



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.



“Regina Coeli Lactare!” Easter.*



TEALETH soft celestial music
 Of the Angel Gabriel's voice,
 Listen, O thou mourning Mother!
 Gentle Queen of Heaven “Rejoice!”
 O that dear familiar “Ave!”
 Heard of old in midnight calm,
 Thrilling now with wondrous gladness
 For the glory of the Lamb.
 See, the golden dawn is breaking;
 Snow white flowers the earth adorn,
 Joyous birds are sweetly warbling,
 Nature greets the Easter morn.
 Passed the darksome Passion shadows,
 Passed the anguish deep and pain,
 Passed the three long hours standing
 Sadly 'neath the Victim slain!
 Jesus “dies no more” sweet Mother!
 Echoes of an Angel-voice
 Through the Holy Church are ringing
 Blessed Queen of Heaven REJOICE!

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* Note from “The Beauties of Mary.” Vol. 1—Page 74: St. Gregory the Great states that it had been revealed to him that the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin the fact of our Lord's Resurrection, saluting her with these words which the Church says in Paschal time: “Regina Coeli Lactare!”

Alcuin's Farewell to His Cloister.

[When Leaving for the Court of Charlemagne.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.



Sweet and cherished home—my humble cell,
Forever and forever fare thee well!
Those verdant woods whose branches wave above
Thy hallowed shade embracing thee in love,
The bright green fields with odorous herbs replete,
Thy streams where fish abound, thy orchards sweet,
Thy gardens where the lily and the rose
In sweet communion all their charms disclose,
Oh sacred spot! So full of bounteous store
Alas! these eyes shall gaze upon no more.
No more shall I hear those birds at break of day
Sing matins to the Lord in humble way;
Nor those sweet words of wisdom which increase
God's praise from lips and hearts so full of peace.
Dear cell! forever shall I sigh for thee
Regretting that home I ne'er again shall see.
Alas 'tis thus that all things pass away—
Winter succeeds to summer, night to day,
Storm to calm, and weary age to youth,
Nothing endures but the Eternal Truth.
And we whom the voice of conscience must reprove,
Why do we give this fleeting world our love?
'Tis Thou, O Christ! that makest all nature flee,
That we may place our trust alone in Thee,
'Tis Thy love only should our souls possess,
Thou, our glory, hope and happiness!

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.
BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROCLAMATION OF THE CRUSADE—FROM CYPRUS TO AVIGNON—THROUGH
ITALY—THE KING OF CYPRUS, THE BISHOP OF CORON, AND PHILIP
DE MEZZIERE AROUSE THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CATHOLICS—
BLESSED URBAN V., SUCCESSOR OF INNOCENT VI.,
PROCLAIMS THE HOLY WAR—1362—1363.



ALTHOUGH delivered from the anxiety arising from the prevalence of the pestilence at Famagouste, the kingdom of Cyprus was far from enjoying the peaceful tranquillity

it had hoped for. The recent conquest of the city of Satolia was a constant source of trouble, for scarcely had Pierre I. left with his troops than the Emir Tacca re-appeared upon the scene at the head of a considerable army. Unable to win over Jacques Nores, who remained faithful to his trust, the Emir began forthwith a series of depredations. He destroyed the aqueduct which supplied the city with water, forbade the Greeks and Mahometans, who cultivated the adjacent farming lands, to sell any produce to the Cyprians, and encamped with his troops in the vicinity that he might keep the garrison always on the alert

by his sudden attacks upon the city.

The Christians at Satolia suffered greatly, but all was borne with heroic courage. They procured their provisions from Cyprus, restored their fortifications, and raised up their demolished towers anew. To perpetuate the memory of their dominion they then engraved upon the walls those crosses of Jerusalem, which may be seen by the traveler at the present day.

If the enemy showed itself most indefatigable, the Christian warriors on their part were ever guarding against possible surprises. Several gallant sorties decimated numbers of the Arabs, who ventured too close to the ramparts. One time especially was a red letter day in the ranks. It was the eve of Easter (1362) and the Emir counted confidently upon surprising Satolia during the preparations which the Christians were sure to make for the "Feast of feasts." On the contrary, the enemy was ignominiously put to flight, and pursued without mercy, while the camp was pillaged

of whatever booty the victors wished to secure.

The admiral, Jean de Sur, provisioned the city, and, at the same time, going over the coasts of Lycia, made a successful attack upon Myra, and laid waste to that ancient city.

It must be acknowledged, however, that these transitory victories made but little difference for the better in the situation of Satolia. The hopes which, both in regard to religion and commerce, had been cherished, would, all too soon, be dashed to the ground unless by a complete victory the Turks would be so utterly crushed as never to attempt a return. To attain this much to be desired end the brave, but too diminutive, kingdom of Cyprus would have to call upon all Christendom for assistance.

The crusade announced by the Legate as having been proposed by Innocent VI., became more and more necessary as time went on. To obtain the solemn and definitive proclamation the king determined upon a formal visit to the Pope.

On October 24, 1362, accompanied by the Legate and the Chancellor of Cyprus, Pierre I. set out for Avignon. The illustrious travellers stopped, en route, at Rhodes where the Grand Master, Roger de Peris, and his Chapter were loud in praise of their heroic project, and promised faithfully to lend all the assistance in their power.

The King and his suite from there proceeded to Venice, where the doge, Laurence Celso, as also the people, gave them an enthusiastic reception, and declared their willingness to unite with them against the common enemy. Passing through Lombardy, they visited different cities where their reception was most favorable. Even the Duke of Milan, so hostile to the Church,

seemed to lend his ear to their plans. Many members of the Lombard league promised to render all the assistance in their power. This successful beginning was principally due to the Bishop of Coron. His words, proving the possibility and the necessity of the crusade, were so explanatory that it became evident to all how further delay would bring on a general invasion of the barbarians, set aside ancestral traditions, condemn the laws of honor and religion, and ignore the universal fraternity of Christian people. His enthusiasm swept away the last vestige of hesitation or resistance.

"One might well declare," said the Chancellor Mezzieres, "that in truth it was the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouth of Thomas."

Men of good will responded to the ardent appeal, and everything promised well for the cause.

The King was detained by some important affair at Genoa, and as its adjustment required that he should confer with the doge, Simon Boccanera, the nuncio decided to go at once to Avignon. He was anxious to lay the details of his mission before the Roman Court, but alas! he was not to have the happiness of seeing the sovereign Pontiff whom, for the last ten years, he had served with so much fidelity, affection and zeal. Innocent VI. had fallen peacefully asleep in the Lord on September 12, 1362, leaving the glorious and universally acknowledged record of a most worthy ruler of the Church. Formerly professor of Canon law at Toulouse, he had administered the duties of his elevated position in a grave and juridical manner, always observing the most rigid justice in the various ecclesiastical tribunals.

He maintained the best order in the papal city, and knew well how to pre-

serve it from the ruthless extortions of guides, and other prevailing abuses.

Without giving way to the excessive scruples with which Benedict XII. has been reproached, he manifested the same firmness in reforming abuses and conferring benefits only upon those who merited them.

Viewing the pontificate under a less royal aspect than it was considered by Clement VI., and having other opinions regarding the most judicious employment of ecclesiastical wealth or property, he diminished the magnificence of the court, but like Pope Clement he was the friend and patron of learned and cultured men, and also went on with the various great works already begun. The Vatican of Avignon owes to him the immense addition which forms the southern part of the edifice.

Innocent VI. was buried at the Carthusian Monastery of Villeneuve-Avignon, which he had founded and whither he frequently retired during his reign. His tomb, saved from the ruins of the monastery, was subsequently taken to the hospital chapel of Villeneuve. It is similar in style, although not of such magnificent execution and ornamentation as the mausoleums of John XXII. and Clement VI. Preserved, as it has been, with great care—or restored with taste and skill, it certainly merits the notice of the archaeologist.

The new Pontiff, Urban V., a native of Grisac, of the family Grimoard, had been appointed to several legations before he assumed the tiara. He was then most capable of discerning the merits and capacity of the celebrated Legate of the Orient.

Happy to learn from his own lips the precise state of the Church in that part of the world, and to communicate it

to the Holy See he admitted the Bishop of Coron to his presence, and granted him a solemn audience. The generous disposition of the King of Cyprus, and the projected crusade, no less than the account of the general and continuous movement for the re-union of the two Churches elicited universal satisfaction in the Sacred College. The administration of the finances as rendered by the Legate obtained entire approbation. To the sums which had been entrusted to him by the Apostolic Chamber, he had added considerably—through gifts from liberal princes, and opulent Orientals, as well as by practising rigid economy in personal expenses. All that could be spared from the episcopal revenue had been consecrated to the defense of Christianity.

The ecclesiastical funds, therefore, could not have been placed in better hands. No one could be more anxious to fulfil the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

This the Holy Father realized, and, while leaving him the Sees of Coron and Negropont, appointed him furthermore Archbishop of Candia, the jurisdiction of which extends all over Crete.

This liberality was certainly not through the manœuvres of our humble and holy Carmelite, who in accepting it only followed the custom which prevailed then, of great latitude in the number of benefices. In the face of such unqualified approbation, not merely the friends of the Archbishop, but some prejudiced spirits who, during his absence, had tried to represent him as too warlike for a prelate, and too prone to cherish vast schemes, never perhaps to materialize, now united in eulogies upon his character and abilities.

Avignon was then in its apogee.

The chivalrous monarch of France, Jean was at that very time at the Roman Court. His ardent soul could not fail to be imbued with the spirit of enthusiasm with which the very atmosphere was freighted. Informed that his relative Pierre I. was coming, he went to meet him, and together they made a most imposing entrance into the second Rome. Red robes lent an air of magnificence to the procession, ambassadors with costly raiment followed in the train, and altogether it was a brilliant cortege, and one well worthy of being seen.

At the pontifical reception, which was held the same day, the momentous question which for some time had re-awakened such interest in the Catholic heart was discussed, and upon the next day but one the proclamation was made. It was on Good Friday, March 31, 1363. After the Passion had been chanted, and the image of our Crucified Saviour venerated, when the vast assembly was deeply impressed by the touching ceremonies of the day, the holy Pontiff Urban V. preached the Crusade in the spacious chapel of the palace.

He spoke of the sad condition of the Orient, the audacity of the enemies of God, and the dangers which threatened all Christendom. After some words of commendation of the two valiant kings who ruled France and Cyprus, he addressed himself to the ambassadors from Denmark who were present and demonstrated the advantage of entering into an alliance with southern Europe. To those of England he held up the example of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. The Christian patriotism of the Holy Father, his fervent charity and great sanctity could not be withstood. He concluded by proclaiming a plenary Indulgence to all who would hasten to

the assistance of their suffering brethren.

During this appeal, as formerly in Auvergne, a wave of faith and enthusiasm swept over the assemblage, and at the conclusion the watch-word, "God wills it—God wills it!" arose from all. Another Urban had found the entrance to their hearts.

