Epi Rev sub seri por Sas con Me

ag

## A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XLVL-CONTINUED.

"Now, Alan, don't provoke me to some-thing desperate. You know I have not Ordotte to soothe and protect me. I want to know immediately who that man

What man?" questioned Carnew with perfectly simulated innocence.

Mrs. Doloran stamped her foot, and

fairly roared :
"The man who called here yesterday, and who was with you in your study there," pointing to the library-door, "the moraing that you went away in such a huff."

huff."
A as stroked his mustache.
"If you really saw this mysterious man
yesterday, and answered his question
about my health, it is a wonder to me
about my health, it is a wonder to me that you did not then avail yourseif of the opportunity to learn his name. Certainly, when he sent his request to see you he when he sent his request to see you he sent his card with it."
"No, he didn't; he just sent a request

without any card, and to to see me without any card, and told me to my face that it was only be cause he could not see you that he asked for me." "And you did not inquire his name?" in a tone full of doubt and sarcasm.

"Do you think I was so stupid as not to ask that? I asked it the first thing and the last thing, but he wouldn't give it. He smiled, and taid it made no difference. What do you think of that?"

"That he is to be admired for his prudence:

dence; that he is to be commended for not pandering to a foolish woman's insen-Mrs. Doloran could scarcely speak for

Mrs. Diofora count states, where some still more powerful motive at work, for the managed to prevent a violent outbreak, and said as firmly as her raging passion would allow her to do.

"Since he would not give the information I wanted, I demand it from you."

"What information?"
Knowing of how little avail anger and firmness had been in the past with his aunt, when she was as decided as she seemed to be now, he determined to try an entirely new plan, regardless how soon it brought on her hysterics, for in that case she would be removed, at least from

his presence.
"His name, booby—the name of this

man?"
"What man?" And thus Alan provokingly kept it up, affecting complete ignorance of what he was to answer, until Mrs. Doloran, fairly beaten on her own ground, and beat in such an ignominious fashion, broke down at last, not into her usual hysterics,

but into a very storm of crying.

"When you know how it would relieve me," she said, "just to tell me his name, you ungrateful boy that I've loved, and loved, and loved." but Alan had shut and locked himself into his study.

### XLIX.

Ordotte had made his mysterious jour ney to India and had returned, not, now-ever, to New York, nor yet to London, but, directed by the contents of Munson's last letter, to Paris. To Paris, where Mrs. Brekbellew was still the lovely batterfly of fashion, fluttering around the flame of destruction, and where her husband was fast sinking into the vortex made by his

own follies.

While he had that kind of cunning and bravado in small and mean things which is often to be found in very weak characters, he utterly lacked the cunning to save himself from being thoroughly victimized, and the courage to command his wife to desist from her extravagant He smarted under her open con tempt of him, and he winced beneath the extravagance into which she forced him, he had not the manhood to resi

nature he was economical without being parsimonious, but she taunted this quality in him to such a degree that he rushed to the gaming-table, with the hope that his winnings would make him indifferent to her folly.

That course made him an open mark, and while Mrs. Reakhallow, by reason of

and while Mrs. Brekbellew, by reason of her beanty and extravagance, was the boast and the toast in fashionable salons, Mr. Brekbellew was to be found nightly staking large sums, and accepting his losses—he rarely won—with a sort of im-becile indifference, which was stimulated, perhaps, by his deep, and often secret

Ned's appealing letter had been care-fully forwarded to Mrs. Brekbellew, and had received it before she was month in Paris; but the only effect it produced was to make her laugh quite heartily; so heartily that her husband heard her from the pext room, and he ventured to thrust his head in and in-

Nothing that concerns you, this time," was her light and contemptuously spoken "though your idiocy is a constant of mirth. I don't know what I should do, if you were to get brains like other people. I would have nothing to

laugh at."

He withdrew before she had quite finished; her sarcasm and riducule pricked him like pins driven deep into tender places, but he had not the courage to recent.

