

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXXVI

I DECLINE A DOWER

"Get money; still get money. No matter by what means."

Time passed very slowly. Major Percival had been nearly a month at Mulkapore, and it seemed to me as if it had been years.

"One evening, as I and my betrothed were sitting alone in the drawing-room, he suddenly drew his chair close up to mine and said, in a low, confidential tone, and with a certain infusion of sentiment in his manner, 'Nora, I have been having a most interesting conversation with your aunt.'"

"Have you?" I replied, absently; endeavoring to thread my needle, and struggling with a small eye.

"Yes; we have been talking about the wedding—our wedding, you know," with a smiling nod. "What would you think of saying, 'This day two months I shall be Mrs. Percival?'"

"This day two months?" I almost shrieked, holding my crewel-work in one hand and needle in the other, and staring at him blankly. "Two months; you mean two years!"

"Not at all, I mean two months," he replied, with impressive *legato* utterance.

"But you promised that it was to be a long engagement, and I mean to keep you to your word," I answered firmly. "You like your liberty, and I like mine. Don't let us think of getting married for ages. We get on admirably as we are at present," I continued, with nervous volubility.

"This is sheer nonsense, Nora," he returned, impatiently; "we have already been engaged seven months—"

"And what of that?" I cried, eagerly. "I've often heard of people being engaged for seven years."

"Paupers," he observed, trenchantly, and with an air of lofty superiority; "people who can't afford to marry have to wait, but happily this is not our case. I am going to Simla next hot weather, and I mean to be pointed out as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Percival," he concluded, with a complacent smile.

"So you may, but I am not going to Simla next hot season," I answered, with disconcerting frankness.

"Well, well, *nous verrons*," I have another talk with your aunt. I suppose it is on the strength of being an heiress that you are giving yourself all these airs?" he asked, playfully.

"An heiress?" I exclaimed; "you know very well that I have not a penny in the world."

"Have you not?" he returned, with a most satisfied smile, drawing his whiskers through his fingers—a token of intense good-humor; "there are a good many pennies in five hundred a year."

"You must be joking; where in the world would I get five hundred a year?" I asked, with vast incredulity in face and voice.

"Your cousin, Captain Beresford, has come forward very generously and settled that amount on you and your heirs forever. I had a most satisfactory letter from his solicitors last week; you are actually in possession of that sum now," he concluded, looking at me with a glance that showed that my charms had been considerably enhanced in his opinion.

"But I shall not touch a penny of it; not a penny of it!" I cried excitedly, throwing down my work.

"Don't be a quixotic little goose, Nora," returned my companion, soothingly; "your nice unexpected dot comes in most appropos; for although I shall some day have a large fortune, at present £500 a year is a very appreciable addition to my money-bags; will you accept it for you?"

"I will both be one, so it is all the same."

"I shall never take it."

"There is no taking in the matter; it is already yours as much as you are mine," seizing my hand with a gush of affection, and kissing it effusively.

"Listen to me," I said, jumping up and snatching my hand away; "Maurice cannot spare the money; he wants all he possesses to keep up the old place. I will never, never touch a farthing of his income; I have no right to it," waving my hands violently about, and speaking with great excitement.

"But, my dear child, it is yours—yours absolutely; and your cousin, by all accounts, can spare it well."

"I shall return it at once; I will take steps in the matter to-morrow; uncle shall manage it."

"You are crazy to think of such a thing," returned Major Percival, angrily. "Have you no thought for my interests? Am I not to be considered?" he added, in a voice trembling with indignation.

"I am thinking of doing what is right, without regard to any one's interests. Knowing what I told you about my cousin, would you touch his money?" I asked, passionately, standing before my future lord, and speaking with all the firmness I could control.

"Very well, very well, that will do; we won't go into the matter at present. Don't excite yourself; sit down, pray sit down, and keep cool," said my intended with a shadow on his brow, and a great deal of annoyance reflected in his manner; "I am only sorry I mentioned the subject," and leaning far back in his chair, and

reaching for a neighboring magazine, he effectually gave me to understand that he considered the subject for the present dismissed and done with, and the entrance of Mrs. Vane put an end to any further argument.