The King of France, the King of Cyprus, Cardinal de Talleyrand and a number of barons advanced to the foot of the altar before the Sovereign Pontiff.

Decorated in succession with the red cross, they swore to enroll themselves under this glorious standard. Led by their example, all the nobles of Avignon promised to enlist, and the red cross appeared in public, adorning the garb of the courtiers.

In another meeting held April 14, Venice was chosen as the place of rendezvous for the departure. They were to set out in the month of March, 1365. The King of France was named Commander-in-Chief, Cardinal de Talleyrand, Legate, the King of Cyprus, principal organizer and zelator to the different courts of Europe, Peter Thomas and Philip de Mezzieres were chosen as lieutenants. The standard bearer of the Church was, as before, the gallant Louis of Hungary.

Pressing and urgent invitations were sent to the Emperor Charles IV. One month later King John went to Montpellier and Paris to enroll his quota of generals.

Critics of modern times have pronounced it a rash and imprudent act on the part of the king to engage in such an enterprise. "His kingdom," they say, "presented a deplorable appearance, exhausted as it was by previous wars, and devastated by the

depredations of brigands." But, it might be answered, that the loyal monarch was acting from conscientious motives which, together with his wise and capable administration, which daily was proven in the bettered state of things, militated in favor of his decision. He frequently recalled the promise of his father, Philip VI.—never fulfilled—to engage in the holy war, and, in common with many thinking minds of that day, attributed the unexpected disaster of Poitiers—1356—to the infraction of that royal promise. A political reason also existed. The terrible brigands, who devastated the kingdom, were old soldiers who thirsted for adventure as well as money. By enlisting their interest—by showing them a bridge of gold leading to a route rich in marvelous happenings, might not the kingdom be happily freed from them? And thus a body of troops would be formed for the cause. An opportunity would also arise for the nobles to retrieve their reputation for bravery, over which a shadow, since the recent defeat, had gloomily fallen.

In leading those intrepid bands, they would demonstrate that they still loved the country of Philip Augustus and St. Louis.

Let us add, with a spirit of laudable pride, that France—faithful France—has ever been quick to act where the glory of God is at stake. And would she now hesitate to give up some drops of blood, some hours of repose? And then it is but fitting that for the honor of one's own beloved land we try to promote chivalrous movements, to be champions of all that is great and noble. Faithful to her traditional role, then, France made ready to take up the line of march to Jerusalem, in the hope that every Christian nation

would follow in her train.

These whisperings of faith, of policy, of honor were far more than visionary and imperfectly understood ideas. From the demonstrations which greeted King John as he passed through his provinces, he might well surmise that they were again to see those days when loyal subjects were ready, from cottage to castle, when the sovereign held aloft the royal standard to follow wherever he led the way.

The selection of the Legate *a latere* also gave general satisfaction. Elie de Talleyrand, Perigord, was eminently qualified for his high office. He had influence in the Sacred College, was naturally diplomatic, noble minded and generous. The chivalrous spirit of a heroic ancestry was renewed in his, and his ever-increasing ardor for the great enterprise left nothing to be desired in the appointment.

Despite his three score years and two, he hesitated not a moment to go and encounter the hardships of the campaign in a Saracen land, but was amongst the very first to offer himself for decoration as a "red cross knight."

As to Pierre de Lusignan, faithful to the role which obliged him to solicit the concurrence of princes and kings, he set out on May 31 to visit the capital cities of the centre of Europe.

His two representatives, the Archbishop of Crete and the Chancellor of Europe, returned to continue their work in the Peninsula. Their principal mission was a very important one, for which negotiations with the Duke of Milan were to be opened without delay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The cloister is the flower of perfect Christianity.—MME. SWETCHINE.

As a Stream Flows.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)



AS Silas Grey there was something inexpressibly soothing in the thought that Judith Saunders loved him. It gladdened his heart because of the wonderful possibilities that might spring therefrom, for this life, whose richness he felt, he but half divined and by which his own would be brightened. When he reached his room, the book lying in the corner caught his eye, and going hastily to it, he picked it up, and carefully spread out the crumpled leaves. A peace he had never before experienced enfolded his soul, and he would not frighten it away by calling up the doubt he knew lurked between the covers of the little volume. He folded the wrapping carefully around the book and placed it again in his pocket. The calm of the summer day was intensified with the coming of night and, after supper, just as the full moon began to silver the sombre tops of the cedars, clothing the eastern hills, he left the hotel for Mrs. Burns' home, which was about half a mile away. The road led on before him, white, smooth and desolate, and as he walked on alone, with that deep solitude, unbroken, save, at intervals, by the hoot of an owl, or the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will, the experience a man

may know once in a life-time, experience too sacred for the ears of even a wife or friend, came to the heart of Silas Grey; and he came out of it with a vague realization of his heaven lying just beyond, as he reached the gate opening into the field which led up to the Burns' log house.

A hedge of osage orange ran around the house, allowing a pretty space for a yard, in which a thousand June roses were sleeping in the moonlight, while the fragrance steeping the atmosphere betrayed the honeysuckle which climbed darkly over the low doorway. No light shone in the windows and, an unusual thing in the country, this early in the evening, the front door was closed. He opened the little wicket gate and passed slowly up the path, between two rows of boxed flower beds, whose green growth bespoke the coming summer's glory, and knocked lightly on the door. No sound of coming feet followed and he repeated his knock, somewhat louder this time. Still no reply, although, as he listened, there came to him the faint sound of voices, which assured him the occupants had not yet retired. Thinking, after a third unanswered knock, he would find them in the rear of the house, he passed around it, but found himself stopped by a picket fence, the while his eyes met a sight that all but sent him to his knees. In the green sward of her back yard, her humble home behind her to shield her

from the passerby along the road, knelt a woman, with her four little children, devoutly praying. The woman's voice rose touchingly sweet and tender in its repetition of the angel-voiced words the Maiden of Nazareth heard, and then blended with the children's treble in the answering prayer. On went the invocations, mingling at times with the whip-poor-will's plaint, and as Mr. Grey listened, he removed his hat and, resting his arms on the low fence, prayed with the little group, all his deeply religious soul touched by the exquisite beauty of the scene. It was like some poem, perfectly set, from the far-off happy days of the human race, some picture Angelo's brush might have portrayed. As the prayers were concluding, it suddenly occurred to the minister that the absence of the father and husband from such a family devotion could only be accounted for by the fact he was not at home, and realizing what an alarm the sight of a stranger at this hour, and in this desolate place, must necessarily cause an unprotected woman, he was on the point of withdrawing, intending to return with the book on the following day, when one of the children, turned its head and seeing him, screamed in fright.

"Hush, Willie!" said the mother, rising from her knees. "God will protect us!"

To leave now would be suspicious, and again raising his hat, he was reaching out to unfasten the little gate, when, to his surprise, he noticed she was walking toward him, without the semblance of fear.

"Mrs. Burns?" he asked, and with the first tones of that tender, winning voice, the woman felt all her well-concealed fear vanishing.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Burns," she

answered, and being now near enough to distinguish her visitor's face, in the clear moonlight, her voice became friendly, as she asked, "What is it I can do for you?"

"I chanced to meet Mr. Daly Sunday night, and," taking the book from his pocket, "he commissioned me to give you this book. I should have brought it over earlier—I am putting up at the hotel—but, well, I began to read it and became interested. However, I should have deferred my visit until to-morrow, if I had known,—" he stopped, not knowing how to phrase his fear he had caused alarm, of which there were certainly no indications in the woman's manner.

"I am very much obliged to you, for your trouble," said she, taking the book. Then hospitably, "Won't you come in? My husband has not yet gotten home from Carlisle, but I am expecting him every minute."

The children had now advanced, and eight innocent eyes were fastened on him, with a curiosity that brought a smile to his lips.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burns," he said, "but I suppose I shall have to get back to the Licks, but if you will let me, I shall come back some other evening and see you and these youngsters," and he reached a hand over the fence and made a pretense of pinching the nearest child's soft, peachy cheek. Mrs. Burns expressed the pleasure it would give her and her husband to see him, and as he was about to leave, he asked:

"Will you tell me the name of that beautiful prayer I was so unfortunate as to interrupt?"

"We were saying the Rosary."

"The Rosary!" he repeated, as, after bidding her good night, he walked down the little path between

the flower beds, the fragrance of the honeysuckle following him like the prayers of a loved one. Then: "I wish we had some such established and touchingly beautiful prayers among us," for his mind went to invocations he had heard sometimes perpetrated in the name of rendering homage to God. Then he chided himself for his fault-finding, knowing God looks not to the words but the spirit; remembering the "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" found more favor in His sight than the long petitions of the Pharisee.

As he retraced his steps, very slowly, for he had no desire for the society of the fashionable guests he must meet on his return, his growing attachment for the place and its people, seemed to draw itself more tightly around his heart. He paused once and looked back at the log house, gleaming white in the moonlight, recalled the scene he had stumbled in on, and asked himself what wealth or fame or pleasures could outweigh that prayerful and strong, sweet, human love? What an illustration was the act of that woman of a faith and confidence in her God in advancing, modesty her armour, and prayer her weapon, to meet a stranger who, for aught of human knowledge she possessed, had come to do her and her children deadly wrong, and how instantly that courage had reacted on her children, who lost their first fear and accompanied her! "It's brave souls we need," he thought, recommencing his journey. "There are too many moral and physical cowards in the world—the woman who is afraid of her shadow in the moonlight, and the man who dare not do right because of human opinion."

He thought he should like to live out his life among these fearless, simple

souls, that it would be great pleasure to make friends with the Burns' children, to have their eight bright eyes often looking down the road for his coming, eight eager hands ransacking his pockets for the sweets they would learn to expect. He should like to see more of Dave and his strict little Methodist wife, and get below the still dead surface of Pedler Daley's life. Oh, what wonderful creatures live always around us, if we only seek them! What depths—often depths of beauty—would not the lives we half despise reveal if we were not such duffers! We bury ourselves with the result of philosopher's searches when around us lie the infinite sources from which he derived his knowledge, which we might find for ourselves with all the charm of discovery. But sometimes into the world we deem so unlovely, which we condone with ourselves because fate has decreed we must there spend our lives, comes one, holding his grant royal to find beauty in all creatures; and then, revealed by him, we grow dazed by the treasures we hitherto passed unseeing. Your hill yonder may seem bare and yellow, and shut out a view of rich landscape; but not all the magic in an artist's box can equal the transcendent beauty of that low line of red-bud in blossoming time; nor can all the florist's knowledge perfect such rare delicacy of coloring, such subtle evanescent fragrance as that of the tiny flowers that you will find lifting its head from that clayey soil. The iron weed that fringe the valley stream may seem to you unsightly in their straight wiry growth, yet in mid-summer they flaunt a purple glory that had set a Syrian dyer mad for envy. The knob you think perverse because it will not nourish your blue grass, repays you for

your carping a thousand fold in the time of the golden rod; and as with nature, so it is with humanity. What we need are poets and artists, not to teach from the works of other men, but from the works of God. Not to rhapsodise over a Raphael's Madonna, but to show a signet, direct from the hand of God, in a wonder, a beauty, a thousand Raphaels could not copy, crowning the brow of every mother; not to point out the majesty of a poem depicting life, but the God-like majesty of that life itself. The school is too much, the source from which the school derives being, too little.

