

AILEY MOORE

SALES OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY "FEARFUL INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS"

BY EDWARD A. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XVI

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW COUNTRY

France has changed much since '44, and Paris has changed more than the rest of France. God bless the Emperor; he has not attempted to play the game with Providence, and Eugénie has realized his beautiful thought—she has called back to the mind of France "the memory of Josephine."

Some people wondered, and still wonder, at the success of Louis Napoleon; but from the day he sent the expeditionary force to Rome—and months before it—people of some mind saw that the President believed in God. "It is not," said a French abbe to us once—"it is not because he supports the Church I love the Emperor, but because he did so in the face of obloquy and danger—and therefore proved that he acted upon principle." The same spirit that sent Louis Napoleon this year to his parish church to receive his Pascal Communion, and which animates his beautiful consort, when she plays with the innocent children of the Creche, or seeks the sorrowful in their hiding-places to comfort them—the Spirit of Faith has been the salvation of la belle France. The Emperor took right for a director instead of what is called policy, and he had therefore God for his friend, instead of having Him for his enemy.

But does not "policy" frequently succeed? Certainly; just as the "policy" of Caligula succeeded in crucifying Christ. God may permit "policy" to succeed, but success will be transitory, and will be avenged. Policy being the work of the devil, "will not stand," only just as long as Providence has His own holy purpose to be subserved. And besides, the "policy" people will go to the devil, unless they repent for their sagacity—a reason we think of some weight in the discussion.

We have no wish to speak harshly of the dead, and therefore we pass by the ashes of the last King of France. We shall merely remark, that France has no reason to quote him with pride, and has strong reason to pray for him; he must, we fear, need intercession. Paris was not very edifying in 1844; but there were thousands upon thousands praying for Paris. Paris had the old Catholic habit of thinking and acting—but she was acting and thinking like a dreamer. She had not the reasonable life of St. Louis. Benevolent, generous, honorable, self-sacrificing, laborious, too, her principle was that it was "proper" to be all this, not that it was God's commandment, or the reflections of a godlike soul; and so things went on as they were thought "proper" or "not proper," a rule which men change according to fancy and folly, as we know.

Still France has not lost the impulses to the right direction, and, as we have said, thousands were praying that the impulses should be governed by the principle which had produced them "long, long ago," before Christian law had changed to the chameleon thing called "what is proper." Indeed they prayed and worked hard, those who loved France. The Place of the Bastille is a great open space, at the termination of three or four streets, if we do not forget; and one passes it by as he goes to Pere la Chaise. Omnibuses gravitate towards this area, and cabs have some fair play in dashing in and through it. You generally find little knots of people there; men in blouses, women with nice white round caps and good-natured faces, and a sprinkling of fashionably-attired folk, who wear rings, long wristbands, and gold chains. A goodly number of boys and girls, very dirty and very handsome, are scattered about the frame and the corners of this picture.

A gentleman and a lady, evidently foreigners, have just drawn up at the corner of the street which leads to the cemetery; and the "jarvey" has descended to demand their wishes. The best specimen of politeness is not better than a French charioteer, cap in hand, or hat in hand to a lady. Our brethren in England and Ireland could learn a valuable lesson from the French "ouvers," perfectly attentive and perfectly dignified, they never forget what they owe you, nor what they owe them. "D—n you!" said an indignant Londoner to a servant at the Palais Royal one day a year or two ago, bring me what I demand! With a serene coldness the waiter answered, "Monsieur, I am said for waiting on you, but I am not paid for being insulted; take great care not to speak after that fashion again, or—" And the "gentleman" did "take great care not to speak after that fashion again."

Our people should learn "dignity" even when dealing with people in coats and castles. "Nothing," answered the lady, in reply to the coachman; "pray pardon me, I wish merely to look at Monsieur l'Abbe, who is over the gate with the children." This remark regarded an old gentleman with long white locks, in a rusty black soutan, looped up to the waist, and who, with his breviary under his arm, and two little girls by the hands at either side, was speaking to five

or six others, who gathered around and walked leisurely along the street with him.

"Ah! madame, that is Monsieur l'Abbe Fortbon—the children all follow him for bonbons."

"To what church is he attached?" demanded the gentleman.

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbe lives among the poor."

"How?" asked the lady.

"Madame does not know the priests of Paris much?"

"No."

"Eh bien, Monsieur l'Abbe has a little property of his own, madame. He lives in the fifth story of a poor house in a back faubourg, he lives on half nothing and spends his 5,000 francs a year upon bonbons for children and alms for the poor."

