### THE LAST MASS

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Porhaps the reverend mother does not wish us to enter the closter? gaid one of the civil magnetrates with an ironical smile. This was the head of the district, a man too well known

the nuns.

"Our rule does n. t permit us to
adamt persons not belonging to our
community," roplied the moil r
colimly, "but we must yield to force,
and so saying she handed the keys to

and so saying she handed the keys to the colonel.

The penderous gate was flung open and the officers murched in the electron of their swords resounding through the peaceful cloister. A body of coldiers, who had been standing in the background and who were fully armed, gathered round the front door. The mostler superior summended the community to the refectory, where they stood in silence beside her.

"Are they all here "asked the colonic sharply, as he entered with his suite, searcely be wine his head by way of salutation.
"All, swo three sisters who are too ill to come downstairs."

"Soud for them directly," he replied.

plied

i. But they are bad-ridden!' "Then bring them down in their beds, or I will send my soldiers up to fetch them."

beds, or I will send my soldiers up to fetch them. There was nothing to be done. The colonel calmly it his eight mother bed he poor methor tent up to supern tend the moving of the invalids. Such add said nothing to Sister Eustachia, who was so old and ill that she had feared the shock would kill her. But to her surprise, she found her caim and ready.

"Do not be afraid, dear mother!" sue oxisimed; "I know all. I no convent is to be closed and we are all to be sent away, and the officers want me to come down stairs; is it not so! The superior replied, "But who told you?"

me to come down stairs; is it not so!

The superior replied, "But who told you?"

"No one," answered Sister Eustachia smilling, her pale face rituminated with a supernatural glow. "Do you think that no messages can be given save by human lips? I cannot walk, it is true, but I can be brought down. So saying, she prepared to dress, the mother helping her, and two of the lay sisters infed her on to an armehair and prepared to carry her down stairs. "Take care, in God's namn!" exclaimed the superior as they steeped out on the dark and rotten staircase. "Dout be afraid, dear mother!" enswered Sister Eustachia "Nothing will happen to me to-day and to-morrow is not far off."

The poor mother had more difficulty with Sister Salitia, who would not move, "All this is a farce!" she exclaimed. "I will not leave my cell. If this colonel wants to see me let him come up here? Not being in her right mind, the superior left her, pondering anxiously as to what she should asy to explain her absence

let him come up here? Not being in her right mind, the superior lefther, pondering auxiously as to what ahe should say to explain her absence But to hei mense relief, when she returned to the refectory, she found the colonel standing opposite Sister Eustachia with a troubled and agitted face, while the sister was gazing at him sterdily, with that same supernatural light on her countenance which she had had up stairs. What she had said to him the mother never knew; but his manner was completely shauged. "If I had known?". he whispered, and then, to cover his evident confusion, began fumbling in his pockets and drew out a paper with the government s als, which he gan to read in a trembling voice. The paper decreed the closing of the convent and church, and the immediate of dispersion of the nuns. It was added that "out of extreme benevoices" they were to choose between being interned in a convent with other nuns of different orders under the guard of police authorities, or

other nuns of different orders under the guard of pulse authorities, or being sent abroad to another country, with the strict prohibition of setting their feet egain in their native hand. The superior answered: "We choose the latter course, which I ac-cept in the name of the community. When must we leave our convent?"

"To-morrow at noon," replied the

solcnel.
"May we assist at our usual daily

hesisated for a moment and said: "Yee, if it be a Low Muss remember, any infringement of order will be visited on the priest in the dean, whom I ordered to sere to morrow morning. So do, no claimting, no lights, no bells, demonstrations!"

The Mother ventured to reply But we cannot have Mass withou

"Yery well. Two candles; not more, remember!" exclaimed the Colonel, who had resumed his disagreeable manner; and then turning to one of the civil magistrates he added: "Sond the chaptain here disagnees the color of the color added: "Sond the chaptain here directly. I must arrange over thing with him; otherwise we shall have a row. As for you, ladies, I repeat that I will have no demonstrations, no scenes." His eye shone, once more, cold and hard as steel.

cold and hard as steel.

