

Father Lemoile's Helper

Father Lemoile looked and felt discouraged; his kindly face had lost its usual brightness—but, then what would you have? He was a young priest and found Endicott a hard town to handle. His Hibernian sheep and those of French-Canadian birth had small influence in the community—which was overwhelmingly Protestant—and worse than all, disturbed the fold with energetic attacks on one another. The effort to quell dissension had been too great for him—his last spark of enthusiasm seemed dead within him, as if only its funeral remained; so he now brought his great bundle of troubles to the palace and flung it desperately at the Bishop's feet.

The genial prelate did not fail to sympathize. He had seen similar bundles—many of them! In fact, a shadow of perturbation bedimmed his own placidity as he listened. "Yes, my son," he murmured softly, answering the last worry in Father Lemoile's catalogue. "The woes of the poor! I know them! I do understand! They come surging up in endless waves at our feet day by day and they do wear out our nerves and make us feel helpless. We are but human ourselves; our best efforts, save for the Christ help, end in pure failure."

"Yet we must try," urged Father Lemoile, "and keep on trying. We cannot go by on the other side, like the Levite in our Lord's story of the good Samaritan."

"The unlucky man who fell among thieves did get help at last," said the Bishop, with one of his rare smiles. "The parable is cheering after all. The aid came, too, from a most unexpected quarter. The spirit of God had been at work silently moulding the heart of that poor Samaritan, we may reverently imagine, for many long years, perhaps till it wrought in him that wondrous growth of Christian charity which has breathed its sweetness through the parable for ages since. It may be working now, silently, my son, somewhere in your own parish, though you know it not."

"It may be—God grant it!" murmured the young clergyman. "The help that is done upon earth He doth it Himself."

Father Lemoile was brightening a little. The Bishop had an uncommon faculty for cheering the downhearted. His genial face held strength and help in every line of it. A silence ensued, during which the clouds before the young priest were imperceptibly growing thinner; he could feel the sun-glow behind them trying to struggle through.

Then the Bishop put a direct question: "In that parish of yours, my son, are you at work with both hands?"

Stephen Lemoile was puzzled. What could his superior mean?

"I will explain," pursued the Bishop, cordially answering his look.

"You are struggling with the needs of the poor and they overwhelm you. But you are not swimming with one hand? How about your well-to-do sheep? Are there none among them whom you could use in this matter, to your own great relief and the salvation of their own souls? Are not the rich and cultured people your other hand? Try making use of it—all that may be possible. Then come back and see me again."

The Bishop rose, and Father Lemoile saw the interview was over. He had it on the tip of his tongue to say that his little parish had no such element to lay hold of, but he remembered the Asquiths and the good professor. How could he forget all they had done? Had they not saved Arthur Osborne from a downfall of despair? What a nice piece of Lenten work that had been only last spring. And now in his turn Arthur himself was up and doing. But these two or three people—the old spirit of disengagement was now lifting its head anew—what were they, he said to himself, among so many?

No, counting closely, there were not more than half a dozen well-to-do people on whom he could really depend. The Healeys, to be sure, and the O'Callaghans, with Bridgeman Donovan, who had a tidy sum in the bank, and Peter McCabe. But the Bishop had said "people of culture."

Poor Peter and Bridgeman! They were miles away from answering such inconsiderate demand. His thoughts flew to Miss Dormer, who was lovely enough to make the wicked world love her wherever she went. But she was away now doing charity work in New York—he did wish she would come back. Well, perhaps she would some day. Meanwhile there was Elizabeth Vandervere.

He uttered the name with a quiver of hesitation. He was a little afraid of her. The culture, beauty—for she was beautiful—and elegance that surrounded her like an atmosphere dazzled and disturbed the shy priest, used to the ways of his plain parishioners. Not that Miss Vandervere refused church duty—not at all! She opened her purse when required and obeyed Church regulations. But though among his flock, she was not of them. Her heart, her real life, were elsewhere. She had her recognized sphere in the great world outside of Endicott; she had only come thither for temporary rest and mountain air; therefore, her religious ties lay outside of St. Vincent's. How could he "work with both hands" when the work itself was very rough, and the other hand so white and flashing with diamonds?

He smiled at the incongruity. Miss Dormer's lovely simplicity he could approach and work hand in hand with. It never repelled him—in point of fact, rather soothed his cares and drew him near in a modest, daughterly way. But Miss Vandervere's splendors, her coolness and knowledge of society, her broad touch in dealing with all things, startled and overawed him. His heart sank. How could he expect her to aid in his sordid struggle with poverty and narrowness at St. Vincent's?

