

moment, but still studying wistfully the ineffably holy face. Then, with sudden energy, "I say, teacher! I know now 'at there'll be room for even me—allus—room—fer—one—more."

After making his childish confession of faith he lay very still, so still that the girl bending over him drew back in dread of an unseen presence.

The light on the pictured Christ glowed for a moment with softened lustre and then went out, leaving the shadows lurking in the ward free to close round the cot; but his little tenant had naught more to fear from the things of earth.—Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT OF A SAINT.

A Beautiful Life Sketched by the Stern Linner Sorrow.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

I saw to-day the wicker cradle of her son, her one child. For nearly a lifetime none saw it but herself, and I should not now have looked upon it but that she is in her new grave.

It was locked away at the very top of the tall house, in the nursery, gray with the dust of years. She kept the key till she died, and I am not sure that she did not lock the door even upon herself. Annie, the servant, who loved her, and keeps the house a little longer before strangers enter it, brought me into that quiet place. It is a big room with wide windows looking over woodlands to the sea—an ideal nursery, so high is it in the air and the sun. But what tragedies were acted there!

Here where the child had played he met his sudden, awful death; on that little bed by the wall he lay dead and piteous; and when they had carried him out to his grave his mother had flung herself down there with her face to the wall, in a dumb madness and despair that said, "There is no God."

There was a gray drift of velvety dust about our feet when we entered. The windows had been opened, and the draught from the door stirred the curtains and shook a powdery film from their folds. The bed was neatly made, and when we opened the cupboard doors we saw little garments mouldering, quietly on their shelves.

The child's bath was there, and the picture screen, and the toys he had played with. His tin soldiers in forlorn ranks on the table; his picture book open as he might have left it; his rocking horse by the wall; on the floor the battered tin trumpet on which he had blown with a martial pride.

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I had never guessed at that hidden room. To me the house was like the golden spring day outside—"so cool, so calm, so bright." When I recall my visits there it seems as if it were always spring. The house stands high on its hill, and was there when the city at its feet was a little smoke in the distance beyond a strip of intervening country and the river marshes. An old house, well built and guaranteed to last out many a human life yet. The rooms are lofty and well proportioned. The high windows let in an abundance of light. There is no skimping of good wood in wainscoting, door or staircase. I always look back on the house as full in her life-time of air and light, with great shafts of pure sunshine flooding the rooms from the west sky, and never a mote of dust floating in that cool radiance. Now the chill of the house smote coldly. Outside the hard purple buds were on her chestnut tree. Every bough of the almond was an Aaron's rod of purple-pink stars. Laburnum and lilac were pushing out their buds, and the crocuses stood in ordered rows. A day of nest-building, tho' the leaves were not yet come that should screen the wattled houses or the little masons at their task. But every one was courting a brown sweetheart with the most dulcet cooing and promises. I looked away from the nursery windows to the distant sea, a silver-scaled thing, alive in the March sunshine. The woods between were softly blurred

with coming leafage. An early bee buzzed into the room. Divine Easter weather, full of hope and promise, and reminding me somehow of her face gone out in the darkness. The floods of sunshine will never be again in those rooms, where one used to drink in her beauty of holiness, never dreaming of that closed room upstairs and the waters of affliction that long ago went over her head.

Because her son died so long ago you must not think of her as looking like an old woman. She never looked old. She had a beautiful skin, of a singular smoothness and transparency, and a warm color. Her eyes—I think they were darkest gray—were quite splendid, they were so large, so clear, at once so brilliant and soft. Those eyes could never grow old. Her gray hair was parted over her broad, beautiful brow, and was in bands, after the dignified fashion of her young matronhood. She had at once the most intellectual and the handsomest head I have ever seen. But none of these things made her beauty. It was her soul that irradiated all her body, and shone on one with that exquisite impartial light of kindness. Nature had made her for a nobly handsome woman, but God had given her the elect beauty that belongs to the gentleness of Heaven. No wonder she was the light of her husband's eyes.

But I am thinking of her in later days, the days of her great calm. I cannot realize her in those days, when she stared at the nursery wall—in just such spring weather as this—not eating, not speaking, her hands clinched, her eyes wide open and full of an unutterable horror. She was long like this, drifting every hour nearer madness, noticing none of those who would comfort her, turning away in dumb apathy alike from prayers and tears. Then God sent his messenger. It was a woman, great-natured as herself, one childless also by the will of God, one who had satisfied the hungry heart of motherhood, and the empty bosom by gathering there the poor, the sick, and all afflicted, and all orphans. None ever knew what she said, or how she wrestled, God arming her, for soul and sanity and life. She closed the door of the desolate nursery behind her when she went in. Some hours later she came out, leading a new woman, with the dumb madness gone from her face, and on her eyes the soft dew of tears.