"We are not in the habit of msking scenes, replied the Mother Superior with dignity, and would have added more; but Sister Eustachia interrupted the and, lon king at the Colonat bear and, lon king at the Colonat steadily, said: "Do not be afraid, my son; our Mother has spoken truly."

No disturbance will arise from us.

God alone may do so we are in His hands for life and death Blos spilled as site applee, and the Colonel, visibly troubled once more, rose insettly and loft their fectory with the rest, while the Sister mariaured Yes, the the Sister mariaured "Yes, the

nost?"

The last morning dawned. It was a most lovely day, never had the whole place looked more bright and beautiful. But how was it that the news of the closing of the clurch and convent got about in the neighbor hood? No me could tolt, but the fact remained that from the first minent of daylight every road and iane and path leading to the spot was thronged with people. Peasants in their white or brown coats, Cracow caps or straw lats, when and girls in their Sanday clothes, people in smart carrayes, in one horse gigs or humble caris, came steahily and slowly on in perfect silence, with bon hoads and said laces as it to a funeral, and very soon filled every nook and corner of the great court; sard in front the church, although the soldiers, who had been quartered there diving the night, tried to keep them back At six o'clock the church was opened, and the flood began to sweep in calmi) and take their places by the confessionals, where the doan, who had arrived the night before, and the church where their own and their flock. Every one wanted to receive absolution for the last time in the church where their own and their flather' and forefathers' prayers had been offered for three or four hundred years. But even in this matter there was no undue haste or pressure, only when the deen stood up once or twee auxiously and made a sign to the chaplain to begin Mass, a sob and a cry burst forth from the kneeling or own and they when the love of God, Father, wait! Oh, wait! We also want so much to go to confession—for the last last time: "And the pop priest reseated hunself and bent his head once more towards his penitents.

So the hours wont by. It was near noon when the Colonel arrived, accompanied by the civil magistrates and two younger officers. Six soldiers miscused before him through the confessional and went to moet them. The Colonel angrity pulled out his watch and held it under the doan's

"The Mass ought to have been said "The Mass ought to have been said at nine o'clock," he exclaimed in a sharp voice. "You are responsible for this delay and for this cowd of people also. Did I not forbid you to tell anybody that the church was going to be closed, or to advertise the fact anywhere?"

"But, Colonel!" humbly replied the dean, who was rather wanting in

fact anywhere?

"But, Colonel!" humbly replied the dean, who was rather wanting in moral courage, "it is not my fault. No living soul heard of it from me. The chaplain only delayed a little because there was so many people coming to confession that they really would not let us pass."

"What! Not let you pass?" re plied the Colonel. "That is sheer disobedience, revolt! I will summon my men at once!"

"No, no; God forbid! exclaimed the terrined priest. "Only, such numbers came to confession and we had not priess enough. Would the

and you gave me my first communion," said another. "And you married

and you gave me my first communion," said another. "And you married us exclaimed a turd, and on children were burned by you." Though tassed his hands and his cassook, and did their untook to keep him back, but in spite of his tottering gait, for the tears were pouring down his face and half blinding him, he went on toward the sacristy, the dean supporting him and holding his arm.

"Courage, father, courage, he whispored." It is God's holy will." I know," mournfully replied the poor old man; but it is a heavy cross. For five and forty years I have served this alter and know all these poor people, and I hope to have died amongst them and been buried by them!

The poor nuns behind their curtain knew nothing of what war passing in the church. Everything had been ready for departure by break of day; their poor little parcols of clustures were all packed, and they themselves were kneeling in their stalls for the last time. Even Sister Eustchis was there. Even Sister Eustchis was thore. She sat in her arm chair propped up with pillows, with her white veil thrown off her pale but still beautiful face. Her head reated on the back of her chair, and her eyes were closed. One might have interesting the was still praying. The Office had been long since said—even Vespers, as before a journey—and then they waited patiently for the last Mass.

According to the colone's orders only two candles had been lighted, and as he had insisted on having the keys of the organ loft and belify tower brought to him, there was no music and no bells.

