## Two Loves.

Deep within my heart of hearts, dear, Bound with all its strings. Wo Loves are together reigning, Both are crowned like kings; While my life, still uncomplaining Rests beneath their wings.

So they both will rule my heart, dear, Till it cease to beat: No sway can be deeper, stronger, Truer, more complete: Growing as it lasts the longer, Sweeter and more sweet.

One all life and time disfigures; Piercing through and through Meaner things with magic splendor, Old, yet ever new; This—so strong and yet so tender—

This—so strong and Is my love for you. Should it fail—forgive my doubting
In this world of pain—
yet my other love would ever
Steadfastly remain;
And I know that I could never
Turn to that in vain.

Though its radiance may be fainter, Yet its task is wide; For it lives to comfort sorrows Strengthen, calm, and guide, And from Trust and Honor borrows All its peace and pride.

Will you blame my dreaming, even
If the first were flown?
Ah, I would not live without it,
It is all your own:
And the other—ean you doubt it?—
Yours, and yours alone.

ASTORGA'S "STABAT MATER.

-Adelaide Proctor.

## A Wonderful Tone Picture of Sorro and its History.

CHAPTER I.

There is a sweet and mysterious legend, now half forgotten, of the ex wonderfully beautiful flowers, which only in the dangerou clefts of mountains, or upon forgotten graves, unfold their precious blossoms. No one has seen them wither; only in

of the wind, no eye has seen where, no lip has ever told where. In the ranks of man such legendary wonder flowers from time to time emerge, whose mysterious beauty is reflected through the ages. They bloom

full bloom are they visible, and they

are born away from earth on the wings

among the chosen of the gods, among poets, painters and musicians-artistes.

as we call them, This little sketch shall treat of royal bloom which in the eighteenth century burst forth from a soil of sorrow and of suffering, drew the attention of all Europe, intoxicated all hearts, dazzled the world, and then as suddenly disappeared - of the Lotos bloom, Emanuel d'Astorga.

His magnificent Stabat Mater has been but recently rescued from the dust of oblivion, by a few warm-hearted musicians. The title page bears only the composer's name, and underneath a simple cross. Does the symbol pertain to the unknown grave of the dead, or does it rather refer to

the heavy cross which the living had borne? The wild convulsions of the Revolution of 1701 in Sicily had ended. The heads of the noblest of the Sicilians had fallen under the axe of the executioner at the command of Philip V., their goods had been confiscated, their names and their arms defaced. people who had so nobly struggled against a Franco-Spanish yoke were

the struggle been, and Sicily was now tranquil.

The last of the executions took place in the neighborhood of Palermo. last of the rebellious barons ended there his life. They carried to the scaffold his beautiful wife, his only son, and they were forced to witness the deathagony of the husband and father. the moment when he breathed his last the woman's heart broke, and the bodies fell lifeless raised them, and when scarcely cold threw them into one grave, set up for a moment only a stake, broke up the scaffolding, pushed the surrounding crowd apart, and the twinkling stars of an Italian night gazed down upon a blood-soaked mound and on a forsaken

No, a child he was hardly to called, the slight fifteen year old lad who sat clasping the stake in his arms. The starlight fell on a face of match less beauty, but it might as well have been marble, so still and pale was it. On the brow was the dread cloud of madness, about the mouth played wandering laugh, the dark eyes gazed wildly at the sky. Night fell darker and deeper, gently covering with its veil the life of earth. The boy gazed aimlessly about. The night dew fell on his black curls, and straightened them; cool winds breathed on his forehead, vet he stirred not, and morning dawned and found him in the same

Passers-by might have mistaken him, in his black satin dress—last and only remnant of former wealth—for one of those black marble statues which are sometimes erected upon graves. But all knew who sat there who mourned there, and at noon of the second day kind-hearted women ventured to take food and drink. But he motioned them aside and begged only in a piercing heart-rending tone that "They would cool his eyes and his heart, for they would burn or burst. Then anon, bursting with a thrilling, "Oh do you not hear the death-cry of my mother? Hear-now-now-Oh hide me, hide me, that I may no hear it," and falling on his face clasped his hands about his head. passed the second night. The boy sat leaning against the stake, refusing all food and begging only for "something to cool him; ever haunted by his moth-

er's shriek of agony. It was not long before the citizens of Palermo streamed forth to the place of The tale of the struggling execution being couched on the grave stirred the sympathies of all. The spot became, as it were, a shrine; the mad boy served for statue. They brought flowers and of Astorga a singer and musician wreaths, and laid them at the feet of whose fame soon spread over Europe.

side, and begged the all-compassionate Mother to send an angel to remove from his soul the terrible curse of insanity, and to assuage the burning agony of the young heart.