They were close friends till the elder woman died—if friendship, indeed, ends with death. What ways she led the younger to seek for comfort! My saint learned there the ease, the balm of mothering those who are orphaned and cast out. Whither she went she brought her own heart's ease. I doubt not that, like the story of St. Elizabeth, the bread of help and comfort she brought the needy was sweet as roses. Her ministrations were not only of the kind that any gentle and sheltered woman can perform—that many do perform, happily. She feared not disease in its worst form, nor the pestilence of sin. Her strong soul, her strong hands were made to meet the dragon on his own ground, and in the use of Jesus Christ to confound and strangle him. All the sweet offices of charity she rendered, too. She warned orphan babies at a breast forever maternal—for motherhood, thank God! once conferred, can never be withdrawn—she fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and leaned above the dying who already with faith and patience were of the saints. But loathly diseases she did not shun, and her especial gift was the reclamation of sinners. She brightened refugees and penitentiaries by her kindness, which never had a touch of condescension; at the jails her face was better known than the faces of officials, and infinitely more welcome. They called her to hopeless cases, where the poor human animal, savage as a "rogue" elephant, or mad with shame and sin, blasphemed or raged silently. As none was so twisted or deformed or blurred in body, beyond her recognizing them as members of Christ, so no woman was so shameless, so stained, so flushed and disheveled, as to be outside her tender comprehension, beyond her understanding, as none of those men did, the nervous horror of the dark in the female nerves without the female purity that steadies a girl in the dark with the sense of God's angels at hand. Alone in the night, what horrors lurked in those dark cells for the creatures ignorant as children, and only wiser in shame and sin. When there had been a worse outbreak than usual, it was she who begged the Governor to spare the dark room that turns the blessed day to night, and if it were not repented, she nerved the half-mad creature for her time of fear with a cool hand on the hot forehead, and words of sweetness that constrained the shattered will to quiet submission. She never made them feel that they were outcast. I doubt that in her intense sympathy she ever felt them to be so. I remember once to have seen at a penitentiary a handsome, fierce, black-browed girl flash from under her white cap a strange glance at a nun who passed by. The nun was a young creature, transparently innocent of look, dove-eyed, and with a brooding of peace on her quiet lips. The girl's glance revealed a thousand things—the self-contempt of a stormy soul, the momentary hatred toward her whose whiteness made its own blackness more dense by contrast; shame, rebellion, anguish, all were in that look. But my saint, with her kindly human ways, her wise strong face, her motherliness of manner; sinners never shrank from her, or so much as felt

the pangs of shame in her presence, but breaking into tears under her kind eyes, would sob out their trouble, like the miserable children so many of them were.

She was most at home where she was most needed. In hospital and work-house wards she was as well known as in the prisons and refuges. I have seen her on a wet winter evening, when the murky shadows crept up the bare hospital walls, come in like the sunlight. She had her capacious bag, which seemed to hold gifts for every one—an orange, a bit of tobacco, a little paper of tea, a story-book, a newspaper. She knew what every one wanted, and remembered every one's desires and tastes with marvelous exactitude. It is hard to realize that she is gone, and so many lives bereft of her light.

I wonder what they will do with the cradle and the toys? Will some one board them for her sake, or will they go to the Children's Hospital, where the babies are unexacting and will not discover them to be old-fashioned and out of date? Perhaps this latter would be best—for what are relics but as dried rose-leaves whose fragrance is piteous?—From the Independent.

THE SPIRIT LIFE.

Things of the Body and Those of the Soul.

How few ever think of the mystery of our dual being. How few ever reflect when studying the figure of flesh before them that the real form is invisible. We read that when our Lord breathed the breath of life into man, he became "a living soul." The soul is the spirit, the body is the tenement, outer semblance. The soul, which is the spirit, is the real substance and form of the human body. It is present and fills the members in every part, and if we had the eyes of the spirit it is the soul form we would see. The soul is the essence of our being, and does not change. The body, like all material substances, is subject to change. At the last day it will be changed for the last time, as St. Paul says, "into a spiritual body," such as our Saviour exhibited at the transfiguration, or such as passed through the shut door and stood among the apostles (St. John 20, 19). After the body is spiritualized here will be no more change, and it will live in bright companionship with the soul in that fair world where there can be no alteration. This life is the flesh which we value so much, and of which ninety nine in a hundred of us only think will appear so short in the presence of eternity and one thousand millionth part of a second would seem an age by comparison, and there is no doubt that all the angels have been wondering for 6,000 years that man should set such value by this short span of life. Who would guess by our present desires and occupations that we are destined to a spirit life to last forever, to commence for many of us with the year, and for some this very night? After we have lived a hundred thousand millions of years in eternity it will seem as if we had just made the commencement of life everlasting. And yet our happiness through all eternity depends upon the use we make of this short probation. In spite of the way of the world, in spite of the delusion and vanities of life, in spite of wayward inclinations of sense and appetite, the great mass of the people would say, in view of the shortness of our probation and the length of eternity and the immense interests at stake, they would say—that would they say? That it is better to drop everything and save your soul! "Take hold on to eternal life." Drop the things which perish.

