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THE FORMING OF THE MOTHER.

BY T. W. ALLIES.

Not only the Peerless, conceived without stain,
New Eve for new Adam, pure in heart and brain;
Fifteen years of maidenhood, spotless of sin,
When the Lily without shrined the Lily within;
Not only the greeting, "Hail full of grace!"
Not only the waiting for the Blessed Child's face;
Not only the nine months with her God alone,
When the virgin bosom was His only throne;
Not only communion of heart and thought with Him,
Whereof words are silent, imagination dim;
Not the face only of God in human form,—
The face of her Redeemer, the face of her First-born;
Proclaimed in God's high temple the Mother of the Lord,
Yet blessed with that keen blessing of the prophetic sword;
Hers was the royal pilgrim's Eastern pageantry,
Worshipping an Infant on a Mother's knee:
Threefold gifts outporing, with star-illumined mind—
Gold and myrrh and frankincense to God in human kind;
Strength in weakness heralding, in suffering true renown,
And transient death ennobling an everlasting crown.
But wandering in the desert for David's chosen race;
And Egypt's idol city for David's royal place;
At Nazareth home-labors in the cottage-cave,
Jealous looks around her, angry tongues to brave;
Three days' loss, the figure of the future woe;
Eighteen years of ruling for one sudden blow;
Then shrinking into distance from the Side divine,
When once the willing water had blushed itself to wine;
The Mother left deserted when the Son went forth,
'Mid kinsmen unbelieving who knew not of His worth;
Inward joy to balance rich men's outward scorn,
The nearest and most precious with absent Son forlorn.
The Blessed above all women, unblessed, unprized, unknown;
Obscurity and silence for more than royal throne.
The sword of her compassion piercing all her life;
The very peace within her marred with demon strife;
And the long way of sorrows, ended by the cross;
The flow of blood and water, the buried Body's loss.
Thus joy and woe transcendent formed the chosen One,
The solace of the sorrowing, the Mother of the Son.
So the Queen of Angels was nurtured in grief;
So the Queen of Martyrs is her children's relief.—*Ave Maria.*

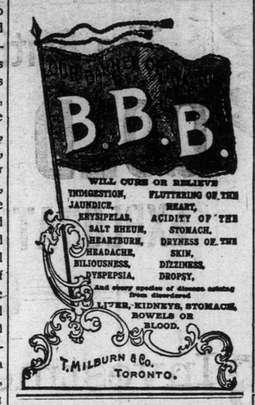
The Galileo Myth.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Galileo myth, which was invented by an obscure British author one hundred and ten years after the death of the great astronomer, have been demolished by scores of scientists and historians times out of mind, it bobs up serenely at regular intervals in our "non-sectarian" periodicals, appearing like Humpty Dumpty shot up on a stage trap, shouting "Here we are again." The latest appearance of the myth is in this month's issue of a domestic illustrated magazine. The myth runs like this: Galileo, a Catholic priest, wrote a book supporting the Copernican theory that the world revolves around the sun. The Pope holding to the theory that the earth being the centre of the universe, the heavenly bodies revolved around it, condemned Galileo's work and summoned him to Rome for trial. There he was tortured on a rack until he consented to disavow the Copernican theory, when he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in a noisome dungeon. On his way to prison, whilst passing the throne of the Pope, he cried aloud, "It does move, though," whereupon a minion of the Inquisition put out Galileo's eyes with a red hot poker. In truth, the Galileo myth is a tissue of absurdities from beginning to end. Copernicus, a devout Catholic, who lived and died in communion with the Church, published his theory of the revolution of the earth around the sun in 1542, twenty-two years before the birth of Galileo. The book was dedicated to Pope Paul III., who in an autograph letter to Copernicus, now in the archives of the University of Paris, wrote: "I have read your wonderful book with pleasure and profit." More than fifty thousand copies of the work had been sold, when on the same day when Michael Angelo died Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, Italy, Feb. 18, 1564. He was educated for the medical profession, but having an inclination for engineering he abandoned his medical and surgical studies and devoted his mind to mathematics and physics. He never studied theology, nor received clerical orders. In time he became a professor of physics in Pisa. He invented pendulum clocks, the thermometer, microscope, and the greatest invention of all, the telescope, invented in 1610. With his first telescope he discovered the three moons, or satellites, of Jupiter, that great planet, 1,200 times larger than the earth, and distant 450,000,000 miles from the sun, the rings of Saturn, the libration of the moon, and made a chart of the sky showing thousands of stars never before seen by man. He made an accurate computation of the speed at which the earth courses around that great circle of 585,000,000 miles, which she accomplishes in a year, or about 1,000,000 [illegible] 18 miles a second, travelling so smooth that we never th[illegible] motion.

