

Hymn to Our Lady.

By GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

Translated by R. R. Madden, M. D.

A Hymn composed during the Great Plague in Florence

O Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me.

Queen of clemency and love,
Be my advocate above,
And, through Christ, all sin remove.

When the angels called thee blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest.

Earth's purest creature thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow.

Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin-Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace.

A beacon to the just,
To the sinner hope and trust,
Joy of the angel host.

Ever glorified, thy throne
Is where thy blessed Son
Doth reign, through him alone.

All pestilence shall cease,
And sin and strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace.

Young People.

Much is being said at the present time, about young people. M. Saint-Genest also has determined to have his say about their conduct. The Countess of R—has three sons, Octave, Loto, and Riri, aged respectively 22, 21 and 19 years. They have finished their education, and are now trying to reform that of "their ancestors." This is the appellation they give their parents and the other members of their family.

One evening in autumn the arrival of several visitors at the palace was announced: "It looks as though some old bonzes were about to enter," says Octave. "Oh! those old gossips again," rejoins Loto; "it is better to go shooting woodchucks than to remain among all these geese." The "old bonzes" arrived: they were magistrates, higher officers, an academician, a poet and a musician. They conversed gaily together on several topics; and are much interested by the question asked them by their hostess: "What is the greatest joy you have ever experienced?"

While they are discussing, speaking all at the same time with juvenile enthusiasm, the youths arrive. They slowly descended the steps, bow with the automatic air now so much in vogue, take their places in silence, assume a graceful posture and listen. Mark the effect their starchy manner, their smiles and their sarcastic questions have on the old people: their gaiety vanishes: their tones are more subdued: one would think they were mischievous children surprised by their grandfathers and reminded how they should deport themselves.

During tea the youths conversed in whispers. Octave, however, snubbed the general, who was singing the praises of the army. Loto repelled the academician, who was extolling Lamartine. "We would give," said he, "all this nonsense for a page either of Bourget or of Maupassant. Mme. de R—could do nothing but smile and excuse her children. The meal over, the youths go into an adjoining room. Their conversation is now louder. Loto, more cautious, listens at the door leading into the room where the old people are. "Oh! if you only heard them; it is enough to make one laugh. They are again trying to determine which was their most joyous day!"

These actions were, after a while, noticed by their uncle, who was in the next room, and caused him much displeasure. He listened at their door. You may imagine the great things he heard! "Pacha won first money in the race. Gontran, who was blackballed at Mialiton's." Then silence and yawnings, like people tired of life. Their uncle, entering the room, said: "So it

was for the purpose of talking of these affairs that you were so anxious to leave us. I know now what are all the spirited and humorous things you have to speak about. Well, I would have you know that the dunces and gossips, whom you make so much sport of, have a hundred times more charm and sense than you! They are the youths; you the old people. You are there, seeking to learn your vocation and to study yourselves. Ah! I know your vocation; it is to do nothing, and to laugh at everyone. But, blackguards that you are, since you blush to be young, disguise yourselves at once as old men; put gray wigs on your heads, paint wrinkles on your face, and you will be perfect."

The youths regarded the old man calmly and attentively. Toto, the tirade finished, throw his arms about his neck and said coaxingly: "Now, Tonton, do not get angry; we promise you not to laugh at anyone again. Nevertheless, they are not reasonable about Lamartine. Think of it; 'golden pen' Lamartine; it is outrageous." Their uncle, being free from this wasp's nest, gave vent to his ill-feeling: "We no longer see," said he sadly, "homes where all is in order, where each one is in his place, the grandmother seated like a queen in her arm-chair, the parents and friends talking around her and the children playing in the next room. No! Now the children occupy the arm chair, their parents are at their feet, and soon we shall see the grandmother in the chamber, as among the farmers!"

The story is a good one, told by a worldly man, by a writer, who, perhaps, was not able to contribute anything to make our young people what they are. But a moral is wanting: "This fable shows,"—as *Æsop* and *La Fontaine* would say. Oh! pardon; here is the moral. Their uncle happened to speak of a young man, a poor orphan, brought up by charity, modest, good-willed, winning—in a word the very opposite of his handsome nephews. This child at least was not spoiled. They did not take away from him the priceless charm of a good nature, the frankness that God gives to youth, and, above all, they taught him to show respect to all.

It remains to be told the course parents should adopt to teach their children to show respect. Possibly M. Saint-Genest will give us his views on this subject another time.—*La Semaine Religieuse*.

The Lord Mayor of London Serves Mass.

The present Lord Mayor of London, as our readers are aware, says the *Age Maria*, is a devout Catholic, and he has often made emphatic profession of the faith that is in him. The Bonn correspondent of the *Germania* relates that during his visit to that city the Lord Mayor asked as a privilege to be allowed to serve mass in the chapel of the University. He performed this duty with great devotion, to the no small edification of those who were present. Sir Stuart Knill is not the first of the world's heroes who esteemed it a high favor to kneel upon the altar-steps; but this incident, though seemingly a trifling one, is in reality very significant. It affords the truest insight into the man's character, and ranks him with England's great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and our own Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

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Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, of Fortlands Charleville, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Cork County.

Cashmere Shawls.

One day we went to town to visit a manufactory of Cashmere shawls. After a terrible unattractive approach, we again clambered up some stairs and emerged into a large room, full of looms, with about forty men all hard at work. One we especially watched. He had in front of him nearly a thousand shuttles of different shades, and out of these he would select one and thread it through as many of the fine strands stretched tightly before him as his pattern directed, and after so doing he pulled toward him a heavy bar, which pushed the last little cross thread quite tight, before putting in the next.

In old days one man used to read out the pattern to all the rest, but now each has his own design on a slip of paper in front of him. It is said that the wavy line, so often seen in these shawls, was originally taken from the curves of the Jhelum. It took four months, we were told, for two men to do seven inches of this work, one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day, so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly £100.

As we left the workroom, so glad to exchange its heated atmosphere for a cooler breath of air, it was impossible to check the obvious thought of the contrast such lives are to our own. We mingled with the gayly-dressed crowd gathered to see a polo tournament, and our thoughts strayed back to that stifling room, with the ceaseless monotony and perpetual grind, where men, more like machines, wove hour after hour varying hues of color into one harmonious whole. And yet the old smile would also assert itself, that we too, in one sense, are hour by hour working in the tiny threads that go to make up the pattern and color of our lives. The whole design, however, does not lie open before us, but is mercifully withheld by an all-wise Master-hand.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

The Tower of Silence.

The Parsees will not burn or bury their dead, because they consider a dead body impure, and they will not suffer themselves to defile any of the elements. They therefore expose their corpses to vultures, a method revolting, perhaps, to the imagination, but one which commends itself to all those who are acquainted therewith. And, after all, one sees nothing but the quiet, white-robed procession (white is mourning among the Parsees) following the bier to the Tower of Silence. At the entrance they look their last on the dead, and the corpse bearers—a caste of such—carry it within the precincts and lay it down, to be finally disposed of by the vultures which crowd the tower. And why should the swoop of a flock of white birds be more revolting than what happens at the grave?

Meantime, and for three days after, the priests say constant prayers for the departed, for his soul is supposed not to leave the world till the fourth day after death. On the fourth day there is the Uthanna ceremony, when large sums of money are given away in memory of the departed. The liturgy in use is a series of funeral sermons by Zoroaster.

Of superstitions, the Parsees have had more than they retain. Connected with burial is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred, and supposed to guide the souls of the dead to heaven, and to ward off evil spirits; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death, that he may look at the corpse before it is carried to the Tower.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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