After breakfast, next morning I had an interview with auntie, and told her, with all the vehemence I could assume—and that was a good deal—that I was not prepared to marry Major Percival in two months' time, and that, if he insisted on accepting a fortune from Maurice, I would not marry him at all.

On this point I was firm. My aunt endeavored to talk me over, and was disposed to make an equal show of reason with me. But I would not be reasoned with. I declared that I would leave the matter in uncle's hands, and here I knew I had a staunch ally, and that he would certainly aid me to return Maurice's munificent gift. I was convinced that he would not care to see Maurice despoil himself in order to aid Major Percival's already well-lined purse. I had my own way in the end. After various rather stormy interviews with uncle, during which a certain amount of interchanged, the money was paid over to uncle's account to be kept in trust of the Galloway estate. When the question was put to Major Percival point blank, "Whether he would take me without the Beresford money or not at all?" of course in common politeness he was obliged to declare that I was a treasure in myself, and a valuable gift even empty-handed.

So I carried my point in one way, but he was equally successful in another. As he had yielded, I was obliged to do likewise. Our wedding was fixed to take place after Easter. In vain I begged for "a long day." In vain I urged remonstrated, entreated. Auntie was immovable; the question was quite settled. In two months' time I would be Mrs. Percival.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MAID OF THE REVOLUTION

During the Revolutionary War there was a long, narrow strip of land known as the "Neutral Ground," in which the homes of the dwellers were supposed to be secure from the attack of both patriots and Tories.

Within the bounds of this neutral ground, in a cosy little cottage, lived Mrs. Moreland and her pretty dark-eyed daughter, Priscilla, a lass of fifteen years. Captain Moreland, the husband and father, a brave patriot soldier, had lost his life in one of the first battles for freedom, after the opening of hostilities between the colonists and England, and because she had not the means to seek a less exposed place for herself and daughter, the widowed mother remained in the little lonely country home, to which years before her bereavement she had been brought a happy bride.

Though loyal to the heart's core, Mrs. Moreland was a timid little woman, afraid of even the sound of a gun, and in every way possible tried to avoid controversies with her neighbors. But Priscilla was her father's own daughter, brave, strong, self-reliant, and not afraid to speak her mind, or to take down her father's gun in defense of her home, if necessary.

"Do be careful, daughter," her mother often cautioned, when Priscilla was "too free" with her tongue. "We're alone in the world, my dear, and since we can't carry a gun or come soldiers in behalf of our sentiments, it is wiser to keep them to ourselves."

But Priscilla would not be gagged by the best Tory alive and, despite her mother's warning, she often got the best in arguments with the Tory neighbors, thus earning their ill will. It was on New Year's night, 1778, when the wind blew cold across the snow clad field and woodlands and a starless sky stretched wide overhead, that a loud knocking at the widow's front door blanched her face, and caused Priscilla to glance instinctively towards her father's trusty gun, which always lay on its high up pegs on the kitchen wall.

"Who's there?" the girl asked, venturing in the front room, at the door of which the knocking continued to grow louder and more determined.

"Friends," was the reply. "Soldiers—friends, half-famished, not having tasted food for four and twenty hours. Open, and for the love of heaven give us something to eat, something anything. Even bread and water would be gratefully received."

At this appeal Priscilla drew back the heavy bolt, admitting six stalwart men in the guise of patriot soldiers.

"Do we find our good friend, Colonel Robinson, here, lassie?" asked the leader.

"No, he is not here," replied Priscilla, demurely.

"Have you seen him lately, my little maid?" the interrogator continued, a hint of anxiety in his voice.

Priscilla was about to say that she had been there that morning, but at this moment she chanced to catch a glimpse of the man's scarlet uniform under the long coat he wore, and, her ready wit coming to her aid, she answered: "Indeed, sir, I cannot tell you when I last saw him; you know he is away in the army now."

Her mother, hearing what she said, was about to correct the statement, when a warning look from Priscilla's black eyes made her change the information trembling on her lips to: "What may we do for you, gentlemen?"

"Just give us a bite to eat, ma'am, the best in the house please, and we will pay you well for your trouble," returned the spokesman glibly.