Galileo discovered several stars so far away that the light which left them long before our Saviour was born, and travelling at the known velocity of light, 185,000 miles a second, did not reach the earth until several years after Galileo perfected his second telescope. For an illustration of the distance to the star Vega, I am indebted to Sir Robert Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland. Hear him: "Suppose you knew that a railway stretched from the earth to the star Vega, and the rate of fare being the legal rate in New York, two cents a mile, how much money would you need to pay your fare? You do not know. Well, I will tell you. It would take all the $20 gold pieces that could be packed from floor to roof in 5,000 freight cars. But then you see Vega is quite a near neighbor of ours, when compared with other stars, several of which are so far away that if all the cotton spun in all the mills in Great Britain and America since the year 1800 had been spun into one long piece of sewing thread and stretched to one of those distant stars, it would not be long enough to reach that star. Then there is our sun, more than a million times larger than our earth; that great lamp in the heavens, that sends us only two millionths of his light, sending the remainder of his light to play upon the moon and other jewels of the sky. Suppose a railroad ran from the earth to the sun, and a train ran on a line at a speed of 40 miles an hour, day and night, how long would it take to arrive at the journey's end? Why, 265 years." These illustrations serve to show the debt of modern astronomers to Galileo for the invention of the telescope, and for which he was most generously treated by three Popes who reigned during his long life. Urban VIII. paid Galileo's debts incurred for a worthless son, and placed his daughter, afterward known as Sister Marie Celeste, a Franciscan nun, in a nunnery in a salubrious part of Italy when the plague was raging in the cities of the Peninsula. Like all astronomers of ancient and modern times, Galileo speculated about the question of the fitness of the planets for living creatures like ourselves, and in his seventieth year he propounded a theory, which one of our dollar-chasing astronomers translated several weeks ago and sold to the Sunday Slush Bucket as new matter. The theory as Galileo advanced was that, in all probability, several of the planets were inhabited by winged men, of great physical powers, and that these inhabitants were mortal, and were neither under the primal course, not provided for in God's plan of salvation. That theory was untenable then, and in the march of science since then all great astronomers have believed and do believe that the planets, called by that name, and millions of other planets which are called stars, are destitute of vegetable and animal life like that on our earth. The modern telescope has brought the moon, the nearest object in the sky, distant 240,000 miles, to within 224 miles of observatories in good situations. We look through the magnificent instruments at the moon when it is flooded with sunlight, and see extinct volcanoes, mountains, and great stretches of deserts. There is no indication of vegetation or water. It is a dead world. We turn the instrument to Mars, and there, on the polar caps, we think we see snow and ice, increasing or decreasing, according to the season of the year, and we also see on that planet long lines, that intersect like meshes in a woman's hair net. Certain astronomers have called these lines the canals of Mars, and other astronomers ridicule the canal theory and maintain that the lines are growths of vegetables, that is trees, shrubs and grasses, growing along the banks of great rivers whose sources are supplied with torrents of water from the melting ice of the polar caps. But in these days theories are not set forth as doctrines which must be believed. In Galileo's time it was different, his rival schoolmen and their followers discredited and misrepresented everything taught by Galileo and his associates; whilst the Galileo schoolmen cast a ridicule and contempt upon every theory advanced by their enemies. At last Galileo's enemies denounced him as a teacher of false doctrines to the Holy Office at Rome, where he was summoned for trial. The trial lasted twenty-two days, an hour a day. He was lodged and fed in a palace. The Pope, Cardinals, and minor clergy made his stay, as he records in letters to his daughter, now in existence in Pisa, "the happiest period of my life; the Pope conversed with me many times, all the Cardinals were very friendly, and at the end of my trial, Father Moncadi, the Jesuit from Florence, walked with me four miles into the country, where a friend of his invited us to dinner. I ate a whole roasted chicken, a platter of bread, a handful of candied fruit, and drank a flask of wine." Several weeks afterward the Curia found that the work contained several false doctrines, and ordered that no more of the work be sold until freed from errors. Galileo, like a sensible man, admitted that his speculations had misled his judgment. He was sent home loaded with presents, and with his heart full of gratitude to the Church. He lived for many years thereafter. Shortly before his death his eyesight, overstrained by use of the telescope, failed entirely. Though blind he never repined, and when his last hour came he said that God had blessed him above millions of men by making him the idventor of the telescope, which had opened the realms of space to the eyes of men. He died in love and charity with all men, and entered the valley of the shadow of death fortified with the sacraments of the Church which guides her children from the cradle to the last hour of life, sending them across the bridge of death with words of love and hope ringing like celestial music in their ears.—G. Wilfred Pearce, in Catholic News.

Time Well Ordered.

