

## HEROIC DEVOTION.

Among the priests who did duty at the Church of St. Paul-St. Louis, in Paris, about ten years ago, was a Spaniard, remarkable for his high stature, his dark complexion and the gravity of his demeanor. Something in his gait caused me to hear without surprise that he had once been a brave cavalry officer and had fought valiantly under Don Carlos.

What circumstances led him to the priesthood we are not told, but one glance at his face revealed that he had suffered much in many ways besides the deep wounds which were never to heal, and he inspired all who saw him with respect and sympathy. His name was L'Abbe Capella.

After spending a few years attached to the Church St. Paul St. Louis he was appointed parish priest of a small mission in the neighborhood of Paris. He had already won the esteem and affection of all, but in the new parish he was soon, we are tempted to say, worshipped by his small flock, which consisted chiefly of gardeners, and the good he did in his too short stay there was incalculable. Gratitude so surrounded him that he might almost have forgotten that he was an exile in a foreign land, when his wounds opened afresh and warned him that he was nearing his true home. He prepared himself to meet death, not only with courage, as he had done on the battlefield, but with the faith of an apostle.

The last sacraments had been administered to him. In his last thanksgiving he was concentrating his failing powers to offer up to God his suffering and his agony, which were then beginning. Suddenly the door burst open. Approaching the bed, the intruder exclaimed:

"Ah, M. le Cure, we are in great trouble. N—, whom you know well, has been seized with a terrible disease. He is dying and refuses to see a priest."

"How sad!" answered M. Capella. "Oh, were I not dying I would try. He might receive me."

"Yes; you would succeed, but alas!"—She did not finish her sentence.

A sublime inspiration struck the heart of the priest, who, raising himself and joining his hands, exclaimed: "Oh, my God, give me strength yet a little longer!"

Then followed a moment of silent but intense prayer.

"Help me to dress," he said to those around him.

Seized with fear, no one moved. All thought he was getting delirious.

"Help me to dress!" he repeated, this time with irresistible authority.

What life was left in him seemed to have passed into his indomitable will. He held out his hands. Those present obeyed in deep silence and dressed him.

"Now," said the priest, "carry me to the sick man."

"He will die on the road," whispered his terrified attendants.

He heeded them not, absorbed as he was in one heroic wish—the salvation of a soul. He even gave the necessary directions that everything be brought to him that was necessary to administer the last sacraments.

When everything was ready, "Let us start," he said; "we have not one minute to lose."

With indescribable emotion several men came forward, lifted his almost lifeless body, in which, however, his soul reigned supreme, and not a sigh did he allow to escape him on the way, though every step caused him intense pain. With his head still bent in prayer he arrived at the bedside of the other dying man.

"Friend," he said in a faint voice. "we are both to appear before God. Shall we not go together? I have come to assist you to bring you the help we all need at the last hour."

The sick man, overcome with emotion, uttered a cry, and seizing the

hand of his pastor carried it to his lips with deep affection.

"My friend," continued the cure, "time is short. You will not refuse to make your confession?"

Overcome by such charity and faith, the sick man burst into tears and said, "Oh, yes, I will confess to you."

A heavenly smile played on the lips of the pastor. He made a sign and the assistants withdrew to a distance. Soon the minister of God, by a supreme effort, raised his voice to pronounce the words of absolution, which fell like dew on the soul to which they gave a new life.

"The holy oil!" he cried out, and then he bade the assistants take his arm and guide his hand. They did so. At his touch and under the power of the sacrament the sick man seemed to revive.

When his work was done, the priest bent his head toward the poor man whom he had anointed and whispered with a sigh of relief, "Au revoir, my friend."

"Carry me home," he then murmured faintly, and in a louder tone he repeated, "Nunc dimittis servum tuum. Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace."

Then his head drooped, his arms fell limp, his eyes closed, and were it not that his lips were moving in prayer his assistants would have thought he was dead. Carefully they laid him on his bed. A few hours later he passed away.

Such was the end of M. Capella, the Spanish priest. Was it not worthy of his vocation?