"And be quick about it too, he added gruffly. 'We have a long journey before us, and the night is dark and wild.'"

Then while Priscilla assisted her mother to prepare the meal demanded, the men drew close together around the brightly burning wood fire and talked of the New Year's coming in by the storm that day, and told wild weird stories of uncanny happenings on holidays in the past, and hardships had made life too real to be frittered away with imaginary ghosts and delusions.

Presently, while surrounding the table loaded with the delicacies they had ordered, the men's voices dropped to low, almost inaudible words, but muffled as they were, Priscilla's sharp ears caught enough of their disconnected conversation to learn that the object of their raid was to capture Colonel Robinson, her father's old commander, and the trusted friend of the family in the dark and trying times since the dear one's death.

Colonel Robinson was an important man in the community, and because of his power in the colonies, the British Government had set a price on his head.

Priscilla knew this, and she also knew that the brave old soldier was at home on a brief visit, to spend the New Year's holidays with his family, and while she waited upon his would-be captors so patiently, she was trying to invent some means of communicating the news to him before the arrival of his enemies.

While she was puzzling her brain for a solution of the knotty problem, there came another pounding at the door, and half dozen more soldiers were admitted. While arranging places at the table for the newcomers, Priscilla learned that they had succeeded in obtaining fresh horses for the final dash, and that one of them, the fleetest of the lot, was hitched at the gate post, all saddled and bridled ready for the use of Colonel Fry, who was in charge of the troops.

A bright thought flashed into Priscilla's brain, but she said nothing, except a few whispered words in her mother's ears, but a little later she slipped out of the back door and, tip-toeing around to the gate post, mounted the flyer and had just walked him into the shadows when she heard foot-steps approaching. Drawing rein, she waited in breathless silence until two men passed. They were talking very low and in broken sentences, about one man—Captain Call—a suspected patriot, and three words, "powder, quarry, cave," that reached her ears, gave her a key to the situation, and when the name of "Colonel Robinson" and "prison" were added to the list, she guessed at the truth. Captain Call had proved himself a traitor to the patriots' cause by revealing the secret of the new hiding-place of the powder, guns, etc., and there was to be a raid on the cave that night, and, after the removal of the powder to a wagon in the rear, the dear old colonel was to be left a prisoner in the dark cavern, there to perish, unless even a worse fate awaited him at the hands of inhuman troops.

"I must outwit them some way, and save the Colonel," Priscilla told herself, under her breath, as she walked her fleet-footed animal out into the open. But when the lane was reached, she gave him rein, and the next moment she was off like the wind on her errand of mercy.

Five minutes later, when the men rushed out to mount their fresh horses, the racer was gone and, thinking he had broken loose, they lost several minutes more scouring the wood-pasture in search of him. Then, as the far away sound of a horse's hoofs echoed back from the hill beyond, they began to suspect treachery, and springing into their saddles, galloped away at breakneck speed.

Though they rode furiously, Priscilla kept well in advance, and not until three miles—half the distance to the colonel's home—had been passed, did she catch a glimpse of the riders, the gallop of the horses had been sounding in her ears ever since they left her mother's gate. Then it was that from the opposite hill came shouts of "Halt! halt! or we'll shoot," repeated over and over from out the utter darkness beyond.

Priscilla glanced back just once, catching a glimpse of the horsemen in the bright light of the valley from their guns. She kept her nerves, however, though she did not risk another look behind, but she rode on and on, her long black hair streaming out in the wind, while the hills around and above her seemed to reverberate with cries of "halt," and the whistling of bullets.

When within a quarter of a mile of her destination, her horse tripped and fell, spraining her arm badly, but with her other arm around the horse's neck, she kept her seat until reaching the colonel's gate, she dismounted and, rushing into the house quickly related her story and urged the brave man to lose no time in making his escape.

"But the powder," exclaimed the colonel. "The powder must be saved at all hazards. If it is carried away or destroyed, the militia will have no means of defending themselves when attacked by the Tories."

"But what can you do alone and single-handed, father?" entreated his wife. "Fly, oh, do fly, while there is a chance to save your life!"

