The words were said, and to the end of her life Mabel never forgot the expression on her husband's face or the almost imperceptible look of dismay on her guests. Poor child! Could she her guests. Poor child! Could she have read their thoughts she would not have felt so downcast, for they were people of refinement and education as well as kind-hearted and able to appre-

well as kind-hearted and able to appreciate her courageous outspokenness even if they could not agree with her religious sentiments. "Plucky little woman," was their inward comment.

Mr. Foster, however, pald no heed to his wife's interruption, and only reiterated his acceptance of Mrs. Hilton's invitation, while Mabel, seconded by her guests, tried to change the conversation, much to the relief of the discomfted heart who certainly felt more tion, much to the relief of the discomfited host, who certainly felt more angry than he chose to appear, and he as well as Mabel were not sorry when at last the visitors took their departure and they were once more alone. Then he gave vent to his anger.

"What did you mean, Mabel?" he said, "by refusing an invitation that I had already accepted for you and myself?"

self?"
"O, Harry, you know that as Catholics we may not attend Protestant services," Mabel said firmly.
"Even so, it was quite unnecessary to enlighten our friends on this point. Most of them know I'm a Catholic but I are achieved. if I see nothing wrong in going now and then to hear a fine preacher else where

why should you?"
"But the Church forbids it," his wife "But the University of the west of the Charlest and its wife went on bravely.

"Purely an idea of a bygone age," muttered her husband: then, in a more affectionate tone: "Go to church when and where you like, little woman, but don't expect me to be held hard and fast by rules only fit for the Middle Ages. At any rate, we

the Middle Ages. At any rate, we must go with the Hiltons next Sunday

must go with the Hiltons next Sunday if only for once."

"I cannot go," Mabel exclaimed.

"Do as you like," was the cool reply;
but understand once for all that in future I will have no interference in matters of this kind, and that if you wish to please me you will do as I do."

"I cannot do this, Harry," Mabel said heartbrokenly, but he made her no further reply and left the room.

"Had I married a Protestant, could it have been worse?" she questioned.

"Anything out a careless and indifferent Catholic!"

Time went on and the relations be-

Time went on and the relations be-Time went on and the relations be-tween the two daily became more strained. Harry Foster was never seen at St. Anne's now, and Mabel felt utterly crushed when she heard inci-dentally that her husband had become a Free Mason. The birth of her little girl was in one respect an added misery, for the poor mother had to struggle for the faith of her child as well as her own, and though he did struggle for the faith of her child as well as her own, and though he did not refuse to have his child baptized, yet there was scarcely in obstacle he did not put forward to provent her being brought up a practical Catholic. Only to Father Anthony could Mabel speak of what she suffered. She hoped her mother might never hear how her form hed heen so addy realized.

fears had been so sadly realized.

"O, Father," she cried, "how am I

to bear it?"

"Prayer and sacrifice," he whispered. "The Sacred Heart is all powerful and will enable you to bear your cross bravely for as long as God wills you to bear it."

Mahel's pleadings and Father. As

Mabel's pleadings and Father An-Mabel's pleadings and Father Anthony's sterner rebukes were all in vain. Harry Foster gradually drifted away from every Catholic influence and there were certain rumors abroad that in other ways he was going to ruin as fast as he could go; thus it was not long before the report of his failure was well known in Wall street. Even this did not bring him to a sense of his this did not bring him to a sense of his folly, for before the public in general were well aware of what had happened the once prosperous young man had left New York and many a long year was to

pass away ere it saw him again. When Mabel heard of her husband's disappearance her first feeling was one of relief for the sake of her child; this thought was quickly succeeded by that of intense sorrow for his downfall. He had sacrificed his faith to win the world's ion, and this sacrifice had led approposition, and this sacrince had led to the loss of what was considered as essential to success by those in his "set." The gods they worshipped were wealth and position. The very means he had taken to insure both had lost him

Whither he had gone she could not learn, for her own fortune, that had been settled exclusively, on herself, she used to satisfy the claims of her husband's creditors. It was only by turning her musical education to ac-count that she was able to support herself and child. Daily she knelt in the little church and there prayed most earnestly for her erring husband's

repentance.
"That he may return to Thee, O my
God; for myself I ask nothing but the
grace to suffer even to the end of my
life if such be Thy holy will."

And Dorothy's innocent lips asked God to bless her absent father, while Father Authony never falled in a "Memento" in his daily Mass for the prodigal's return to his Father's house.

prodigal's return to his Father's house.