As he walked on, again Silas Grey's thoughts went back to Judith Saunders, with the fine delicacy of a man who would turn out of his path to avoid crushing a flower. What was the nature of a love so touchingly revealed? The rare, perfect and too-fleeting red-bud of her barren hills, or the perpetual blooming rose of his Southland? The upbubbling of a spring well in her lonely woods, or the river, blessing the fields and meadows? He shrank before its uncertainty, for the rose survives the storm, but a too careless wind scatters the bloom of red bud. For a child of the hills, where the flowers they bare, if exquisite, are frailer than a snow-flake, could he hope to find a heart-blossom that would bear the handling of transplantation, that would not pine in other soil, and wither from the breath of alien wind? In the last few hours, his thoughts of this girl had undergone a complete transformation. She was no longer determined even to hardness, strong in herself, even to man-like endurance, but a woman, calling for a care more delicate than that a musician gives his violin, and not less tender than a mother's for her

child. He scarcely knew how to address her, even in his thoughts, this woman who had given her love to him, a love the uncertainty of which he knew would lock his heart forever. But, ah! how rare was the flower of her red bud, there to bless and beautify, with the laughter of April time, and to leave a memory of loveliness, less of earth than heaven, through all the round of the year!

"It is the joy that mocks us!" he thought, and then he was started from his dreaming, by the sound of a foot, which had incautiously stumbled over a stone, and turning he saw a tall, lank figure stealing down behind him, which, then, paused abruptly. Unthinkingly, his eyes took in the man's attire, a dark coat, blue cottonade overalls, and a straw hat, and the face beneath, black as ebony. One hand was held behind his back, and instinctively the minister felt in that hand was a weapon, which, in the next instant, when he had passed into the deep shadow of the pines skirting the road before the hotel is in sight, had been used against his life. As the assassin turned to run, a branch of a shrub caught and knocked off the straw hat, and then, to his horror, Silas Grey saw the hair looked straight and yellowish in the moonlight. Instantly the words Pete had spoken that night flashed on his mind: "He weren't no niggah, for he had yaller hair!" and he knew he was standing, face to face, with the murderer of Jake Sharkley. Unheeding his own certain death had he, unarmed, clinched with that man, the minister bounded forward, but the former was too agile and, snatching up his hat, he flung himself down the steep, brush-covered cliff, that rises up from the darkly-flowing river below. Seeing

he had lost his man, the minister retraced his steps and, though the quick-footed assassin might be waiting for him in the darkness of the pines, he went forward, his heart tossed by a thousand contending emotions, among which fear, however, had no place.

His mission was discovered, and no time must now be lost, else another crime were added to the case, for he knew the next attempt would prove no failure. That this should have happened the very evening Luke O'Hagan had returned was, in itself, significant; and he strove to forget the sweet mother-face, as he wrote to a legal friend in Frankfort for advice, the answer of which came the Monday following, in a sickly-looking young man, who wore glasses and read novels at the table, grumbled at the hotel fare and drunk more of the brackish water of the Spring, or at least paid more visits to it than all the other guests together.

The day following, as he was crossing the road to the post office, Bill Sharkley approached the minister with the invitation to attend, and address the meeting to be held the following Sunday afternoon in the little white church at the foot of the "Battle Ground."

"We's mostly Methodists hyar abouts," he said, "but we's alus glad to hear the word of God," and he closed his eyes, piously, for Bill Sharkley had reformed.

Mr. Grey gave his consent. On that afternoon he found himself wishing for Mrs. Burns' Rosary prayers, as he listened to Bill Sharkley, who, in the absence of the minister, whose residence was in Carlisle, officiated at the irregular Sunday services. In one of the first pews Lucy Sharkley was sit-

ting, with her ailing baby in her lap, and as her husband prayed, the minister found himself gazing intently at the care-worn, thin, anguished face. Her gaze was fastened on her child's face, already wearing the shadow of death, and as he took in the pathos of the picture she made, he recalled the words Judith had spoken on that other Sunday morning. What was it that was eating out the heart of the woman, sorrow or knowledge, remorse or fear? So deep were his thoughts he was not aware the prayer had closed, until he felt Sharkley's hand on his shoulder.

As Silas Grey rose and looked over the men and women crowded into the small church, he suddenly, and without any apparent reason, recalled the first sermon he had ever preached. He remembered with what a spirit of humiliation, because of his past wickedness, he had chosen his text for that occasion, and, now he again quoted it, instead of the one had previously decided upon:

"And the hidden things shall be revealed and the crooked things shall be made straight." He looked from the expectant faces back to Lucy Sharkley, but she had not raised her eyes from her baby. Silas Grey was known as one of the most eloquent of preachers in the Baptist ministry, and, as his gaze rested on that woman, at that moment, it seemed as if the flood-gates of his soul had been opened, and it was as if one divinely commissioned, stood on the platform.

The countenances changed under his words, and fear of the unpitying scrutiny that is to come was revealed; but Lucy Sharkley never looked up. What did it matter to her if angels and men read the story of her life? What if the finger of God should point her toward the region of darkness? It could be

no sadder than what her days on earth had been known. He went on, and hope began to illumine other eyes; but Lucy's head went lower over her baby, where her only hope was daily dying. Then he spoke of love, the love that pities, keeps, forgives; the love that pleads with us to rest in it alone; to bring there our fears and hopes, our joys and sorrows; the love that knows; and as tears began to flow over women's faces and men looked down, Lucy Sharkley raised her eyes from her child, and there shone in them a gratitude such as might illumine those of a soul lost, were an angel to come to it with promise of redemption.

As Silas Grey was leaving the church, Bill Sharkley said to him aloud, in the presence of the others:

"Brother Grey, I wisht we could keep you hyar allus. That sermon knocked out everything I've ever heerd."

The minister was too spent by the sermon, which he knew was the masterpiece of all he had ever uttered, to fancy compliments from Bill Sharkley; yet as he went down the road to the hotel the words, with the pertinacity that words have when the mind is over-wrought, repeated themselves in his ears, even with the peculiarity of the man's speech. He had given the silent "k" a hard sharp sound in saying "knocked," and, then, it came back to Silas Grey, he had, at some time in his life, heard the word so pronounced. Where was it? Who had said that other "knock" and when? "Knock,

knock, knock," the words beat over his brain like a hammer, always the "k" sounded hard and sharp, by a voice in that high-pitched, nasal twang. As he was placing his foot on the first step of the long wide stile, separating the walk of the hotel from the pike, like a flash there came back the night of the attempted lynching, when the leader of the mob, the one who, in the next minute had struck him almost to death, had shouted, "Men, give thet thar pa'son a knock in the head!" and Silas Grey caught to the fence for support. And Bill Sharkley's was the hand that had been raised against him, with a murderer's full and terrible intent, had left him a wretched man for life! And this man, for whose apprehension the State would pay five hundred dollars, on Sunday dared occupy the pulpit of a minister of God, preach of goodness to his fellow men, he, who should be, at that time, wearing the stripes in the Frankfort jail, if he had not been made to expiate his crime on a gallows? And this man was Lucy Sharkley's husband? The tears gathered into his eyes with the last thought. Poor Lucy! Poor little baby! How well if in the journey the child was so soon to take, the mother could go with it! He sighed deeply, heavily, then crossed the stile and walked toward the hotel, whose piazza was gay with the many guests Sunday always brought from the adjoining towns.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Success.

NOT like the gourd that suddenly appears
 Is true success attained,
 Men rise to eminence thro' toils and tears,
 Thro' efforts unrelaxed and sinews strained
 For patient years.

—SUSIE M. BEST.

The Infant of Prague and Sinners.

"I am not come to call the just, but sinners to repentance," said our Divine Saviour. And the Infant of Prague has given repeated proofs of His infinite mercy to sinners. We shall give but a few examples:

One day a man who had apparently forgotten that there was a God—and that for many years—came into the confessional. "Father," said he to the priest, "I really do not know why I came here, because I do not repent of my sins, and have no intention of amending my life." The confessor tried to move the obdurate sinner, but his efforts were of no avail. "At least," said he, "go to the shrine of the Infant Jesus, and offer Him this little prayer: "O Divine Child! Enlighten my mind, and aid me to have the proper dispositions for making a good confession." The man complied, and his heart, heretofore so hard and obdurate, was at once softened. Touched by divine grace, he shed tears, and made a candid, contrite confession. After receiving absolution, he left the confessional, blessing the great mercy of "the Little King."

In the year 1880, there lived at Mons in Belgium the father of a family who neglected his religious duties entirely, and had even allowed the long lapse of forty years to pass without going to the Sacraments. He became seriously ill, but still refused to listen to the prayers of his good and zealous wife to let her send for the priest. One—two—three novenas did she make to the holy Infant of Prague in unison with her devoted children, and on the third day of the last one, the obstinacy of the poor sinner was overcome. He suddenly asked for a priest. Imagine the

universal rejoicing! He made a sincere confession and, after receiving the last rites of the Church, died peacefully,—thanks to the loving little Infant of Prague.

There lived at Bourges—in the year 1893—a young girl who had always been indifferent in regard to her religion, and who even when stricken with illness evinced no desire for conversion. Her pious mother entreated the Carmelite nuns of the place to make a novena for her to the Infant of Prague. Full of confidence that their prayers would be heard, she advised the sick girl to prepare for a good death, but to her sorrow, she was peremptorily refused. A few minutes later the priest, who had been called to try and save this poor soul, arrived and to their surprise she received him willingly, and even assured him that she would go to Confession on the following day. But during that day her last agony began, and she was unable to utter a word. The nuns at the Convent implored the divine Infant with redoubled fervor. The priest returned, but was told by the sorowing mother that it was too late. "She is dying, and cannot speak." Nevertheless, the priest went to the dying girl. Ah, then were manifested the goodness and mercy of the divine Child! She suddenly regained the power of speech and strength to make a contrite confession, after which she peacefully expired.

O! most holy Infant! Divine and lovely Child! Thou didst come into the world to be the salvation of poor sinners. Have mercy especially upon all those who love Thee, and do not permit them to die without being reconciled to Thee!

LED INTO PEACE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



THE orchards of St. Madeleine, a pretty Canadian village in the region of St. Hyacinthe, had become a splendid mass of white bloom and the sunshine was now flooding it with gold. It was an apotheosis of May. A landscape of unusual beauty lay beneath the sympathetic sky, gazing at its billowy clouds and tender blue, as if earth were appealing to heaven.