So he went on worrying. It was his besetting sin, this propensity to worry. Though he encouraged his people brightly, so that they thought him a fount of cheer, when off duty reaction came, the enforced gladness left him and utter weariness triumphed.

At last, however, heaven answered his cry in a most unexpected way—as, indeed, is often its wont. He was wandering about in his little churchyard, where a few autumn flowers still brightened the grass, like elfin tapers a-glimmer. The slanting sunbeams of late afternoon touched their gold into strange brilliancy, like a thought of Paradise. The dead, now in peace and glory, as he hoped, for ever with the Lord—the blessed saints who had reached their reward—how he longed for their rest! The Church Militant in its struggles might well appeal to the Church Triumphant.

He thought of All Saints' Day, which was fast approaching, of his Masses for the dead at St. Vincent's, and wondered if the saints would and did look propitiously on his poor, parishioners. As he thus mused he saw one of them coming—old Maggie Ryan. She was bent with age and infirmity, yet the paralysis which seemed to have touched her with its stroke had certainly unweariedly talked, and just now Father Lemoile wanted to think undisturbed. But with an unspoken prayer for grace he came forward, addressing her kindly, and prepared to listen patiently. Yet his glance wandered away, and he found himself idly spelling out the name on the base of a low, white cross. Half hidden by shrubbery, he had never noticed it before; so he read, idly, mechanically, its half-faded inscription—and then he started. "Vandervere!" he murmured.

Old Maggie had followed his glance. "Yis, yer riverence, I do be rememberin' her—old Madam Vandervere. She died before iver ye came to the parish; but a good woman she was, God rest her soul!"

"Elizabeth Vandervere?" questioned the priest, thoughtfully.

"Sure, an' that was her name, Father. And a saint in heaven she is now. Her daughter here is little kin to her in looks—or in goodness, ayther—handsome as she be. Och, she is that proud! An illigant peacock of a girl. But she has na' forgotten her mother; see, yer riverence."

And the old crone pointed out a magnificent mass of fresh roses heaped behind the cross in darkling shadow.

It was as if the priest had a bright glimpse of the soul which had hitherto kept its own secrets. Miss Vandervere seemed no longer splendid and repelling in the new light of his hidden tenderness. He took heart of grace.

"I will go to her now," he said within himself. "She will not make refusal. No! Has she not in heaven a sainted mother?"

How strange he had not known it before. He had wholly missed the silent, secret life which had drawn Miss Vandervere to Endicott. She was in one sense an accidental newcomer, to be sure, yet bound to St. Vincent's by ancient family relations which antedated his own pastorate even. He turned to old Maggie and

thanked her so warmly for her bit of information that her aged face flushed with sudden pride. "It isn't often one knows more than the priest, bless him," she muttered to herself, and went her way rejoicing.

Yet on the morrow Elsie Vandervere had to repress an honest outburst of impatience when she perceived Father Lemoile slowly making his way past her rose garden up to the side door opening on her veranda. He was not a handsome ecclesiastic, and his usual shyness with women was intensified by a dull self-consciousness which somehow hampered him in his intercourse, slight as it had been, with this New England princess. Just now she had other affairs on her mind, and it was hard to stop and hear a slow rehearsal of parish needs.

She was polite, of course, but in a mechanical fashion, which her visitor felt at once as rebuff. Yet he must make appeal to this beautiful personage, nay, more, must win her over, and that in earnest, to his cause. He knew not of his own volition what to say or where to begin. Previous failure came to paralyze him.

"What is it this time, Father?" she inquired, more graciously than usual. The soft rose-flush had crept into her voice. He answered gravely:

"I was thinking of the gifts the Lord has given you, so many and so lavish—wealth and home and beauty—and a kind of power also—I can hardly describe it—but a power that might win over souls—that might do much in the Church and in His service. And what are you doing with it all? No, I am not preaching—do not think that. I was only meditating in my own way."

Miss Vandervere gave him a searching glance in her turn.

"No, you are not preaching now," she admitted. "I believe you are sincere, so you shall have the reward of sincerity. Well, now, speak frankly, what can I do that I am wrongfully leaving undone?"

Her air of laughing condescension had given place to a more serious mood. Father Lemoile saw that his hour had come.

"You can use your glorious gifts for Him who gave them; use them to the full, as the angels do. It is not enough to stand aloof and offer a little—open your tiny silver purse when requested, and then sail away like a queen who has bestowed largess. You must give your whole life, heart, and soul to the Christ work, doing it gladly and in the spirit of humility."

"That is very hard, Father."

