

In the shadow.

BY F. O'NEILL LARKIN.

Walking in the shadow,
Through the city's crowded mart,
A round of golden coins
I pass along unheeding,
For my sunshine's far away.

Sitting in the shadow,
When the midday sun is bright,
When countless stars flash earthward,
A coronal of light,
Ah, no! those stars had power
Erewhile this mind to sway,
To night over languid seas
My starlight's far away.

Standing in the shadow,
In the densely crowded hall,
Mid-echoing plaudits swelling
Like a trumpet's stirring call,
Once, once such plaudits thrilled me,
And I was wildly beating
They fall to-night—I'm dreaming
Of the echoes far away.

Waiting in the shadow,
For the welcome "bye and bye"
To greet the buds of springtime,
And the azure of the sky,
The tender tones remembered,
As a loved one's murmured lay,
And the subtle grace enshrining
Every memory far away.

Watching in the shadow,
For the coming sweet sunrise,
Longing for the springtime,
And the sunshine of her eyes,
Yearning for the green
And heart-awake of day,
Ah! the pulse is wildly beating
For the welcome far away.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1891.

From the Catholic World.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE OPERA.

Dr. Killany had chosen the evening of Parepa-Rosa's appearance in which to acquaint Nano with the danger to which she was hourly exposed. Amid the enchantments of a brilliant assemblage and sweet music, at a time when her heart would be most powerfully affected by the glamour of wealth and power, in the silence and retirement of the box, he would make known to her the exact position of her father and of herself towards society. He would point with the hand of an artist the frailty of the hold which she had on riches and station, her nearness to poverty and disrepute, and in the alarm and excitement of the moment he would thrust his advice and assistance upon her, and make her, willing or unwilling, as circumstances might direct, his accomplice or tool in the wickedness he meditated. The difficulties with which he had to contend had all been studied. Noble—naturally noble—was Nano's character. The bare idea of robbing the orphan of his right would have made her shudder, and with a strong sense of honor, based rather on transcendental sentiment than on any fixed principles, she would have faced the direst sufferings in preference to enjoying wealth that was not her own. Her love for her father was of custom, not filial. He had never done anything to cherish the natural affection which once glowed in her breast. He was hard and stern till years of remorse began to weaken him, and the full knowledge of his criminal neglect with its mournful consequences came, as Banquo at the feast, to fill his soul with horror and alarm. She did not disguise from him her indifference, nor from the world; but with a keen appreciation of what nature, culture, and society demanded, she would never, unless secretly, and pressed, too, by hard necessity, permit herself to be led into doing him positive injury.

For these difficulties Killany had prepared his antidotes, as he was pleased to call them. For he looked upon these ideas and prejudices as poisons which had stolen into her nature, which, albeit there, education had failed to remove. He was to perform that office. Like him, she was henceforth to be an adventurer, and have done alike with prejudices and principles. He would prove to her, truly if possible, falsely if necessary, that the heirs of the misappropriated fortune were removed. It was but common sense that in preference to the state she should retain the wealth which her father had struggled for twenty years to preserve and increase. If he persisted in his intention of bestowing an equivalent sum upon the poor, as he would be bound to do according to Catholic teaching, then the argument of poverty and disrepute was only necessary to win her into gentle violence towards him. It was true, he would leave her a sum sufficient to maintain her present rank, but with diminished splendor. To a woman of her broad, grasping ambition this was not enough. She would have all or nothing. Killany, therefore, trusted to the audience, when properly roused, to do his devil's work. This devilish Memphis would wake it in her breast by showing to her the heights which she might have reached, and comparing them with the abysses of contempt into which she had fallen. Total obscurity would be more endurable than the scorn of her own. He intended to threaten her, if necessary, although he knew full well that with her it was a dangerous experiment. All these things, however, were to be dealt with in turn. To-night he was to inform her of her father's sin and to fill her mind with dread misgivings, leaving time to develop his deeper and darker stratagems.