In one of these orchards sat a bright-eyed lad, idly musing, in the shade of a plum tree, whose more ethereal bloom divided it from the surrounding apple-blossoms; and this whiteness of pure bloom was reflected in a green pool near which it grew. The pearly petals fell on the boy's shoulders like a flurry of snow. As he suddenly looked up, it was plain enough that the enchantment of the scene had fallen upon him, absorbing his soul from all beneath the heavens. The celestial seemed for once to have touched the earthly, and its purity almost frightened him.

"It is like the Blessed Virgin," he thought, as he gazed. "Our Lady of the Snows!"

Then his thoughts reverted to something Father Bernard had said to another priest, one day, in his hearing, about "the beauty of holiness." "The beauty he meant must have been like this!" he murmured to himself. "Only that stays with us!" For another shower of falling petals warned him how transitory Nature's purity must be. And, in this silence, he

seemed to hear a voice calling him.

Simultaneously, the cross on the village spire shone out into flame, its gilding touched by the sun, as a cloud drifted from between. The Cross? Was it, indeed,—he paused, fearing to voice the thought that came to him,—could it be the voice of Jesus that he heard? Was it His loving hand outstretched, striving, perchance, to draw him near? Closer to Himself, to His uplifted Cross? And to that purity which is, of itself, a crown? Yet, if it were this; if the Lord Himself called him, should he not rise and go?

Like other lads of his age, Hugh Desmond had numberless dreams of the future, plans of boyish ambition; yet now, between him and their realization, rose that flaming Cross. He knew it meant deeps of pain, sorrow, renunciation,—though he could hardly have clothed his thought in words.

What would his cross be? He half shuddered through the brightness as he asked, for he seemed to see his suffering Lord, and the hour of Crucifixion. Yet, even then, all came out into glory! Why should he fear? The Lord who called him would be with him forever, come what might of grief.

He wondered at the swiftness of his own thought. He was not given to such meditations—but this—ah, this was a new thing. A great problem confronted him; what was he to do with his life? Should he not give it up forever with a glad heart to this loving Saviour, who was calling him and to His blessed Mother?

Suddenly a sweet face broke in upon

his meditations and a merry maiden of his own age opened the orchard gate.

"Oh, Hugh, what are you doing? Is it not lovely here?" cried the girl in a breath, dazzled in her turn by the beauty which had entranced the lad.

"Aline, dear Aline! Tell me something. Did you call me a few minutes ago?"

"Why, no!—no, indeed! I have but just come." And she hastily began pulling white clusters from the lower boughs of the plum tree. The sunshine on the gold of her braided hair only accented the brightness of her face; yet, to the boy, gazing at his playmate of childish years, that glittering cross—the cross of suffering—became in some way connected with her. In after years how vividly all this came back to him!

Presently she turned upon him with questionings.

"What were you doing here, Hugh, all alone?"

"I was thinking." The lad made answer in all simplicity.

"Tell me about it! all! every bit!" There was something imperious in her tone, as of a queen to a courtier. But, as Hugh Desmond told his tale, a shadow settled down on her brightness; she understood more of its purport, apparently, than he. The longer she thought, the deeper grew her dread of its significance. A silence fell upon both, which she was the first to break.

"Wilt thou, then, give up all, my friend,—and become a priest of God?"

Hugh dared not answer. She lifted her blue eyes to his face, and, although with quivering lip, made swift decision.

"If thou art, indeed, called of Him, I know thou wilt!"

Then, approaching footsteps and the sound of heavy voices broke up this

interchange of confidence. The girl started like a fluttered dove.

"It is Pierre coming back! And the others. I must go." And before the lad could make an effort to detain her, she disappeared lightly as she had come.

Hugh Desmond left his pretty resting place with a sigh and went to meet his brother. He looked more delicate than before, even, as his light frame and spiritual face fell into contrast with the robust physical force of the new-comer, who was, in his way, a sort of athlete. Pierre, a tall youth some five years the elder, but of coarser grain, shouted a gay greeting, plunging into noisy tales of the day's sport. Soon a dispute arose among the hunting-party over the possession of a fox, a portion of the prey.

"It is mine," cried Pierre triumphantly, "and you all know it! The brush is for Aline Quenin."

A chorus of angry voices arose at this, and the younger brother withdrew like a hurt child. He hated these dissensions—which he knew of old—and Pierre's bold mention of Aline cut him like a knife. He often fell into similar straits between his own shyness, usually misunderstood and set down for cowardice, and Pierre's haughty ways. To-day, however, a new thought entered like iron into his soul—a priest must be alone with his vocation—perhaps he was called away from Aline forever! Why should he be vexed with his brother? That was surely no part of any Divine service. Then, he grew calm. "I am not angry, now,—and not then, really! I love Pierre."

Saying this within himself, he felt it was truth. He did love the imperious elder brother, as far as the latter would permit; but Pierre's nature was

masterful, like his muscular build, and the timid attachment of the boy got carelessly brushed aside.

"He would treat Aline in the same way," said the lad to himself, with instinctive foreboding.

From this time on, he looked eagerly into the future, and day by day the vision rose clearer before him. He saw himself a priest, set apart from other men, ministering at the altar, the only love of his life the love of his Lord. And the dream grew increasingly attractive. He pursued his studies with frantic eagerness, choosing such as might best conduce to his end.

Only when he thought of Aline Quenin did he really waver, lost in a sea of sad perplexities.

Thus the days went by and, on the whole, he prospered. Then, into this calm a blow fell that wrenched him out of his security. His father, who had made great sacrifices, as he knew, to forward his plans and meet the expenses of his college course, suddenly fell ill, and, before the family apprehended danger, sank into the sleep of death. It was the swift collapse of a frail constitution under over-strain and anxious effort.

Pierre was excited to strong grief for a time, so startled by the shock as to be practically unmanned; and the arrangements needful for the funeral and for life's daily routine thereafter had to be made by Hugh and his mother. In point of fact, Pierre did not rouse himself to any real effort until the situation began to present its angular edges. The afternoon sun was pouring a flood of dusty gold over the highway skirting their farm and Hugh was just returning from the self-appointed task of directing the laborers in one of its more distant fields, when

Pierre unexpectedly joined him.

"Did my father leave a will?"

Pierre put the question with ominous abruptness.

"Assuredly he did. M. Charcot, the notary, has it."

"Why didst thou give it to him, and not to me?"

"I did not give it to him. He drew it up, and my father, himself, put it in his hands for safe-keeping!"

Pierre made no reply, but knit his shaggy brows, as if in menace. A silence ensued, which he was the first to break.

"I will go, myself, to M. Charcot."

"Certainly! I wish you would. We must see how matters stand."

The frank bonhomie of this was all lost on Pierre, whose savage temper was rising. Hugh's heart sank. He saw that his mother and sister would have to be his own care and charge, with little aid from his elder brother.

On the morrow, bright and early, Pierre set out for St. Hyacinthe. It was an effort out of his line. He had known little about his father's business worries, and cared less; a rollicking life with dubious companions and an eager pursuit of manly sports had filled his heart and thoughts. Now, it suddenly occurred to him that, unless his father's property proved a handsome one, his pleasures were likely to be curtailed. So it was in a sulky mood that he sought the lawyer.

M. Edward Charcot was a keen old man, sharp-sighted and used to such encounters as now threatened him. He looked at Pierre, and took his measure with a glance. Then he began to read the will in a slow, drawling tone, which irritated the young man beyond measure. Its purport, however, was plain. The farm was to be Hugh's inheritance; the village

store, which old Jean Desmond had made to yield a shrewd income, was to be sold by the executors to Louis Duboeuf at a figure named between them; while to the eldest son fell the balance of the estate. The ready money accruing from the sale to Duboeuf was to make provision for the needs of the widow and little Cecile.

Pierre listened in puzzled astonishment. Hugh was to have the farm, then, and he, himself, he knew not what. It was monstrous! But no, it could not be! He swallowed his wrath and questioned M. Charcot more closely.

"Yes," said he, "I am well acquainted with the affairs of M. Jean Desmond, my late client. I know that he owned a controlling interest in the Red Jacket, a valuable coal mine in Picton, which must be included in the balance of the estate. Moreover, I am sorry to have to inform you that, since this will was made, your father met with some misfortunes of a business sort, which forced him to mortgage the homestead farm for a considerable sum. M. Jacques Despard holds this mortgage, and, if paid off at once—as I should recommend, though I do not venture to advise—it will effect quite a shrinkage in the estate. The mining interest is good, and, indeed, might be made highly profitable by strict oversight and steady personal attention. Left to itself, as your father was compelled to leave it, it will continue to deteriorate. It needs immediate supervision."

Pierre made a gesture of disgust.

"As to ready money," pursued the old lawyer, mentally noting the grimace, "meaning funds immediately available—I do not know of any at all. Duboeuf, the clerk, will know better than anyone else whether my late

client banked at St. Hyacinthe, in a business way. Or you can learn, now, at the Dominion Bank, next block below."

Pierre's questionings at the one Bank of the place—St. Madeleine had none at all—gave no cheering result. A small sum was entered to the credit of the late Jean Desmond—so small, indeed, that Pierre stood aghast, it would scarcely meet immediate demands.

The old lawyer had made it plain that, henceforth, the hard work which his soul abhorred, must be his portion. His days of careless comfort were over.

M. Charcot looked grave after the young man departed. "It is the end of the Desmond property, of the Desmond prosperity!" he murmured, "unless the younger lad is made of better stuff than this one."

Hugh was not as much surprised by Pierre's report as he might have been. He had known something of his father's money anxieties and with the instinct of sympathy divined the rest. The latter had made a just will, providing for all, as affairs had stood at that time; but subsequent losses had altered the case and no codicil of readjustment appeared. It was a blow to him, in particular. He saw plainly that his own portion, the over-mortgaged farm, was valueless unless the indebtedness were discharged. If this were done, as M. Charcot advised, with the funds meant for his mother's support, it must be hers, thereafter, and lodged in her name. Thus she and Cecile would have, at least, a home. For himself, he would be penniless, but what did that matter? His vocation meant voluntary poverty; the Lord was making it easy for him. Was it not well that he had nothing of earth to cling to?

But further trouble impended. It became increasingly evident that Pierre would not assume his share of the common burden. He agreed, indeed, to stay by the farm and "look after it," but actual labor was afar from his thoughts.

Then, a few words from M. Charcot fell like a thunder-bolt on Hugh and all his visions. "My good lad," the advocate spoke kindly, for the attractive face and earnest voice of the younger son had appealed to him strongly—he saw that this young man would understand—"you must face the call of duty, come what may! The future of your mother and sister, humanly speaking, depends upon you. I fear—and I think you know—that the farm under your brother's management will not produce a princely revenue. You say he refuses to go to Picton. Perhaps that is well! I think you will accomplish more in that quarter, than he!"