"I know it. Hard for you, I am sure, in a special sense. Yet herein is the very essence of sacrifice."

"Tell me just what in particular you would like me to do, Father."

She wanted to reach the point, and end the interview.

His spirits fell as he marked her compressed lips as in previous vain discussions. Yet he patiently went over the old ground—parish needs, parish poverty, the dilapidated church, the shabby churchyard. "The other day I came upon a cross there bearing the name of Elizabeth Vandervere." His listener started, he had caught her attention now. "And he had caught her attention now. 'And I heard from an old parishioner many sweet things about your beloved mother. It seems she was called 'Saint Elizabeth.'"

The haughty eyes fell beneath his own. He felt they were filling with tears. "I heard of her charities, fragrant as the roses heaping the basket of the great St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and then I thought of you."

"No, her daughter is not worthy of comparison with her," murmured Miss Vandervere sadly. "But the saints in light can help us. Honestly, Father Lemoile, tell me what to do and I will do it." Then a new idea came; she spoke out eagerly. "I know what you need in this parish—you need Sister Elizabeth, who used to be in our convent."

"I need Elsie Vandervere," retorted the priest. "Will she serve? That is the question."

Her gesture of assent was in earnest this time.

"It would be a good beginning for you to go and see poor Elsie McGilvray."

"On St. John street?"

"Yes; No. 54."

The good priest did not know it, but in this he surely had an inspiration. For although Miss Vandervere tried to smile at her small talk and call it a case of the mountain and the mouse, she could not even to herself dispose of it lightly. A verse in Scripture came back to her: "If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?" How much more, then, this slight attempt at duty. As the priest foresaw, this beginning proved good seed sown in good soil. Miss Vandervere was not one of those narrow people described as "ready enough to do the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and two-pence."

She had been liberal in doing charities by proxy; she was liberal still

now that her ministrations were about to be personal.

"St. Elizabeth's loaves turned into roses," she said, with a kindly smile, "but my roses would be better in the shape of loaves." Her practical arrangements therefore took this basis.

But the patient invalid to whom she was sent needed the giver more than the gift. Elsie McGilvray was lonely and faint at heart. What better remedy than the tonic brightness of a new face? Miss Vandervere saw herself empowered to stir the Dead Sea waters of daily suffering, saw what a boon it was to break into the monotonous succession of days and nights with a warmth and light from without, as if with largesse of sun-stepped roses.

The actual roses had their place also, yet poor Elsie cared more for the visitor herself. The mere vision of her beauty was all the suffering could take in at first, it was so dazzling.

Later on she found Elsie Vandervere capable of sweet ministry to the hunger of soul—and of the intellect as well—which was gnawing upon her day by day.

"Let me sing to you," suggested the new-found friend. She wanted to quiet the quivering nerves and lessen their tension, which on this occasion seemed unusually strong. She had forgotten the greatness of her own powers, forgotten herself altogether, and the miserable tenement house was startled by a wondrous joy of song. A quick stir followed. Music-loving Germans, eager children with sharpened faces, dark-eyed foreigners of one type and another began to appear, crowding the corridors and stairways of this human beehive. The golden notes had pierced its black, dilapidated walls, and the whole neighborhood was soon on the alert. Her impromptu audience startled her. She was used to the brilliant decorated circles of concert rooms, but here she felt herself directly ministering to hungrier souls. It was a fresh experience, as new to her as to them. As the silver trill circled and soared, she thought of Father Lemoile and his words of parting benediction. "May the Holy Spirit in all things direct and rule your heart." "Amen!" she cried, in utter submission. Then inspiration came. Her song ended, she began the evening Hymn to the Virgin.

Every face seemed to answer. Some of the women sobbed and tears sprang to the eyes of unhappy men. All alike—Protestants, Catholics, Jews—caught the consolation.

"Out of that breathless silence and the thankful faces, too full of love to applaud, came another inspiration. Miss Vandervere was traveling fast and far on the road she had taken so unexpectedly. Why not sing to those souls again? Why not often? Would it not be a divine ministry, like the ministry of angels?"

And again Miss Vandervere thought of her mother.

She was beginning to rouse herself. The small world of visiting Elsie McGilvray entered upon so languidly was but a door swinging open into larger spaces. The great fields white to harvest, the great fields of the Church's work began to shine irresistibly before her. And she was quick to heed the call thitherwards.

"I will give a series of concerts," she said to herself, "and give them here. Why not? Endicott has a good population, eager for novelties. The hall would be filled, I am sure, Helen Salisbury will come to sing and Mary Keith to play for us, and it shall be Catholic music, all of it, every single bit. Helen is a Protestant, if anything, but so intensely musical. She will sing herself into a love of it and of us."