"I knew that would send him back, e fool," she solilcquized. "And now, rs. Carnew, you have come to the wrong Mrs. Carnew, you have come to the wrong one for justice, or mercy. I, to expose myself for the sake of clearing you, give an opportunity to that idiot—"pointing to the room into which her husband had retreated—"to taunt and perhaps denounce me in revenge for all my reviling of him and cause myself to be thoroughly of him, and cause myself to be thoroughly hated by my own father? Oh, no! I should be as great an imbecile as Harry Brekbeilew is, if I did. You swore an oath, Mrs. Carnew, and you shall have to abide by it, even if it does separate your husband from you forever. It is only fair that you should have some unhappiness in your married life. I have misery utter misery in mine. I hate my hus

For an instant she bowed her head to let the bitter tears that welled into her eyes have way. Then she roused her-self, tore the pitiful little letter into scraps, flung the latter into the great open fire touched them into a flame with a match, and watched until the last shred

had gone into ashes.

That was how Ned's appeal was an-

When the couple had been four months in Paris—he continuing to gamble with the recklessness of a madman, and she to reign a very queen of beauty and fachion

—he was brought up in short order by a very angre and threatening letter from his uncle Brekbellew, of the firm of Brek-

ew & Hepburn. What are these reports that I hear? the old gentleman wrote in firm, large, black characters, "that your gambling losses have eaten into the very capital of your fortune, and that just how soon the gaming houses themselves will be en-riched by the balance of the capital has riched by the balance of the capital has been openly discussed by every roue in Paris, and that your fine wife has taken to herself, instead of your escort, the attendance of fashionable counts and dukes, and out-does even her French friends, the mesdames, in setting the example of wifely estrangement. Are these reports mesdames, in setting the example of wifely estrangement. Are these reports true, sir, and what do you suppose shall be my course if they are? I'll throw you to the devil, sir, you and your fine wife, and leave every pound of my money to that other scapegrace, Charles Brekbellew. He is doing well, sir; he has gone jointly into some railroad enterprise in America, and if he did contradict me to my face, and not agree with my opinions on puband not agree with my opinions on pub-lic matters, at least he has proved him-

"I expected to have my backelor home made bright and cheerful, and my declir ing age rendered pleasant, by the residence of you and your wife with me; but as it is, sir, I suppose you would both scorn such a proposition. Either write scorn such a proposition. Either write immediately that you are coming to live with me, or prepare to be totally disin-

" Your indignant uncle,

HENRY BREKBELLEW That letter caused young Brekbellew to reflect—that is, to do as much of that adnirable and oft-commended action as his little, addled brain was capable of doing. He was going to the devil; he saw that in a sort of misty, helpless way, and his wife did not care how soon he reached his infernal destination; he saw that also with an impotent rage. A couple of months more of her present extravagance and his own gambling expenses, unless luck should turn in his favor, would quite impoverish him. To be sure, there was her fortune to expect. On her father's her fortune to expect. On her latter's death it would be very large; but then, after all, he could not be certain of enjoying that. Mr Elgar's openly expressed dislike of him, his coldness on the very morning of the wedding, and the meagre dower he had given to his daughter, all told unmistakably, even to his weak intellect that his changes of enjoying Mr. tellect, that his chances of enjoying Mr Elgar's wealth were rather poor. If the gentleman should conveniently die, he might bequeath his wealth in such a manner that only Edna could touch it, or he might, as even affectionate fathers were known to do sometimes, entirely disinherit her because of her marriage

without his approval. The outlook was unpromising in every direction save that proposed by his uncle, and, regarding himself, he was willing enough to pursue that course. A quiet life in England would repair in his health and purse the raywes made by his Paris excesses and ravages made by his Paris excesses, and he exerted all his feeble determination to insist that his wife should agree with him. But he dreaded the effort, knowing how she lived in the adulation and excitement about her; he felt that she would scorn his uncle's invitation, and he groaned as he thought of the contempt with which she would treat him. Still when he should tell her how near he was to financial ruin, and should suggest his fears regarding her own fortune, he thought and hoped she might be affected

in the right direction.