The third day dawned, and still had the lips of the forsaken tasted no nourshment; still, in spite of the interdict. did the people throng about him, and vas on the morrow to adminis ter the last sacraments to the dying

But, in the night that melted into the morning of that day, as passers-by relate, a carriage drawn by four white horses drove near the grave. Muffled figures descended and approached the prostrate form; among them was a tall, veiled lady who bent over him, then issued an order and servants lifted him to the carriage. She herself mounted then; the servants leaped to their places and the horses dashed forth again

into the night. When the boy awaked from his stupor his head was pillowed on the breast of the veiled lady, gentle arms were about him and he felt his forehead and lips bathed with strengthen ing cordials. Dreamlike did the haughty, beautiful face of the woman appear, the face whose portrait he had so often seen in his father's study. It was the Princess Ursini, the friend of his father's youth, the powerful favorite of Philip of Spain.

Next morning the people found the grave-mound level with the earth. In place of the stake a golden cross arose. and a green wreath hung thereon. Who had placed it there? Where was the boy?

he boy? None knew.

And where did the Princess take Emanuel? Far, far from his native land to the cool halls of a Spanish cloister in the Province of Leon. There they tended him as one tends delicate flower, and the gentle hands and soft voices of the pious brethren were to his wounded soul as spring air to the young seed. The abbot of the to the young seed. monastery was a learned lord, and, noreover, an excellent musician. often did he sit late into the night at the organ in the monastery chapel, drawing forth from the instrument the wonderful and holy harmonies of Palestrina, Durante and Lotte. olive trees in the cloister garden, stirred by the night wind, knocked on the panes of the chapel windows, till one would have said they asked admit-tance; and the moonlight trembled and danced on the stone slabs of the floor till it seemed as though they rose up to

ears of the still sleepers underneath Even the pictured saints seemed to listen as they hung on the walls. Thus sat he one August night at his beloved organ, playing as raptly as was his wont. He was so raised above all thoughts of earth, so exalted in mood that he would scarcely have been sur prised had the saints stepped out of heir frames and gathered about the organ to listen. On the preceding day the pale Italian boy had been brought to the cloister and the confidential servant of the Princess Ursini had had a private conversation with the abbot.
The abbot had then gone into the cell subdued at last. Short but severe had with the new comer, and had talked earnestly and kindly in the language of his distant fatherland; but the bo

allow the passage of the tones into the

some time, and then in wildest fright burst forth

"Oh hear-hear! that is the death ery of my mother! hide me, hide me, that I may not hear!" and falling on his pallet he buried his face in the pillows. Finally he fell into a deep, sweet sleep. The abbot remained a whole hour long at his side, and seemed unable to withdraw his gaze from the melancholy beauty of the young face But at length he rose, lightly kissed the pure forehead, made the sign of the cross over him and left the cell, breathing a heartfelt prayer for his deliverance.

gazed vacantly and unsympathetically

He thought of him as he sat down a the organ, and his thoughts became prayers, and his prayers presently were transformed into melody. Sud denly, surely, it was an illusion! and a cold shudder crept over the pious abbot-no, it was a voice which mingled in with the organ tones, a rarely pure voice, but it sounded as though it came from the far distance, and it sang the melody that he played. This voice had so wonderful a charm that the abbot played on in order to hear more. Gradually it seemed to come nearer, the player dared not stir, until he felt a light breath on his cheek, and turning, saw an embodied angel by his

Angelic indeed was the form of the face into which he gazed, but its expression reminded one of those figures which old painters liked so well to paint, which they called fallen angels It was dark and beautiful in its delir The abbot recognized the for ium.

eign boy. "Play on" he said, laying his thin hands on the keys. "Oh, that cools that deafens. I hear my mother's cry far, far more in the distance while you The music drowns it. Oh play play! on and the time may come when I shall hear it not at all.

And the abbot played and played antil the gray eye of the morning dawn looked in at the church windows The boy seized his hand and kissed i gratefully; and the holy man said "The Blessed Virgin will help kindly, "The Blessed Virgin will help thee; she sends to the poor soul ar angel of comfort, sweet and holy music. has a chord of consolation for every, even the greatest, sorrow. we will seek and find it, even for thy agony.'

