

hair; with children serving their apprenticeship to vice; such were the executioners who were to massacre some sixty innocent and unarmed victims, for about forty imprisoned gendarmes had been added to the sixteen hostages of whom we have spoken.

First came a discharge of fire-arms so badly directed that only a few hostages were wounded, none killed.

Then the hideous crowd burst into the enclosure and a terrible butchery ensued. The infuriated and blood thirsty mob, armed with bayonets, knives, hammers, bars of iron rained blow after blow on the helpless prisoners. In vain did the victims cry for mercy and for an end to be put to their sufferings, the savage and brutal crowd continued to deal the most dreadful blows, just for the pleasure of making the poor martyrs suffer as much as possible before dying.

Father Durand was one of the last to fall, completely covered with wounds. As he was still breathing, a woman dressed as a *vivandiere* fired a revolver at him, completely shattering his skull; then, stepping on to his dead body, she stretched herself to her full height and waving her arms called out:

"Long live the Commune! I have broken a cursed, canting priest's jaw; there is one less of them to torment us!"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

The victims of the "rue Haxo" were the last of the prisoners to die; and on the day following their execution the hostages remaining at "la Roquette" obtained their liberty, partly through barricading themselves by the advice of their jailers, and finally through assistance being sent them from Versailles to deliver them.

After Father Durand's departure Lerouttier had long remained in a state of utter prostration, only murmuring from time to time: "First the father, then the son."

When the Versailles troops entered "la Roquette" he was found kneeling in his cell and he refused to leave it. Having discovered his address they removed him to his own house. He was so changed that his daughter-in-law, Elise Moyrandior, who lived with him, did not recognize him. For a month he lay between life and death, but eventually his health was restored, though he remained sad and dejected.

Two months later he asked to be taken to "rue Haxo," wishing to see the place where he who had given his life for him had fallen. He would not be dissuaded from visiting the sad spot, and on arriving at the fatal enclosure asked for a full description of the terrible scenes which had there been enacted. He then asked where to find the bodies of the victims, and on being told that the Jesuit Fathers had reverently buried the bones of their fallen brethren in their own church, rue de Sevres, he had himself driven there and found a number of people kneeling and praying fervently beside the tombs of the martyrs.

The banker likewise knelt and for two long hours remained there in prayer. When it was time to close the church, an attendant came to him and told him it was time for him to leave.

"Not yet!" he said, "on the contrary, this is the moment marked out for me by God. Take me to some aged priest, well acquainted with all the depths of infamy of which a human heart is capable."

The sacristan helped him to rise and led him to the room of an old Jesuit. God alone knows what passed between them, but an hour later the two old men went together into the church and prayed by the martyr's tomb.

On returning home Lerouttier said to his daughter-in-law:

"I have just been praying at the tomb of a saint, and trust that that saint may open heaven to me."

Every day afterwards, at the same hour, a carriage might have been seen stopping before the church in the rue de Sevres. An old man would step from this carriage and pray for an hour at the martyr's grave.

On June 30th, 1880, was carried out an iniquitous decree against the religious orders. The Jesuits were the first against whom this law was enforced, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the commissary of police broke into their house, rue de Sevres. The triumphant police visited every part of the

house and lastly entered the church, where a numerous assemblage were praying. The kneeling faithful were ordered to leave, and after in vain protesting against the order, had to comply with it.

Just as the doors were about to be closed and sealed, the police perceived a man bowed down with age, kneeling near the martyrs' tombs, which were nearly hidden beneath the heaped up crowns of red flowers that had been placed on them by pious hands. Of course the old man was ordered to leave, but, as he did not move, the commissary repeated his injunction.

"I will only leave by force," said he. "For nearly ten years I have come here daily to pray by a Jesuit's tomb. I had formerly done this Jesuit all the harm that one man can do to another. The vengeance he took was to die in my stead at rue Haxo."

The commissary stammered out some excuse about having himself to obey orders, and, on the old man persisting in his refusal, told four of his men to carry him out.

When Lerouttier found himself outside, he turned towards the door which he had been forbidden to enter again, and closing his eyes fell heavily to the ground. When a quarter of an hour afterwards, his carriage arrived at his own door, its occupant did not move. Lerouttier was dead!

THE END.

("The Romance of a Jesuit" has been much curtailed by the translator, who has ventured to take this liberty with the original work, since fully translating it would have rendered its appearance in a weekly paper like the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW somewhat inappropriate. Those who understand French or are fortunate enough to meet with a good and entire translation of the work, will find that it will repay perusal as an interesting novel, over and above its great value as a faithful representation of Jesuit training and life.

G. M. WARD.)

#### AFTER THE STORM.

The Montrealer coming back from his summer resort or vacation tour cannot fail to notice the incubus of dullness that has settled down upon the talking circles and sensation mongers of this otherwise sprightly city. It is the heavy, helpless lull succeeding the storm. The anti Jesuit agitation following in the wake of all movements that have their origin in the shifting interests and prejudices of the hour—that are not the spontaneous outcome of truth and justice, asserting their rights in conscience and in human society, which is built on conscience—has spent itself out and died of sheer exhaustion. The cry of indignation following the provoked snubbing administered by the Governor General was the last gasp which cost the movement its life.

It was indeed a pitiable sight—pitiable if not so laughable—to witness those men who but a little while before had claimed a monopoly of loyalty in the country, who from their Sunday pulpits at the Queen's birthday celebration charged the representative militia corps with the sacred mission of upholding the Queen's banner from Vancouver to Halifax—It was a pitiable plight when they were ready in their wrath to subject Her Majesty's accredited representative to a course of treatment on the shores of the St. Lawrence like to that which their loyal Irish brethren had in readiness for her Crown on the banks of the historic Boyne. The bauble of their sham loyalty was ruthlessly pricked and found to contain naught but wind. Lord Stanley's reply to the delegation and the consequent explosion opened the eyes of a large number of sincere and truly loyal Protestants who had joined in the agitation deluded by their false religious guides. It showed them on which side genuine loyalty was ranged, that it was not with those who on one day were more loyal to the throne than the Queen who sat upon it, and on the next showered insult on its representative and would fain hurl him from his seat in this Dominion. Their loyalty to their Queen was like their loyalty to their Bible—to be interpreted by the standard of their private judgment, under the inspiration of the moment and the passion of the hour.

Lord Stanley of Preston proved by his reply that he has formed a just appreciation of his dignity as Governor-General