To fortify himself still more for the interview, he drank a whole bottle of wine, and then sent a request to his wife to be

permitted to see her

Mrs. Brekbellew was just then in the hands of her maid, and any request from her husband was so unprecedented and so audacious—she having completely humiliated and snubbed him since they had come to Paris-that she replied t nger with a ludicrous sur-

Mr. Brekbellew wishes to see me?" "Yes," answered the girl in French, which language Mrs. Brekbellew had also used, "he is most anxious to see madame

immediately."
"When Nanette finishes, he may come in; tell him I shall ring when I am ready."

ready."
So poor Brekbellew waited, like the obedient cur that he was, until a silvery little tinkle told him that he might enter his wife's dressing apartment.
She was seated before her mirror like

She was scaled before her mirror like some lovely vision, and the infatuation of the days in Rahandabed when the spell of her beauty ravished him, seemed to come to him again. He saw so little of her recently, that his present sight of her was almost like the renewal of an old acquaintance. And it rendered the announcement of his errand still harder. Indeed, he only stood before her increase ing her contempt for him, by his awk ward, embarrased manner.

"Well, Breky," that was one of her de

risive terms for him, "what do you want! Please be quick, for the Count de Cha mont is to be here this evening. I ex-pecthim every moment." A slight finsh rose to Brekbellew's cheeks. Weak as he was, he winced more beneath the taunt implied in her haste to forsake him, her husband, for the company of another of his sex, than at her open contempt of himself. But he choked down his resentment, as he was accustomed to to, and took from his pocket his uncle'

letter
"Read that," he said meekly, extending it to her.
She did so, and, having finished it

perusal, looked up, asking lightly:
"Well, what has all that to do with

me ?"
" To do with you ?"

Her coolness astonished him into some-thing that seemed like spirit.

"Why, madam, it has to do with your means of living. In a couple of months more at the rate of our living here, I shall be a beggar. Has not that something to do with you?"

"Why, Breky, you poor fool! that is the very thing I want you to become; then I can write to my father with a good grace that you have ruined me by your gambling excesses, that I cannot live with you any longer; and he will either come and take me home, or come and alow me to continue to live here. His forne is ample enough for all my wants"
Brekbellew's little spirit still sustained

him. Perhaps you ought not to be so sure "Perhaps you ought not to be so sure of his fortune. He didn't behave very handsomely when you were married, and he may carry his dislike to the husband you chose, so far as to leave you to the beggary caused as much by your own extravagance, as by your husband's gambling.

She laughed—a long, low, musical ripple—before she replied, shaking her head at the same time in a sancy, coquettish way, that to even the poor wight before her, was most aggravating:

head at the same time in a sancy, coquettish way, that to even the poor wight before her, was most aggravating:

"You are mistaken, Breky; as you always are when you attempt to use your poor little brains in the way of fore-thought, or reflection; I am my father's only child, and it is you he dislikes, not me. He will be so rejoiced when he learns that I do not care for you; that I have discovered he was right in his estimate of you, a poor, little, contemptuous imbecile, that no woman with ordinary brains could possibly esteem, that he will instantly take me to his heart, and his home and his fortune again."

For once, the poor little creature's temper was fairly aroused. His wife's lash had cut so deep, that, like the trodden worm, he had turned at last; the fumes of the wine were also rising to his brain, and he actually almost threateningly advanced to her, at which she ross, and confronted him with exceeding dignity, while he retorted:

"Who was it that wrote to the poor.

while he retorted:
"Who was it that wrote to the poor little, contemptuous imbecile, that no woman with ordinary brains could esteem, to come to Weewald Place and esteem, to come to Weewald Place and propose to her, that she was ready and eager to marry him. Who did that un-womanly thing, answer me that, madam?

But Mrs. Brekbellew replied with grea stateliness:
"Have you the letter which contains
"Have you the letter which contains

that unwomanly proposition?"
The next to the last word was pronounced with sarcastic emphasis.
"No; fool that I was to give it up to you, after we were married."
"Then don't tannt people with state-

"Then don't tannt people with state-ments that you can't substantiate."
"Why did you marry me?" resumed
Brekbellew, the wine, and his unwonted temper, giving him extraordinary cour-age: "You were rich and did not need my money; you never cared for me.
Why in thunder, madam, did you marry

"Why?" she repeated with provoking "Why I all repeated at the deliberation and calmees, "because I loved Alan Carnew, and hearing that he was about to marry Ned Edgar, I would not give her the satisfaction of having a husband before I had one. You were the not give her the satisfaction of having a husband before I had one. You were the most convenient suitor at the time, and you evinced the dog-like qualities of faithfulness and obedience which always mark the model husband; hence, I proposed to you." With another long, low, silvery ripple of laughter.