Mrs. Westbrooke had been dead for
some time; thus Mabel and her little
daughter were alone in the world.

Time had changed her, the once Time had changed her, the once merry-hearted girl into a grave, serious woman, while Dorothy, a maiden of ten, was very like what her mother had been at the same age. Mother and child were inseparable, and Dorothy was such a dear lovable little being that poverty and loneliness, she often proved

poverty and loneliness, she often proved a veritable angel of consolation.

It was a Thursday evening in June, about six years after Harry Foster's disappearance. Father Anthony, now an old man, had been busy all afternoon hearing confessions for the next day was the feast of the Sacred Heart and also the morning of little Dorothy Foster's First Communion. She had been the last to leave the confessional roster's First Communion. See had been the last to leave the confessional and the priest immediately followed her into the church, where he walked slowly up and down the aisle reciting his office while waiting for any belated penitent that might happen to come.

Dorothy, after making her thanksgiving before a picture of "the Sacred
Heart pleading," of which she was
very fond, returned home, but she had
hardly left the church before her

place was taken by a man, whose appearance seemed very familiar to Father Anthony. The stranger knelt there for a long time and then entered the confessional, where the priest awaited him, for by this time the father was quite convinced as to the identity of his penitent. It was indeed Harry Foster and once more the angels of God must have rejoiced over the return of a wanderer to the fold, over a soul raised to life again.

It was Father Anthony who broke the glad news to Mabel, and when next morning the three, father, mother and child, received the Living Bread from his hands, he felt indeed ready to sing his "Nunc dimittis." When Harry asked his wife's forgiveness for his past unkindness she gently begged him not to allude to it again.

"I forgave it long ago."

These years of absence had been spent in Australia, and by dint of hard work and economy he had again accumulated a fortune, but the time of exile proved still more profitable to his soul, for deprived of what he had never-valued, he learned by that very privation to appreciate the practices of his faith which through his own fault were no longer accessible. Alone in the Australian bush, he came to see how he had failed not only in his duty towards his God but as a natural sequence to his wife and child also.

"Fortunately I did not lose hope," he said, "for here the faith of my fathers stood me in stead."

"And the grace of your own baptism," Mabel gently corrected.

stood me in stead."

"And the grace of your own baptism,"
Mabel gently corrected.

"Yes, you may well say that, and I soon determined to turn my feet towards home. I had hoped to see a priest on my arrival in Melbourne, but the Father was out when I called and I had only time to catch the boat leaving the day to "Frise."

the day for 'Frisco."

Though there is always forgiveness for the truly contrite, yet the consequences of sin often remain to be faced, and Harry Foster's remorse for the past was keener than ever when, a few weeks after his return, Mabel died. Her health had been failing for some time, but so imperceptibly that death seemed to come suddenly at the last, as it so often seems to come to those we love. Talking to Dorothy, she complained of feeling tired and sat down to rest in her feeling tired and sat down to rest in her low rocker with her child beside her. Dorothy noticing how intensely pale her mother looked called her father from an mother looked called her father from an adjoining room, but when he came in a moment later the angel of death had already preceded him, and the brave, patient heart was at rest forever.

Heart failure was the doctor's ver-dict, but perhaps Father Anthony was the only one who felt no surprise at the sad news. A week later, when he and the bereaved husband stood together the bereaved husband stood together beside a newly-made grave in Calvary cemetery, the Father told Harry of his wife's sacrifice, how she had offered the sacrifice of her life for his conversion. This had been her daily prayer to the Sacred Heart.

"Yes, she offered her life

"Yes, she offered her life for you, my son," the old priest whispered through his tears; "it remains for you now to

his tears; "it remains for you now to offer yours wholly to God."

Harry Foster took his little daughter abroad, and afterwards placed her with the kind Sisters at St. Peter's where, a few years later she made her profession, to the great joy of those who had known and loved the mother. Then her father entered a Dominican monastery, and there as Brother Augustine he lived to a good old age and died with and there as Brother Augustine he lived to a good old age and died with the reputation of a, saint. Father Anthony lived to see how Mabel's prayers had been more than answered and then he, too, fell asleep in the peace of his Lord."—Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

A DELIBERATE INSULT TO CATHOLICS

J. G. Swift MacNeill, M. P., has sent the following letter to Dr. D'Arcy, Protestant Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, who recently made an unfounded attack on the Catholics of Ireland:

"I feel it due to myself as an Irish Protestant who cannot sign his name without being reminded of his associ-ation with Irish Protestant Church-men to take grave exception to a series of extraordinary statements made series of extraordinary statements made by you with reference to your Catholic fellow countrymen—statements which assume an enormous gravity when com-ing from a prelate of your well-deserved eminence for piety and learning.

