THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

JULY 31, 1886.

A True Story.

Httle child lay sick; an angel o'er her bent-ey said his name was Death ; she smiled in sweet content. 's tender messenger ! to this white flower ord had bid him cull, what terrors

A little playmate came "to say good-bye to Grace ; hade of fear was there though grave the E.s baby face. tome fend thought intent, she gently close beside her friend she laid her little

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD. "In the spring of 1872 I was wounded in the arm, and obtained leave to return home for a few weeks. "The wound was slight, and a month had scarcely passed ere I was as strong as over, and began to feel that uneasy sensa-tion, I can scarcely call it longing, which comes upon a soldier when far away from the field where victories and defeats are falling to his comrades whom he knows so well.

well. "Three weeks before my leave of absence expired I jleft home again and started for the field. "When I arrived within thirty or forty miles of the point where the command was stationed, I found that the track had been torn up, and that we must remain at the small station until the rails could again by laid.

"While loitering about the little town a hance occurred for the purchase of a orse at a very moderate price, considering

"I struck a bargain with the owner, and "I struck a bargain with the owner, and resolved to ride through the country to the point where the troops were stationed. "This would be more pleasant, as I knew a young man, who was about to enlist, intending to go by the train, which was now at a standstill.

In fact, I could not help sharing to a cer-tain extent, in my comrade's fear; but we ware in for it now, if danger was in-tended. "We soon learned that our host was a "We soon learned that our host was a violent partiasn of the South; that he had lost two sons upon the battlefield, and that he would have shouldered arms him-self if it hadn't been for the old woman ! "He did not seem to consider us foce, and Frank thought it necessary to express sentiments in favor of the man's prin-ciples. "As we were preparing to retire for the night the door opened and a stout young man entered, shaking the water from his clothes. "He was a neighbor, apparently, for the

"The difference of the special of th

"This suggestion came so abruptly that it startled me. It was the first intimation given that our profession was under stood. "I made some commonplace remark, and was left alone, to aleep if I could, which was not at once. "I heard the family retire; then all was still save the patter of the storm outside. I felt oppressed, as though with the sense of approaching misfortune. "The form of our ill-looking host was conjured up before my mind, attended by all the villainous circumstances and inci-dents that an active imagination could furnish.

"At last, after tossing about for hours, "At last, after tossing about for hours, I fell asleep. How long 1 lay uncon-scious I know not; but when I awoke it was with a start, and my faculties were

upon the stretch at once. "I heard some one in the hall without my room. He came with the stealthy motion of a murderer stealing upon his

<page-header><page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

JULY 31, 1886.

AS A FLOWER. (On the death of a young and gifted priest. BY R. H.

which pract Europe be and fourted given a sh whose men tion of the

in 1226, r established land at Alr

monasticis

labor and a amid the the ioning itse Franciscan Franciscan and quasi stitution b

pose, thou the leaders their age." on to asy, both histor these name sentimenta stitutions

much. It prompted

sense to say but in imag of a monas

and kiss the

is hyperbol no little his

no little his The Rey King Edw writes as i the Nineteer side the ci Bristol; in through w

sluggishly foot lower

like struct Shrewsbur don, the h and there t

In the Summer, ere the bloom That was risening for his tomb Raw decay; In his youth, ere yet the fruit of his life had taken root, Called away!

Ab ! that life was not his own, That with Summer's breath has flown, To our loss "Twas a life that knew not life In earth's pleasure or earth's strife, Or earth's cross.

Oh ! to think of him as priest. One short moment at the feast Of the Klog,-One short season 'mid the vine, Where the workers prune and twine, Weep and sing !

Hearts bereaved recall his gift Of the word, and see him lift The dread cup; Hear that voice, so young to bless, Bid each spirit in distress To look up.

Wee is ours that cruel Death So untimely sped the breath Of his youth ? For he loved his kind and land, He was free of heart and hand, Full of truth.

Yet he might have lived to learn The sad lesson that each turn Of life bears. Yes, he might have lived to die In ripe age-yet, ah ' to sigh O'er his years.

It is well; as priest and man, "Twas a guileless coarse he ran : Who can say What sorrow, what deep dole Lay in wait for the young soul Passed away?

Fare thee well! God grant thee rest, And thy birthright 'mid the blest May Be give ! Thou disk speak this word, and break The Life Bread Immortals take-Thou shalt live ! - Ave Maria.