"And you actually married me without loving me in the least, without

loving me in the least, without even meaning that show of affection with loving which you greeted me in Weewald

Piace?"
"Actually, Breky, actually."
"Then you are a devil, madam, and the sooner I go to my uncle, and tell him how I was duped, and forced by your very treatment of me to the gambier's life I am leading, the better for me. He wil recommend a separation instantly, and shall adopt his recommendation. She retorted, but in the calm, passion-

"And you, sir, are a deceiver, and the That secret he deemed so safe, not having

heard a word from any quarter which connected his name with his unfortunate victim. How did his wife, of all others, obtain possession of it? And he conto stare at her, speechless and She resumed, having for a moment

silently enjoyed his discomfiture.

"That was your secret, and I respected
it. It was revealed to me before I

married you, and the writer implored me not to risk my own happiness by wedding a man so lost to every sense of honor, so "Josephine herself told you," burst

from Brekbellew. syllable from Josephine; but, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, I never intended to reproach you with it; I never intended to let you know it was in my possession, but this evening you have driven yourself upon it. Now take your course: return to your uncle if you choose but do not include me in any of you

She rang the bell for Nanette, and poor, little, crestfallen, dismayed Brekbellew retired from the apartment, like the miserable whipped cur that he was, and she descended to the elegant salon.

An hour later, and she was surrounded by her admirers. She seemed to be in excellent spirits, giving out witty French repartee with a clever archness surpris-ing in one to whom the language was not a mother tongne, and eclipsing by her beauty every French woman present.

servant brought her a card. glanced at it, looking not quite pleased when she read the name, and seeming for the moment to hold some mental de bate. Then she gave an assent, and in a few moments, Ordotte, smiling, gracious, and with as distinguished an air as marked any of the Frenchmen of title in the salon, presented himself.

L. Mrs. Brekbellew, notwithstanding her secret dissatisfaction at meeting any one from Rahandabed, and particularly Or-dotte, of whom she had always a strange, undefinable dread, gave to him a most cordial welcome, and presented him with charming grace to every one in the com-pany. Her secret displeasure arose from her fear that Ned might not have continued to keep her oath, though in that case she was prepared herself to swear a hundred oaths, if necessary, to her own nnocence, and she doubted not, now that Mackay was dead, and her own previous plans being so well laid, that she would be able to prove it, at least to her father

should the story ever reach him.
Ordotte exerted himself to charm, and being quite conversant with the language having been educated in Paris, he succeeded, as he usually d d when he chose

Mrs. Brekbellew forgot, in the affability and charm of his manner, all her fears and she threw herself into the pleasure of his society with the same zest that others

were doing.

In the middle of one of those accounts of mysterious incidents which take their rise from the lightest trifle, and yet sometimes lead to consequences that shake a throne, he had paused, ostensibly to wip his brow with his handkerchief, but really to watch Mrs. Brekbellew, for he had invented the very story he was telling, and was leading it up to a certain point in

order that he might have an opportunity

to say something else.

She was listening to him, her eyes glistening, and her pretty lips apart in intense and delighted curiosity.

"As I was saying," he resumed, with drawing his gaze from her and looking about him carelessly for a moment, "the strangest things happen in the most trifing way. Just from the fact of my having made an acquaintance, at first a mere prosy acquaintance, in India, consequences have ensued that have changed, not only the whole tecor of my life, but actually caused me to leave America on

actually caused me to leave America on a second and most mysterious journey to that land of rajebs and tigers. And while there this time, I had the singular fortun to meet one of those old wizards who seem occasionally to do such startling things. He appeared to favor me, possibly because I had been in the country before, and knew somewhat how to humor him; and one of the souvening which he cave me was a sort of essence. which he gave me was a sort of es looking merely like colored water, but ex-ceedingly fragrant."