## CHAPTER II.

More than ten years passed, and there emerged from the still cloister of

the young martyr; they knelt by his His name was simply Emanuel d'As- his life and laid it before the guileless rga. He first appeared at the Court of Parma, bearing most flattering credentials from the Spanish Court. The

Duke received him with distinction; a home was prepared for him in the castle itself, and the musical education of the young princess entrusted to his care. His gloomy beauty, his noble bearing, his modest retirement created sensation in the highest circles. His compositions of sacred music which he caused to be played in the castle chapel enchanted the chosen circle of

hearers. He was, if anything, more charming as a singer than as a musi-The passionate coloring of his cian. execution seemed to seize upon all. Many were the beautiful eyes which filled with tears, many the heart that thrilled, as he sang; many the charming lips which parted in smiles, and were the words of thanks he

But nothing appeared to move him no expression of joy appeared in his countenance, no light of happiness in his eyes. Still, before one sunny face he seemed to feel that the deep night of

his sorrow was tinged with the morn-It was the face of his high ings red. born scholar, the Princess Beatrice She it was who pursuaded him to leave the field of church music, and in her honor he wrote a cantata a voce sola in the then customary but tedious form) which still excites the wonder of musician. He also composed little operetta which the Duke caused to

When d'Astorga sang the cantata before the loveliest of women, in the magnificent salon of the art-loving Prince, which was filled with the rank and fashion of the Court; when the sweet words of Petrarch swelled forth in her honor, her's alone, then were the days of old come back again, the days of chivalry when young queens rewarded the musicians, when often it happened the young princess gave the vers from her hand, with a melting look of gratitude, and Emanuel received with emotion the blossoms on which still lay the precious dew of And none censured the undis tears. guished admiration; all hearts sym pathized in this enthusiasm for the pale, earnest singer. Even those fearful paroxysms of madness which at times interrupted him in the midst of a song enhanced the mysterious interest which was felt in Emanuel. But after a time he seemed to weary of the splendid life, and manifested from day to day a greater restlessness. the still cloister of Astorga, Italy had been the dream of his soul. longed for his native land, and hoped and believed to find there that chord consolation that his pious master had spoken of, and for which he looked and

waited from day to day. And now? He could no longer bear this laughing sky; he hated this blooming earth, it covered only a grave—the terrible grave of the mur-The spectre of the past stalked dered. threateningly before him. The per-fume of the flowers seemed to him the odor of corpses; and the star of love that slowly rose in his horizon? Ah! it stood so high, so unattainably high! In the midst of splendor, surrounded by every luxury, he stood alone among hese smiling figures, like a flower which, transplanted to a burning droops, languishes, and then must die.

Emmanuel d'Astorga sat in the apartment of the Princess Beatrice. The lute rested on its velvet cushion the gold-mounted music-stand stood by its side; the lesson was about to begin. In the adjoining salon, through the severa half-drawn ladies of the court were visible. folding doors which led into the garden thrown wide open; it was the late hour in the month of March and a afternoon. The full Italian spring with all its brilliance and its intoxicat-The full Italian spring ing perfume was wafted in ; but spring also bloomed on the lips and cheeks of Beatrice. She sat on a richly orna-mented chair, dressed in blue, her wonderful brown hair gathered into a pearl-strewn net. Astorga handed her the lute, her white hands clasped the instrument, and she timidly struck the first chord. In the course of the lesson he now and then lightly touched her hand, directing her, and at such times the loveliest blush of embarrassment spread over the childish face. eyes hung to-day with a passionate orrow upon the sweet form; she felt the earnestness of the look and dared not meet it. Even the tone of his voice seemed to her softer and sadder than Not until the lesson was over usual. did she venture to speak, and then she said timidly.

"Have I played so very ill, then, that you are so serious?"
"No, but I have heard you for the

last time. "You are going away from Court?

from Parma? She had risen. Where now was the flush of spring gone from her face? answered not; bold but short was the tream he dreamed in that moment. How dear to him was this young crea-ture, standing so helplessly before him, struggling with the first sorrow of life; but he roused himself from his sweet stupor. "Yes, I go, I must go. Italy will kill me, and you-you will not le

me die! "Italy will kill you?" she replied,

pale and trembling.

"Yes, and you alone shall know Before your eyes the veil which envelops the existence of the humble singer shall drop. May I unfold to you my misery ?