Thus it came about that Endicott was surprised with a series of concerts as novel as they were beautiful. The Protestant music lovers of the place came en masse. And all were delighted.

Father Lemoile stood amazed at the energy and magnetism of Miss Vandervere. She swept all before her, yet lost none of her refined elegance which he had felt as her charm. What an Elizabeth of blessed visitation she was proving to his parish! He could scarcely believe it.

For the needs of St. Vincent's were supplied one by one; money began to flow in. The Healeys and other well-to-do parishioners caught the fire of Miss Vandervere's enthusiasm and new ventures were entered upon. Better than all, his own courage, his own faith, found its needful uplifting and steady upholding.

When the Bishop next visited Endicott there was no mistaking the prosperity of St. Vincent's.

"Working with both hands now, Father Lemoile?" he inquired, with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, yes," said the priest soberly. "Thanks to Heaven and its blessed ones in glory, I have found a new St. Elizabeth."—Carmelite Review.

How a Donation For a School Was Obtained

The "Daily Picayune," of New Orleans, reports the following touching incidents which occurred at a "Children's Mass," in that city:—

"No priest has ever done more in behalf of St. Joseph's Church and parish than Very Rev. T. J. Weldon, C.M., the present rector. The little children of his flock have been his special care. The parochial school, attended by over five hundred children, and crowded to its utmost capacity, has of late been the special field to which he has been devoting his energies. He could gather in five hundred more of these little ones if he had only sufficient accommodations. With the opening of the schools in September the overcrowded conditions and the numbers applying for admission that had to be denied smote his heart. He determined not to deprive these hungry children of the crumbs that fell from the Master's table, and so with indomitable will and energy he planned the big fair of which the papers have been full. His people rallied around him, and if the success of the prospective fair could be gauged by the zeal and interest manifest, there was every reason to hope that handsome results would ensue. But no one dared to hope to raise in this one effort the sum of \$70,000 which the school plans called for. It would be many years before this big debt to be incurred would be lifted, but the people recognized that the erection of a school for such a big parish must necessitate the expenditure of a large sum of money, and they made no objections to the magnificent plans drawn up.

"But the thought of incurring such a debt laid heavily upon Father Weldon, and he sought aid whence it had never failed—from on high. Last Sunday morning, when the little children were all assembled for the children's service, he looked around upon them as they knelt so earnestly in prayer, and the thought came to him to ask these little ones to light their young and innocent hearts to God and ask His blessing upon the work. He turned and addressed telling of the school and the cost, how much it was and what a benefit it would be not only to them, but to their children and children's children, and he asked them all to join with him in prayer that God would raise up a friend and benefactor who would come to his aid and their help and assist him to build this school, which was to be dedicated to His honor and glory. Then he knelt, and the children with him. The prayers were waited heavenward from the pure, white hearts of these little ones, and an immediate and almost miraculous response was given.

"In the rear of the church, among the adults, knelt Mrs. Salvatore Pizzati. She had come to the children's Mass and was deeply interested in all that Father Weldon had said. When she saw the little ones kneel down and pray with the good priest so fervently and earnestly for God to send a benefactor who would help build the school, the tears sprang to her eyes. In that moment was born in the heart of this noble lady a thought fair and fresh from the hands of God and fragrant already as a flower blooming in grace and beauty. It became aglow with light sifted through the plumes of angels' wings, and rising from her knees she went home. She met her husband at the portals; ever quick and responsive to her every thought, he saw that something unusual had happened, and taking her hand he said: 'Well, what are we going to do now? It is always thus with him. Husband and wife work together and give of the great goods with which God has blessed them as one in heart and soul. It is always share and share alike—in every gift, in every charity. If it were only \$5, he gives one-half, she the other half; it is always 'our gift.' And so he said again, smiling down upon her, 'What are we going to do now?' Then she told him of the scene in church, of the appeal made by Father Weldon and how deeply touched she was when she saw the little children joining their hands and kneeling so earnestly in prayer. With Captain Pizzati, great-hearted and whole-souled as he is, to hear was to act. Husband and wife took counsel together, and the school-house was the result of their deliberations. Captain Pizzati said: 'We have no children; God has blessed us richly, abundantly. Let us do for the children of others. Together we will make this gift.'

