

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNCLE JERRY AND MRS. MOTHERLY, AND THE CAPTAIN SUGGESTS A MEANS OF RECONCILIATION.

"Up my word, it's very strange," said Mr. Guirke to Father Brennan, as the latter entered the breakfast parlor at Greenmont to make his usual morning visit; "I declare it is exceedingly strange."

"What's the matter now? anything new since last night?" inquired the priest.

"No, but that abduction of Miss Hardwinkle—Mrs. Motherly has just returned from the post office, and says there are no tidings of her yet. What in the world could the fellow mean by carrying her off?"

"You'll soon find that out. I suspect. Lanty seldom plays a trick without an object."

"You think Lanty's the man, then, without doubt?"

"Certainly—no other would attempt it," and the priest picked up a newspaper, and familiarly took a seat at the window.

"Why, God bless me, if Robert Hardwinkle gets hold of the unfortunate fellow, he'll transport him," said Uncle Jerry, pacing the room uneasily, and bobbing the tail of his morning gown up and down as usual. "He certainly will transport him—eh?"

"Never mind. Lanty can take care of himself. With all his recklessness he managed to keep clear of the hands of the law. Ten chances to one, it caught with the lady in his custody, he would make it appear he was only taking her home."

"Just so. I wouldn't doubt it in the least," assented Uncle Jerry; "the fellow's capable of doing anything. In fact, he has imposed on myself a hundred times. No later than last week the rogue sold me hare's ear and crotton, not worth a brass farthing—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the priest, "you're beginning to find him out at last."

"Well, but after all, the villain has something in him one can't help liking. He's full of tricks, to be sure, but still he's honest in his own way. I wish to Heaven he was out of the country for a while, at all events; for if he stay here that serpent will destroy him."

"Who?"

"Yes; he'll follow him like a bloodhound. But by the by, I had almost forgotten. What of your young friend Barry? Will he be committed?"

"I fear it. Captain Petersham says he can't help committing him. The case is so clear there's no possibility of getting over it."

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him, and I'm very sorry on Mary Lee's account. Can't nothing be done to save him—eh?"

"Nothing—the sergeant of police here—Mulvan, who is really a very honest, decent fellow—says he must identify him."

"They say he's a fine young man, this Barry?"

"Very much so, indeed. He's as handsome and high-minded a lad as you could meet with anywhere. But like all young men in love, he is very imprudent. So much so indeed, that I often think he must have been crazy to act as he has. The idea of his running the gauntlet through all the constables and spies between here and Cork, with a reward of five hundred pounds for his head, merely to see a foolish young girl, is so provoking to all who feel an interest in his welfare, that—"

"Hush, hush! Father John! nonsense! say no more about that. Love's a thing you're not competent to speak of, you know. It's out of your line altogether. So far from thinking the less of him for his imprudence, I think the more of him. But apropos of the Lees," he added, throwing up his spectacles and halting before the priest; "have you found out who they are, or what they are?"

"No, sir; so far as regards their family connections, I know no more about them than you know yourself."

"I declare! It's very strange. I can find no name to give me the least information respecting the family. I tried once to draw something from Kate Petersham, she's so intimate there; but the young baggage was as close as an oyster. As for Roger, I don't venture to approach the subject, lest he take alarm; and then he would never come to sell me a picture again. But have you no conception of what the mystery is? It can't be murder, I suppose."

"O, no; nothing of that nature. It means, I suppose, that Mr. Lee got embarrassed in his money affairs, and left home for a time to avoid his creditors—that's all, I suspect."

"Poor fellow," said Uncle Jerry; "it's a pity of him."

"It is indeed a great pity; for he's an honorable, generous-hearted man as I've met in many a year."

"God comfort," ejaculated Uncle Jerry again, twirling his thumbs as he looked through the window. "O, dear! O, dear—what a poor sight, to see a high minded, well-bred gentleman like him reduced so low—so low as to trim oil lamps for a living!"

"It's hard."

"Hard! Why, only think of it! Here am I, a miserable, good-for-nothing old imbecile, without kith or kin in the world, and with plenty of money to my purse, and a comfortable house to live in, whilst down there in the black bins of Aracerra there's a gentleman of birth and education with an angel of a child to take care of, and not a shilling in his pocket to buy the common necessities of life. I declare it's awful."