MODERN INSTANCES.

Baltimore Mirror

We have given general reviews of the social condition of Spain, Italy, and France. It now remains to rapidly con-sider the testimony of Protestant observers on certain institutions, practices, and doc-trines of the Church as to their effects upon the people. PRIESTS AND THEIR DEVOTED LIVES.

PRIESTS AND THEIR DEVOTED LIVES. Sir Arthur Helps, in concluding his life of Las Casas, the "Apostle of the Indies," speaks as follows: "In patting from Las Casas, it must be felt that all ordinary eulogies would be feeble and inadequate. His was one of those lives that are beyond biography, and require a history to be written in order to illustrate them. His caracas affords performs a solitary instance the worth written in order to illustrate them. His career affords, perhaps, a solitary instance of a man who, being neither a conqueror, a discoverer, nor an inventor, has, by the pure force of benerolence, become so notable a figure, that large portions of history cannot be written, or, at least, can-not be understood, without the narrative of his deeds and efforts being one of the principal threads upon which the history is strung." "We were received with great hospital-ity by the monks of Caripe," asys Hum-stoolt in his "Travels in South Americs."

is strung." "We were received with great hospital: "Superior, which contained a pretty good collection of books. . . . It seemed as if the progress of knowledge advanced even in the forests of America. The youngest of the Capuchin monks of the last mission had brought with him a Spanish translation of Chaptal's "Treat-tise on Chemistry," and he intended to study this work in the solitude where he was destined to pass the remain-der of his days. During our long abode in the missions of South America, we never perceived any signs of intolerance. The monks of Caripe were not ignorant that I to conceal from them this fact; peverthe-less, no mark of distrust, no indiscreet question, no attempt at controversy, ever

the lowest ing to the preaching to mons_sho tional-as many a day fail to win moreover, their learn should hay Dominican "but very

suppresion the land." The grea Renan, sper

the Howelstein and French the latter's parent with

question, no attempt at controversy, ever diminished the value of the hospitality they exercised withso much liberality and frankness," On the death of Cardinal Risrio Sforzs, the men Those who

known a S know whe of good in old schoo On the death of Cardinal Riario Sforza, at the end of 1877, the Italian secular press spoke highly of him. The Pungolo com-mended his "unsullied purity and his heroic charity." The Piccolo called him the "modern Carlo Borromeo." The Fan-fulla described him as the "glory of Naples." residence buried with Protestant

Naples." Joubert, as quoted with approbation by Mr. Matthew Arnold, says that the Jesuite seemed to love God "from pure inclina-tion; out of admiration, gratitude, tender-ness; for the pleasure of loving Him in short. In their books of devotion you ting refer Mr. Beech "That dea ness; for the pleasure of loving Him in short. In their books of devotion you find joy, because with the Jesuits nature and religion go hand in hand." Mr. Arnold tells us that they seem to have left in him (Joubert)—who had been their pupil and assistant teacher for eight years —a most favorable opinion, not only of their tact and address, but of their really good qualities as teachers and doctors." M. Maxime du Camp writes as follows in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 1, 1879: "What Communist begged an asylum of a priest and was refused i Not one, and I could name many who owed their safety to clerical hospitality. We may believe that they said to themselves: "We shall not be sought for amongst them, for they know what our friends and fol-lowers did at the *Grande Roquette*, at the *Rue Hazo*, and at the Avonue d' Italie (scenes of alaughter of the clericals). Even the Jesuits, who had been so abusd, and who had suffered so severely, shel-tered Grelier, a bitter leader among their enemles." among the his carding

Rue Hazo, and at the Avenue d' Italie' (scenes of slaughter of the clericals). Even the Jesuits, who had been so abusdi, and who had suffered so severely, shel-tered Grelier, a bitter leader among their enemies." The London Timcs in 1880 published a leader eulogizing the monks. We are told that the very name of the Benedic-tines is "redolent of arduous labor and massive learning;" and again we find, "dissepect to the great order which pro-duced Mabillon might seem little short of sacrilege to French literature." The names of St. Dominic and St. Francis, we are told again, are "great names," and these saints are called the "fervid Span-iard and the gentle Italian." "More-over," continues the Times, "the preaching and mendicant orders, of which these are and mendicatines for their services to letters and learning. Our own Rogers and others of those great teachers and thought of Christendom, through the crucible of the scholaxic philosophy, be longed to one or other of these orders,

nd and main