While he spoke, he took out of a leather case, in his breast pocket, a vial not more than a half-inch in length. It sparkled as he held it up, and when he took out its tiny stopper, the odor was almost over-powering for an instant. Everybody bent orward, aglow from surprise and interest, out Mrs. Brekbellew seemed to be fairly

breathless. 'This essence," Ordotte continued, "is for the purpose of making marks on human flesh." A sort of shudder went through the little circle, which he perceiving, smiled, and hastened to add, "not any mark to torture, but a mark for some reason to be made without being afterwards detected until this essence is again used, when the mark, whatever it may have been, stands out once more distinctly for a few moments and then disappears Suppose we try it on the wrist of some lady present? Who knows," laughingly, "but we may get at some lost fortune in this way, or some romantic history. Mrs. Brekbellew, will you give me the privilege of putting it upon one of your wrists?" one of your wrists

one of your wrists?"
Laughing and disclaiming against the fact of any secret mark being found upon her, she extended her pretty wrist, the the Count de Chamont gallantly unclasses.

will take the left wrist, if you please, said Ordotte; "being nearer to the heart, it would be more certain to figure in any romance." And the gallant figure in any romance." And the gallant count immediately unclasped the heavy

bracelet of that wrist.
Ordotte poured a single drop upon the
beautifully -mounded and snow - white
wrist extended to him, and it was singular how far the one drop seemed to diff itself, spreading a full inch in every direction, so that if there had been a secret mark anywhere in the vicinity of the wrist, and the essence posses ower claimed for it, it must have shown distinctly. But nothing appeared save a slight discoloration of the skin, for an in stant, and Mrs. Brekbellew withdrew her

hand, saying smilingly:
"I told you, you would find nothing there.

"Shall we try the left wrist of some other lady?' asked Ordotte with ludicrous earnestness. "I insist that it must be the left wrist, for never was romance

the left wrist, for never was romance spoiled yet by anything so far removed from the neart as the right wrist."

Another pretty hand was extended to him, and he again applied his mysterious test, but with no other effect than it had upon Mrs. Brekbellew.

"Now," he said, "will some gentleman permit me to mark letters upon his hand, or wrist, in order to test all the

hand, or wrist, in order to test all the powers that are claimed for this wonder-

ful substance The Count de Chamont obligingly extended his hand, and Ordotte took from his leather-case a tiny brush having an ivory handle. Dipping this into the he proceeded to make on the back of the Count's hand a large capital letter C. It stood out distinctly, showing a dull-red color, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, began to fade, until not a trace of it could be discerned. Then Or trace of it could be discerned. Then Ordotte poured a single drop of the essence upon the spot, as he had done on the wrists of the ladies, and again the dulired C came plainly forth, for a few minutes the did are did are the state of the did are the state of the did are the state of the st

ntes, then died away.

After that, Ordotte affected to be anxious about any further waste of his precious essence, and he put it back into his leather case; and to the remark that secret marks were rarely placed upon the wrist, he answered that the fact of their being rendered so secret by the essence might make the wrist a very convenient

and probable place to mark. Then he turned the conversation into the channel into which, for a purpose of his own, he had caused it to drift before

he had spoken of the essence.
"We were speaking about the part that trifles play in the most important affairs. Nature has strange plans of her own in Nature has strange plans of her own in every one of them, often making the consequences that ensue only the retributive justice for some law transgressed; just as in her similitudes she has a purpose for an end, though, before the end be attained, an innocent person may have to suffer for guilt of which he or she knows nothing.

He turned his eyes quite carelessly to

Mrs. Brekbellew's face.
"Which fact brings to my mind," he pursued, keeping his eyes upon her face, the singular likeness you bear, Mrs. Brekbellew, to Mrs Carnew, and the un-pleasant circumstances in which you might have found yourself had you been in Rahandabed three months ago.

The color fled from her countenance so suddenly and so completely that it looked ghastly, and it occasioned more than one comment of surprise and curiosity among those about her. But she recovered herthose about her. But she recovered hereself in an instant, and forced a smile to her lips, as she said :

her hips, as she said:
"What do you mean? How could my
resemblance to Mrs. Carnew cause me

any unpleasantness? Had not her betrayal of herself, a moment before, by her startling loss of color, convinced Ordotte that the tenor of his own shrewd thoughts about her was correct, he might have been imposed upon by her present appearance; she seemed so full of a pleasant, innocent surprise, and nothing more; even as it was, he hesitated a moment before saying what was upon his lips, lest he might be mistaken, and his bold stroke be a venture even too deep for him; but his instant's reflection convinced him, and he answered very slowly, very significantly. swered very slowly, very significantly and looking straight into her eyes all the

while:
"With your living likeness before all her accusers, Mrs. Carnew might have been able to show them that suspicion

could, with equal propriety, have attached itself to you."