"The ways of God are wonderful."

"Wonderful? I tell you what, Father Brennan, one must be well fortified by religion to bear up against it. A beautiful girl like Mary Lee, pining away in poverty and solitude, working, night and day, night and day, at her easel to earn a morsel of bread, and I a worn out old fellow, doing nothing, nay, occupying some useful

body's place in the world, when I should have been kicked out of it long ago. Why, sir, it's outrageous to think of it. It's actually outrageous."

"Stop, stop—take care, Mr. Guirke," said the priest; "you talk too fast."

"Sir, it would provoke any man. I say if Aristotle were a saint, it would provoke him; and Uncle Jerry rose and pushed back the chair violently."

"But this is taking God Almighty to task, Mr. Guirke. You should remember He ordered everything for the best, and that inscrutable are His judgments, and unsearchable His ways."

"I know that. I know God is good, and I know all that seems strange to us now will be fully explained hereafter, of course. Why, if I didn't believe that, I wouldn't put up with it half the time."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the priest—"put up with it? You haven't much to put with, I should think?"

"No matter for that; I have my own feelings, and you know very well, Father John—Here Mr. Guirke was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Motherly."

"Humph! may I beg to know, ma'am," said he, turning half round and looking angrily at his respectable housekeeper,—"may I beg to know why we are interrupted?"

"It's no offence, I hope, to come with a message," said Mrs. Motherly, deprecatingly. "I never thought it was."

"Didn't you? It's no matter what you thought."

"Don't be unkind to the good woman," said Father John, who understood Mr. Guirke well, and knew all his little weaknesses respecting Mrs. Motherly. "Don't be unkind to her, Mr. Guirke. She is a very excellent woman, is Mrs. Motherly."

"Humph—good enough, if she only knew her place. But I protest against her invidious habit of interrupting me when I have company. I shan't tolerate it, sir, any longer."

"Just listen to that, Father John, when he knows in his heart and soul it's his own story he's telling."

"My own story, woman?"

"Yes, sir; just yer own story. For ye never have company in the house but ye thrate me this way. There's no livin' with ye, when there's any body to the fore."

"And how is it when he's alone?"

"It's false," said Mr. Guirke; "I say it's false."

"False! O, the Lord pardon ye, sir, the Lord pardon ye, for believin' yerself; for I take it to my death, Father Brennan, there's not a quieter nor a kinder man livin' when he's by himself."

"Indeed!" said the priest, emphasizing the word, and looking significantly at Mr. Guirke. "Ho! ho! that's the way of it!"

"Pray what do you mean, Mr. Brennan?" demanded Uncle Jerry.

"O, nothing, nothing particular. I was merely thinking of what Captain Petersham says of you and Mrs. Motherly."

"Of me and Mrs. Motherly?" repeated Uncle Jerry.

"Of me and Mr. Guirke?" echoed Mrs. Motherly. "What could he say of me, yer reverence? I defy him to say any thing of me but what's decent."

"Of course you do, Mrs. Motherly. You have always been, since you came to reside in my parish, an honest, respectable woman. Captain Petersham, when he spoke of you and Mr. Guirke, never pretended to insinuate—"

"O, I dar him to it!" exclaimed the good woman, "dar him to it and he'll be here face to face for many minutes, for the message I came with was from his groom that he'd call here on his return from the barracks. I'll dar him to say any thing against my karacter. Och, och, it'd be a poor day with me to hear my name now in the mouth of the people, after livin' fourteen long years a widow, without man or mortal ever presuming to throw dirt at my door. Hierna! the Lord be about us—to the spake of Mr. Guirke and me in the same breath!"

"My good woman," said the priest, rising from his chair and approaching her, "you take this quite too seriously."

"Well, listen to me, yer reverence, for a minute."

"No, no, not now—some other time—'tis all a joke, you know."

"Joke! but I'll let neither man or woman joke with my karacter, Father Brennan. I'll not lie under it, sir. Mr. Guirke's a good man, sir, and a decent man, and has the good will of rich and poor; but may I never cross that three again, if he had the virtues of all the saints in the collinder, and all the gold in the Bank of England to boot, if I'd ever as much as think of him, barrin as I ought to do, and as it becomes my place to do. I know he's kind to me, sir, and very kind to me—"

"Quit the room, ma'am," commanded Uncle Jerry; "quit the room instantly!" and snatching the spectacles from his face, he motioned with them to the door. "Kind to you, indeed! I command you to quit the room."