"True, Rachel, I am helpless," returned the old soldier sadly. "If I had only known sooner—but now it is too late, too late. The traitor has posted them and no doubt will be in readiness to lead them to the door of the cave, and, alone, I can do nothing."

"Couldn't we shut them in—you and I?" whispered Priscilla.

"Enough said!" the colonel exclaimed, under his breath. Then he whistled softly, after which he called Abner, the farm-hand, and said quietly: "Bring Bob and come to the old cabin near the cave at once."

Then on his swift pacer he started after them, with Priscilla riding lightly by his side. Arriving at the cabin, by the light of his lantern the colonel scribbled a note to General Dix, in charge of the patriot troops at Newfield post, and putting Bob on his own fleet-footed horse, hurried him off to deliver it.

The Tories, failing to find either the colonel or the missing horse at the Robinson home, left threatening vengeance both to him and Priscilla.

"We'll take up the trail of the fugitives after the powder is safe," said Colonel Fry, as they passed the cabin on the trot, ready to meet their "tool" prompt to the minute. The next moment the traitor led the way into the cave, followed by a score of red-coats, and then the big iron door, once a safeguard against Indian foes, dropped with bang into place, its strong springlock snapped and the raiders were prisoners, occupying the identical place they had intended for Colonel Robinson.

Leaving Abner and big Jim on guard, the colonel took Priscilla back to the care of his good wife, where, after dressing the girl's badly swollen arm, the big hearted woman put her to bed, with instructions to shut her eyes and go right off to sleep, like a baby.

Several hours later, after General Dix, in charge of the captives, had started on the march to Newfield, the colonel came back home, chucking over the success of the plot. "Priscilla's plot," he insisted. "For, if the child hadn't suggested the trick, this old head would never have figured out such a neat trap, nor how to spring it."

"In fact, you owe your life to the brave lassie," insisted the colonel's wife. "Just think of a child of fifteen riding six long miles in the face of such a storm as was raging last night for no other reason than to save your life."

"I think that was reason enough for a hundred such rides, had they been necessary," argued Priscilla. Just think what a friend he has been to both mother and me since father left us."

"Well, you have certainly given me back 'good measure pressed down and running over,' my Priscilla," returned the colonel softly, "and everybody, even Colonel Fry, is singing you praise to-day."

"For simply doing my duty!" exclaimed Priscilla. "That is all my real service to the patriot cause I am thankful for it, and count this the best and happiest New Year of my life."—Belle V. Chisholm in the *Youths' Magazine*.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

(Sermon delivered in St. Andrew's Church, New York, May 19th, 1871, by Very Rev. Thos. N. Burke.)

"Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people."

These words, dearly beloved brethren, are found in the Book of Judith, and they commemorate a great and eventful period of Jewish history.

At that time the Assyrian king sent Holofernes, under his general, to subjugate all the nations of the earth, and to oblige them not only to forsake their own national existence, but also to conform to the religion and the rites of the Assyrians. This great army the Scripture describes to us as invincible. Their horses covered the plains; their soldiers filled the valleys; there was no power upon the earth that was able to resist them, until at length they came before a mountain called Bethulia. They summoned the soldiers to surrender. Now, in that town there was a woman by the name of Judith. The Scripture says of her that she was a holy woman; that she fasted every day of her life, and that, though young and fair and most beautiful to behold, she lived altogether a secluded life absorbed in prayer with God.

When she saw the outlying army of the Assyrians—when she heard the proud claim of their general, that the people of Bethulia, of her nation, should resign not only their national life, but also their religion, and forsake the God of Israel—she arose in the might of her holiness and in the power of her strength, and she went forth from the city of Bethulia; she sought the Assyrian camp: she was brought into the presence of Holofernes himself, and at the mid-hour of night, whilst he was sunk in his drunken slumbers, she entwined her hand in the hair of his head, she cut off his head, and brought it back in triumph to her people. The morning came; the army found themselves without their general; the Jewish soldiers and people rushed down upon them, and there was a mighty slaughter and a scattering of the enemies of God and of Israel; and then the people, returning met this wonderful woman, and the high priest came to her in these words: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people."