"Is it possible?"

"Oh, yes, madame; Monsieur l'Abbe finds out every one just as you see. He meets the children in the street and gives them bonbons; he asks where their parents live and they bring him to their fathers and mothers in all kinds of out-of-the-way places; and then Monsieur l'Abbe is quite at home, I assure you."

"What does he do?"

"Why, madame, he does everything. He talks about their labors, their wants, their little children, their hopes; and Monsieur l'Abbe takes great pleasure in these reunions. Monsieur l'Abbe is good for the poor, madame; he apprentices the boys, and watches over the little girls, and nurses the infants—for you see, madame, Monsieur l'Abbe loves children, and all Paris loves him."

"He must do a vast amount of good," remarked the gentleman.

"Monsieur cannot imagine how much happiness M. l'Abbe distributes; it is not his money, but his heart M. l'Abbe gives."

"You know him, then?"

"Every one knows M. l'Abbe Fortbon; but I know him better than any one, said the cabman, earnestly. "I was one day blaspheming Providence, and denying him, when Monsieur l'Abbe entered our little chamber—Clothilde, our baby of three years had him by the hand—he found her on the stairs—I know not how; but she had the bonbons, poor infant, and was happy. I had just stamped my foot, and said God and Providence was a cheat, and more, when my little one came into the room, and I was enraged to see a priest so near to me."

"Well?"

"Ah, madame, do not speak. I waved my hand for him to be off, but he would not. 'Mon pauvre frere, my poor brother,' he said, 'you are not happy; but you are a Frenchman,' he said, 'and a Frenchman is a man of courage.' Ah, mon dieu! he came near me, madame, and the tears were in his eyes, and I saw M. l'Abbe loved me. Then mon pere embraced me, and taking my hand, he placed two five franc pieces on my palm, and closed my hand upon them. 'My father,' I said, for you see, madame, this money gave me my rent, and I cannot be turned forth into the streets—'My father,' I said—but M. l'Abbe placed his hand on my mouth, and stooping, he took the petite Clothilde in his arms, and pointing to her, he said, 'My little daughter, your Clothilde—has brought you Providence.' Ah, madame—"

"He is a good man."

"I have confessed, madame, and my woman has confessed, and we have gone to church regularly, and I know there is a good Providence," said the cabman.

"Are there many clergyman of that description in Paris?" demanded the lady.

"A great number. I never should have known it, but for my own conversion. I think from sixty to eighty live among the lanes, leading for stray sheep, and save their little means to relieve the poor."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the lady and gentleman together.

"Shall I drive to the cemetery?" asked the cabman.

"Not to-day," replied the foreign lady; "drive to the Hotel de France."

brunette shakes her head, smiles, and prays him to sit down; the English servant speaks three times louder, hoping, by the energy of his voice, to overcome "the difficulty" of making himself understood. The Frenchwoman looks concerned, and rings one or two bells in succession; the Englishman gets angry at the ill-success of his exertions, and increases in vehemence, of course. It was quite a scene. And whether John Bull would finally have done some of them bodily harm for not understanding English, must remain an unsolved question, because a carriage driven up to the door prevented further discussion.

A fine young man was the first to descend from the vehicle, and he immediately handed out a lady, young, pale, dark, and beautiful. As soon as the Englishman beheld the first of the travellers his eye brightened.

"Ah, then!" he said, which means "all's right."

He saw the lady, and he rubbed his hands joyously.

"That gal speaks English, I know," he said.

As the young people entered the door, the servant in livery addressed the gentleman.

"Please, sir, these here people cannot speak no English!" said he.

"Well, my man!"

"Please, sir, could you inform me whether Mr. Frank Tyrrell stops at this hotel?"

"Yes," answered the lady. "Any message for him?"

The gentleman smiled—for the lady's cheek flushed as she spoke.

"I am the Honorable Hyacinth Wilkin's body servant, and he wishes to see you."

"Where is he?" asked the gentleman.

"Does he come from Ireland?" demanded the man approved.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the servant. "He arrived from Ireland two days ago."

"We can go, Frank, can we not?"

"Ceily," said the gentleman, whispering in her ear—"How you do love to hear from the 'Green Isle!'"

"Come, Frank! I can make reprisals."

"Where is your master, my man?" asked Frank Tyrrell, for it was no other than he turning to the servant.