"And yer house too," replied Mrs. Motherly, raising her apron to her eyes. "O, dear, O, dear! isn't it a poor thing that an old woman like me can't button her master's leggins, or tie his cravat, but he'll suspect her of thinking of what she never dreamt of?"

"I suspect you?"

"Ay, just you, Mr. Guirke; for I believe in my heart no one else could ever make up such a story. I don't deny that I liked ye for a master in spite of all yer odds ways, and that I tried to take care of you, when I seen ye couldn't take care of yourself; but it's little I thought ye'd conster my kindness in the way ye did."

"Listen," said Uncle Jerry, running his hands under his skirts, and bending towards his housekeeper; "may I beg to be informed whether I am master in this house; and if so, why you don't quit the room when I command you."

"As for this cruel tharment, after so many years slavin' and workin' for ye, night and day," continued the weeping widow, without paying the least attention to her master's request, "I

forgive ye for it. I do indeed, forgive ye from my heart and soul."

"You're resolved, then, not to quit the room; eh, have you actually made up your mind not to leave?"

"Och, hoch! ye'd be dead in yer grave many a year ago, Mr. Guirke, only for the way I watched ye; for, yer reverence, ye know yourself, the poor man has no more wit nor a child—"

"Humph! I see you won't go, Mrs. Motherly. Very well, then," said Uncle Jerry; "I shall. Let me pass."

As he rushed through the entrance hall, his slippers clattering against his heels, and his spectacles swinging from his fingers, the hall door opened, and Captain Petersham entered whip in hand.

"Soh, ho! what now?"

"Good morning, sir," responded Uncle Jerry, bowing stiffly.

"You're excited, Mr. Guirke, eh? What's the matter?"

"Excited? can't I get excited in my own house, if I please? Captain Petersham, without being obliged to account for it?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, most undoubtedly. Why not?"

"That is," said Uncle Jerry, correcting himself, "that is, if I'm master of the house; but it seems I am not. My housekeeper, Mrs. Motherly, there, is master; and he glanced back at the parlor door."

"Ho! ho! it's only a lovers' quarrel, then. Come, Mr. Guirke, you must get angry with Mrs. Motherly; if the good woman grows jealous of you now and then, you must try to conciliate her, you know, the best way you can."

"Captain Petersham, your language is offensive," said Uncle Jerry, "and I shan't put up with it any longer."

"And, Captain Petersham, you must clear my karacter this very minute," sobbed Mrs. Motherly, coming up from the parlor with her gown to her eyes, followed by Father John. "I'm a lone woman, sir, and have nothing but my karacter to depend on."

"By the Lord Harry," exclaimed the captain, looking from one to the other, "here's a pretty piece of work. Ho, ho! and Father Brennan, too. By George, sir, you're the very man. You can settle the whole affair in a jiffy."

"How so?"

"I'll marry them at once, sir. Marry them instantly. Nothing else will ever put a stop to their love quarrels."

"Mr. Guirke, on hearing this, could contain himself no longer. "Captain Petersham," he cried, "I shall not ask you to quit my house, for nobody ever did quit it yet at my request, and nobody ever will, I suppose; but, sir, I'll leave you and your friends to occupy the premises, and I'll leave this neighborhood to-morrow, and seek for some place where I can live in peace."

"Mr. Guirke, are you mad?" said Father John, stopping him as he turned the handle of the hall door.

"Gentlemen, dear, don't let him go out without his cap," said Mrs. Motherly; "and them slippers of his, sure they're no better than brown paper—he'll be in his death of cold. O, hierna! hierna!"

"Mr. Brennan, am I to consider myself a prisoner in my own house?" demanded Mr. Guirke. "Say yes or no, sir, at once, and be done with it."

As the priest was about to reply, the clatter of horses' feet was heard approaching, and next instant Kate Petersham, mounted on Moll Pitcher, came cantering into the courtyard, and reining up at the door, jumped from the saddle.

"Mr. Guirke, a word with you," she said, taking his arm, and leading him back to the parlor; "as for you, Father John, I must see you before the trial comes on."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

THE MOTHER'S TRUST IN ST. ANTHONY'S AND A KING'S PARDON.