Now, dearly beloved, this is not the only woman recorded in Scripture who did great things for the people and for the Church of God, and the word of Scripture, as applied to her, was meant in a higher and a greater sense—it was meant directly for Judith, but it was meant in a far

higher and nobler sense for her of whom I am come to speak to you this evening—the Virgin Mother, who brought forth our Lord Jesus Christ unto this earth. To Mary does the word apply especially, as every great, heroic woman who appears in Scripture typified her. The sister of Moses, who led the choirs of the daughters of Israel; the daughter of Jephtha, who laid down her virgin life for her people; Deborah, who led the hosts of Israel; the mother of the Maccabees, standing in the blood of her seven sons—these, and all such women of whom the Scripture makes mention, were all types of the higher, the greater, the real, yet the ideal woman, who was in the designs of God to be "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our people," namely: the Blessed Immaculate Virgin Mary.

It is of the first of her graces that I am come to speak to you. The first of her graces was her Immaculate Conception. Let us consider this, and we shall see how she is the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our race and of our people. Dearly beloved, we know that before the eyes of God, there is no such thing as past and future as we behold it in the course of time. All that we consider in the past in this world's history is before Almighty God at this moment, as if it were at this moment taking place; all that we consider in the future, even to the uttermost limits of eternity, is before the mind of God now, as if it were actually taking place under his eyes—for the difference between time and eternity is this: that in time—that is to say, in the measure of our life and of the world's history—everything comes in succession, event follows event, and moment of time follows the moment that went before it; but in eternity, in time as viewed in relation to God, when time assumes the enormous, infinite dimensions of eternity, there is neither past nor future, but all is present under the eye of God, circumscribed by his infinite vision and his infinite wisdom; therefore, all that ever was to take place in time was seen and foreseen by the Almighty God. He foresaw the creation of man, although that creation did not come until after the eternal years that never had a beginning. And so he foresaw the fall of man; how the first of our race was polluted himself personally by sin and to pollute himself personally by sin and to pollute himself personally by sin, as when the man poisons the fountain-head of the river, goes up into the mountains, finds the little spring from which the little river comes, that afterwards, passing into the valley, enlarges its bed, and swells in its dimensions, until it rolls a mighty torrent into the ocean. If you go up into the mountains, if you poison the fountain-head of the little stream that comes out from under the rock, all the waters that flow in the river-beds become infected and poisoned, because the spring and the source of the river is tainted; so, also, in Adam our nature sinned; he lay at the fountain-head of humanity, and the whole stream of our nature that flowed from him came down to you and to me with the taint and the stain of sin in our blood and in our veins.

Therefore does the Apostle say that there is no impeding of sin no distortion of inclination, nothing to hinder that union, He gives Himself to that soul in the most intimate and highest form of love, and He gathers that soul to Him by the most perfect union. Hence it is that perfect union with God and perfect sinlessness mean one and the same thing. The Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without sin, was kept as held aside to let the stream of sin flow by without touching her. The only one in whom our nature was preserved in all its pristine beauty and perfection, the blessed Virgin Mary, in that sinlessness of her conception, attained at the moment of her conception the most perfect and intimate union with God. And this, for which all the saints and all holy souls strive on the earth, the very highest perfection of saintly perfection, was hers from the beginning of her sanctity. The saint who wears himself during the hermit in the desert, the martyr in the arena, all aim at this one thing—to purge their souls most perfectly from sin, from every mortal and venial sin, to rise above their passions and their lower and sinful nature; and in proportion as they attain to this do they climb the summit of perfection and attain to perfect union with God. That which all the saints tend to, that which all the virgins and saints in the Church sigh for, that which they consider as the very summit of their perfection—that is the grace that was given to Mary at the first moment of her being—namely, to be perfectly pure, perfectly sinless, perfectly immaculate, consequently perfectly united to God by supreme and most intimate love. And this is the meaning of the word of Scripture: "The foundations of her are laid upon the threshold of Zion more than all the tabernacles and tents of Judah;" more than all the accumulated perfection of all the angels and saints of God; where they end is the beginning of Mary's perfection in his sight.

