the air. What soul he was throwing into it!

Suddenly, her blood gave a leap and her body quivered with its tingling rush through her veins. It was a delight that was almost pain. A tenor voice, clear as a bell and vibrating with sympathetic feeling, soared through the dim church. Never had she heard such tones before. So firm, so crystalline, of so velvety a quality. The monk was singing the song and singing it like an angel from God. She pressed her hand to her breast, breathing quickly through her parted lips, the ringing voice calling a sudden moisture of joy to her eyes. A sudden sadness pathos in the round tones as they dilated to greater fullness. She could feel that not half the power of the voice was drawn on in that overflow of melody. Ah! if he would pour the full strength of his superb lungs into those heavenly tones!

As a rich note welled forth and then died away in a perfect *diminuendo*, the intensity of her delight weakened, and she clung to the chair. But what was she singing with such overpowering feeling? She bent her head to catch the words: "Veni, Pater pauperum, Veni, lumen cordium, Veni, Dator munerum." They were the words she had read that morning in Bianca's prayer-book! This air that had sung itself into her heart was the hymn to the Holy Ghost.

She knew the next phrase in the music. It was the one that had always moved her most. Even on the organ that sudden change to a minor key and the notes, saturated with tears, had thrilled her through and through. And now to hear it sung, and by such a voice!

She remembered that the little prayer-book was still in her pocket, and she hastily drew it forth and turned to the place. She had scarcely found it when the pleading voice broke into the melody:

"Consolator optime, Dulcis hospes animae, Dulce refrigerium."

Ah! should she not have known that it was a tearful cry to the Comforter. What words could so well have been wedded to such strains. "O best of Comforters, my soul's dear host, O sweet refreshment, Thou!" There was innoxiety to her in the high, tremulous tones, with their throbbing pathos of entreaty, their melting tenderness. They took her out of herself, and she shook with her swelling emotion. As the last note, a peal of sweetness, surcharged the church, she rose involuntarily to her feet, erect and tense.

Then she heard his strong fingers play the prelude again. He could not leave it. With one wild yearning to give her soul its needed outlet, she broke into the exquisite song. She felt herself singing as she had never sung before, not even on that day when Ferrari and his friends had shouted "bravas" over her voice. Never had such a passionate exultation of feeling swept down upon her and borne her off on the strong pinions of song. The voice of the monk had fired her; her whole soul was in her glorious voice, crying to the Comforter with the thrilling tones which God had given her, and which had been so long unused. She felt that a fuller accompaniment from the organ was supporting her. The instrument had seldom yielded such rich chords, even to the monk's touch. He was inspired, too; and in the over-mastering delight of singing again with all her soul was an under-current of delight that for once her music was stirring him.

The passion which controlled her made her pour forth her voice without consciousness of effort or of pain. There was the rapture of singing, and singing as she knew she was.

"Consolator optime, Dulcis hospes animae, Dulce refrigerium."

The last note rang out full, triumphant, ecstatic; then something within

her seemed utterly to give way, obstacles seemed swept aside, and a warm tide gushed from her mouth. She hastily raised her handkerchief to her lips; it was drenched in a moment, and she saw her light gown stained with the flow.

She could not utter a sound. Above her head the organ pealed forth a tumult of chords, and the music seemed sweeping over and submerging her. She could not support herself, and sank upon her knees, clutching the bench in front of her, while her eyes involuntarily turned to where the Mother and her dead Son stood palely forth from the shadow. She felt herself dissolving with weakness, but without pain, without fear, without regret.

She heard the strong voice ring through the church again like a spirit's cry. The walls rocked with the jubilant rush of the monk's song as he poured forth unstintingly the magnificent fullness of his voice.

"In labore requies, In astu temperies, In fide solatium."

Not all the sweet notes reached her, but she heard the passionate ardor that pulsed in the first few words: "In labore requies—In toil, repose." Then she heard no more music from the organ-loft. Lower and lower she had sunk down; but when the strong voice poured forth firm as iron, but vibrant and mellow, on the words "In fide solatium," they smote her ears as they did those of the marble mother in the dim extremity of the church.

His head erect, his eyes flashed through the thick lashes, the young monk waited, with his long fingers pressed lightly on the keys, expectant of the voice but there was only an aching stillness. He waited two or three moments and then let his fingers fall reluctantly from the keys, sighed lightly, and made a lowly reverence then usual to the altar, where the ruddy light kindled a point of fire in the gloom.

As he came slowly down the creaking wooden steps from the organ-loft, he was erect and glad at the burning thought that a voice from heaven had sung to him. When he reached the foot of the stairs he saw her lying on the worn, blue flags, her gown with dark stains upon it. Then he knew that the being who had sung to him was of a nature kindred with his own.

"When you wish to sing, you are cured," Ferrari had said. She had sung and her ills were over.

CARDINAL MANNING.

A full biography of Cardinal Manning is, it is reported, being prepared. "I shall be surprised," writes the London correspondent of the *Scottish Leader*, "if it proves to be so full as people could desire, for the reason that the Cardinal has an objection to being written up, and the materials necessary for a full history of the most remarkable prelate of the time are not accessible. Hitherto the 'lives' which have been published have been practically only sketches; the skeletons, in fact, of a biography. It is not long ago that the Cardinal got wind that a life of him was being written. He sent for the author, and in his usual suave manner said, 'I don't like being gibbered while I am alive. When I am dead they can do what they like with me.' That biography was given up."

The fact is that the Cardinal is as humble as his great model, St. Charles Borromeo. Bigots have at times sought to create the contrary impression, but they are dishonest or do not know the man.—N. Y. *Catholic Review*.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, the Catholic editor of *Punch*, was the recipient of a handsome present, namely a silver cigar box, at the dinner given by the proprietors to the staff at the Ship Inn, Greenwich, in commemoration of *Punch's* jubilee.

Few persons have wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise, which deceives them.—*Roche-Joucauld*.

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Episcopos Iouis

Trinity theatre ceremony distinguishing singularly eloquent stormy Episcopos some mosecrated of his Ch Bishop I a long a the space place was parishioner and the d pages of scription the serm And yet, standing of Trinity as Bishop evidence, gical, de able gen and val than he w present c Episcopal the cere belief las The en Episcopalians dep Parker, w land put Canterlon advanced with Park copollan the validi of the ordi can be ad Parker w Bishop, " that has s shown, a have elaps HIS A it may be will be so been consi to so according But this c validly or consecrated consecration null and " Bishop " validly ma line of Ep consecration the Episcop and which the more s validity of Unfortun weight of e and the in tion, admit happened by belonged to who left it opened to be even by the the Sec of mission whi effect: "Eli our royal a motion and thing in thi are about to anything be persons wh of the real requirement defect be in or in their for the perfe good eviden nized the in dale and the validly, an sumpcion u defects by is this the o time of the i seceration. " intruded pre AN ACT OF declaring " heretofore h person or pe seceration, c of any perso or digni bishop withi any other of mitions or s Queen Majes mission, sine Majesty's rei the authorit, ment, declar at and from of the doing to all resp matter or th objected to th wise notwil election and even in the and contemp understand " have passed s enactment c another pro palians of l worthlessnes and appeal do what t valid, at "The grea former Episc country, who "the great q thousand ans authority did undertake to Mr. Matthew authority did take to exerci all England?