All these details are strictly exact and have been vouched for by the sick man himself, who had been the object of such heroic devotion on the part of M. Capella, and who began to recover from the moment he received extreme unction. When told that he ought to be full of faith, having received such a signal favor, he replied: "I would die for my faith. I must join my Capella."—*Michigan Catholic.*

## Fertilizing Small Fruits.

In selecting the fertilizers suitable for small fruits the character of the soil must be taken into account as well as the kind of fruit, so that no formulas of universal application can be made. The effect of highly nitrogenous manures on strawberry tends to a vigorous growth of foliage, while phosphoric acid and potash seem to do more toward producing and developing fruit. For this reason stable manure is considered too stimulating so that stable and yard manure are chiefly valuable as a mulch for covering the ground and furnishing humus for the soil. Even when used in this way, they are objectionable, because they contain so many seeds of weeds and grasses. I have seen somewhere an analysis of the strawberry, in which the ash is said to contain about 40 per cent of potash, 16 of lime and 11 of phosphoric acid. This high per cent of potash justifies the American belief that wood ashes and potash salts are especially valuable as fertilizers for this fruit. They are used largely by the most careful and successful growers, and strawberry beds have been known to last for years with no other fertilizing than an annual dressing of wood ashes. A good sample of ground bone should furnish from 2 to 4 per cent of nitrogen and 20 to 25 per cent of phosphoric acid. An application of 500 to 800 pounds to the acre on good soil ought to furnish enough of these ingredients for the requirements of the plant. If from 400 pounds to 600 pounds of muriate of potash, or the equivalent of this in wood ashes, is added, food for a splendid crop of fruit will be furnished.—*Garden and Forest.*

"I wonder where grandpa gets all his money from?" said Tommy. "I think he gets it from the Sunday schools," replied Bobbie. "We take up collections for the orphans every month, and grandpa's one."

## A Great Roman Hospital.

The feast of St. Michael was kept in the celebrated convent of that name in Rome with the customary solemn ceremonial. On the right bank of the Tiber, facing that Aventine Hill whose churches, convents, palaces and gardens have made it one of the most beautiful of Rome's seven hills, the immense and solitary apostolic hospital dedicated to St. Michael stands. The architecture is elegant and severe; its white walls, its innumerable windows, which reflect red and golden tints in the sunset, the verdure which decorates its courts, and the fountains that murmur softly while cooling the air, give the whole building an air of joyful and peaceful repose that is very grateful to the weary sightseer.

But it is more like a little city within than a house, for it is filled with work shops and churches. The vast establishment formerly received eight hundred souls, who were divided into four different sections, viz., aged men and women and youths of both sexes; but under the new regime the number has been very much reduced, and the whole institution is now conducted on a far less generous system than in the old pontifical days. The four sections are absolutely isolated one from the other, and each wing terminates with its respective church, which is built in the form of a Greek cross. Unfortunately, however, the fourth church was never terminated, and a little chapel is all that the young girls in the hospital have for their particular services.

The institution is at one and the same time a refuge for old age and an orphanage for youth. The orphans are kept until twenty years of age and are taught different trades. The fine arts are not neglected and visitors may admire some excellent engraving signed Mercuri and Calamatta, which ornament the reception rooms, and were the gifts of these grateful and illustrious former pupils of the establishment.

The feast-day on the 29th of September annually attracts immense crowds of visitors, who come to listen to the excellent music which is composed and executed by musicians in the hospital. Sometimes compositions of the highest merit are heard, and this year the pieces, which were written by the master of St. Michael's Chapel and performed by the orphans, were considered to be exceptionally good. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., was president of the Hospital of St. Michael and was most interested in its work and development. He used to visit it annually on the 29th of September in order to bless the house and all inhabitants. Seeing the sad fate of so many of their charitable institutions, the Romans are anxious as to the ultimate one reserved for St. Michael's, and loudly protest against any change being made in a work so useful and for so many years religiously protected by generations of their ancestors.

But the present rulers of all things in the Eternal City are no more likely to consult the wishes of the Romans in this than in any other circumstance of the kind.

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Lady of the House—Aren't you ashamed of yourself—a great, strong man like you to be idling your time away?

Transient Individual—Ah, mum, but you forget the business depression.

Lady of the House—Both the business depression! To my knowledge you haven't done a stroke of work for years.

Transient Individual—Of course. I was merely anti-cipating the panic, you know—getting used to losing so I shouldn't mind it when there was no work to be had.—*Boston Transcript.*

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