Now, let me apply the text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people." Whenever the Scriptures speak figuratively or spiritually of Jerusalem, they always allude to the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of the just made perfect. The Church of God dearly beloved, consists of three great elements or portions. There is the church that purges in purgatory the elect of God by the slow action of divine justice, cleansing them from every stain, and paying the last farthing of their debt. That is the Church Suffering. There is the church on earth, contending against the world, the flesh, and the devil; fighting a hard and weary battle, which you and I are obliged to fight all our lives. We are obliged to fight against our passions, and subdue them. We are obliged to fight against the powers

were a few, a very few, who were excepted from that general rule, because they were allowed to approach so near God. The prophet Jeremiah was excepted from that rule, and he was sanctified before he came forth from his mother's womb. "Before thou camest forth from thy mother, I sanctified thee," said the Lord. And why? Because he was destined to be a prophet, and to propound the word of God to the people. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb, and came forth in his birth free from the original sin of Adam, because he was destined to be God's herald amongst men and say: "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world. And if these men—one because he was to preach the word of God, another because he was to point out God to man—if they, because of this high function, were born without sin, surely, dearly beloved, we at once must conclude that the woman who was to give God His sacred humanity, the woman who was to be the mother of God, the woman who was to afford to the Almighty God that blood by which He wiped out the sin of the world, that woman must receive far more than either John the Baptist or Jeremiah received and the grace that she received must have been the grace of the conception without sin; and in truth, as nothing defiled, nothing tainted, was ever allowed to approach Almighty God, the woman who approached Him nearest of all the daughters of the earth, who came nearer to God than all His angels in heaven were allowed to approach Him, must be the only one of whom the Scripture speaks, when it says, "My beloved is one and only one, and she is all fair, and there is no spot nor stain in her." What follows from this? It follows that the immaculate woman who was destined to be the mother of Jesus Christ received at the first moment of her being a grace inconceivably greater than all the grace that was given to all the angels in heaven, to all the saints upon the earth, because the dignity for which she was created was inconceivably greater than theirs. The highest angel in heaven was made but to be the servant of God. Mary was created to be the mother of God. What was that grace? Perfect purity, perfect sinlessness, perfect immaculateness, and consequently perfect love of God and highest union with Him. For reflect, my dear friends, whenever the human soul is found perfectly free from sin, without spot or stain of sin, without the slightest inclination or temptation to sin—wherever such a soul is found, that soul is united to the Almighty God by the highest, the most perfect, and the most intimate union of divine love. God loves all his creatures, but He loves the soul of man, so that wherever He finds that there is no impeding of sin no distortion of inclination, nothing to hinder that union, He gives Himself to that soul in the most intimate and highest form of love, and He gathers that soul to Him by the most perfect union. Hence it is that perfect union with God and perfect sinlessness mean one and the same thing. The Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without sin, was kept as held aside to let the stream of sin flow by without touching her. The only one in whom our nature was preserved in all its pristine beauty and perfection, the blessed Virgin Mary, in that sinlessness of her conception, attained at the moment of her conception the most perfect and intimate union with God. And this, for which all the saints and all holy souls strive on the earth, the very highest perfection of saintly perfection, was hers from the beginning of her sanctity. The saint who wears himself during the hermit in the desert, the martyr in the arena, all aim at this one thing—to purge their souls most perfectly from sin, from every mortal and venial sin, to rise above their passions and their lower and sinful nature; and in proportion as they attain to this do they climb the summit of perfection and attain to perfect union with God. That which all the saints tend to, that which all the virgins and saints in the Church sigh for, that which they consider as the very summit of their perfection—that is the grace that was given to Mary at the first moment of her being—namely, to be perfectly pure, perfectly sinless, perfectly immaculate, consequently perfectly united to God by supreme and most intimate love. And this is the meaning of the word of Scripture: "The foundations of her are laid upon the threshold of Zion more than all the tabernacles and tents of Judah;" more than all the accumulated perfection of all the angels and saints of God; where they end is the beginning of Mary's perfection in his sight.