In a peaceful little cottage by the seaside there lived a young fisherman and his mother. One stormy night while they were performing their night prayers, they were startled by a desperate outcry as that of a man in terrible agony. The young man rushed to the door and to his horror found a man who had been waylaid by robbers and was now in a dying condition.

The robbers fled; for besides fearing the presence of a witness, they had to escape the hands of the policemen who were on their trail. The fisherman stooped down to assist the dying man, but in a few moments all was over. The policeman now entering upon the scene and seeing the young man stooping over the lifeless body, captured him as the murderer, congratulating themselves that they had finally succeeded in tracing one of the band of robbers for whom they had long been searching. All protests on the part of son and mother were in vain, and he was taken to prison.

The circumstantial evidences were too strong against the young fisherman; the trial was soon heard. He was condemned to death.

The police had heeded the cry, the body was still warm, no one was near but he; the testimony of the mother was of no value in this case, and thus the declaration of the young man's innocence was considered only as those of a stubborn criminal. The poor mother had endeavored to come to the trial, but she was so inexperienced and helpless in such matters that she arrived in time when all was over and the death sentence was passed, the criminal to be executed early the next day. The mother broke out in sobs and tears and asked the judge if there were no way to save her son.

The judge, in order, to get rid of her said in an off-hand way, the king could change matters. The mother's mind was quickly settled. She would go to the king at once, fall down at his feet and plead for the life of her son. She did not know of any formalities and was disappointed when told that she had to bring her petition in the prescribed form of writing. The sun was already going down when she left the palace to find a lawyer to write up her petition. When returning with the document it was too late, of course, the doors were closed, and no petitioner could enter. The poor woman was heartbroken. No knowing what to do, she passed over to the Church of St. Lawrence. She entered and before the statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart under such circumstances could pray. But her time even here was short, for the sacristan soon came and rattling his keys, gave her a sign that it was time for him to shut the doors. In her agony the poor mother, who was still holding the document in her hand, threw it over the iron railing calling out aloud and despairingly: "St. Anthony, you must save my child!"

Singularly consoled and quieted, she left the church and went home. It was about 10 o'clock. The king was all alone in his study, looking through some important documents he had to sign. He had given his servants strict orders to admit no one, as he desired to be disturbed only by the deedly there was a rap at the door, and a Franciscan Brother entered. His appearance was so majestic yet amiable that the king was charmed for a moment. The Franciscan approached the king and without any embarrassment modestly spoke: "I beg pardon of Your Majesty for coming at so late an hour, but my business is very urgent, and will not allow any delay, as a man's life is at stake."

"Speak, brother. What can I do for you?" said the king encouragingly.

"Your Majesty signed a death warrant to-day for a young fisherman who was found at the corpse of a murdered man. All evidence seemed to tell against him, and yet he is entirely innocent."

"I am sorry," said the king, "I can do nothing in such matters. The courts are there for that and when the law passes a sentence I cannot change it, no can I assume that the sentence is not just."

"I will vouch for the innocence of my client," said the monk with a positiveness that impressed the king. "I beg Your Majesty to write a few words of pardon below this petition."

The king spontaneously reached for the pen, but reflecting again, he stopped and asked the monk: "Where do you come from?"

"From the monastery of St. Lawrence, Your Majesty," answered the monk.

"But even if I do grant your petition," said the king "it will be too late, for he will be executed before this can reach him."

"There is no time to be lost, it is true," said the monk, "but I will see that the document is delivered in time. Pray just write a few words of pardon here," and the monk pointed with his finger to the blank space where the king was to sign. The king did sign, and with a few words of courtesy and thanks the monk left the room.

The whole affair had made a wonderful impression on the king. He tried to continue his work, but reflecting again, said to himself how could this man come here at this hour? He asked the chamberlain and all the servants, but nobody had seen anyone enter or depart. They searched, but no traces of the monk could be found.

The king resolved to go to the monastery early next morning and find the solution to this mystery.

The scaffold on which the young man was to be executed had already been erected and the poor young man in his cell was expecting his executioner to enter when the doors of the prison opened and instead an officer of the king appeared with the "pardon."

The young fisherman was at liberty to return home to his mother.