Mrs. Brekbellew fairly held her breath in her desperate effort to show no outward sign this time, but it seemed for an instant as if her very heart would burst in the agony of the endeavor, and, despite all that she could do, her voice trembled, as she said: as she said :

"I know now to what you refer—poor Ned's unfortunate story. She wrote to me about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

# AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

One Phase of St. Patrick's Caree Which Has Been Overlooked.

In its admiration for St. Patrick, the spost'e, the world has overlooked St. Patrick, the man of letters. Dr. Sigerson has done well to direct attention to this aspect of his character and car eer, which he does in an interesting article in the Gael. Dr. Sigerson says that St. Patrick's relations to Irish literature deserve all attention, for his influence was powerful over the intelectual energies of a vigorous and en terprising nation.

The young captive was scarcely sixteen, continues Dr. Sigerson, when he was torn from his family and carried was the general custom throughout Europe. The fate of such captives was not necessarily wretched. If skilled in letters, art, music or arms they often became teachers. But this youth had in his days of prosperous freedom negected to study, and Milina, his master residing in the valley of the Braid, beside Slomish, in Ulster, set him to tend his herds in the woods and moun in the silence of the hills, his character became strong and spiritualized. There also, as the years passed, the subtle charm of the Gael surrounded him with its enchanting melodies and plastic power of imagination. He must have gathered most of the knowl dge that was current, and apparently he became more familiar with the Irish

language than he had ever been with any other tongue.

Though he spent many a year away from Ireland, its language seems to have been his language henceforth, and the Latin, a foreign tongue, learned with difficulty and ill mastered. years of earnest enthusiastic work, during which he inspired thou sands with the same deep passion of perseverance, age drew on, and again and again a thought occurred to him, deferred at first and put aside, but a last accepted. This was to write his memoirs, an Apologia pro Vita sua, so know him and that his friends might accomplish the desire of his soul. With this purpose he composed his Confes as it is called - the first autobio graphy, be it marked, which the liter ture of Ireland possesses, and the first, I believe, which appeared in all these western islands.

With extreme modesty he recites the incidents of his life. Can you imagine anything more pathetic than the thought of this heroic man, who had borne slavery, faced death and accom plished gigantic work taken with hame and modesty hesitating to write because of some censorious stylists who were probably incapable of anything better than carping at words and dis couraging enthusiasm? Sterile for good, what a crime had been theirs had fear of them destroyed, as it delayed, the production of this first of Irish autobiographies! This keen sensitive ness of heart was combined with reso but he would persist. The disloyalty of a dear and trusted friend distressed him acutely, for he was loyal to friend and true till death. The treachery of enemies, attempts upon his life, im prisonment on false pretexts, the giber ot critics, the reproaches of friends, went to his heart and made it bleed, but although he had a sovereign ab horrence of injustice and a passionate desire to return to his kindred, he would not for all these abandon his work or the people of Ireland. land he had been given by God; here he would remain; for these he would cladly suffer death by any torture Nothing daunted him.

To St. Patrick, Ireland owes no only the first autobiography, but also the first Christian hymn in the Irish language. Had he chosen Latin, he would not have had first place, for our illustrious St. Sedulius had al ready composed hymns in that lan guage. But while the Irish Gael adopted the Roman tongue, the Roman citizen adopted the Gaelic, and thus St. Patrick was the first of whom it might be said he was more Irish than the Irish. The great devotional feel ing of his hymn, its original power, vehement sincerity and fine lyric rhythm at once command attention. It was not his only essay in poetry there are other shorter pieces, in which he loves to bless each region of

his adopted land. We cannot well over rate this desire for literary expression on the part of the apostle of Ireland. It must unquestionably have given an impulse in the same direction not only to his immediate disciples, but to all their successors for many centuries. Hence there are hymns dating from St. Patrick's day down almost to our own ime in the same language as that in which he wrote. It would surely be a duty worthy of some of his disciples to bring these from the obscurity in which they moulder and give to the world a unique collection. S. Patrick happily impressed on the Irish Church that inclination for letters to which the genius of the Gaelic people had to long been given, and from this harmonious union sprang that abundance of scholars Bages which gave Ireland control of the civilization of Europe for three centuries.