Then, he must go, himself. The call of duty—these words went through him like a knife. A well-directed thrust, the old advocate knew—nor did it fail of the mark.

His divine call, his vocation, could it be this? A plunge into blackness—a struggle for mere life and livelihood and that beneath the earth—a voluntary self-burial in a Picton coal mine? The priesthood indeed demanded sacrifice, but a beautiful abnegation, in its way. To minister at the lighted altar, to heap it with roses, to be out in the sunshine, to have society of books and consecrated men, to feel the smile of the Madonna on his labors, to such a vocation his soul gladly yielded. But this changed call—could it be also—yes, equally,—from on high?

Yet the Divine Hand—none else!—had overthrown his hopes. It had

touched his father's hoary head with eternal peace and lifted off his burdens forevermore! "It is the Lord!" he whispered to his soul with sudden awe, yet felt his heart breaking the while.

He would have found his own load heavier still but for his mother's tenderness and the sympathy of Aline; for Pierre was very trying, in the days that followed. He was willing enough, he said, for Hugh to go to Picton, adding that he should be a fool to object, since any improvement at the Red Jacket would help to fill his empty pockets.

This, however, was not at all M. Charcot's idea nor that of Hugh himself. He made his proposition in a business-like way.

"If the profits at the Red Jacket lessen under my management, I will return and give the whole thing up as a failure. But in case I augment them, I shall claim the increase as my salary and out of it my mother will be dutifully cared for." At this Pierre rose in wrath, asseverating that the mine was his own and every dollar it produced; but Hugh quietly persisted.

"On no other conditions do I go. If I labor, I am worthy of my hire."

Sober second thought, however, with his mother's persuading, calmed Pierre and set him reflecting. Hugh's going would be no loss and any money he might give to mother or sister would be clear gain. Besides, if Hugh remained, he could not always have his own way on the farm—which was a consideration—while any improvements of a permanent character made at the mine would be for his own ultimate advantage. To have this inconvenient younger brother out of his way was something! It would insure them against any further demands on the home purse for his personal expenses

or college schemes. Pierre had small respect for learning; in fact, had looked askance at every dollar Hugh had received from their father, frankly deriding the lad's studious tastes.

Hugh lingered long, however, delaying his departure. He dreaded parting from Aline. But he was forced to act, at last. Again angry voices met him, on his return from the fields. Pierre was just turning away from the rest of the lads with an exultant laugh; and the one ablaze with wrath was Aline's brother.

"I say, Hugh," he cried, "Pierre shall not insult my sister! Aline wants none of him or his love-making. He shall not have her! I will shoot him down first!"

Hugh turned white. This, then, was Pierre's offense. His own anger sprang out of all control. Had Pierre been within reach, the two might have slain him on the spot.

A white heat of passion blazed up in Hugh's breast, such as he had never known before; an impulse, mighty to tear and rend. A rage of jealousy, touched with a chivalry inherited from past generations, fed the fire in his veins. He would fight for Aline to the death.

Young Quenin saw it, with a sudden cooling of his own wrath. He took the other by the arm. "Come with me, now!" he urged. "Do not go to him!"

Hugh yielded, in silence.

"Let the cur alone!" he added, after a second glance at Hugh's face. "It is not for my sister's honor that her name should be smirched with crime or brawl. This is my quarrel and my father's; not thine, mon ami."

For Hugh the hour of leave-taking had struck. If he could not stay and keep peace with his brother he had

better go—he saw this, as in one great burst of light.

Later, fell his repentance. What had he done? What right had he, indeed—he, a future priest—to stand between Aline and any suitor for her hand? What right had he, even, to be angry? He was disgracing his vocation—nay, even his summons to a coal mine! "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," so ran one of the Gospels! What was he thinking of?

The rush of penitence was intense; deep as his wrath had been, he came out of it, sure of one thing only—that he must leave home without delay. And upon this resolution he acted.

Hastily bidding his mother good-bye, he took train at once. It was a sad journey Eastward. From out his soul's humiliation, its bitter deeps of contrition, he cried, perpetually, within himself, "I was not fit for the priesthood and Heaven knew it. Therefore, the way was barred. Perhaps I am not fit even for the coal mine."

His self-exile seemed a salutary penance. None the less by sharp coincidence, as events are hung together in this complicated world, the very evils from which he was flying were hurrying to meet him. Word of the owner's intended arrival had already reached the coal-mine and the general manager at the Red Jacket had waxed wroth. Justifiable wrath he maintained it was and hot, in its own way, as poor Hugh's had been. What good could possibly come, he argued, of this interference with him and his plans? He was doing all that possibly could be done with the mine! If the owners wanted to squeeze out more money, and did so, it merely meant financial ruin. Guy McFarland boiled with rage—partly selfish, it was true, but

also generous, for he knew the miners under him needed every cent of their present wage.

"If the Desmond comes," he muttered, "it is because the devil sends him! And he'll get the devil's own welcome!"

Verily, ill-temper was no monopoly of the Desmonds.

So poor Hugh, on his arrival, found no kindly hand outstretched in greeting. It was dark, the hour late—no conveyance arrived to meet him—and he had to go stumbling off on foot through the shadows to find the manager's quarters. As he left the village and approached the mine, the general desolation awed him. Piles of black refuse dotted the uneven ground, yawning pits opened their mouths at him as he picked his way on, more and more confused and weary. The path wound like a snake, in the darkness, as if doubtful of its own way, presently crossing a ravine where he could hear the plashing of black water under his feet. He felt one of the rotten planks of the rough bridge give way beneath him, and sprang aside to avoid the danger. But he sprang too far, lost balance and fell headlong into the hollow.

He lay stunned, in the darkness—for how long he never knew!—but woke at length to a sense of acute pain. A futile effort to move convinced him that his right leg was either crushed or broken. Calls for help brought no response and soon sank into moans of distress.

Finally a figure swinging a lantern appeared in the distance, and he was aware that a man of gigantic strength, yet speaking with a voice of insistent softness, had come to his rescue. It was Guy McFarland, the irate manager. He examined the stranger with keen-

eyed curiosity. The delicate boy with his pallid, daintily-cut features, in his plight of utter helplessness, stirred the soul of his rescuer; better nature sprang up in sudden tenderness. "The poor lad!" he murmured. "He looks like a white lily in the blackness."

Then, his practical energy asserted itself. "Keep up heart, my boy! Wait a minute. There! Now let me lift you!"

Hugh's weight seemed like a feather. He strode on with him, evenly and tenderly, to the little building where he lived, laid him on his own bed and sent a man on his own fast mare at full gallop for a surgeon.

Not until the injured limb had been attended to and the fever that ensued perceptibly abated—it was a matter of some days—did Guy McFarland ask the name of the patient he was nursing so tenderly. He started at the whispered answer.

"Hugh Desmond"—could it be possible? Here, then, was the dreaded enemy. He could hardly credit it. This delightful boy, how could he be the mine-owner?

It was M. Jean Desmond, I believe, who was expected," he remarked, as if in a dream.

"My father? Alas! my dear father is dead—and gone from us for ever!" Tears sprang to the blue eyes, wide open with suffering, at the sad remembrance. Guy McFarland fell into a tumult of thought. His good deed had brought its own reward. In place of a sharp proprietor, intent on grinding more profit from the mine and the men—in place of the tyrant he was dreading, against whom he had been nursing wrath, intense as his own strong nature,—here was a gentle boy, whom he could surely influence, if not mould altogether to his will. The poor

miners would be saved from oppression—he could see to that, himself, now! The load of anxiety upon him had weighed tons—yes, tons!—he said to himself, as it softly rolled away.

“I have come in my father’s stead,” murmured Hugh. “I trust you will not be sorry—not very sorry, I mean! I will do my best!”

The pathetic little promise went to Guy’s heart, then and there.

“Yes—yes, laddie! Go to sleep, now!” And the blue eyes obediently closed, unconscious of their great victory.

With returning strength Hugh’s observations began. He wondered, day after day, at McFarland—at his immense energy, his grasp of details and general good judgment. He saw that this man was the very soul of everything at the Red Jacket; that, but for his faithful unflagging zeal, the handsome profits, which he and Pierre had so long enjoyed, would never have accrued.

“I want to help you, and pay my own way here!” he pleaded, one day, with much earnestness. “I am so much better now!”

McFarland thought a little. “Why not take Steve Curran’s place? He can have a better one, for the asking, at the works of the Excelsior, that big mine over yonder.”

Hugh accepted the opening gladly. He was already convinced that mining and mine supervision were not things to be learned in a day. He saw he must serve a long apprenticeship and that no better teacher could be had anywhere than Guy McFarland.

It was wearisome and gloomy work for one reared in the sunny fields of St. Hyacinthe. He grew sick of the eternal blackness, sick of the mine and the shaft, sick of the poverty and

grinding depression all around. He envied McFarland the strength and will power with which the latter worked—steadily and evenly, like the mighty play of a steam engine. Often his own heart sank and he fell back in nerveless depression, ready to give it all up! This surely was not his vocation.

He said as much to good Fr. Sebastien, the priest of the region, who liked him much. In fact, the kindly man had been striving to help him ever since the day when his reticence had first broken barrier and he had poured out his tale of crushed aspirations.

“My son, it is indeed dark, here!” was the sympathetic answer. “Poverty and suffering do, indeed, stalk abroad. Bless the Lord, my son, and thank Him for setting you here, as a light in a dark place! Charity and love are rays of His glory, and herein is your priesthood. To this field—not to a brighter one—He has ordered you, in His great mercy. Go about doing good!”

Certainly opportunities came on all sides. Hugh did his best and the men grew vaguely conscious of some softening influence at work; there was less friction at the Works, less acerbity on McFarland’s part, less resentment on their own. A kindly voice met their complaints with sympathy; little comforts crept into their cottages. Steve Curran, from his new berth at the Excelsior, questioned McFarland.

“How does the young un get on, Master?”

“Finely. Handles all your old work—and puts in a lot of ornamentals besides. Coaxes the men and oils the wheels all round!”

“Helpin’ Father Sebastien, eh? So I hear. Didn’t come down here for mischief, did he?”

"No, no!" growled Guy, shortly. He disliked the reminder of his suspicions.

Not until six months had elapsed and he stood on firm footing of friendship with McFarland did Hugh Desmond broach the matter which had been the real cause of his coming. Then he broke silence and told the nature of his bargain with Pierre.

McFarland burst into expostulation. "Donner and Blitzen!—as Pieter Dutchman says! Why, man, how the mischief did you expect to make money, here! The Jacket pays out every dollar it earns! It isn't losing by you, so long as you get only what Curran did. But extra profits—no, laddie, the thing can't be done."

And Guy McFarland set his firm lips in a decisive curl.

"What is the trouble, Mac? Why can't it?" queried the other with the innocent air of a small child.