At the dawn of the day the State's attorney was terrified to see a document of pardon signed by the king the day previous lying on the table. He supposed that one of his servants had laid it there and had forgotten or neglected to tell him about it. He was in a terrible predicament. Snatching the document, he rushed to the prison to save the young man's life. We already know that he was king too late.

In the course of the forenoon the king appeared at the monastery of St. Lawrence. He had all the Brothers assembled in the refectory and asked the Rev. Prior who of them had been to see him in the palace the night before. The astonished Prior replied that he knew of no one to leave the house at so late an hour. The king scrutinized the monks, and not recognizing among them the face of his nocturnal visitor, told the Prior what had happened.

The Prior suggested to call the mother, who might inform them to whom she had given the petition.

Meanwhile the king was shown around the monastery to pass away the time, and was also taken to the church. The king passed from one altar to another until he finally came to the shrine of St. Anthony. Instantly recognizing his man, he pointed to the statue and said: "That is the one who came to see me."

"Pardon, Your Majesty," said the Prior, "he is not under my jurisdiction."

In consequence of this incident the city of Naples selected St. Anthony as one of its patrons.

MODERN SPIRITISM.

SCIENTIFIC TESTIMONY THAT IT IS NOT ONLY FOOLISH, BUT DANGEROUS AND WRONG.

Now and again men of science unwittingly bear testimony to the soundness of one or other of the teachings of the Catholic Church. To every Catholic the prohibition against "inquiring after things hidden or to come" by improper supernatural agencies set forth in the chapter of the catechism explaining the First Commandment is known. What good reason there is for the prohibition may be gathered from a book on "Modern Spiritism," just published in London, from the pen of Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert. In a notice of this work the Daily News, of London, says:

"Ever since the days of Saul and the Witch of Endor—and possibly even before that time—the human mind, believing in the persistence of the soul after death, has wished and tried to communicate with the spirits of the dead. It is only of comparatively recent years, however, that serious attention has been given to this study by scientific men."

"According to Mr. Raupert, 'spirit-intelligence,' or 'controls' (the latter name is most suggestive), undoubtedly exist, but their influence is bad. They have the power of acquiring knowledge of facts known possibly to only one man on earth—private secrets never divulged—by which they justify confidence, and attempt to achieve their purpose. What this purpose is may be questioned, but Mr. Raupert makes no concealment of his belief. His language is strong, and the testimony which he quotes of practicers of the art should of themselves be enough to deter any one from dabbling, even in the slightest way, in such things. Though he does not say so in so many words, it would appear that his belief is something as follows: From the testimony of practised spiritists it is clear that the result of this practice is bad—mentally, morally and physically. In 1877 Dr. Forbes Winslow stated: 'Ten thousand unfortunate people are at the present time confined in lunatic asylums on account of having tampered with the supernatural.' Mr. Huxham—at one time an ardent spiritist—writes: 'The (the mediums) consciences are as callous, as if seared with a hot iron; sin has to them lost its wickedness, and they are willing dupes to unseen beings who delight to control their every faculty.' Mr. Raupert, indeed, would go further, and would appear to hold that this was not only the result, but its intended result, of the practice. In fact his words approach very nearly to a belief in the obsessions and demonic possessions which were accepted facts not so very long ago. If this is true—and the cases quoted by him are very difficult to explain in any other way—spiritism is more than foolish, as most people believe. It is dangerous and wrong."

LIBERAL SPIRIT ADVANCING.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The Rev. W. H. Fishburn is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Camden, New Jersey. "This able and eloquent preacher," says the Camden Post-Telegram, "gave utterance to a declaration which is worthy of more than passing attention. Indeed, the conviction expressed should command the serious thought of every intelligent mind interested in the momentous subject of the advancement of the cause of Christianity."

The declaration referred to was made by Dr. Fishburn in a sermon delivered some weeks ago. It is as follows:

"There are writers—fortunately the number of them grows fewer every year—who tell us in frigid words that the Roman Catholic Church is a threat to the future welfare of our nation. Will you hear me when I say, my brothers, the putting out of the fires that burn at this moment on Roman Catholic altars would be the greatest disaster that could overtake our civilization?"