Did you ever read the life of Father de Ravignan, S. J.? If you did, were you struck with the perfect system and exact method of that life? Nothing ever "lapped over," everything was attended to at the proper time and never permitted to interfere with the thing that came next in order. Of course, we all know that the rule of a religious teaches this exactment to all who embrace it, but as in the world there are different ways of keeping rules, so (in a lesser degree) there are good religious who vary one from the other in their acceptance and practice of the rule they all love. It was Father de Ravignan's "way" to be mindful of the very letter as well as the spirit, and it was in a marked manner his virtue to waste no time, not to dawdle, and not to allow the least impulsive pursuance of even a desirable end, what was the result? The accomplishment of a vast deal of work, an incalculable amount of good. He gathered in more sheaves of ripe grain than fall to the lot of most harvesters in the field of our Lord, and he quietly, steadily, ceaselessly, labored at his best. To read of his days and nights, with the light upon it which shows this particular of it, is to have quite another idea of the value of time and a sharply defined fear of wasting it. It is to appreciate, too, for the first time at its true value the folly and the waste of time which grows out of overstepping the proper limit of the hour devoted to any one particular duty, pleasure or employment. We all know how fascinating certain occupations are at certain times, how much easier it is to pursue a study at one time than at another, how little there often is to be done to "finish off" a piece of work when the clock strikes, and we ought to go out or go down stairs to less agreeable tasks. If we yield to the fascination, if we neglect "the next thing" for the study, if we delay to finish the work in hand, we have weakened our will and unhinged our day, our week, our year, maybe our whole life. There are those among us who, if they look carefully back along the years they have counted, must acknowledge this is truth. Talking it over with a friend, she said: "I can remember the very day and hour I began a fault that has given me more trouble and actually cost me more than any other thing in my life—my habit of procrastination. My mother went away from home for the day, leaving me (at twelve years old) with no exact directions as to the days employment, but with perfect confidence in my dilegence and the proper routine of work and play. I had a new book—always the greatest of delight in my estimation. I took it up when I went to my room after seeing my mother start, and, always intending to close it in a minute, I read on and on through the whole morning. Every feature of that morning comes back to me now, fifty years after. The sunlight around me, the long, lev l bars rising on the wall—it was very early when mother went—and passing away as noon approached, the untidy room—not very untidy, but I was taught to be very neat—my own little figure crouched in the window, and the stillness of a lovely summer home without—they are all present, marred by the uneasiness that never left me. It did not amount to a sense of guilt, for I was not harshly "brought up;" I just grew in an atmosphere of love and good sense, taught the right thing and expected to follow it as a matter of course. My mother, I knew would not scold me nor even look



grieved; she would trust me to find out the mischief of it myself, and she would have been right. I did find it out, and I am undoing it to this day. I closed my book when I finished it, and burried into the waiting tasks. It was a rush and unsatisfactory makeshift. Nothing went quite right, and some delightful things I had planned had to be abandoned, crowded out. But the worst of it was that, having once put pleasure before work, I found it so easy to do it again. I yielded again and again to the same temptation, a new book. No one ever objected to me reading, and my only safeguard lay in my own conscience, which I trained to self-indulgence. In the thoughtless years that came before the chastisement of sorrow, I even set aside duty for pleasure without much compunction, not to its absolute neglect altogether, but until a more convenient season. And I am only just now doing real penance by striving hard to reform, and by strictly confining my work, my leisure, my pleasant tasks and unpleasant recreations to the exact limit I assgn to each." Father de Ravignan had no such weary task in his old age. He had no such saddening retrospect. If we have, we must do penance in reforming; if we are, happily, too young to look back, we must spare ourselves this misery. A rule of life, a set time for everything that comes into our lives, and then—a strict observance of the rule and the time. Nothing else can so order life as to get the best out of it, the best into it, and thus turn it from time to time to eternity.—Standard and Times.

A Bad Boy of the Sixteenth Century.

We are not accustomed to think of Mother Goose as a very wise woman, but there is a true story hidden in the rhyme of "Little Jack Horner," which proves that the good old dame was in one instance at least better informed than we who have been accustomed to consider her lines all nonsense. There *was* a Christmas pie, and there *was* a Jack Horner; and a very amusing little fellow he was, too. It was in the troublous days of Henry VIII., that cruel monster who has left such a trail of blood and ruin on the history of Merrie England,—and he was engaged in the spoliation of religious houses, and in driving the monks forth into the world to seek a living as best they could. But in the head of one monastery he met his match; for the abbot of Glastonbury, as soon as it was sure that Henry would demand the title-deeds of the Abbey of Mells, resolved to send the documents to London for safe-keeping. But how to transport them was the question. The roads were infested with thieves, well informed as to the market value of title-deeds; and there was good reason to believe that the papers, if packed in any way ever before heard of, would be the booty of some canny knight of the road. But the Abbot knew a way worth trying. He ordered a savoury pie to be made, and inside its toothsome contents the documents were hidden. Then he called a boy named Horner, who, doffing his cap and making a low bow, promised to deliver the pie to the proper London adress, not to tarry on the way, and to run very fast if he saw suspicious characters approaching or following. But it was a goodly walk to London and the air was biting; and Jack, being a boy, was hungry. So he broke off a corner of the pastry, pulled out some plums and was having a fine feast, when he discovered that there was something in the filling not usually found in such a concoction, and drew out the title-deeds carfully packed in a waterproof cover. When the big pie reached its destination something besides the plums was missing; for the papers were stowed away in Jack's pocket. The rage of the King's commissioners knew no bounds, and they took possession of the Abbey without ceremony or title-deeds. And Jack? Let us hope that he would have restored them to their rightful owners if that had been possible. But the fact is that he kept his secret; and years after, when there was some messure of peace in the land, he produced the papers and laid claim to the estates. What is more he received them.—Ave Maris.

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