A DELIBERATE INSULT TO CATHOLICS A DELIBERATE INSULT TO CATHOLICS

"In an address to the Synod of the Diocese of Down, Conner and Dromore you say in reference to the Catholic Church, "toleration for her is only a temporary expedient." Would it not grieve us to hear any Catholic pronounce such judgment on the Irish Protestant Church, even if he were to base it on an historical document and make the following incontrovertible statement: "An Assembly of Irlsh Protestant Prelates, convened by Archbishop Usher, declared "the religion of Papiets is superstitious and idolatrous, their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical, their Church in respect to both cal, their Church in respect to both apostatical; to give them, therefore, a toleration or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine is a grievation.

ous sin?"
"Professions and promises, even the most stringent guarantees," you say ir the sentence immediately succeeding the one I have quoted, "made by in-dividual Catholics are not of the slightest value, even when those individuals happen to be Cardinals and Bishops, much less political leaders. The Catholic Church claims the right to repudiolic Church claims the right to repudiate every contract and break every such promise, no matter how solemn." Do you realize the insult of such expressions, and the pain and indignation they must create in the hearts of Irish Protestants—and they are many—who are on terms of close intimacy and affection with Catholics and have as much confidence in their honor and truth and confidence in their honor and truth and friendship as if they knelt at the same altar as they themselves?

A PROTESTANT PRELATE AND THE TREATY

assertion but as a matter of history? From the pulpit of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, a Protestant Statemade Prelate, Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, preached a sermon in which he openly advocated it a sacred duty the repudiation of the Treaty of Limerick—that Treaty by which "even the most stringent guarantees" were given for the security of Catholics in the exercise of their religion and the enjoyment of their property—guarantees which were shamefully violated by the atrocious Penal Code, which it has been said entailed more misery than the Ten Persecutions of Christendom.

What would be thought of the promulgation of these dootrines with reference to Protestants at this time of day by a Catholic clergyman or layman! What would Protestants think of him? And still his discourse would be less wounding to Protestants than your words must be to Catholics, and would, however misleading, have a greater element of accaracy than, in my judgment at least, appertains to your pronouncement.

ment.

MR. LECKY AND CATHOLIC TOLERATION
On this question of the religious toleration of Irish Catholics I take my stand on the judgment of Mr. Lecky, who was, as you know, trained for the ministry of the Irish Protestant Church, a holder of the Divinity Testimonium of Trinity College, Dublin, a protagonist for the Union, and a member for Trinity College, who had your own support and influence in being elected for that constituency. "Irish history," he writes, "contains its full share of violence and massacre: but whoever will example these episodes with impartiality will easily convince himself that their connection with religion has been most superficial. Religious cries have been sometimes raised, religious enthusiasm has been often appealed to in the agony of a struggle, but the real causes have usually been the conflicts of races and classes, the struggle of nationality against annihilation. Amongst the Catholics at least religious intolerance has never been a prevailing vice, and those who have studied closely the history and character of the Irish MR. LECKY AND CATHOLIC TOLERATION vice, and those who have studied closely the history and character of the Irish people can hardly fail to be struck with the deep respect for singer and in the deep respect for sincere religion in every form which they have commonly

Mr. Leck's phrase, " among the Cath-Mr. Leck's purase, shong the Caul-olics at least religious intolerance has never been a prevailing vice," recalls to recollection the late Earl Spencer's record of his experiences during two viceroyalties in Ireland. He stated in a speech in Chester that he had known instances of religious intolerance during his Irish administration, but not on the part of Catholics. I would ask you to search—your search would be in vain—for an outburst from any Irish Catholic prelate even remotely analogous to the sentiments expressed by Dr. Marcus Beresford, a son of a Bishop of Kilmore, who was himself Bishop of Kilmore, and afterwards, from 1862 till his death in 1885 Pertector. Feinate at a search of his Irish administration, but not on the 1885. Protestant Primate at a salary of

TRISH CATHOLICS HAVE SUFFERED MUCH

He spoke thus at a great Protestant meeting, and his words were received, says the report, with "loud cheering, which continued for several minutes;"

—"We shall drive from our glebe lands the Popish rebel and the Popish illicit distiller, and we shall plant good and faithful Protestants in their place. I trust that every good and faithful minister of God would sooner have potatoes and salt surrounded with Protestants than to live like princes sur-rounded with Papists." The Irish Cath-olics have suffered so much themselves from religious persecution that they have not the desire, even if they had

have not the desire, even it they had the power, to persecute others.