The same journal quoted above remarks on this declaration as follows:

"Time was when such a dictum from a Presbyterian pulpit would have created consternation and evoked practically unbounded reprehension among the body of the congregation, while its author would have been in jeopardy of being sternly disciplined at the hands of the Synod of the Church. If not actually impious, the sentiment would at least have been regarded by both clergy and laity of every Protestant communion as grossly heterodox. That at the present day such a declaration may be promulgated from the pulpit by a Presbyterian divine whose orthodoxy is unquestioned and whose ministerial deliverances are unclouded by even the shadow of sensationalism, presents a striking exemplification of the pronounced advance of a more liberal spirit among the Christian element of our country."

BOY WANTED.

A saloon-keeper in Milwaukee—according to a Prohibition journal—was remonstrated with for enticing the boys into his saloon, and this was his reply: "Oh! it is beezness, beezness—the old drinkers will soon all be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"

A regular saloon customer does not last over ten years on the average; although there are some peculiarly constituted old toppers who cumber the earth for a long period.

Of course the jolly saloon-keeper must look up means and methods of recruiting the ranks of his customers. There is no special purpose in letting the fact be known, however, that fresh young boys are wanted. It would hardly do, for instance, to insert an advertisement such as the following in the papers:

WANTED, YOUNG MEN EARNING FAIR WAGES to spend the summer of 1904 at the Hotel de Ville in Paris. Advertiser has several vacancies in the ranks of his old customers due to the recent death of Patrick Schmitt, who died of dysentery, and to the conviction of Herman O'Brien, of manslaughter. Bartenders will smile with especial pleasure on young applicants who are apt to last a number of years.

Such advertisements are never apt to be followed by any such Know-Nothing fling as "no Irish need apply." The society in which membership is requested, is by no means exclusive.

As we have heretofore remarked, the drink problem would be beautifully solved if it were sufficient to drown all the old toppers who are obliged to them to repent. But the trouble is that trade is worked up among the boys. They are the recruits and our moral agencies are not fully alive to the importance of stopping the conscription.—Catholic Citizen.

PRIEST WIRELESS INVENTOR.

A despatch from Wilkesbarre, Penn., says that a wireless telegraph system invented by Father Joseph Murgas, of the Sacred Heart Church of that city, which has been perfected, and yesterday he was notified by the Patent Office in Washington that the sixth and seventh patents on his apparatus had been granted.

The system, Father Murgas believes, is greatly superior to that of Marconi in that it is more simple and speedy. This is as far as Father Murgas will say, except to add that exhaustive experiments made with it have all been satisfactory, and that it is complete. If Father Murgas makes money out of it, he says he will devote it to the Church.

For seven years Father Murgas has been working upon his invention, having established his workshop in the rear of the rectory. He has also established a station two miles away from his home, at which these wireless telegraph messages have been sent and received in all the stages of the invention's development.

Father Murgas took degrees in electrical science in Vienna eighteen years ago, and has kept abreast of the developments in electricity ever since.

JESUS AND ZACHEUS.

The Lord invited himself to Zaccheus's house. It was a breach of good manners, but it was true-hearted zeal for the publican's salvation. He said many hard things against the Pharisees, and for them He had decided aversion, for He knew their wickedness, and was well aware that they were conspiring His death. But did He ever refuse to speak with them—publicly or privately? Did He ever disdain to sit down at table with them, and eat and drink and converse with them?—even when He was certain that that very meal was a trap set to ensnare Him in His speech. Our Redeemer's example is very instructive of the spirit in which we should deal with even the most bitterly prejudiced non-Catholics—those who are to us what the Pharisees and Publicans were to our Lord. If we are true to His example we will not shun them half way on all occasions. We will seek religious opportunities on all hands. It ill becomes us, who are disciples of Christ, to be hindered by our aversions rather than led by our zeal.—The Missionary.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

ONE OF THE SAINTS WHO IS KNOWN AND INVOKED IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

One of the saints who is known and invoked in every part of the world is St. Anthony of Padua. The responsibility of composing this notice is recited in the breviary after the eight matins on June 13, St. Anthony's day. "If you ask for miracles—the explanation why they were granted."

"If miracles thou find in the world, death calamities, the prayers of St. Anthony, from the body of the saint."

"The hungry seas, etc."

"And perils perchance, in the world, death calamities, the prayers of St. Anthony, from the body of the saint."

"The hungry seas, etc."

"And perils perchance, in the world, death calamities, the prayers of St. Anthony, from the body of the saint."

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"The hungry