It annoyed him that Nano had an angel whose influence for good was dangerously powerful. Olivia, in her two short years of hired companionship, had wound herself around her mistress' heart. The grandeur and complexity of Nano's nature forced her to admire the simplicity and sweetness of this modest girl, whose virtues, although she had but the shadow of her talent, far outshone anything which had ever been Nano's fortune to meet. Acquainted in a trifling way with the philosophies of every school save that which taught the truth, ready with objections to every form of religion, but especially to the Catholic, and even sneeringly indifferent to the existence of God, both Nano and Killany were astonished, bewildered, and charmed to find that this young lady, by a simple question naturally put and not profoundly logical, could overturn many high-sounding arguments, and by a simpler demonstration give them a theological nut which no transcendental sophistry could crack. Alas! the devil of culture made void these efforts to discover the truth upon which Olivia seemed to base all her philosophy. They were delighted with the discovery of beauties of which they had never dreamed, and made use of

them to ornament their discourses and startle their clique with their Seneca-like originality. Killany now looked upon Olivia as his enemy, as before he had looked upon her with dislike. Hating her very heartily, and being a very unscrupulous man, there were not wanting to him either desires or opportunities to do her harm; and his intrigues in that respect, his mean, unmanly stabbing in the dark, worked Olivia much harm in after-days. Slander is a two-edged weapon, however, and not rarely wounds him who gives the blow as severely as him to whom it is given.

The scene in the theatre on the opening night of the series of operas was brilliant and animated. The gaudy theatre, about whose very appearance there is something mysteriously attractive; the glare of the many lamps, which flung their radiance on the hundreds of forms below, reflecting infinite glitterings from the bright eyes and the jewelled throats, and arms, and fingers of the ladies; the show of rich costumes on every side; the murmur of many voices tremulous with emotions of joy, or curiosity, or mirth; the comings and goings of youth, and wealth, and beauty; and over all the music of the orchestra filling in the gaps and pauses of conversation, and falling, a shower of sweet sounds, on the audience, are circumstances which, when combined, render the whole a memorable and a pleasurable thing. The mimic world shut off from view by the drop-curtain is an inexhaustible subject of conversation. The personality of the actors, the character of the play, the sympathy to be excited, the indignation at wrongdoing, the elation at merited and unexpected success, kept young hearts, and old ones too, not seldom in pleasant and exhilarating tension. And often the comedies and tragedies of the stage are of a more interesting though more complicated character than the mimic play.

The curtain was rising for the first act when Killany and Nano entered the theatre. The attention of the audience being directed to the stage, they escaped all but the usual quantum of staring from the habitués at the door, and were fairly seated in full view at the balustrade before society became aware of the presence of two of its brightest luminaries. Then there were many little bows of courtesy from every side, which the elegant physician acknowledged so gently and gracefully that none might be aware of the condescension save the happy recipients. Nano was in full dress and exceptionally brilliant. Her costume and diamonds were dazzling, and with the quiet of her manner, and her evident beauty, formed a verging-point for those engines of polite because tolerated rudeness, opera-glasses. Transcendentalism enjoyed a triumph whenever she appeared. "A woman of culture" was a phrase which the higher grade of society had by heart. In itself the phrase had no meaning for most people, but when pointed with direct allusion to a beauty, a genius, and an heiress, it embraced all that was desirable in the universe. Nano knew the impression which she created, and glowed in it; and in the beauty whose Giver she denied, in the genius whose inspiration was to her a superstition, in the wealth and rank which her father had sinned to provide. This vanity was a weakness she could not but feel, but a weakness only in its expression, her philosophy or absurdity said. She was a fair mistress of her countenance and manner. Generally they expressed only what she willed, and a cold, indifferent exterior hid the flames that society thought quite extinguished. Not entirely were they concealed from the keen eyes of Killany. His medical education and training enabled him to detect charges of color or manner unperceived by shrewd ordinary observers, and he had already caught the close to points in her disposition which she considered secret.

He was watching her now, as they sat together, with restless, dissatisfied eyes that turned often and uneasily to one particular place in the assembly. She had but glanced around on entering, and had then given her attention to the music and the play. Until the curtain fell on the first act she spoke not a word nor took her eyes from the stage. Killany did not venture to disturb her. Instead he seemed rather anxious that her attention should remain fixed on any spot save on that which so often took his own eyes. The moment she turned away when the curtain fell, and with a sigh of pleasurable relief, began to devote some attention to the audience, he hastened to engage her in conversation.

"Charming Parepa!" he said, "a jewel of song! The sunniest nothing that ever sang a note! Ah! you have recognized some one."