You are much concerned lest an Irish Parliament might pass legislation for the resumption of churches now possessed by Protestants which were in existence in pre-Reformation times. In a letter to the Bishop of Ossory I said it is very hard to realize how a fear of this kind could be seriously felt by any rational being, and I gave the reasons for its baselessness. It is no wonder Dr. Walsh, the Catholic Archbishep of Dablin, to use his own words, "treated the whole contention at ridiculous." The question of the resumption of church property is rather a dangerous one to raise, not indeed as affecting the property of the Irisa Protestant Church used for religious and charitable and educational purposes, but for the holders for their own uses of vast property robbed from the Church at the period of history known as the "Refor-

CONFISCATED CATHOLIC LANDS AND "CHURCH NOBILITY "

Sometimes on English platforms I have said that the lands taken from the Church at the "Reformation" should at least have been appropriated to public purposes and not to found the families of men whom I designate our "Church nobility." This sentiment has always been received with favor. It is indeed a fine stroke of irony that some of the most vehement pronouncemer's in demost vehement pronouncemer's in de-fence of the rights of property, and of the English and Welsh Established Churches, have emanated from resid-ences which are still styled Abbeys and Priories, and carry in their names the record that the titles of their owners rest on nothing but robbery from the pre-Reformation Church, in which Proestants and Catholics have a commo

estants and Catholics have a common and an absorbing interest.
You elicited "prolonged applause from your audience by a reference to the year 1690. If you considered for a moment you would be constrained to admit that the reign of "The Deliverer" was not exactly the time at which the Diocese of Down and Connor, over which you preside, were at the zenith of their spiritual development. In 1690, and for some years subsequently, the Bishop of these Dioceses was a Dr. Hacket, who was Bishop for no less than twenty years, during the whole of which twenty years, during the whole of which time he never even entered these dioceses, but lived habitually at Hammersmith, and put up his benefices for

pends, be not maintained, there may be in this country an outburst of militant unbelief, "secularism, a fierce hatred of religion and ecclesiastical domination." "One can," as Grattan once said, "never argue with a prophet." "One can only disbelieve him." It is, however, strange that Isaac Butt, who was, as you know, the son of an Irish Protestant elergman writing in 1870 Protestant clergman, writing in 1870, and T. W. Russell, in a speech the other day, held that the establishment of an Irish Parliament, free from corrupting and atheistic influences, would save this country from the so-called Rationalism which is permeating all sections of

which is permeating all sections of British society. You think the establishment of an You think the establishment of an Irish Parliament and the restoration of the people of this country to their Godgiven right to manage their own affairs will be a calamity. One of the best of your predecessors, Dr. William Dickson, who was Bisbop of Down and Connor from 1783 till 1804, regarded the destruction of the Irish Parliament as a great calamity, and was one of the signatories to the Irish Lords' Protest against the Union, drawn up by Grattan, in which the evils that atroclous measure has brought in its train were clearly ure has brought in its train were clearly foreshadowed.

THE PATRONAGE CHURCH LED TO A GREAT

The establishment of the Irish Parliament is not more bitterly denounced than was once the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Who now would wish to see that Church re-established, with the Sees filled, not with men like yourself chosen by the people, but with the puppet nominees of a Prime Minister? The Irish Sees have ceased to be the preserves of the younger brothers or the younger sons of Irish Union Peers, and the hard-worked clergy of the Irish Protestant Church no longer starve on wretched pittances as they did while the scions of corrruptionist "governing families" drew their thousands and ten thousands yearly from a church the disthousands yearly from a church the dis-tribution of whose patronage as one of the greatest scandals of Christendom. Dr. Knox, Bishop of Down and Connor at the time of the Disestablishment, because he favored that measure, was insulted in the streets of Belfast and called "Judas" and "Traitor" at a meeting to protest against Disestablishment in the Ulster Hall. Years afterwards the action for which he then was exposed to calumny and insult was justi-fied by his election as the first Lord Primate of the Irish Protestant Church when it obtained the inestimable bless

ings of Home Rule.