She motioned toward the steps which led into the garden, and went slowly forward ; he followed. She penetrated deeper and deeper in the blossoming green; neither heeded; winter had fallen in both hearts. Emanuel d'Astorga unrolled the panorama of

soul of Beatrice.

He spoke of the nameless martyrs of his poisoned life, of his mother's death cry which followed him everywhere everywhere, which nothing could deafen, and of the hot longing which drew him to distant Germany, her native land. He said that Prague, the birth-place of his mother, was to be the goal of his wanderings; that he desired nothing more on earth but to die under the shadow of those trees which had once rustled above her young head. Long he talked; deeper and deeper into the shadow of the beautiful park they wandered, and the ladies of the court in the distance had more and more trouble in following. Finally the princess, pale and sad, returned alone to meet them ; Astorga had taken a different path to the castle

They had said good-bye to one an other; the green bushes and the tall trees lisped not of their farewell : mas ter and scholar never met again. princess fell ill, and for three days did not leave her room. On the morning of the fourth Emanuel left the court of Parma. The musician, another Tasso, bore a precious souvenir next his heart, a lovely minaiature, on which was written in a lady's hand, "Amare e soffrire, Tacere e mortire. The last word was blotted with tears the parting salutation of Beatrice.

Emmanuel d'Astorga journeyed or ward to Bohemia, which was to be the end of his wanderings. His was indeed a triumphal progress, for no respite was allowed him in courts or castles. Finally he reached Vienna. Here in the beautiful imperial city the music-loving King received him corlially, and would not let him go. In Vienna as in Parma, the foreign musician became the sensation of the hour; here as everywhere he enchanted the women, impressed the men and be-witched the musicians. He still lived in retirement, as in Parma, drew back from noisy feasts, and the light of his lamp shone from the window of his still room late into the night. mournful expression of his eye, the singularly thrilling tone of his wonderful voice, showed that still he vainly sought the magic chord which should deliver him from the misery of his youth, and banish forever its painful

In Vienna, Astorga finished his Stabat Mater, that wonderful tonepicture of sorrow, into which he threw the suffering of his own martyred soul-

the passage of the sword into the heart of the divine Mother. "Pertransivit gladius," thrilled the hearers with a fearful intensity. The son thought verily of that sword of sorrow which had pierced the breast of his own dearly beloved mother; and how deep, how immeasurable, was the agony of such remembrance is shown by the fact that those sweet words of consolation which touch upon the happiness of the world to come—" F utani mae donetur Paradisi gloria," were incapable of rousing joy in the heart of the composer. Astorga set

those words in the minor. At the death of the King, Astorga left gay Vienna, and finally, after many delays, he arrived one autumn

evening in Prague. Noble Prague, that queen of cities, lay wrapped in a veil of evening mist a thousand bright reflections glittered from the cross-crowed towers of innumerable churches, the tall statue of the saints on the Nepomuk Bridge, and the battlements of the Hradschin. Lights twinkled over the waves of the Moldau, the song of the boatman rang out from the bright flagged craft. Confused murmurs of a busy life struck in his ear, as he wandered aimlessly through the streets, his own life like a restless dream passing before him. His tread became gradually faltering and unsteady, weariness settled upon his soul as upon his body, and the people he passed looked in wonder at his strange appearance. He pushed forward aimlessly. The

streets gradually became narrower and darker, more lonely and quiet. seemed not to remark it, however, and continued his course through a very labyrinth of small streets and squares Finally he halted before a low, small house; a feeble light fell from the win dow near the door, upon the stone bench placed outside. Emanuel sat down exhausted, leaned his head against the wall and raised his eyes to the heavens, so full of starlight-and Suddenly the trembling of peace. Suddenly the trembling sounds of an old woman's voice fell upon his ear; some one was singing in the little room. The weary wandere raised his head and listened; the mel dy was more distinct now. It was ar

old Bohemian falk-song.

Holy Mother of God! what was there in the song?