"My little Olivia," said Nano softly and with kindling eyes. Her first look had fallen on Dr. Killany, Olivia, and Sir Stanley Dashington not far distant in the box, and she bowed and smiled in the most familiar way that her studied coldness would permit. Killany was decidedly angry. He had feared this trifling incident, and dreaded the effect the good angel might have on Nano's feelings. For Olivia was smiling in the most lovable fashion, and making encouraging and affectionate nods and grimaces towards her friend; and the mere fact of her presence, the sight of the sweet, pure face, was as hateful to Killany as the face of an angel is to a fiend. Sir Stanley was watching her movements so fawningly as utterly to ignore the box after his first bow. Dr. Killany had smiled his recognition, and as if struck by a sudden recollection, Nano had cast down her eyes involuntarily and turned to the stage again.

Dr. Killany gnashed his teeth politely. "Very interesting fellow, the Irish baronet," he said in smooth tones. "Seems destined to have a Canadian wife, by all appearances. Quite a match for Miss Olivia."

"Perhaps," answered Nano. "The obligation, however, will be all on his side."

"Allow me to differ with you," he said quickly. "Is wealth or station to be counted as nothing in the scale with love lines of form or character?"

"Assuredly yes. Have you not instances enough in real life to the contrary? Beauty is nobility and wealth. Having that, you need care for nothing else in all the world besides."

"That's a pretty sentiment, but most unpactical. I know that the world worships beauty, but I know it worships gold, and goes offener mad over the one

than over the other. See our smiling friends all around us. Could we not point out a round dozen who have sold themselves for gold, some doing it with beauty and worth attracting the other way? Your own Miss Olivia for example."

"Has a baronet at her feet," she interrupted, smiling.

"And society as well," he added, "because of the baronet and, I may say it, because of yourself. She was obscure enough before, with all her vaunted beauty and goodness."

"Not vaunted goodness," said Nano in a tone of joy and cutting reproach.

"I beg your pardon, as I'm getting warm and the expression was not intended. But in reason, my dear Miss Nano, what comparison can there be between the comfort and dignity of wealth with rank, and the possession of mere beauty, whether of character or form?"

"You will force me to discuss the question," she said, still smiling, "when I wish to listen to the music and look at my friends below. In reason, my dear doctor, what is the use in going to the opera if you do not go to enjoy it? I am tired of these endless discourses which please the blue-stockings and culture-dried fossils of our circle to indulge in. I must find relief from them here, at least."

She smiled at Olivia, who was making a sly pantomime expression of pretty disapproval of the attentions of Sir Stanley. Dr. Killany was baffled but not subdued. He had been leading her diplomatically up to the matter of his intrigue, but on the very threshold had turned and fled. It was vexatious, and he smiled. Shortly after the curtain went up and there was nothing to be said until the end of the second act.

The music of the opera was thrilling and melancholy. Nano listened with moistened eyes and throbbing heart. A fierce longing seized upon her to pierce the very depths of the weird, mysterious strains, and find whence they drew their life and essence. An agonized desire to be filled with more of life and beauty than she had ever enjoyed raced her heart and brain, and she lay back trembling, and would have wept and sobbed out her anguish had she been alone. The feeling was not unknown to her. She had experienced it often enough to suffer it with patience and to control it within the bounds of moderation. But it puzzled her much the more when it came to her depression of mind for days afterwards.

The doctor never removed his eyes from her face, though he appeared to be as deeply engaged as she in listening to scenes and harmonies. With calm persistence he returned to his point when the curtain went down the second time.

"He remained cunningly silent until whenever she appeared. 'A woman of culture' was a phrase which the higher grade of society had by heart. In itself the phrase had no meaning for most people, but when pointed with direct allusion to a beauty, a genius, and an heiress, it embraced all that was desirable in the universe. Nano knew the impression which she created, and glowed in it; and in the beauty whose Giver she denied, in the genius whose inspiration was to her a superstition, in the wealth and rank which her father had sinned to provide. This vanity was a weakness she could not but feel, but a weakness only in its expression, her philosophy or absurdity said. She was a fair mistress of her countenance and manner. Generally they expressed only what she willed, and a cold, indifferent exterior hid the flames that society thought quite extinguished. Not entirely were they concealed from the keen eyes of Killany. His medical education and training enabled him to detect charges of color or manner unperceived by shrewd ordinary observers, and he had already caught the close to points in her disposition which she considered secret."

"You are evading the question, Miss McDonnell."