It is because I am as certain as I am of my own existence that Home Rule for Ireland will do for Ireland what Home Rule has done for the Irish Protestant Rule has done for the Irish Protestant Church by giving it Self-Government, instead of a government which has been a corrupt Castle class job, that I with all the warmth that is consistent with personal respect for yourself enter my protest against both the statements and the tone of your address to the Down. the tone of your address to the Down, Connor and Dromore Synod.

GLASTONBURY THORN

SPRIG BROUGHT TO THIS COUN-TRY AND REPOSING AT CHURCH OF SS. PETER AND PAUL IN CITY OF WASHING-TON BLOSSOMS AT CHRISTMAS SEASON

Too scant attention and too chary credence is ofttimes given to the fact of miraculous demonstrations of the truth of the occurrences which are labeled "traditions" for want of a better term among those who ought to believe gladly in them. Among these is the story of how Joseph of Arimathea came to the British Isles after the Resurrection of Our Divine Lord, bringing with him a thorn staff taken from the tree whose branches were those which pressed the Brow of Our Saviour, which he planted near Glastonbury, England.

The story goes that every Christmas-tide the thorn blossoms there. How many Catholics have ever given this story a passing thought or inquired into its verity? Have not most of us been indifferent about it and perhaps not given it full reception? Because the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a secular paper, not especially friendly to the Catholic Church, recently printed the following account by William A. Du Puy of a singular manifestation of the Glastonbury thorn in the United States, it is reprinted herewith, in the hope that Catholics who have been inclined. that Catholics, who have been inclined not to devoutly appreciate the modern wonders which God is working, will give in the future a more zealous and prayerful attention to them.

The Globe Democrat says in part : The Globe Democrat says in part:
The famous Glastonbury Luorn, descendant of that shrub which made the
agonizing orown which Jesus wore, the
plant which unseasonably bursts into
bloom at Christmas time at Glastonbury Abbey, England, has taken root in America, and this Christmas is blooming among the snows, thus performing the miracle that bears evidence of divinity back of it. It is at the National Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Washington that this plant is thus strangely blooming as it has bloomed nowhere else, except at the church of these same two saints at Glastonbury. In its new-found cloister it forms the nucleus around which has been collected a won-derful series of religious relics. And its story is one of romance unsurpassed in the annals of time.

in the annals of time.

The story of the Glastonbury thorn made new by its finding a new home in America, is almost as old as Christianity itself. It is one of those remarkable paradoxes of nature that witness to the truth of Christianity. It is argued that the striking fact in connection with the religion of Christ has been the constant tastimony of its truth given by natural religion of Christ has been the constant testimony of its truth given by natural things. No other religion in the history of the world has so teemed with honest natural miracles as Christianity, and it is an event of historic and sentimental value that the United States should thus possess one of these natural witnesses of the divinity of Christ.

HAS INSPIRED THE POETS RATIONALISM PERMEATING ALL SECTIONS
OF BRITISH SOCIETY!

You apprehend that in a remote time, if the Union, on which you with evident sincerity believe all our happiness deinterval the bards of England sang of the Glastonbury thorn. This mystic tree had more to do with the conversion of its Druid people to Christianity than the missionaries themselves,

for the British people were nature lovers and in their own barbaric religion they had been accustomed to drawing relig-ious truths from material things. When written language was young the thorn was known to it, for one poet of Cadmus' age sang :

The staff het budded, het grew Until it blooms da whole da drew And sil it blooms on Xmas night, But best they say at dark midnight.

A later poet, the gentle Tennyson, sang and told the whole story of the Glastonbury thorn in a single stanza: The cup, the cup itself, from which our

Lord.
Drank at the last sad supper with his

Own,
This Arimathean Joseph journeying
brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn Blessoms at Christmas, mindful of our

Joseph of Arimathea was the Hebrew Joseph of Arimathea was the Hebrew scholar and gentleman whose pity was so aroused by the crucifixion of Christ that he gave up his own garden tomb for the reception of his crucified body. It is probable that the events at the tomb and the resurrection of Christ were known to him and had much to do toward his conversion to Christianity. At any rate, he embraced Christianity and, throwing aside his fortune, position and strading in Jerusalem, followed after the new light of Israel.