The man on the stone that the beautiful to the stone of the s bench cried out as he staggered to his feet. Who then was singing that same sweet, sad cradle-song that his own mother had sung to him a thousand He had heard it never from times? other lips than hers and — how the childish memories stood out! there was the true-hearted Minka, his mother's foster mother, who had followed her to Italy, who had carried him in her arms and who, only a few years before the the terrible catastrophe, had returned to Bohemia—Minka, was she still alive If she were! The song continued. Eternal mercy! The death cry of his mother merged forever into this melody. the trembling notes of that old, broken voice, brought before him the living. laughing young mother once mor From the rosy garden of his childhood's life, the sound raised the hot lava of sorrow and of suffering which had cooled and hardened above it. He was once again in the arms of his mother, he saw her fair curls, he heard the swee sound of her voice, and with immeasurable force the burning tears burst from his hot eyes. Astorga, the man

and the great musician, sobbed like a child. The trembling voice of the singer had long been silenced, ere he again to his feet, and knocked on the door. A maiden of scarce sixteen years, blooming and beautiful, opened it. She held the lamp high over her head, and gazed with astonishment into the tear-stained face of the strange

tall man. "Who was it that sang?" Astorga said, gently. But before the maiden could answer, a shrill cry came from the corner of the room, and the bent form of an old woman struggled for-The feet seemed hardly to ward. obey, and the extended arms and grop ing hands showed that she was blind "Grandmother, what do you want?

said the maiden anxiously. 'Lead me to him who spoke just now." she said in feverish haste. tell thee the Blessed Virgin still works miracles! The child of my heart's child is there! Her child, I say. He has come here to Minka who has so often

born him in her arms. It is Emanuel!"

He stepped toward her, clasped her in his embrace and said, "Here I am forever and ever!" The little door closed behind him, and from that time forth vanished all trace of the celebrated

The neighbors might have remarked in the usually quiet little house an ex-traordinary bustle and commotion. day neither of the women The next appeared on the bench by the door, according to their usual custom. the following night the door was The house was opened by the closed. Time authorities and found empty. passed, and none claimed the property, and none appeared in answer to the advertisement which had been published in the papers. The house was finally sold by one of the aldermen of the ward in which it was situated. On the floor of the little room scraps of paper with strange writing were found, which, some learned in music, declared to be notes, and on one of them was the name Emanuel d'Astorga.

Astorga never again 'appeared' to the world. Whether the remainder of his life was spent near a blind old woman whose life was in the past, and in the society of a fresh young maiden who lived perhaps henceforth for him alone, who shall say? The supposition that he buried his weary heart again in the quiet of a cloister cell seems efuted by the fact that no monastery library contains his works. knows if the principal theme of that whole requiem, whose fragments are with difficulty gathered together, was not torn and separated by the hands of charming children, who henceforth shared his loneliness? Perhaps they laid those precious leaves in his coffin as one lays sometimes in the dead child, its favorite toy. as one lave sometimes in the grave of

No one knows where Emanuel d'Astorga lies buried. No fresh wreathes ornament the grave in which his weary body was laid away to rest but flowers, charming flowers, cer-tainly do bloom there, for the spot wherewith a true artist rests is cultivated and cared for by the angels. when men neglect and forget.

## A HERO'S ACT OF FAITH.\*

The storm of war had just abated. The peace which deprived France of her two provinces was signed, and the troops of Germany had once more turned their faces eastward, to enjoy the welcome which awaited them acros the Rhine.

The town of St. Germain-en-Lave, lately the fashionable suburb where Parisians of the Second Empire found the brightness and gaity which they loved in the capital, together with the pure air of the country, was now silent and oppressed with gloom.

The war, indeed, was over. more was the silent darkness of the night made noisy and brilliant by the cannon of Mont Valerien. No longer did the reveil awaken a hostile garrison to carry on the bitter struggle. onger did proclamations, signed by a foreign commander, appear on the poardings and blank walls of the town. But the horrors which war leaves in

its train were present. The terrible scourge of pestilence had fallen upon the place. A disease as deadly as the Germon bayonet, and less merciful, had seized upon the un nappy town and held its helpless inhabitants in its grip.

The hospital was soon crammed with

the sick and the dying.

A man might be walking on the terrace healthy and strong on Monday; and the following Saturday would se him hastily consigned with maimed Husbands and rites to a leper's grave. athers whom the war had spared were laid low by war's ghastly after-math and the harvest of death, so abundan during the past winter, was still gath ered in, in no gleaner's measure.

The hospital chaplain was old. His memory could recall many changes in Monarchy, republic and his country. empire had in turn come and gone. But his only politics were to turn the hearts of men to their Father and their God. In peaceful times his work at the hospital was no sinecure. To be ready at any moment, day or night, to hasten to the bedside of the dying; to listen to the long untold tale of sin from the white lips of some man on whom the near approach of death had brought the desire of reconciliation with God to comfort, in his closing hours, Christian who had led a Christian life to fortify all for the last awful passage from time to eternity-such was the daily task of this devoted priest.