THINGS OF THE BODY
Our Saviour said: "Be not solicitous for to-morrow," yet thousands of us worry, but not for their souls. It is enough to live well to-day. Our Saviour said, "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed?" (St. Matt. 6.) Yet how many are carried away by the vanity of dress and the enticement of the table. The unnecessary cost of dress would clothe all the poor. Clubs and associations have been formed for the sole purpose of eating, where many courses are indulged in. We should eat to live, but these live only to eat. The cost of luxury in eating would feed all the poor. This is a purely Pagan rule: the Christian ideal is self-denial. Our Saviour said to the man who was intent on building (St. Luke, 12): "Thou fool, this night do thou require thy soul of thee, and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" "So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich towards God." "The life is more than the food and the body is more than the raiment." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." My friends, if we consider the shortness of our probation and the uncertainty of there being more time than we need to acquire graces for all eternity, it might induce us to give less time to dressing and feasting, especially when we know that none of these things have value one moment after death, but the soul lives on and acts more freely than it did before, only this flesh dies if you have been fattening with rich food—it is now a feast of worms. We have glorified it with gaudy apparel, now it wears a shroud over which the worms crawl and are masters.

THE SPIRIT LIFE.
How little interest we take in the spirit life to which we are tending every second. Like Lot's wife, we turn our faces away from the angel that was leading Lot, to look back on the things that perish. St. Paul said,

"Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Who will separate us from our appetites and the desires that are merely sensual? We scarcely think of our relatives and friends and companions who are in the spirit world, and are forever. You are startled at the immensity, the beauty and the variety of created things in the material order. You gaze into the telescope and you are bewildered at the wonders of planet and star and nebulae. You take up the microscope and a new addition of created splendor on a scale that is minute awakens astonishment. Yet these creations are but temporary. Beyond and around and above us there is a spiritual kingdom which is coeternal forever. How little we know of the created spiritual life around us! The spaces which to us seem infinite are filled with bright intelligences ministering to the glory of God. Just now when your thoughts are busy, not on your spiritual life, but of how to enjoy yourself in this, there is a spiritual being near you that has no vulgar appetites, but feeds on the love that flows from the Father and Son. Its will is absorbed in the will of God. Its simplicity, humility and purity is perfect: it is filled with grace: This creature is your model. This guardian angel is so chaste that it is permitted to gaze upon God and His wondrous throne. It is near you, and yet you scarcely deign to think of it, or its numberless companions that circle everywhere, although if it was to appear to you in all its radiance you would fall down like Joshua to worship it. We must register a new desire for spirit lore and turn the mind from carnal things and awaken thoughts of the supernatural kingdom, and the spiritual life towards which we move with every pulse of the heart.—Philip O'Neill in Catholic Mirror.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

New York Freeman's Journal.

Prof. Starbuck, in his letter to the *Freeman* of last week, refers to the Catholic attitude in reference to Anglican orders, and in view of the fact that the Church has given no formal decision as to their validity, asks, "In the meantime, what can she (the Church) do but reordain?" She simply orders unconditionally. To reordain implies the recognition of a prior ordination. But if the ordaining Bishops recognize a prior valid ordination, they would be guilty of sacrilege if they were to ordain one whom they recognize as already ordained.

But, asks our correspondent, would they be guilty of sacrilege if they did not know that the person was validly ordained? They would not, because sacrilege, like every other grievous sin, supposes knowledge. When they have no knowledge of the prior valid ordination, it is to them as if it were not, according to the axiom, "*De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*." The Church practically holds that the validity of Anglican ordination is "not apparent," and hence treats it as "not existent."

If the ordaining Bishops had a reasonable doubt as to the validity, they would ordain conditionally. But, as a matter of fact, they do not do so. "I observe," says the professor, "that Catholic theology declares that, to avoid the pain of sacrilege, it is not always necessary that the second administration should be explicitly hypothetical."