Fired with missionary zeal, Joseph

Fired with missionary zeal, Joseph took twelve companions and started out to convert the world to the new faith. All roads led to Rome in that day, and it is certain that he visited Rome. It is likewise certain that the persecutions of the infamous Nero drove him out of Rome across Europe into Gaul.

SPRUNG FROM JOSEPH STAFF

All that weary way of trouble and persecution Joseph supported himself by a staff which he had cut, tradition says, from the very thorn tree in Palestine that had furnished the crown of thorns that mocked the kingly majesty of Christ. About A. D. 69 he reached the English Channel, then, as now, the rough barrier of water between two hereditary enemies, England and France, Nero's persecutors were close at hand, and to escape their attentions Joseph of Arimathea put out in the rough sea in an open boat. The winds drove him into a rude port of England, and there he took up anew his march of faith. Pursued and tormented by the Druids, who resented the religion be taught, he made his way across England to the ancient Isle of Avalon.

Avalon is now Glastonbury, and from the beauty that remains of the scene the beauty that remains of the scene one can readily picture the fairness of the picture that spread itself before Joseph and his footsore, weary companions as they reached the hill overlooking Glastonbury, a half mile to the south-west. The story runs that Joseph reached this hill just before twilight, and as he looked on the pretty valley, the Brent River winding like a silver ribbon about it, he knew here was the spot for his mission. Deep into that sacred hill he stuck the staff he had brought all the way from Palestine as a sacred hill he stuck the staff he had brought all the way from Palestine as a token that here he should spend his falling years for Christ. To-day this hill is still named "Weary All Hill," in memory of the coming of Joseph of Arimathea. The staff so impulsively planted took root, flourished, and as the little mission grew the members were startled to find that it blossomed not only at its normal blossoming time in only at its normal blossoming time in summer, but on Christmas Day, or at least Christmas week, as well.

MADE BRITAIN 'CHRISTIAN

But to retrace a bit. When Joseph reached Avalon his message was accepted by the wife of Arviragus, the heathen prince of the realm. Her name is forgotten, but the charity of her soul toward the Christian pilgrims remains a bright spot on this page of the world's history. She persuaded her husband to at least tolerate the new religion, and as Tennyson said: "The heathen prince Arviragus gave him a spot where on to dwell. And there he (Joseph)

little lonely church in days of yore. The "little lonely church" was the first Christian Church in Britain, and from it sprang that great British church that existed before the coming of the good Augustine in the sixth century. But the people round about Glastonbury were chiefly won by the miraculous thorn. One of the monks of Glastonbury quaintly wrote of the double blossoming and bearing of the thorn at Christmas. "The white thorn of Glastonbury doth blossom in the deep of winter to speak to men of Christianity that religion that flourishes best in persecution and is strengthened by the seed of the martyrs.

The author of "Arborium et Fruiticum" devotes a paragraph to the Glas-tonbury thorn. He describes the thorn as he saw it at Glastonbury in Decem-ber, 1833. It then had leaves, fair buds, full flowers and many of the haws or berries on it at one and the same time. He was at a loss to explain it scientific-He was at a loss to explain it scientifically, and called it one of "those natural paradoxes which teach deep truths."

The original thorn has been preserved by slips and grafts. In the religious persecutions which disturbed the reign of Charles I, the thorn tree was considered a relic of papistry by the stern Roundheads. A zeslous soldier nearly out it down, but was killed by a flying splinter which entered his eye. Thus the sacrilege was averted. In 1870 only the stump was remaining, but numerous grafts were in existence in the gardens and glebe farms at Glastonbury in keep-ing with Tennyson's description of it. In 1745 the Christmas London Evening Post reported that a vast concourse gathered to view the thorn blossoming

RECENTY BROUGHT TO AMERICA

The story of its advent into America is an interesting one, and it shows how closely the National Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Washington, is connected with the old abbey Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Glastonbury, England, after which it is named.

In 1900 Stanley Austin, son of the poet laureate of England, the present owner of Glastonbury Abbey, presented to Bishop Satterlee, the first bishop of Washington, a slip from the celebrated Glastonbury thorn to be planted in the

cathedral close at Washington. This was done, and with horticultural skill the cathedral authorities being assisted by experts from the Department of Agriculture, the thorn has flourished. For the past two seasons it has blossomed at around Christmas, one year on the

feast of the Epiphany. January 6, the anniversary of the chartering of the Westminster cathedral.

Virtue has but a stunted growth where vice receives a smile

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