But now that hospital-for so many months filled with the wounded, friend time with the victims of the pestilence, 'sage through the ward.

the strength of the old chaplain was inadequate for the work; and the came when the doctors warned him that a continuance of his labors would. before long, result in his death.

"That must be as God wills," replied the old man simply. "My post is at the bedside of the sick. So long as I have strength to console them, to exhort them, to lift my hand over them in absolution, so long must I stay with

And so the days passed on.

The Ecole International had for some years been honorably known in the As its name implies, its pupils town. came from all parts of the world. this school there is no need to speak at length. For the purpose of this narra tive it is only necessary to introduce the chaplain. He was young in years, but in sanctity he might well be called old. In a short space he had fulfilled a long time.

The characters ascribed to men usually differ according to the views and character of the speaker. In this case critics of all schools—Catholics, Protestants, Atheists, Voltaireans, Freethinkers—differing in all else, agreed when they spoke of M. l'Abbe Guillemont in describing him as a

saint. There was no one who, knowing this man, did not love him. His soul, pure as when it came from God, seemed look out from his calm and steadfast "His face is like an angel's, eyes. was an expression often used about him. The poor, of course, were his warmest admirers, for it was among them that he spent the time that was not given to his duties as chaplain at the school. In the Ecole Internationale his classes were really enjoyed by the pupils. In the very rare art of cathechism-giving his skill was great. He accomplished the double difficulty of chaining the attention of the boys by interesting their minds and of leading

them to God by teaching their hearts. The rich whom he edified, the poor whom he tended, the boys whom he taught, all loved and venerated this

young priest. In the midst of his labors M. Guille mont heard of the warning which the loctor had given to the hospital chaplain and the reply which the old man

"He must have rest," said M. Guillemont to himself, "and I must take his

place That very afternoon he called and offered his services. But the task of inducing the old chaplain to leave his ield of labor was no easy one. At first he refust to listen to the proposal. M. Guillemont was in earnest, and with all his eloquence he pleaded with his fellow-priest to allow himself some rest, if only for the sake of being able, later on, to return to his work strengthened and refreshed. "You will not leave your patients uncared for. I am young and strong. While you are away, I promise to do all that in me lies to supply your place. At all hours of the day and night I will be at the call of the sick and dying, and, if it depends on me, God helping me, not one soul

shall pass unabsolved to its Judge. "I do not doubt your zeal," replied the old man, "and since indeed I feel replied myself all but wore out, I take it to be God's will that I should leave His vineyard for a time, seeing that He has sent so excellent a priest to take up my After to-morrow, then, work. added, when the details of the change had been settled, "consider yourself the chaplain at the hospital instead of at the school, and may our Lord-bless and prosper your work

Then the two priests parted, never gain to meet on earth

As the epidemic was of an extremely contagious nature, it was impossible for one who had to spend several hours each day within the hospital to mix with the boys at the Ecole Internationale. M. Guillemont's duties at that institution had therefore to be regretfully resigned into other hands.

From what has been said above as to the character of this priest and of his mode of life, it will be readily understood that he was no stranger among the patients in the hospital. Sickness indeed spares neither rich nor poor; an epidemic it almost necessarily happens that the poor are chief sufferers; and the poor were M. Guillemont's dearest friends.

At no time surely is a friend more welcome than when he stands at our sick-bed, and many a heart weighed down with the oppression and horror of this hideous disease must have beat with something like hope when Mr. Guillemont's bright and holy face ap

peared in the hospital ward. But there was one patient who re-ceived the chaplain's frequent visits with quite other feelings. His was with quite other feelings. one case - too common, alas! pious childhood followed by a life of indifference and sin. His faith, so long unfed by the grace of the sacraments and by prayer, had grown dim, until, as the years went on, its light was almost extinct.

To such a man the life of M. Guillemont was an unmeaning mockery Soured and enraged by the hateful disease which in the prime of his manhood had laid him low, this poor wretch felt nothing but irritation and envy at the health and strength which he saw The maxims of inin the chaplain. fidelity which had for years replaced in his heart the sweet teachings of the Gospel, made him anyhow regard the presence of a priest with little short of loathing; while his sufferings, unrelieved by any tinge of Christian resignation, caused him to regard the chaplain's visits almost in the light of insuits.

"You are not wanted here," he would say, as the priest, unmoved by or foe-was once more crowded, this rebuffs, paused by his bed in his pas