"You little blossom of St. Hyacinthe!" cried the manager, now irate. "Can't you see that your old machinery is on its last legs? I worry every day, and lie awake nights, for fear some awful thing will happen. It is liable to break down or burst up, any time! Here I have been begging the company for new pumps and engine, Heaven knows how long! Can't get a shilling towards them, because it would cut down profits."

"Wouldn't the new machinery eventually increase the profits?"

"Surely, my artless lad! We could materially increase the output. Even your little head can take you that far! But the owners, no! They don't mean to see it."

Hugh thought of Pierre and was silent; he was catching a glimpse of the real anxieties that oppressed McFarland.

In due time, however, he made another attack.

"Isn't there something I can do, Guy, even if we can not get new machinery? Are there no little things worth doing? I want to work for the common good. 'He that is faithful in few things shall be made ruler over many things.'"

"Yes, sonny! No end of small jobs that I can't attend to. I do all I can! I work every minute of the day, as you see. Yes, I will give you a list."

A new era of usefulness dawned upon Hugh. Not only did he labor patiently, but he began to get interested. He caught himself planning for the Red Jacket and forgetting St. Hyacinthe in the new enthusiasm. "I have caught McFarland's spirit," he owned to himself. "Like him, I am getting proud of my work!" He had just been successfully renewing some rotten timbers and had strengthened up much feeble ladder-work. "It is worth doing, indeed! Human life will be so much the safer."

He was quiet, but efficient; one piece of neglect after another was silently repaired and small improvements steadily carried on. The men understood at once.

"Young un's a trump—he is!—beggin' pardon of yer Riverence fur sayin' it. But he do be lookin' afther us, like a mother!" This burst from one of the miners with a delighted grin, in answer to Fr. Sebastien's grave inquiries. "He is mendin' up iverything, sor!"

And Fr. Sebastien softly murmured the ancient Messianic prophecy, "He shall be called the Repairer of the breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in."

At the close of the year to his own surprise Hugh found a neat little surplus to his credit.

"Our output was a trifle more," explained McFarland, "and values higher. Coal went up." Hugh smiled, more than delighted. "Now, young man," pursued Guy, do not invest your cold cash here. The Red Jacket is not a big mine and never will be. Besides, you'll have trouble with your precious brother, if you do! Buy an interest in the Excelsior, over yonder. Steve Curran will manage it."

Hugh gladly acted on this hint. His spirits rose; he was accomplishing something after all.

The next year he set about the task of procuring new engines. It was a labor of Hercules, as he had foreseen. He wrote letters innumerable, made sundry journeys for personal conference with obstinate proprietors, found favor with these and slowly advanced his cause. Pierre proved the worst obstacle; his dull mind could not or would not grasp the idea that a small sacrifice of immediate income would eventuate in substantial increase thereof. At times Hugh despaired and gave over effort—but soon returned to it again, at the stimulus of McFarland's grim face.

His only comfort in these discouraged days lay in the letters of Cecile. His school-girl sister was blossoming into beauty, as her photograph bore witness—her mind developing in like fashion—and her sympathy became very sweet. "The little Madonna" McFarland called her. He would stroll into Hugh's room and gaze at the tender face, as if entranced.

"Give me this picture! She will send you another!" he exclaimed. "One day I hope to see the original!" And coolly putting it in his pocket, he walked away.

Towards the close of the year Hugh's labors began to bear fruit. One by

one the members of the mining company yielded to pressure and McFarland's face brightened. Pierre Desmond was last to succumb, yet he, too, finally gave in. The new pumping engines were compassed. The superintendent's grim delight was something pathetic and in it the younger man found his reward.

Yet in this probationary world joy and grief are as warp and woof. While the superintendent was striding nervously around, watching the arrival of the new engines part by part, his stern face alive with joy—so that even the miners grew sympathetic—the blow of all blows, for his whole life on earth, fell upon Hugh. A letter from his sister held this fatal sentence. "Aline Quenin is at last betrothed to our Pierre. We are all very happy, for we love her dearly."

In the suffering that crushed his soul even to numbness, Hugh learned the strength of the tie that bound him to Aline. He went about like a man in a dream. McFarland understood and his rough sympathy, silent but sincere, proved Hugh's best help. It was not impossible to argue with himself. Hugh knew it might prove all for the best and felt sure Aline's gentleness would soften Pierre's temper—indeed, had already done so, as his yielding in the matter of the engines now evidenced—yet his arguments failed to convince his own spirit. The sacrifice of his love was a spiritual crucifixion.

Unconscious of it though he was, his training at the mine helped him to face the blow. McFarland's sturdy power over himself and others had inspired him; facing the grim facts of life, among the poor, had also taught him much, and when he finally opened his grief to Fr. Sebastien, the latter

had far stronger material to work upon than he would have found three years before.

"My son," said he, "thy strength is made perfect in weakness. This is thy call to priesthood—that priesthood of pain, of eternal self-sacrifice, the very glory of heaven, in virtue whereof our Jesus sitteth at the right hand of God. To the great renunciations of life cometh the great recompense of reward."

Hugh went away vaguely comforted. McFarland, too, grew gentle and even tender toward him in these days.

"Come and look at the sea!" he would often say, and draw Hugh away from his every-day haunts. Together they would stroll on the coast, watching the infinite swell of the ocean, its varied color beneath shifting skies, its surface sheen and hollow deeps, rich in mystic suggestions to the struggling soul.

"There is peace at its heart!" declared the Scotchman—and this over and over again, as if the thought were habitual with him. "You have nothing like this in your calm valleys of St. Hyacinthe. Here is the greatness of Divine sorrow, buffeted and storm-tossed, yet anchored fast in everlasting calm."

So, day after day, the green surges came up and Hugh found the soothing of their ceaseless reiteration. The ocean became his mighty comforter.

In all this McFarland built more wisely than he knew for the bruised soul in his care. He understood its suffering and admired its quietude of endurance, for Hugh plunged more earnestly than ever into his daily tasks and his charities multiplied. All his slender salary, save a mere pittance, went to relieve the poor.

The mine still prospered, however,

and again a handsome balance of annual profit fell to his share and went into the Excelsior. The young man neither knew nor cared, so deep was the struggle within him.

A strange joy awed him amid the dark of these days, as if falling straight from heaven.

He was sitting by a ruddy fire one evening with McFarland, watching the blue spurts of flame that fitfully danced on the glowing coal. Silence reigned between them. Later when the older man spoke there was a new note in his decisive voice, a tone of grave respect.

"Hugh, my boy, you know I have had no religion. Never thought much of the different kinds I've seen all about! But I like the kind you have. It is a good sort and I want it. Yes, a faith like yours and none other!"

Tears sprang to his eyes, while Hugh stood amazed and overwhelmed. It was like a flood of God's grace, poured straight from the skies. He had prayed for his friend, indeed, but what magnificent answer, this! What a response from the Divine! He had never dared, more than merest mention of his Church to the Scotchman, knowing his calibre and his inbred fibre of resistance, inherited from the old Covenanters. This silence had been wisdom.

McFarland answered the fervent "Thank Heaven!" that rose to his lips with further frank confession.

"Father Sebastien tried to move me, but no, I would not hear! I am a hard man, Hugh; it was not his fault! Now, I will go and beg his forgiveness—and you shall teach me the ways of your Church."

Poor Hugh, astounded, delighted and humbled all at once, grasped his friend's hand, wondering more and

more at the ways by which the Lord his God had led him. A priesthood of pain, Father Sebastien had said, and behold, it was already crowned—crowned with golden recompense! Yes, it was his crown, his own! Father Sebastien had sought this soul in vain. Not to the aged priest, skilled in spiritual arts, but to himself, in his hour of sacrifice, had this grace come!

He saw he could not overstate the value of a softening Christ-love to this stern man, suffering daily from the very hardness that made him strong, nor the value of such a helper to Father Sebastien and the Church he served. It sang like a chorus through his soul for months after—"The crown of my joy in Christ Jesus!"

For Guy McFarland, having once set his face in the good way, went on in his own conquering fashion, and Father Sebastien found in him a mighty and dependable force making for righteousness.

A shock came, to break up these hours of peace. Cecile wrote that her mother had been taken ill; that they were all alarmed about her and that it was her one wish to see Hugh again. Hugh, her baby boy! Anxious and agitated, he appealed to McFarland.

"Go?" cried the latter, "why, yes! At once, my lad! And not alone! I go with you. Steve Curran will run things here. The Excelsior will lend him, for a time; we are owners over there, now!"

Like a beautiful, strong elder brother, Guy McFarland prepared for their journey, sweeping away obstacles in his own masterful fashion and soon the two were flying by swift train over the bright country. A telegram met them on the way, relieving Hugh's

anxiety a little. The invalid was no worse.

In fact, when they at last arrived, she seemed perceptibly stronger. Hugh's presence gave her new life, and Pierre also seemed devoted to her. Aline's influence had calmed her husband's irritable mood and Hugh had to admit that Aline herself appeared happy. The suffering had been all his own! And for this he thanked heaven!

McFarland declared that Pierre was not a saint; but then—he dryly added—few men were! Domestic peace, with Aline for its centre, charmed Hugh into a less forced resignation, and he drew the young wife, together with Cecile, into the soft circle of his brotherly love.

McFarland was prompt in making his own plans. "Give me Cecile, Hugh, to wife!" he pleaded, "if I can woo and win her. I have wealth enough—as you know—to care for her tenderly—and for the dear mother, too, if need be. Let Steve Curran stay by at the Red Jacket! he is a valuable man. That sets you free for your old work! Then, later, come back to us and help Father Sebastien."

Hugh wrung his hand. "Then we should be, indeed, brothers!" he cried. "It shall be as Cecile wishes."

Thus everything came about. Cecile was soon shyly smiling on McFarland's suit. Hugh sold out his Excelsior stock to give her a modest wedding outfit, the balance meeting the cost of his final studies; and, one day, in the bowers of St. Hyacinthe, when the orchards were again in white bloom, his early dream sprang into beautiful reality. Through the gate of suffering he had come into his consecrated priesthood.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The glad Easter days have come at last and the very air is full of our Risen Lord's greeting to His loved ones after His Resurrection; Peace! What beauty there is in the word since that Easter day nineteen hundred years ago when it fell consecrated from the lips of the Risen Christ. It is really a God-given word. First heard with a new significance at His birth, then as the heritage of the King, triumphant over death and hell.

April days are very pleasant ones and are a delightful change from the cold winds of March, which is a spring month only in name. April is fitly called the month of the Resurrection, because nature and grace have arisen with their Lord and have responded to the glad Alleluia! which is in truth the canticle of the Spring.

Dear children, it would be a very excellent thing if every one of you would learn the life of our Blessed Lord in its every detail. And for this purpose let me recommend to you a book called "New Testament Studies" by Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D. It is beautifully and simply written, and will give you a very good knowledge of the Bible and familiarize you with the Life of Christ.