His large-minded recognition of the natural truth, embodied in the ancient laws, was, doubtless, accompanied by an equally generous appreciation of the beauties of the ancient pagan literature of the country he loved

There is something more than fiction there is an underlying true tradition of his appreciation of our heroic liter. ature in those passages in the colloquy of the aged, where he welcomes the mournful remnant of the great Fenian championship and comforts them with honor. Fearing lest he might give overmuch time to their wonderful histories, he consulted his guardian angels, says the legend, and they concordantly approved, and bade him direct that the remnant of their stories should be inscribed on tabular staffs so as to be on record for the nobles of Erin in future times. To such as are noble in Ireland still that ancient literature is dear, and dear also must he be who helped to preserve it, whom it names "heaven's most distinguished one, that piliar of dignity and angel upon earth, Callson Patrick, apostle of the Gael. Calpurn's

#### FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.

MARCH 19.

Why do we believe that St. Joseph is the greatest saint after the Blessed lirgin, and therefore most powerfu fter her in his intercession with 3od? To answer this question we must consider as best we can the nature of his relationship with God, for by this alone can the greatness of sanctity be measured. That this relationship was a special one is beyond doubt, for not only did it exist between himself and Jesus and Mary, but even also with the ever adorable Trinity; since he, like the Blessed Virgin, was destined for all eternity to fuifit a peculiar office in the divine economy of the mystery of the incarnation. It was God's will that Joseph should come in contact and

have relations with two agents of the mystery— with Jesus and Mary. Lat us, with the eyes of faith, for they are keener than the eyes of sense, look more closely into his relationship, first with Jesus and then with Mary and perhaps we may catch a glimpse of the greatness of our saint and prove his power of intercession.

With regard to Jesus-St. Joseph was His father in everything but generation, and although he did not possess fatherhood in the ordinary sense of the word, nevertheless the God Who sustains and who sometimes suspends the laws of nature breathes into his oul a parent's love and gave him the rights of a father, and therefore well loes Holy Writ verify these rights when it tells of Oar Lord's obedience to him and to the Biessed Virgin "and He was subject to them." It supports a paternal claim when it gives him the privilege of naming the Holy Child. and thou shalt call His name Jesus. It shows that he was allowed to address the only begotten of the Father as "My Son"—a dignity possessed by two other beings only—God and the Virgin Mother; for was He not called 'the carpenter's Son?' and did not His Mother say to Him, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee, sor-

owing. So much for a few phases of the spiritual intimacy which St. Joseph had with Christ, and therefore with God.

Considering his Blessed Mather-she was his Virgin wife, as she was also the immaculate of the spousal contract being forever virginal, made the contracting parties more acceptable : for the spiritual not only purifies but intensifies to an almost infinite degree the power of love. To be sure, there is no equality between the persons concerned in this marriage, but there is, nevertheless, a proof of the nearness of St. Joseph's reationship with God the Father and with the Biessed Virgin; for indeed He must have been a great saint to have been raised to the exalted position of having something in common with the Most High and of being the husband of her who possessed in all its fulness the richness of divine grace. Did not even heaven stoop to reveal to him the mystery of the ages-the scheme of the Redemption?

"Now, the nearness of St. Joseph's relationship with God is obvious from what we have said, and that he is nearest after the Blessed Virgin in this relationship is also obvious; and since we measure sanctity by the degree of nearness to God, we therefore conclude that He is the greatest after the Blessed Virgin. From this follows, as a natural sequence, the theological fact that He is most powerful after her in intercession with God. For the more famil iar becomes the intercourse with the intercessor, the more does love exist, and consequently the more efficient becomes the intercession. Since, then, it is certain that He is so powerful in intercession, let us resolve to make Him our intercessor before God .-

## READING DURING LENT.

Sacred Heart Review.

You do not expect to have strength of body except you furnish it proper food. So it is with the mind; if you do not provide proper food it will be very weak. It is a very good plan to lay out a regular course of reading for Lenten evenings. It is not necessary to make it two heavy, or too pious, out to resolve to let frivolous reading alone for a while. Constant reading of light literature ruins the memory and weakens the mind. So that a course of church history, biography, the life of some of the notable men and woman of the Church will not only benefit, you spiritually but mentally