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of darkness seeking our destruction, and subdue them. We are obliged to fight with the world, surrounding us with its evil maxims, with its lower principles, with its idle ideas of morality, with its base example, and despising all these, to conquer them. We are obliged to fight the battle of our faith; we are obliged to enter upon this, that, and the other questions, and upon these questions to take our stand as Catholics and to fight the good fight of faith. The question of sacraments, the question of education, the question of the Church, the question of the Pope, the question of the injustice of the world in robbing him of his power and of his dignity, these, and a thousand others, are the burden of the Church's battle on this earth, and therefore she is called the Church Militant. The Suffering Church, or the Militant Church, it is still the same Church of God. Having passed through the battle-field of earth, having passed through the purgation of purgatory, and having attained to the vision of God, there she triumphs; there she rejoices in the undiminished glory and the uncreated brightness of God—and that is the Church Triumphant. Now, the Scriptures, speaking of that kingdom of heaven, or of the Church Triumphant, mentions it under the name of Jerusalem! For instance: "I saw," says the inspired evangelist, "the new Jerusalem descending from heaven as a bride arrayed for her bridegroom." St. Paul, speaking of the same kingdom says: "But you are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the spirits of the just made perfect." Jerusalem, therefore, as expressed in the words of my text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem," means the Church Triumphant. It means the glorious assemblage of all the angels of God; it means the glorious society of all the saints of God; it means all that heaven or earth ever held or had of noble, generous, self-sacrificing, and devoted, now crowned with the immortal, everlasting glory of the presence of God. And of that assemblage of the Church Triumphant, Mary is the glory. And why? Because, as the Scripture tells us expressly, the angels of God take interest in the affairs of this world. Our Lord, speaking of the children, says, "Woe to you who scandalize them, because their angels see the face of my Father." Elsewhere he says, "There is joy in heaven for one sinner doing penance, rather than for ninety nine just who need not penance." If, then, the angels in heaven rejoice at every new manifestation of the glory and omnipotence of God; if their glory is to contemplate the Almighty God in his works, it follows, that whenever they see these works done, whenever they see the purposes of the Almighty God frustrated, whenever they see the work and the mercy of God ruined, they must grieve, as far as they are capable of grieving, because they rejoice when that work is restored by repentance. They, therefore, looking down from their high place in heaven, beheld with great joy the new born race of men; they beheld the work of God most perfect in our first parents, Adam and Eve; they saw in the first woman that was created, the woman who was destined, in her progeny, to people heaven with saints, and to fill the thrones that were empty there by the desertion of the rebel angels. Their glory was, that their nine choirs before God might be filled, and that the chorus of heavenly music might be perfect in its harmony, by the filling of their places. They saw that our first parents, their angels, had fallen into hell and left the halls of heaven more or less empty by their fall. They waited—they waited for many years—we know not how long; we know not but that that time of waiting may have extended for thousands of years—until at length they beheld the Creator make the new creature, man. They knew that this woman who was made upon the earth, was to be the mother of the one that was to fill up the thrones that were empty, and to fulfill and make perfect their glory in heaven. O how sad was their disappointment! Oh, how terrible was their grief when they saw Eve fall into sin, and become the mother of a race of reprobates, and not of saints, and her destiny change; that she should people hell with reprobates rather than fulfill her high office and people heaven with saints. Mary arose. The earth beheld her face. Her coming, was as the rising of the morning star, which, trembling in its silvery beauty over the eastern hills, tells the silent and the darkened world that the bright sun is about to follow it and to dispel the darkness of the night by the splendor and the brightness of its shining. Mary arose, and when the angels of God beheld her their glory was fulfilled; for now they knew that the mother of the saints was come, and that the woman who was created who they do what had failed in Eve—to people heaven with the progeny of saints in everlasting glory. Therefore did they hail her coming with angelic joy. Oh, what joy was theirs when they looked down upon the earth and beheld the fallen race of man restored in all its first integrity in Mary! Oh, what joy was theirs who rejoiced when Magdalen arose in all the purity of her repentance; they who rejoice when the vaults of heaven ring with their joy when you or I make a good confession and do penance for our sins. Oh, what must their joy have been and the riot of their delight and of their glory when they beheld in Mary the mother of all those who are ever to be saved, the mother of all true penitents, the mother