"My master is at 14, Rue des Postes; he is confined to his bed."

Cecily's countenance fell.

At this moment Frank heard some servant talking of the gentleman at 14, Rue des Postes, and turning to him, addressed him in French. From this latter he learned that the Honorable Hyacinth had gone into a restaurant in the Rue Saint Honore, and having found a lady very attentive, mistook politeness for indelicacy and resolving the case in favor of his own folly, attempted a familiarity which was deemed offensive. The brother of the lady having been apprised of the Honorable Hyacinth's conduct, watched the aggressor, and beat him nearly to death. The Frenchman was not satisfied, however, and had determined that the Honorable Hyacinth should "fight him." So Frank Tyrrell was quite aware by this time that the Honorable Hyacinth had sufficient reason to seek an interview.

There is much more vice in Paris than any man approved; but there is more virtue than nineteen Englishmen out of twenty admit. Untravelled and inexperienced coxcombs make up their minds that every glance of a joyous eye is lasciviousness, and every smile of a kind heart must be "love." They often meet the deserved success of the Honorable Hyacinth, and perpetuate their errors by their hatred. Paris is an Eden of innocence compared with London, and if you examine the two capitals in relation to the great virtues of charity and philanthropy, London sinks into the merest insignificance.

We will be understood to speak of those virtues as they manifest themselves in individuals; that is of love, beautiful Christian love of men for one another. Money will be given for legislative and corporations, and institutions, all of which keep poverty from dropping its rage and vermin on our way, and wretchedness from annoying us by its lamentations; this is love of ourselves, or of a system; it is not love of "God's poor," such as we find in the Catholic church, and such as we find even still pre-eminent in France.

she kissed the ornament—it was Ailey's—and then her eyes rested on the figure for which his former owner loved it so well—the figure of Mary! Cecily's thoughts immediately took a new turn; heaven's light stole in to brighten, as well as to sanctify the stream of feeling that flowed through her soul. She looked, and looked, and looked, at the mild maiden of Israel, the virgin whom God loved from eternity, and whom he honored more singularly than all men, and all angels, and all things that have been or will be, and Cecily's heart opened, and tears found their way forth upon the image, and she whispered in the language she was devoted to, the words of the canticle:

"Tutta bella sei mia amica."

"Tutta bella," she continued, adding this time, "Madre dolcissima! Madre!"

Cecily started, for she felt a hand gently laid on her shoulder.

"Frank! So soon back!"

"Or Cecily's thoughts have been very absorbing," said the young man eying the cameo, and looking at his sister's still moistened eyes.

Cecily smiled, and kissing the mnemonic again, murmured, "True," "Madre dolcissima!" she sighed, as she replaced the pin in her necktie.

"Well, Frank?"

"It was an absurd folly of—"

"But the news from Ireland—the Moores!—any letters?"

"None."

"None whatever?"

"None from them."

"And Kinnacarra?"

"Cecily, we must make up our minds for strange things, and many changes in this world."

"Why Frank? You make me fear more by your philosophy than I hope I shall from your facts. What do you mean?"

Cecily spoke bravely, but she got pale nevertheless.

"Gerald Moore has been imprisoned."

"Gerald Moore?—Gerald Moore imprisoned—imprisoned for—"

"Murder."

"There was a pause."

"Fshaw!" said the noble girl, rising up while the fresh fire blood mantled her neck and cheeks up to her temples.

"Fshaw!" she said; "there never lived an enemy whom Gerald Moore would strike dishonorably, as he never had a friend for whom he would not die! Murder! a conspiracy! the malignity of mean souled inferiority," said Cecily; and she laughed scornfully. And then Cecily sat down and began to weep.

The loyal heart of Cecily Tyrrell flung defiance in the face of all accusers; but the affectionate heart dissolved in the view of a prison—dungeon and chains for one to whom she owed her life. Noble child! "Tell me," she said to her brother, as he sat by her, and took her hand "of course he has been set free?"

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

By Rev. D. A. Casey in the May "Magnificat"

Father Tom was almost in despair. Unpiloted a barque was slipping out into the dark. A soul was about to face its Maker, unshriven. And to his young heart, still burning with the sacramental grace of ordination, it seemed astoundingly terrible. The awful horror of it haunted him. He shivered at the thought, as when we touch a dead face in the dark. During the few short years since he had assumed the priestly office he had seen many pass through the portals of death, and although it was still awe inspiring, familiarity had robbed it of many of its terrors. But this death was different from the rest. Never before had anyone refused his ministrations. On the contrary, they had sought them with eagerness. Eyes that had grown weary of the world shone brighter for the sight of him. Hands, empty of all else, sought the holy anointing. Aching heads bent low for the absolution. They had gone out across the bar unfeeling, because there was a Hand at the helm that that even as he prayed for them, they were in safe keeping. Such deaths were full of hope and consolation, whereas this death was horrible.