"Well, then, I shall not desert my standard. I will not lose poverty."

"And suppose that the alternatives were poverty or loss of your good name? I anticipate your answer."

"I shall not make any, sir. The question is not to be put at all."

"Good, very good," he said, with a sinister, familiar smile, forgetting in his eagerness the customary etiquette; "such an answer is invaluable to any one; to you above all others invaluable at this particular time."

She looked up in cool amazement at these pointed but incomprehensible words.

"You speak riddles, doctor."

"They are easily solved, Miss Nano," said he, still smiling, still forgetful of the presence of her manner. "You will soon have the chance of testing the practical working of your sentiment. Beauty is nobility and wealth, since you stand yourself very close to poverty and actual disgrace."

To the fact that his words were flippant and coarsely uttered she paid more attention than to their meaning.

"I am hard to be understood yet," she said, with her eyes looking straight into his; "but there is something in the impertinence of your manner."

In an instant he was all-potent and was inwardly cursing himself for his foolish oversight.

"You have mistaken bitterness of feeling for that of which I could never be guilty. I beg a thousand pardons for what I say since I must speak plain terms. You stand as close to poverty, and perhaps shame, as could be desired. The wealth which your father enjoys is not all his own, and, being at heart and by birth a Catholic, he is dreaming of restoring it to those whom he has wronged. Do you comprehend now, Miss McDonnell?"

"Perfectly," she answered, and her doubt and suspicion of him sounded loudly in the word. "If it be true, I begin to comprehend much more than was hitherto a mystery to me. Candidly, I believe that you are deceived or insane."

Neither, he replied vehemently. "I have known it for some years, and the fact has been long profitable to me. It purchased me your father's favor, which otherwise I never could have obtained. Having that, I had everything this city could afford. We are related by blood, of course, but these are ties which never disturbed the narrow current of his generosity. If you do not believe me you may ask him; it is yet in your own power to avert. He hesitates in his plans because of you. Once break the ice, once give him your encouragement, and you will be left by a stroke of the pen in comparative need."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she said, laughing. It was a harsh laugh and seemed too incredible, and yet his earnestness made her shiver as if with cold. Killany had cunningly magnified the circumstances, in order to impress her more powerfully.

"I cannot understand why you should invent such a tale, doctor; and as you are not insane I shall believe that you have been deceived in some manner. Or is it a development of your cynical and ungalant theories against the power of worth and beauty? Or are you cruelly trying me? You cannot change my opinion; and as to my feelings, they are not in the least disturbed. My hands are not cold, nor my pulse slow, nor my face pale, when, according to the approved fashion, I should be in an interesting and exciting swoon."

"This is trifling," said Killany gravely. "I cannot treat you as a child who will not believe in the approach of a misfortune which she cannot understand. Your eyes will be opened only too suddenly when the veil has fallen upon you. Your father's late illness was the first shock of a conclusion which may yet, and very soon, destroy him. In his sickness you will discover the truth of my information, but it will then be too late. He will have lost his property to strangers or to the poor, and you will be a pauper."

This was stating the case in rather strong terms, but the curtain was rising and the doctor was growing desperate. She at last felt conviction stealing upon her, and a hand of ice seemed to close round her heart and to smother its beatings. Poverty at last! Outwardly she remained calm. It had come so slowly and so gradually as not to surprise her, and her command of herself was admirable.

"I believe you," she said suddenly. "And I will go home."

"He would have persuaded her to remain until the end of the performance, but she was determined. He rose and entered the box to turn on the gas. A page was just opening the door.

"Servant, sir," the boy said, bowing. "But I was to inform the lady that her father had been taken dangerously ill, and the carriage is waiting outside."

The eloquent look was exchanged between Nano and the doctor. Coming so soon after their conversation this intelligence had a fearful significance. They left the theatre hastily and in silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Last Christmas on Earth.