It is a great pity that so few people— young people—know so little of our Lord's life. They would be ashamed not to know the biographies of the world's great men, but when it comes to the Life of Christ they are sadly

ignorant. Now, just such books as Mgr. Conaty's will teach you all you want to know at present, and, what is better, will cultivate in you a desire for further knowledge. Nowadays there are such beautiful works written to explain the Bible, that no one need be ignorant of the finest literature in the world—that of the Holy Scriptures.

After His Resurrection our Lord remained on earth forty days training His apostles for their mission, and preparing them to continue His work after He was gone. We may well envy them those forty days of perfect peace, and we in turn must do some apostolic work during this month of the Resurrection. What shall it be? Help people to make their Easter duty. You know the Paschal season, the time for the Easter Confession and Communion is from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday,* which this year will be on May 28.

First, let us all pray. One Hail Mary every day for the people of our own parish, ("Charity well ordered begins at home,") that every one, without exception, may have the grace to go to the Sacraments.

What a joy for a pastor. What untold joy to a multitude of homes, and what a blessed relief to the many watching, prayerful souls who are anxious and fearful, as Trinity Sunday approaches and all the "Easter lambs," as the Redemptorists call them, are not gathered into the fold. United prayer will work wonders, and perhaps some of us will take very kindly

to this form of it because our own near and dear ones will be its object.

It is well to be generous in prayer. The Secretary read lately that when we have Mass offered for others, it is a greater charity to have it offered for many than one, (Father P. Gallwey, S.J.,) and so with other things. We gain much by an act of self-denial, but we double the gain by making that act for some one else.

Now, during the Paschal season, how much may we not gain by praying for those who neglect their Easter duty or who put it off from day to day.

That is what our Lord meant by the parable in which He speaks of the nobleman who called his ten servants and gave them ten pounds, saying "Trade till I come." To make the best of our opportunities,—and prayer, the power to pray, is among the best of them.

Not so much prayer for ourselves, but for others. Our Lord taught His apostles to say "Our Father"—not "My Father." So, dear children, pray for sinners—and of course we can count ourselves in among them—pray for the unhappy, and last, but not least, indeed, pray for our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who is growing old so grandly, so gloriously and so fearlessly. Read his last letter, if you are able, if not, tell your parents what a good thing it would be for them to do so. Don't be selfish little saints—make others good, and at the same time try to make them happy.

Some years ago there was a little society in New York called "The Sunbeams," and the members bound themselves to one thing only. To do one act of kindness to some one every day, for the love of God. Try it—but don't forget the motive. There is too much

kindness done to people nowadays for other motives—and it always fails. Real kindness is charity, and charity is the love of God—no real love for man, for the poor, the unfortunate, the sinful that is not founded on the love of God. All else is false and a failure. When you grow older you will learn that philanthropy is a bigger word than charity, but it gives only a portion where charity gives all.

Don't be philanthropists, but charitable Christians. There is a great difference between the two titles.

The first must have something material to give—the second needs only a good will and he can help the whole world; for he has at his disposal a veritable gold mine—the power to pray.

Devotedly yours,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

¹ In nearly every Diocese in the United States.—[Ed.]

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.—St. John xiv.
2. Live more in God, and do not think of the future.—De Ravignan
3. To those who can see straight themselves, all things look always straight.—Faber.
4. Whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's—Romans xiv.
5. A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.—Edmund Spenser.

FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?
2. What apostle took the place of the traitor, Judas?
3. Who was the husband of Veronica, who wiped our Lord's face with her veil?

4. What was the name of the blind man in St. Mark's Gospel, who cried out, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me" ?
5. Who was the first Christian woman of Europe, whose name we know ?

- 10—St. Dominic.
11—St. Ambrose.
12—St. Thomas Aquinas.
13—A Goose.
14—Turkey.
15—Castor.
16—Syllabubs and Pie.
17—Tongue.
18—Ham.
19—Her-ring.
20—Potatoes.
21—Onions.
22—Cabbage.
23—Bread.
24—Salt.
25—Butter.
26—Apples.
27—Plums.
28—Pears.
29—Figs.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter ?
2. Whole, I am what boys get into ;
Behad me, I am what people wear in mourning ;
Behad me again, I am a seed for birds ;
Behad me again, I become an animal.

3. Who went to sea for fear of being drowned ?
4. What is higher when the head is off ?
5. What school master demands the highest fees ?

ANSWERS FOR THINKERS.

FLOWERS OF PIETY.

1. Snowdrop.
2. Crocus.
3. Daisy.
4. Crown Imperial.
5. Daffodil.
6. Anemone.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

EASTER DINNER.

- 1—St. Peter.
2—St. Gregory.
3—Bayard.
4—Louis IX. of France.
5—St. Jerome.
6—O'Connell.
7—Fr. Matthew.
8—St. Luke.
9—Michael Angelo.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Boy and the Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb ;
On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad,
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—

"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please ?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,

And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,

And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,

But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed ;

'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,

And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,

And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

Touching Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

About a fortnight before Christmas a number of Prussians reached Velars, a small village near Dijon, and announced that they were to be quartered there for some time. The church was at once selected by the German soldiers for their barracks. The news of this arrangement quickly spread through the village and caused the greatest consternation. The parish priest happened to be absent. What are we to do?" said the good peasants, "we cannot leave the Blessed Sacrament in the church, as these Prussians are going there, and we cannot remove it, because the priest is not here." One among them was struck with a bright thought: "*Attendez* (wait); bring little Paul, who made his first communion this year; he is very good and very pious; he may remove *le bon Dieu* (the good God)." They brought the little fellow, a child of remarkable piety and sense, but he refused to do what he was asked, alleging that he was not a priest, and had no right to touch the sacred vessels. On this one of the villagers cried, "I will go and fetch my little boy; he is a little innocent one, and he will do as I tell him."

The child, a bright little thing four years old, was brought. His father lifts him on the altar, tells him how to open the door of the tabernacle, and putting in his spotless baby hands a clean white cloth, tells the child to take up the holy ciborium, and so, the child bearing the Most Holy Sacrament, borne himself in the arms of his father, and followed by the villagers, men and women, all bearing lighted tapers, passes from the church, to deposit the sacred treasure where it will not be exposed to insult and desecration.

Father Thomas' Sermons.

When the first passion flower bloomed out among the vines enwreathing the cross in the garden, the Peep-o'-day Boys gathered around to admire it. They asked Father Thomas why it was so called.

"Because it symbolizes the Passion and what was connected with the sufferings of our Lord; for Passion means suffering, in this sense. The petals represent the apostles; the style, the pillar to which our Saviour was bound when He was scourged. The threads around the style represent the crown of thorns. One of the stamens is a hammer, the four others form a cross. The three pointels are the nails. The three bracts are the three soldiers who cast lots for the seamless garment the Blessed Virgin wrought for her Son. The leaf with its five divisions recalls the five sacred wounds. The tendrils are the cords by which Christ was bound; and the two stipules, one on each side of the flower, denote the two thieves who were crucified with Him.

"Old legends say that the disciples passed the night after the crucifixion among the mountains of Jerusalem. In the morning they found a flower they had never seen before. From its curious construction they called it the Passion flower.

"In each bloom, lo! the cross appears,
The thorny coronal,
The nails, the pillar, the Roman
spears,
A glory circling all."

"This flower blooms about Holy Cross day, in September. What a beautiful vine it is! Children are like vines. You need something to cling to and some one to train you—your parents and your pastor. When you do not need their advice you are like a vine with no tendrils, which falls to the ground; you will soon be defiled by sin."

Editorial Notes.

Peccavi!

It is like discussing ancient history for a monthly magazine to submit its opinion on current topics. Before the month is half gone by, the weeklies have commented on the matter at issue and there remains but very little to be said. One conspicuous event was the promulgation of the Pope's letter on "Americanism." Some editors, indeed, would have us believe that such propensities, as condemned by the Holy Father, never existed. Mr. Thorne, in his latest *Globe Notes*, tells us that America was witnessing "another phase of hell over again," and "the Pope's letter means this absolutely, but with the fine and necessary diplomacy of the great head of the Church, the Pope puts his meaning in more diplomatic phrase." Indeed, some of the submissions to the letter were very funny. To quote the Catholic editor of a Catholic journal—the *St. Louis Church Progress*: "Everybody implicated is of course 'submitting,' but the method of submission is peculiar. It is not by way of crying out, 'Peccavi; I retract my errors and promise to amend.' Not a bit of it! That wouldn't be good 'Americanism.' The new way is to declare that 'I never held any of the doctrines condemned by the Holy Father; I entirely agree with His Holiness, and repudiate them with all the energy of my soul.' And the cue is taken up by a certain element of the press, and a vociferous chorus ascends to the surprised heavens, that the Holy Father has entirely misapprehended the situation, that the doctrines he has condemned were never heard of, or thought of, or dreamed of in this country.

"Infallible" Ignorance.

Whenever the Holy Father addresses his spiritual children, much discussion is sure to follow. For instance, witness the comments on the last letter to the American people. What crude

notions about the Pope's infallibility! The ever orthodox editor of the *American Herald*, who speaks our thoughts in this matter, repeats once more that—as every Catholic child knows—"the Pope is not infallible when he expresses only his own ideas, but he is infallible when, as the head of the Church, he defines truth contained in the depository of revelation, the Scriptures and tradition. The Pope is not infallible when he judges purely personal questions; but he is so when he judges doctrinal questions affecting faith or morals—that is to say, revealed truth or revealed law, the Pope being infallible only when he rests on the testimony of God or revelation. The Pope is not infallible when he treats as a private doctor questions even of doctrine, but when he judges by virtue of his apostolic authority that a doctrine affecting revealed truth and revealed law ought to be held by the universal Church."

Saying of Sage and Seer.

James R. Randall, the writer of "My Maryland," shows a deep thinking mind and a ripe experience in his weekly chats in the *Columbian*. His thoughts on the passing human show are sent home to his reader with faultless aim. There is a moral in all he says. Here is a tid-bit for young readers—St. Theresa said something similar—"When I was a college boy," says Mr. Randall, "memory lessons in English were committed from an edition of Lord Byron's works with one notoriously bad poem expurgated. I think that book, while it stimulated my then gift of verse, did me harm otherwise. It made me romantic, morbid and unspiritual. It would be more accurate to state that it inflamed a nature already too imaginative, moody and sensuous, at a critical period of youth. Possibly my demoralization had already begun and would have, sooner or later, in some other literary fashion, run its course.

Common Sense.