What more could he do for this soul that had defied him? How he prayed for this poor sinner, hoping against hope that grace would, even at the last moment, touch his heart. He had wept heaven with his importunities, and yet there was no sign. The good Sisters had united their prayers with his. The little children had murmured their Aves for his "special intention." But the sick man only turned his face to the wall, and mocked them for their pains.

"You are dying," he had said to him. "You are going before God like this?"

"I am prepared to take the risk," was the invariable answer.

To-night, as he prayed here in the little hospital oratory, it seemed as though he could do no more. But how could he admit defeat? How could he face Jesus Christ and tell Him that of those He had entrusted to his care, he had lost even one? What evil had he done that this cross should be his?

How silent everything was! The light footfall of the Sister, passing on some errand of mercy whilst the world slept, could not penetrate here. And as he thus kept vigil for this soul that was even now poised above the abyss, the thought of another vigil, and of another Lonely Watcher flashed in upon his consciousness. The silent trees cast their black shadows upon the grass. The pale stars faded in the murky sky, "And he began to be sorrowful and to be afraid." But still the lonely Figure kept watch for the souls of men. And as he grew tired? With that picture before him how, whilst there was any hope, could he admit defeat? He stirred in the darkness. He lifted his tired eyes to the Tabernacle to supplicate forgiveness for his want of faith. Jesus was in there, waiting. He had waited now for nearly two thousand years. And for what? Was it not for the return of the Prodigal?

And then, again, the haunting terror took possession of him. Jesus must not wait in vain, and if this prodigal were to return it must be soon. There was not much time left for the journey. And as yet it had not begun.

The light of the sanctuary lamp shone blood-red on the tabernacle door. Blood-red? Was it a symbol? Blood-red were the hands that pleaded with the Father for this erring soul. The Blood of Jesus could not appeal in vain. A great sob broke from his weary heart. The Voice from the Tabernacle had spoken. He had found the way at last. God was very good to his priest, and this soul would not be lost after all.

In the subdued light of the shaded electric globe the priest saw that the dislocation could not now be long delayed. The Angel of Death hovered beyond in the shadows. There was no time to waste.

"May I sit with you a while?" he asked, softly.

The sick man nodded assent. The priest took out his brown beads and fingered it nervously. He then lifted the cross to his lips. He was going to win out this time.

"I am not going to preach to you to-night, my dear," he said. "But I would like to tell you a little story."

He waited, but there was no word of negation or assent from the bed.

"It was many years ago," began the priest, "in a plain thatched cottage nestling among the green valleys of Ireland. It was that land of haunting beauty—Mary's own sweet month of May. It was even- ing, the birds chirped drowsily in the hedge rows. The flowers veiled their faces and went to sleep. The warm summer breeze, heavy with the scent of the hawthorn, lingered by the open door. For it had a duty to perform, this May-evening breeze in holy Ireland. Beyond the turf, in the shadowy light of the turf-fire, several figures knelt upon the earthen floor."

The sick man stirred convulsively. He fixed his devouring gaze upon the priest. And the priest went on:

"They held, each one of them, a brown beads between their fingers," and as he spoke the priest held up his own, "for they were saying the rosary. 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art Thou amongst women. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death.' So they prayed on until the rosary was completed. It was for this that the May-breeze waited by the door. And when, at last, it went its way, it still bore with it the perfume of the hawthorn, only now it had, in addition, the incense of many Aves to offer at Mary's throne."

The listener was apparently ill at ease. He drew his hand across his forehead, as if to ward off some haunting memory. And still the priest went on:

"Years passed by, and once again it was May-time in Ireland. And once again the evening breeze waited beyond the door to receive its tribute for Mary. And this time, somehow, it waited a little longer. It seemed to be looking for something it could not find, and when at last it went its way, it did not croon joyfully as of yore. Instead there was a sadness, a note of regret, in its song. For it had found a withered rose in Mary's wreath."