"That evening, at the elegant home of Captain and Mrs. Pizzati, 2805 Canal street. Father Weldon and several friends gathered around the hospitable board. There was cause for rejoicing; a great event had come into Captain and Mrs. Pizzati's lives and the schoolhouse was the child that had been born to them. It was a royal gift, and there was nothing too good with which to celebrate his birth. Captain and Mrs. Pizzati were so happy, their faces were so wreathed in smiles with the joy that was bubbling up in their hearts that, looking upon them, one would have supposed they had been the beneficiaries instead of the great and generous benefactors. 'He who gives quickly doubles the gift.' How much more with those who give so quickly, so generously and so cheerfully. Husband and wife seemed like children rejoicing in a new toy, so happy were they in the thought of this new-born school. And as they dispensed with a royal hand their gracious hospitality, they talked about the school and their plans for it and all that this gift meant for them rather than what it meant for the children.

"'You see,' said Captain Pizzati, 'we have no children, and God has been so good to us. Why should we wait until we die to give our money, when all around there is such opportunity for doing good. My wife and I have watched and planned. We feel how much better it is for us to give when we are living and can see the result of the gift and just how the money is expended than to wait till we are dead to leave it in our wills and thus miss what seems to us the greatest pleasure that any giver can feel—the pleasure of giving and doing good. I think that he who builds a schoolhouse builds for all time. This is one of the most pleasing thoughts that has come to us in giving the Pizzati school to St. Joseph's parish.'

"Captain Pizzati was born in Palermo, Italy, September 2, 1839. He came from a fine old Italian family, sturdy race of patriots and warriors, his father, Captain Michael Anthony Pizzati, holding the position of captain in the Italian army. His mother, Mrs. Mariana Pizzati, was a lady of culture and grace. He was early placed by his parents in the Jesuit College in Palermo, and passed thence to the Royal College of Palermo, where he spent three years, from the age of 18 to 22.

"Young Pizzati distinguished himself in this institution, but he had always a longing for the sea and determined to follow the bent of his inclination. Indeed, a love for the sea seems to have been inherent in the family. He was one of five brothers, who were all of them in one way or another connected with the seafaring life. In the year 1866 he became the captain of a merchant marine vessel plying between Philadelphia, Marseilles and Genoa.

Continuing in the seafaring line and later as a constructor of vessels, Captain Pizzati amassed a fortune and now holds many important commercial positions.

"Mrs. Pizzati is a native of New Orleans. Her father was Captain Daniel Valenzano, well known in connection with the river trade. She is in every way the helpful and earnest companion of her husband. Gentle, kind, loving, true, she has made him an ideal wife, and the wish of the one is the wish of the other."

A SALUTARY OUTING.

There is no outing so salutary as a visit to the cemetery.—Louisville Record.

PLAY AND STUDY.

When the child plays, it is literally organizing its brain; and the fact should be recognized that the boy or girl engaged in vigorous, joyous play is carrying out an important part of the actual work of education and preparation for life. Dr. Hutchinson claims, therefore, that play should be organized, and that for every dollar spent on a school building, half as much should be spent on the playground.

Guardian Angels.

...as the Church teaches there is no moment of our without the unceasing our guardian angel, then must, in St. Bernard's reverence for the angelic devotion for the angelic influence in the angelic First of all, there must and respect. For who is in companion? Nothing prince of heaven, a court-internal King. No stain of fulfilled his spiritual pur-wood from the morning of the presence of the All-he obeys in his ministry of. The practical test of reverence is thus dressed by St. Bernard: r in his (thy guardian en but most real com-seeing me present thou hear; nor do alone what not dare to do if thou he angel guardian who hee."

...must be real devotion a that has its root in tion. Our guardian an- his untiring, his loving lifelong. In life he never a moment; in death his embrace us as we enter s.— Though he acts in God, yet he serves us personal unwearied love. deed be heartless in- did not show him a cor- vation day by day.

...must have confidence in protectors. They are pure virtue of unsullied light, strong in the pow- have from God whom ch inflexible will and love. "Wherefore," ex- ard, "should we fear mage and weary jour- guards as these to they can neither be deceived, much less us, who are to keep ways. They are power- did we fear?"— W. R. Dolphin.

MONTANA'S BISHOP

...two weeks ago Bishop ad a sermon at the re- at Victoria, B.C. An t event, in honor of h, was printed in this time. The next e Brondel, he appear- of his old friend, t Butte. He was seen ole.

...something pathetic sur- thing incident in the tana Bishop. John on Brondel had much both aided materially of the commonwealth; ers for good in the e, pioneers of Mon- ves that were exam- for the younger gen- fitting that two d be united in eter- plied died Oct. 17. died Tuesday morn- mountain Cath- Vandervere.