Trembling and faint, with bent head and streaming eyes, the vouerable old priest at last emerged from the sacristy. There were only a few steps from thence to the dater, but they seemed too much for him and he staggered under the weight of the heavy embroidered chasuble which the nuns had been forced to include in the inventory and to leave behind, on account of the fine pearls with which it had been ornamented. Tears blinded his sight, and he would have fallen had not the dean been at hand to su

the dean, who was rather wanting in moral coursqo, "it is not my fault. No living soul heard of it from me. The chaplain only delayed a little because there was so many people coming to confession that they really would not let us pass."

"What! Not let you pass?" replied the Colonel, "That is sheer disabedience, revolt! I will summon my men at once!"

"No, no; God forbid!" exclaimed the terrined priest. "Only, such numbers came to confession and we had not priests enough. Would the Colonel permit me to send for another?"

"What! make the demonstration greater, the seandal more wide-sproad?" furtiously responded the officer. "Is it not had enough as is? You are responsible for the whole thing. Why did you go not the confessional at all? Dulf send you here for that? Your business was to make and sign the inventory, to take away what, was yours, and to shut the church. But you are all alike, all robusts and conspirators!"

The poor dean murmured, "Shall I tell the chaplain to begin Mass?"

"You had better, and that quick by "replied the colonel, who had worked himself into a perfect fever and was putting angrely at his moust sache. Thee, using out his watch out the people by force and shut up the church. But you are all alike, all robusts and the server when and how was to be banished from that span, he cried: "If he dees not be gain, he was the strong, "Quick, father, quick" in the server when the server were been said before, and now must be celebrated into any the confessional where the chaplain was still situag. "Quick, father, quick" it is absolutely necessary? Look at the gase poor people. There are so must have any still was true to the heart was not the four close the church as one seem and force his way through the keeling there are not so the confessional where the chaplain and solve the confessional where the chaplain to see heary

cotts and stole. Then the dean, drawing near to the gratings, opened them wide, and the poor nune, with their long mantles and voils covering thor long mantles and voils overing their faces, stopped out from the shelter which had harbored them for so many years and strove to make their way strough the church. But then it was not a cob but a loud cry which ourst from the assembled crowd as they realized that they were losing for ever those faithful servants of GoA, to whom they had been used to come in all their troubles and wants and neces sities. They gathered round them, kessing their hands and their clothes. Mothors lifted up their children that they might see them once more. All were mingling blessings and tears with their farowells.

were mingling blessings and tears with their farowells.

"O roverend mother! what shall we do without you?" cried one. "Unlappy orphans that we shall be exclaimed another. "Who will compose to the state of the content of the content of the country of the countr

The younger men elemented their fists and muttered angry, furious

words.

Be caim—for the love of God, be calm!" excessmed the venerable mother. "You can do us no good. You will only bring misery on yourselves and your families. Resistance is hopeless. We must submit to God's

less. We must submit to God's will."
Silence followed this speech; but danger was in the air, and the colonul saw it. He was deadly pale, and pulling the dean towards him by the sleeve of his surplice, and angrily: "You are responsible for all this; you misted on this Mass; you have ordered this demonstration; now we are on the eve of open revolt. I shall give orders to fire. End this scandalous scene at once, or otherwise I will an swer for nothing. And as for you, "You will probably take a long journey north," added the district officer, with his cruel smile. But the deam's courage had come back."

But the dean's courage had come back.

"You cannot frighten me by threat ening me with the longest journey. colonel," he calmly replied. "God is everywhere, and we are in his hands. I am ready to accept his divine will, but I cannot take the responsibility for what may happen here. I know nothing of the intention of all tiese poor paople to come to-day; but it is not I that have filled their hearts with bittenness till they are ready to burst. It is not I that have filled their hearts with bittenness till they are ready to burst. It is not I who have wounded them in all that they hold most dear—their faith—their church—their conscience..."

spans the people, and began to speak:

The colonel sprang towards him, crying out: "I forbid you to preach!

Be silent, or I shall arrest you at once for insubordination!"

Valu threat! The moving crowde near the officers were at once turned to stone and stood round them, mensing in looks but perfectly silent, only firm and hard as a rock. No one touched or even pressed upon them; but they were enclosed as in a living wall, without the possibility of moving. In vain the colonel shouted: "Let me pass! Make room, in the name of the Cz irl l'il teach you!..."