"Go to the hospice for Christmas Day." These were my orders, and not a little aggrieved did I feel on receiving them from the chief, a man who knows how to say what he means with the smallest outlay of words. So, of necessity, I found myself a little after noon within the gates of "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying," Dublin, accompanied by a very small amount of knowledge concerning the institution. Past the school where a great many children are taught daily and where factory girls are taught nightly by the sisters of the Order, and along the broad avenue, I reached the house itself, a spacious building which had served, prior to its new purpose, as the novitiate of the congregation. On enquiring for the lady superior I was shown into a large, bright reception room to the right, where comfort, elegance and cleanliness were vying with one another. I had just time to observe the gaiety of holly and ivy visible around—that the furniture bore a polish to be attained only within convent walls—when the Reverend Mother, as she is more familiarly called, entered. At once through the place, and she gave me some information I needed. It was to this effect: For a long time the Sisters of Charity were anxious to shelter, comfort, and care for the dying for whom there was no hope, and for whom, consequently, the ordinary hospital was not meant. So, as soon as ever it was within their power, they opened this institution, mainly intending it for the lonely poor; but, all the same, not prepared to shut the door against any class, any creed, or any country. Already pre-disposed in favor of the institution from having its aim thus clearly put before me, I started to make the round, escorted by the Reverend Mother herself. "The patients' visitors are in the room now," she remarked; "not, indeed, that we ever refuse visitors, for here we must be extra tender and considerate; but this hour on Sunday is devoted to the coming and going of the friends. Christmas is the most trying day of the year to them, being

THE LAST CHRISTMAS ON EARTH FOR THOSE

THEY LOVE

—perhaps a parent or child, or nearer still, a husband or wife, but to those within it is a glad day, for they will see next Christmas they spend will be with God in heaven." She led the way, and I followed her—followed her steps, not her faith, for I could not yet realize that a last Christmas could be a day of gladness.

At the end of a passage we came to the door of the room where the patients were lying. The girl I followed entered the air of the room, and behind me I stepped in. The sense of hearing could it be possible, was in the hospice for the dying? And when we went into the ward we saw a musical box on the table half at work, and the sister in charge told us it was a source of the greatest pleasure to the poor sufferers. The ward is a fine room, well lighted, well aired and well heated. Along both walls are arranged the poorest and simplest of white curtained beds, about eight on each side, I would say at a rough guess. They were nearly all occupied, and the owners of those that were not, might have been seen elsewhere in the ward—at the fire, or near the attractive musical box. From bed to bed we went, and think you we found any of the clinging to life which makes it

NO HARD, THEY SAY, TO DIE

—any of the revolt against the Divine decree which some might think natural under such circumstances? Not in one single instance. Sorrow and sighs, alas! were there, but at the bedside only. The weariness of the sick couch was softened away by resignation and marvellous peace. It alarmed me, the quiet of the sufferers; it saddened me with the awe of a great mystery. Approaching one young lad, on whose face far gone consumption was plainly written, my guide told me he had been a student in France—a student for the priesthood—who had come back to die. "He meant," she said, "to work in the vineyard here, but God wants him above, so he is going gladly." A smile played over his face, making his eyes brighter than they ever were, and he

ening the hectic flush. I asked him in what part of la belle France he had been, and faintly I saw, rather than heard, the word Avignon on his lips. "You are longing to go, my poor—?" the nun said—oh, so kindly, addressing him by his Christian name. He tried to speak, and the Sister of Charity bent over him. "Whenever it is God's will" was the answer which almost spent his strength.

"HOME WITH GOD NEXT CHRISTMAS DAY, surely," she said, in a low voice, and the light of hope passed over the poor fellow's face. In the bed next lay a man advanced in years dying of the same disease. Some friends were watching, not speaking to him. What could they say? Turning to the reverend mother, she whispered, "Better and easier." We knew it was the ease and improvement which comes to the worn-out life before the end, like the flicker to the dying flame. An old inmate sitting by the fire told me he was thirteen months in the hospice, and was a great times "on the point of being off with the chest." This was one of his good days, he stated, but still he was bad enough. If he was anything like as well as—there in bed, it's out dancing on the floor he'd be! Yes, he liked the music-box real well, cause it had some airs he knew. "Auld Lang Syne," suggested quite a youth, who was sitting beside the old man; such a handsome youth, with large, soft, black eyes. "Consumption, too; in fact, nearly all are pulmonary cases here," was the answer I received to my inquiry. So we left the ward with the music, faint and sweet still trembling on the air, and the holly and ivy lending a festive decoration to the place.

YOUNG MEN WHO SHOULD BE STRONG

—If God willed—the (force of that clause I have learnt now and for ever) were dying; breadwinners were dying, and yet all were resigned. By the old, by the long-suffering, we might expect to find a welcome given to death, but not, as we found it here, by those who were called with their hands full of unfinished work, with families depending on them. This thought struck me as we left the room. I could not see clearly how it was the Sisters of Charity were able, except through a special gift, to teach so thoroughly, when it was most difficult to learn; "Not my will, O Lord, but thine."