That is true; but let us carefully consider the meaning of the proposition. An explicit hypothesis or condition is one that is distinctly stated—a condition that is not only formulated in the mind, but also formulated in words—expressed. In other words, an hypothesis, or condition, may be expressed or understood, but in either case it must be real. It must not be a vague generality. When the Catholic theologian says that the administration of a non-repeatable sacrament need not be explicitly conditional, he simply means that the condition need not be expressed or formulated in words. It is enough that it be formulated in the mind. Take a case where there is a doubt whether a person is baptized or not. If a priest baptize such a person he uses the form, "If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee." The Catholic theologian says that this verbal expression of the condition is not necessary to the existence of the condition. It exists if it be formulated in the mind, and is real and valid if retained there while the priest repeats the words, "I baptize thee, etc."

Now, in ordaining one who has received Anglican ordination Catholic Bishops ordain unconditionally; they make no condition, either mental or verbal.

There is no reason why the Pope should not permit and thank the French priest who refers to for writing an essay to prove the validity of Anglican orders. We doubt not that the Holy Father would be well pleased if their validity were clearly established, as it would remove obstacles to a reunion. Every good, sincere man wants to get at the truth of the matter, and every one who helps in that direction is praiseworthy. Based in the meantime as long as the validity of Anglican orders is not apparent, it must be dealt by ordaining Bishops as non-existent, according to the maxim already quoted, "*De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*."

The Professor says: "I once, through an innocent misunderstanding, came very near rebaptizing a lady whom, just in time, I discovered to have been already baptized. If I had baptized her in good faith, should I have been guilty of mortal sin?" Most certainly not.

Then how can a Roman Catholic Bishop, in view of the admitted, and perhaps, insoluble difficulties of the subject, be impeached of sacrilege for making sure by ordaining Anglican clergymen, admitting all the time the abstract possibility that they may have already been validly ordained."

The ordaining Bishop cannot be guilty of the sacrilege of repeating the sacrament or orders so long as he believes the person has not been already ordained. Just as you would not have been guilty if you had baptized the lady, who, up to a certain point, you believed to be not baptized. Your *bona fide* ignorance in the case would have saved you from sacrilege, just as it would have an ordaining Bishop. If future investigation should raise a reasonable doubt as to the validity of Anglican orders, Catholic Bishops would ordain conditionally.

If further investigation should remove all doubt and establish the validity of Anglican orders, Bishops would not attempt to reordain, but would treat Anglican clergymen as already ordained. But a mere abstract possibility that Anglican orders may be valid is not enough to raise a reasonable doubt in their favor. "*Ab esse ad posse valet illatio*," is a sound principle, but its reverse, "*Ad posse ad esse valet illatio*," is of no value. The fact that a thing is possible does not prove that it is. We venture the prediction that the Church will never recognize the validity of Anglican orders. Not because of any apparent or supposed advantage her present position gives her, but because the more the historical facts and conditions are investigated, the clearer it will appear that they are not valid. We cannot say that our conviction of this matter affords us any gratification.

IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

Father Tom is King, and a Much Beloved Ruler He Is.

We live twenty miles away from anywhere—our way of expressing complete out-of-the-worldness. We are eight hundred strong (our village, not the parish) all told, and Father Tom, the parish priest, is King, and a kindly hearted, mild-mannered ruler he is. He christened us all, married all of us burdened with matrimony, and the pity is that death, now rapidly approaching will prevent him giving most of us the Viaticum. His kindly face and parting blessing, uttered in his sympathetic brogue, almost makes death sweet. Father Tom has two troubles—his "crosses," he calls them—his servants, Biddy and Larry, who quarrel from morning to night about anything or nothing. The priest says they remind him of the Protestants and Catholics of the North each recurring 12th of July.

If one doesn't raise the row the other will, but, he adds, with a hopeless little sigh, "every hour of the day is a 12th of July in my house." And yet he would not part with either of them for the world. Biddy is a perfect grenadier of a woman, while Larry, "the priest's boy," a hardy chap of fifty, is 5 feet nothing. On the kitchen dresser are two rows of pewter plates, for ornaments, not use, on which Biddy scrubs her temper away, and they are generally shining. They are an unfailing barometer of Biddy's temper. When they shine with a dazzling lustre the lady has just been in a fierce tantrum; when they are any way dull and laden weather has been fair for some hours.

Father Tom is worth a dozen policemen and a whole bench of Magistrates in settling disputes. Give me Father Tom before the whole hierarchy. He will brook no interference, however, with the religious tenets of his parishioners, no proselytizing Lady Bountiful to lead his flock astray with money bribes.—The London Globe.

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