The crowd was mute, but did not move. "This old priest shall answer for all!" sersmend he, gnashing his teeth.

"I sat it he, sir." "said the dean, turn

teeth.
"Let it be, sir," said the dean, turn "Last it ba, sir," said the dean, turn ing towards him. "Father Vincenti is above the fear of human tribunds. It would be better that you should pray to God that it may end as it is. Do not hinder him—his task is did cutt enough as it is." The colonel stared at him in porfect astonishment at his boldness.

stared at him in perfect astomishment at his boldness.

"Yes," continued the dean, "one word more from you may act as a spark in a ton of guspowder. Liok at the faces of the people around you—they are inundrede, you but a handful!"

The colonel seized the dean by tastim. "You are responsible," he whispered. "I will do nothing but what you destre. But try and provent any rising,... I feel as if an outbreak were imminent."
"Do not fear," sorrywfally answered

were imminent."
"Do not fear," sorrowfally answered the dean; "there will be no catastrophe if you will let them alone. I know this people well. They are full of faith and love, and have patience enough; but do not trespass on it too far. Do not press your point now; I

# )ANGERS OF SPRING

Chudren die in the spring. Chudren die in the spring. Blotches bloom in the spring. Boils break out in the spring. Vonen weaken in the spring. Boils break out in the spring.
Women weaken in the spring
Men lose energy in the spring.
Pumples protrude in the spring.
Old people suffer in the spring.
Maharia is deadly in the spring.
La Greppe spreads in the spring.
Doctors' bulls grow in the spring.
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could not answer for the consequences!"

The colonol's face paled and he was silent, feeling that the dean was right, All faces were turned now towards the old priest, whose vices at first was feeble but then rose stronger and stronger tull it flied the whole church, white every non-latened in breas liess astenoe. He spoke of the old times, whose vices at first was feeble but then rose stronger and stronger tull it flied the whole church, whose the passage of the contrable Abbess Dorouhea, whom the charter had rassed in heart of the beautiful bre-pulse and schools the passage of the contrable Abbess Dorouhea, whom the charter of the form and healy the heart of the heart of the form and healy the heart of the form a heart of the heart

insure your own salvation, but in the balance of his justice may turn the scales and bring rescue likewise to your persecuted brethren in our nativo land."

land.

The mus koelt on the altar steps in sient prayer. A profound silence porvaded the whole church. Then the mother abless rose with her sisters and began walking slowly down the nielo to the great door at the west end. She was struck by the terrified look of the colones as and the west end. She was struck by the terrified look of the colone as a the draw near him who was evidently staring at something behind her, and also at the expression of the deau's face who stood by him. Sue turned round and in the midst of her ouns, who had suddenly stopped she saw Sater Extential, seated in her arm chair, carried by two lay sisters, as before, with a wonderful brightnosaround her head and the sweetest of stides on her white lips, while her cycs seemed fixed and glazed.

Before she could go back to her, the colonel had groung forward and setzed her arm; the haud fell back cold and lifeless.

"Good Cit II ber words have come nd." The nuns knelt on the altar steps

"Good G at I her words have come true, he exclaimed, and visibly shud-dered.

"What is it? What has happen-"What is it? What has happen-ed?" everybody began to ask. The poor mother surperior had now reach ed the setter's chair, and kneeling by her, softly closed her eyes, kissed by her, and lowered her veit. One by one the

Carleton.

Good for Trade.—The well-known Sandy Wood, surgeon, of Eliaburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal, not above twelve years of age, breaking every window he called reach, with as much industry as it he had been doing the most commandable action in the world. E reaged at this mischiorous disposition, Sandy seazed him by the caller, and asked him what he meant by the caller, and asked him what he meant by the destroying the honest peoples windows. "Winy, it's all for the good of trade, is of trade in the standard of trade, in a glazier." "All for the good of trade, in 1,7 said Saudy, raising his came, and breaking the bey's head. "There, then, that's for the good of my trade. I am a surgeon."



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