Mounting a flight of stairs we came to the part of the hospice devoted to women. In the first ward we found a young girl of 18 in bed. Her face was absolutely joyous as the Reverend Mother greeted her with a loving kiss. On her countenance were scattered Christmas cards, and beside her, on a stand, were books and little presents. She looked so happy that I doubted if anything could add to her peace of mind and heart. The empty bed next held a poor lying child until it was thought well to remove her home.

THE "LET OF THE HOUSE"

as the happy girl was called, into a larger ward. Saying goodbye to her we followed the nun into St. Joseph's Ward adjoining. It seemed to me full, and it was a long room. Near the door, what a sight! A little girl—for what else is a girl of fifteen?—was dying hard and fast! At one side of the deathbed the poor mother was wringing her hands in despair, and talked wildly between the gasps of suppressed sobs; on the other side two brothers were crying away pitiously. The child herself, a more delicate, with wandering eyes, and mouth open, while the spasms of breath almost lifted her up as they came and went. The Reverend Mother noisily drew near her, and, taking the wasted frame-work of a hand in hers, spoke out clearly, "A little while longer, dear, and then with God for ever. No pain in heaven. Always God. But the earth-mother sobbed all the more bitterly when the sister asked her would she grudge dear — to the angels for Christmas night. Poor thing! she was only an earth-mother, and nature is strong there. Close by, in the next bed lay a dying woman completely blind, and beyond her others and others, one of whom, old and near release,

ASKED ME WHY I LOOKED SO SAD.

there was nothing to fret for there. The very welcome presence of a convalescent met our eyes in this ward. There was hope for her, they said, when she entered, and there now she was, talking of being soon back in the world. Not far from her a sufferer was evidently in deep trouble. Her face was turned to two men, husband and son, sitting by the bed. On sympathizing with her the poor creature told us, said, tale. She had just heard that her son-in-law, from whom she was expecting a visit, was buried in the morning. He was with her, and heartily, last Sunday, met with an accident the day after, and now was in Glasnevin. His wife and two children were left behind, with no one to support them but the grand-father, and he had six children—there was no need to count herself as one—and that made nine, with not half enough of work, God help them. The story was sad, Heaven knows, and the trial too great, one might be tempted to say; yet, with a few words of comfort timely spoken, the poor patient was able to smother, "I'll try to bear it; I'll try. All the time the two men sat motionless, not even raising their eyes. How these Sisters of Charity know what to say and do

WHEN WE EXPERIENCED IN THE WORLD,

are dumb and at our wits' end. As we left St. Joseph's I glowed again at the dying child. She was supported in the tender arms of a sister, who was moistening the parched lips with a sponge. It was near, very near home now. A child crept over me, and my heart ached for the sorrow at the bedside. I knew the mercy of Death would be a great relief to the little one, but a child's last Christmas here—how is it enough for me to help them, more than the shedding of life's blood. One more ward, St. Raphael's. There asleep in bed, was a patient, and sitting by the fire were three others; who was nearest the other world was brightest. It was long coming she said, but why complain it was coming—that was certain. She was always gay, she told me, and would have the laugh to the very end. What was the use of being God's will meaning and groaning! Indeed, she was ashamed of herself for having cried that morning in chapel at the *Adieu*. It was so said, it always brought the tears down. She didn't know what was said about it. Her husband would be with her in the evening. I asked, had she children. "Yes, two," she

THIS YOUNG, EMACIATED WIFE AND MOTHER, was more than I could comprehend. As happy, as full of life, apparently, as if God had given her a lease in perpetuity of both happiness and breath, and yet that was the last Christmas Day she would ever shed tears at the *Adieu*. The other two inmates smiled as she spoke so cheerfully to us, and one of them said: "What I fully believe—that she was much worse than she pretended to be. Passing back through the corridor, from St. Joseph's Ward, came the voices of the sisters reciting the Litany for the Dying, and of the mourners responding through the choking sobs. (At four o'clock it was well over with the little child on earth. She had her wish—Christmas night with God and the angels.) A visit to the private rooms for paying patients, the warmest greetings from them all, and the gentlest resignation everywhere. Thus ended our rounds. Can I tell what "our rounds" brought me? Hardly. I know that then for the first time I felt the wonder that I but existed so long unaware of this piling love, which, like a beacon, shows a pathway through the night of Death; unaware of the submission which this same love inspires around it, unaware that the last CHRISTMAS COULD BE MADE SO VERY, VERY