A common-sense and level-headed writer in the *St. Louis Church Progress* fails to see that "higher education" elevates woman, but sees much in it that lowers her. The writer says: "I do not mean that woman should not be educated or even highly educated, but I mean that she should not be subjected to a "system of higher education," i. e., placing her on a level with men as a normal development, when she plainly is designed for a better and higher sphere. Would anyone talk of the higher education of an angel? To speak of the higher education of woman sounds just as abnormal and foolish. Woman is far above higher education. The moment she abandons the bright particular sphere of her own unique prerogative, that moment she descends and becomes the commonplace rival of man. The women who are constantly prating of higher education and proclaiming the equal rights of women are noticeably most unwomanly, the kind that men instinctively shun. Let women be educated as highly as possible, but on the line of her own womanly nature, not like a man, but like herself, without blotting out the queenly image of her own beautiful femininity, which gives her the virtue of her own peculiar sovereignty."

A Book for Little Folks.

Catholic doctrine does not change, but there is at times room for improvement in the methods of communicating it to the youthful minds. There is heard at present a cry for a more simple Catechism. Several Canadian pastors severely criticise Butler's Catechism, the use of which is obligatory in Canada. Several other books have been suggested. To our mind the Catechism of the great Jesuit Deharbe is the best as to arrangement. But what will all the controversy amount to if no practical step is taken? Why not get up a petition, signed by all the priests interested, and bring the matter before the Bishops in conference. Next to this, let each one nominate a board of

editors well fitted to give us the ideal Catechism, in which "words of learned length and thundering sound will be eliminated." Joaquin Miller recently answered some people who asked him why he always wrote in little bits of Bible Saxon words. This poet scorns big words. "I beg you," he says, "remember Shakespeare's scorn for words, words, words. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart, not the long boastful one of the barbarian." If we get a better catechism than those in vogue, we shall have to render thanks to *The Catholic Record* of London. This able journal first raised the question, and has kept hammering away at it until now others are waking up and falling into line.

Prediction and Prophecy.

Every Catholic who has the welfare of holy Church at heart, daily prays that God may long preserve the life of the present venerable Pontiff; nevertheless great Leo is nearing the natural end of mortals, and our thoughts cannot but be interested in any predictions as to the next Pope. We are reminded of the prophecy of St. Malachy, in which the successor of Leo XIII. in the papal chair is prefigured in the legend "Ignis Ardens," points to the learned Carmelite, Cardinal Gotti, as the prelate who is destined to be the next Pope. The prophecies relating to the succession to the Papacy, attributed to the Archbishop of Armagh, who lived in the eleventh century, took the form of a number of Latin mottoes. Thus the motto predicted for the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff, who happened to be Pius VI., was "Peregrinus Apostolicus," which, in view of the numerous voyages and exiles of that Pope, turned out to be singularly appropriate. The motto, "Aquila Rapax," was assigned to the two hundred and fifty-eighth Pope, and, as the latter was Pius VIII., the prophecy received fulfilment by the robbery of his temporal possessions by Emperor Napoleon I., whose emblem was the eagle. The prediction for the two hundred and sixty-second Pope, Pius IX., was "Crux de Cruce," which was

borne out by the persecution and troubles to which he was subjected throughout his long pontificate by the House of Savoy, whose armorial bearings display a Latin cross. The prophecy for his successor was "Lumen in Cælo," which may be regarded as accomplished by the fact that a comet figures in the armorial bearings of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. The prediction for the next Pope is "Ignis Ardens," (burning fire), and is said to point to Cardinal Gotti.

PUBLICATIONS.

A Harp of Many Chords: By Mary F. Nixon; B. Herder, St. Louis, 17 South Broadway.

The admirers of Miss Nixon's versatile pen—and surely their number is not small—will welcome the advent of another story from this gifted authoress. The first chapter introduces the reader to the heroine, a recent graduate of the *Sacre Coeur*, who rejoices in the quaint name of Carola, and is enjoying freedom from school girl life, at Paris, chaperoned by her aunt, Miss Amanda Adams. This last named personage, who is fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" period, proves very decidedly in the course of the narrative that a chaperone might, with great advantage be engaged for herself. Carola receives a pressing invitation from a former school friend, now married, and living at "Ballyantree, Country Down," to visit her, and after writing a letter of acceptance, she, with her Aunt, repaired to the "Fete of Flowers," then being held. Miss Nixon's descriptive powers are good, and we can almost inhale the fragrance of the festoons and wreaths, the roses and daffodils which abound. Carola has a bunch of purple violets dropped into her lap by one who later on is destined to influence her life in an unmeasurable degree. At the house of her friend Mrs. Hill she meets the cousin of the latter, a rather self-centered individual, who finds Carola different from the idea he had formed of American girls, and ends by falling deeply in love with the fair *ingenue*. Later on she and her aunt resume their tour of pleasure, and we meet them at Innsbruck where Carola—who, by the way, is not a Catholic, is deeply impressed with the solemnity of the Cathedral Church and loved to linger there while "the soft cloud of incense still rose from the quaint altar" and filled each nook with fragrance. About this time Miss Adams

has quite an adventure with the noble in rank, but not otherwise Baron Otto von Diesko, in which however she eventually shows that beneath her rather weak personnel she possesses some very sterling qualities. We will now accompany them to the "dark continent" where our heroine meets the owner of "the pair of dark eyes" and recognizes therein the knight of the purple violets which were tossed to her "just so" at the floral fete. The reader is at liberty to fashion a termination to the story, or better still to procure for himself—or herself—as the case may be, this very readable little volume. We will leave Carola at her own place on the Hudson, "Ferncliffe," where, according to her aunt, Miss Adams, "she is perfectly contented since she became a Catholic." The book is well gotten up, with clear type, wide margin, pretty binding, and will serve to pass a few unoccupied hours in a pleasant and not unprofitable manner.—S.X.B.

Books earnestly recommended to all clients of the Holy Face, and for sale at the Carmelite Monastery, 1236 Rampart street, New Orleans, La.

"*Life of Sister Saint-Pierre*," the Carmelite of Tours, to whom the great Work of Reparation for *Blasphemy* and the *Violation of Sunday* was revealed. Compiled from her writings, etc. by Rev. P. Janvier, Founder of the Missionaries of the Holy Face at the Oratory of Mr. Dupont, and Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter, etc. Translated from the French with the approbation of the Mt. Rev. Archbishops of New Orleans, Baltimore, New York, Cincinnati, etc., etc. 1 vol., cloth, \$1.50; paper cover, \$1.00.

"*Sr. Saint-Pierre and the Work of the Reparation*." Translated by Mary I. Hoffmann, containing a sketch of the wonderful life of the holy Carmelite Nun, all her prayers and devotional practices, her beautiful canticles, etc. With Preface by Mgr. Preston, approved by Archbishop Colet and by His Eminence the late Cardinal McCloskey. 1 vol., cloth, 50 cents.

Hoffmann's Catholic Directory for 1899 can be had from Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Prices (No. 1) for U. S. and Canada, paper cover, 75 cents,—leather \$1.15. Complete edition, paper, \$1.25,—leather \$1.75.

The March issue of "The Globe Quarterly Review" contains some exquisite Sonnets from the pen of its able editor William Henry Thorne.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job xix. 21.*

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

JAMES BRAZILL, who died in St. Louis, Mo., February 24.

STEPHEN DORSCHIELT, who died at Pittsburg, Pa., March 8.

MRS. MARY HAUREHAN, who died at St. John, N.B.

MRS. P. McCLOSKEY, who died at Pittsburg, OWEN CAFFERY, who died at Hamilton, Canada.

JAMES V. REID, who died at Pittsburg, Pa., March 19.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Spiritual, 10; temporal, 6; health, 4; employment, 3; sick, 3; conversion, 2; vocation, 1; tempted, 1; means, 2; for absent ones, 2; interperate, 2; spiritual, 1; for a father, 1; removal of a scandal, 1; financial, 1; reparation, 1; peace in a family; general, 2; special, 3; all our readers and their intentions and for all deceased readers.

Several readers thank our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for many spiritual and temporal favors granted to them since our last issue.

Thanks are returned (by promise) to dear St. Anthony of Padua, for obtaining a special request after three novenas had been said in his honor.

Favors for the New Hospice.

Miss B.G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J.B., Dundas, Ont.; Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; Miss M.F., Alton, Ont.; Miss M.C.M., Jasper, Ont.; Miss N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss M.M., New York City; The Ven. Sr. M.E., Joliette, Que.; Miss E.M.P., Charleston, Mass.; J.W., LaPorte, Ind.; Miss K.A.G., Syracuse, N.Y.; E.F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; J.M.L., Lancaster, Pa.; Miss S.McG., London, Ont.; Miss J.B., Dublin, Ont.; Miss A.H., Kegg, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M.C., Englewood, N.J.; Miss M., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. C.K., St. John, N.B.; F.R., Lancaster, Pa., (2); H.R., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. E.W., Pewee Valley, Ky.; Mrs. M.A., New York City; The Ven. Sr. D., Longue Pointe, Que.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Miss F., Lexington, Mass.; Miss K.McG., Holliston, Mass.; Miss A.M.N., Sagole, Wis.; Miss A.M.L., Kingston, Ont.; Sr. of Providence, Longue Pointe, Que., (2); Miss

E.F.G., Charleston, Mass.; Miss E.A.B., Erie, Pa.; Mrs. F.R., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss J.J., Arichat, C.B.; Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; The Ven. E. McD., Albany, N.Y.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. J.W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Mrs. T.S.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Mission, Alma, Wash.; St. Peter's Church, St. Peter, Ind.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Burlington, Wis.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from: St. Joseph's Church, Liberty Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg, S.S.; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg, Pa.; Church of St. James the Greater, Island Pond, Vt.; St. Jos' Indian Industrial School, Keshena, Shawano Co.; Wis.; St. Mary's College, St. Nazianz, Wis.; St. Michael's Church, Independence, Ohio; St. Vincent Ferrer Church, Valley, Polano Co., Cal.; Herman, Pa.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from: St. Alphonsus Hospital, Boise, Idaho; St. Patrick's, Milwaukee, Wis.; Catalina, Nfld.; St. Patrick's, Ridgetown, Ont.; North Java, N.Y.; St. Mary's, Lancaster, O.; St. James', Washington, Ia.; St. Antony's Home, Franklin, Ind.; St. Margaret's, Margaree, N.S.; St. Patrick's, Galt, Ont.; Sacred Heart, St. Vincent, Ky.; St. Clement's, Preston, Ont.; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Franciscan Fathers, Streator, Ill.; Dominican Sisters, Rockland, Ill.; Manadien, C.B.; Zurich, Ont.; St. Stephen's Buffalo, N.Y.; Mt. Forest, Ont.; Galena, Mont.; Jeffersonville, Ind.; St. Andrew's, Le Roy, Wis.; St. Comban's, Que.; St. Dunstan's Convent, Fredericton, N.B.; Sisters of Charity Hospital, Buffalo, N.Y.; Our Lady of Angels, Moose Creek, Ont.; Bothwell, Ont.; Assumption, Swornville, N.Y.; St. Agnes', Glace Bay, N.S.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.