"And within, a grey haired mother wept silently. And when, one by one, the others rose and went to seek repose, she still prayed on. She was saying an extra rosary for someone who had forgotten to say it for himself. And great blinding tears coursed down her aged cheeks as she besought the Desolate Mother to watch over her erring child. And then she pressed the well-worn beads to her quivering lips, and there was new hope in her broken heart, because she remembered that Mary, too, had lost her Son, and so would understand."

The priest's voice died away, but not into silence. The sound of weeping filled the room. The Lights of Home had conquered.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

WIDER DIFFUSION OF DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

Not the least of the marvels of the past fifty years is the rapidity with which the devotion to the Sacred Heart has spread to the uttermost ends of the earth. We had occasion to tell our readers a year ago that there is probably no spot in the Catholic world, from its very center in Rome to the farthest mission station in pagan lands, Alaska and Central Africa, for instance, that has not some token or other to remind it of the great love of the Heart of Jesus for mankind. Cathedrals, churches, chapels, convents, institutions, societies, persons, are dedicated collectively or individually to the Sacred Heart. There is hardly a church in Christendom that has not its altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart; hardly an institution under Catholic auspices that has not a statue or painting representing Jesus pointing to His heart and pleading for our love; hardly a parish or mission, even the most forlorn, that does not see a few faithful souls going to Communion on the First Friday, oftentimes at great personal inconvenience to themselves. In large centers of population, not merely hundreds but even thousands and tens of thousands honor the Sacred Heart on that morning by kneeling at the altar rail. The First Friday of every month has become a day of fervor throughout the Catholic world. Not merely in civilized countries where the church is well established and where this act of devotion can be easily accomplished, is the First Friday observed, but even in the most remote lands where the Church is still young and where her influence is limited, the same consoling spectacle may be seen.

It is this modern miracle that makes people ask why devotion to the Divine Heart, that Heart which nearly two thousand years ago was pierced on the cross for men, remained so long apparently unresponsive and enveloped in a shroud of mystery; why the work of drawing aside that shroud was reserved for these later ages; why centuries had to pass before the world could get the full benefit of the devotion we now know it. For the Heart of Jesus is not merely the source of the grace and the sacraments which nourish our spiritual lives, but it is also the perfect model of all virtues human and divine; we have in the Heart of Jesus, and the devotion we pay to it, the complete summary of doctrinal and practical Christianity.

Undoubtedly in past ages the learned among the saints and the saintly among the learned understood all this, for they penned admirable pages on the Sacred Heart and the cultus due to it. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the vast majority of Christians had a veil drawn over their eyes which prevented them from seeing what was clear to those other privileged souls. It is not for us to try to sound the inscrutable ways of God to know the reason for this long silence. Let it suffice to take the answer that St. John Evangelist gave St. Gertrude who in one of her visions asked the beloved disciple why he had not put down in his Gospel some of the sentiments he experienced while he leaned on the bosom of the Lord during the Last Supper. In reply

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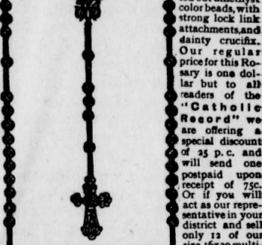


I bought some of your GIN PILLS at Victoria, B.C. last September. I made inquiries in New York on my arrival there but was unable to obtain any information about them. Your remedy, I find at 60 years of age, to give me perfect relief and I regret very much that you have not made arrangements to have GIN PILLS on sale in New York and London, as I urgently recommend GIN PILLS to friends of my age as being the one thing that does me good.

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Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix

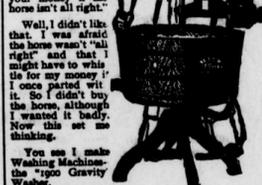


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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know how to tell a horse from a mule. And I didn't know how to tell a mule from a horse either.



So I told him I wanted to buy a horse for a month. He said "All right, I'll give you a horse for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse." Now, I know what our "100 Gravity" Washer will do for you. It will wash and wring clothes in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

And I said to myself, may I thank about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I have over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "100 Gravity" Washer will do for you. It will wash and wring clothes in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. It just does soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, I said to myself, I will do with my "100 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "100 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. You'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Does it prove that the "100 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you'll see it out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. It will save you 75 cents to \$1.00 a week, over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's free trial, I'll pay for it what it saves you. If it saves you one cent a week, send me 50 cents a week till I paid for it. Take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "100 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 5 minutes. Write me personally—J. R. Morris, Manager, 1007 West 1st Ave., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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