HAPPY

by the lessons of faith, the rewards of hope, the Sisters of Charity, I had gone refusing to believe that the last Christmas could be one of joy. I cannot say I was convinced that not only was it one of joy, but of a joy with far more heaven in it than earth. Thanking my kind guide I turned homeward, and as I walked along I tried to enumerate the works of charity performed by the Sisters of this Order. They were to be found alleviating sorrow, relieving pain and effacing sin, in St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's green; in the Conventual Home, Stillorgan; the Magdalen Asylum, Donnybrook; the Children's Hospital, Temple Street; St. Monica's Home for aged Matrons, Grenville Street; the Blind Asylum, Merrion; Stanhope Street Training Schools and Home; Gardiner Street Schools for the Poor; through the back streets, in the tenements of the neglected and castaway; and, above all, in the Hospice, Harold's Cross. With this limitless field of action before me, my heart rose in gratitude on behalf of the city of Dublin, and I gave glory to God in the highest for the noble Sisters of Charity whom He has placed in our midst.

RESULTS OF PROTESTANT TEACHING.

From the Sydney Express.

1. The moral, intellectual and educational state of the lower orders in England is the lowest in the scale I have ever witnessed—quite on a par with that of the savage, and sometimes even below it.—Dr. Shaw.

2. We have a great human sink in every great town reeking out crime, disease, and disloyalty; there are thousands in England in a far worse plight than the serfs in Russia, the slaves in Africa, and the negroes in America.—Mr. Grogan.

3. In Edinburgh, in two or three generations, Protestant Christianity will be substantially put down. Drunkenness, infidelity, and Sabbath breaking are all on the increase.—Mr. Gail.

4. Every body knows what thousands of hate prevail among Protestants; they forget their temporary brotherhood, and fall into the old practice of assailing their neighbors.—Rev. Mr. Frothingham.

5. If there is any positive Christian truth, the Roman Church is its only witness.—Westminster Review.

6. The Catholic Church is the only safe-guard of liberty in Prussia, and the more encroachments of the State.—Loring.

7. The number of Protestant theological students in Germany is diminishing so rapidly that it is found difficult to fill the vacancies among the Protestant clergy.—Cologne Gazette.

8. The Protestants soon learned to despise that great edict of Nantes by which their liberties were secured. They were not content to exercise their own religion, unless they could also trouble the religion of others. * * * The Catholics in France (the enormous majority) displayed a spirit of forbearance and a Christian charity to which the Protestants could make no pretence. * * * If the Protestants had carried the day, the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable; they would have revived those religious persecutions which they had already attempted to enforce, and would have put a stop to the acquisition of all real knowledge.—Buckle, "Hist. of Civ."

9. They are very bad Christians, but excellent Protestants.—Hugh Miller.

10. The Prussians are regarded as one of the most enlightened of nations, who had invented a religion of his own, with the object of fusing Calvinists and Lutherans, commanded all his Protestant subjects to adopt it. Troops were quartered on the peasants, and thousands fled to America. Catholicism is the only barrier at present in Prussia against a general and delusory despotism of the State over mind and action.—Loring, "Notes of a Traveller."

11. Germany is now without a creed and without a free press.—Mayhew.

12. Any thoughtful man must cease to respect the Reformers in proportion to the extent of his reading. They appealed to the ignorant. Advanced thinkers are learning to esteem them less and less—the artistic feelings of Protestants are hurt by its purely transitional character.—Hallam, Froide, Anthropological Review.

13. Whatever is good in the New Zealand existed in him before our missionaries arrived, and these virtues are fading away under their assumed Christianity. The only fruit of Protestant teaching is to convert the native into an infidel.—Trotter.

Father is Getting Well.

My daughter says, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he uses Hop Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Union Herald*.

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There troublesome complaints may be speedily cured by Hagen's Yellow Oil, the great Rheumatic remedy, which, as an external application and as an internal remedy has a wider range of usefulness than any similar preparation in the world. All druggists sell it, 25c.