

JESUS CHRIST

From a painting by Hoffmann.

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The Spirit of the World.

J. F. X. O'CONNOR, S. J.

RENOUNCING impiety, and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly and piously in this world. Be not conformed to the spirit of this world, but be reformed in newness of mind, that you may prove what is the good, and the acceptable, and the perfect will of God." (1)

There is no man who ought not to be proud that he is a Christian, that he is called to lead a life like that of Christ, and who ought not to be willing to make sacrifices to approach more nearly to that ideal.

The life of Christ and his teachings are not for the individual man and woman something vague and indefinite. That life and those teachings are so clear and so near the possibility of imitation and resemblance, that one feels and knows that the slightest divergence from them is a disloyalty more or less great.

Christ Our Lord teaches, and his great Apostle repeats the lesson of the Master, as to the spirit of unworldliness, "*Be not conformed to the spirit of this world.*"

Now my brethren, often times when the word "worldly" is used, people try to think that it is in a mediaeval sense, not applicable to the present state of enlightened society, and not suited to our advanced century.

(1) St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus and to the Romans.

The spirit of Our Lord teaches the spirit that is not of this world.

In the first place one of the virtues which Our Lord teaches and one not in accordance with a worldly spirit is humility. For thirty years He remained in the obscurity of Nazareth and then the work which He performed in public was for the good of souls, the glory of His Father and not to draw attention to Himself. This spirit was remarkable in His life, His bearing, His miracles, His dealing with the lowly, and with His Apostles.

Another lesson taught by our Blessed Lord is in regard to pleasure. He tells us of the life to come.

"You have not here a lasting habitation." *"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."* *"Fear not him who can kill the body, but fear him who can cast body and soul into everlasting fire."*

As to riches Our Lord has said: *"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."* *"Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."* These words were spoken to the rich man, who was planning the enjoyment he would take from his wealth. Our Lord is constantly warning his followers of the fleeting nature of time. Time is given to prepare for everlasting life. This truth is shown in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, the ten talents, the seed sown in good ground, the wedding feast.

All these things were spoken by Christ to impress upon the soul the truth that time is given in order to secure with it eternity.

The example of Christ Our Lord, of His teaching and His words tell us how we are to look upon pride, pleasure, riches and the waste of time. Yet, my brethren, if we look around us at the people of the world and ask ourselves how this teaching of Christ is put in practice, we may well wonder.

The idea of Christian humility is rarely to be discovered. We find individuals aiming at the greatest desire for admiration and praise. Not for any real good or worthy work they are performing, but simply to be a center of attention, to be talked about; aiming at surpassing another either in the number or quality of guests, or in the extravagant outlay of the surroundings, or the

inordinate novelty of the environment. Where does the teaching of Our Lord come in? How is it different from a non-christian belief? How empty and hollow it seems to be after all! Some enter this atmosphere from their own seeking, others revel in it, others again are dragged into it reluctantly from the force of surrounding circumstances.

Does it seem otherwise with regard to the seeking of pleasure? What shall be said of those who find themselves attending the theatre four and five times in the week, inviting or invited? We are not going to the extreme of saying that a good play may not occasionally be a rational enjoyment. But the evil is in the growing passion of seeing every new performance placed upon the stage, even with the previous knowledge of something of its doubtful character, without the heroic courage to leave, or to protest, but even to discuss the worst features of life as not being worse than represented.

With readings for the morning, not for the mind's sake, but because others are going; and affairs for the afternoon; and the noon and the evening spent abroad, with late and early hours set apart for the muse Terpsichore, one must perforce ask amid the unceasing oscillation from one social festivity to another, where does the calm and the recollection of the Christian life find its entrance? Is the time found for the morning Mass, and the daily readings of some eternal thought, or the fervently recited beads? Nay more, is there time or thought for the recollected night or morning prayer, or the regular confession at the accustomed hour and the frequent reception of the Sacraments? Nay, further, does the time of Lent or Advent cause much cessation in the whirl of amusement, or is there not a rebellious resistance or badly concealed ill humor at the thought that the church would urge us to desist, even at these times of the year?

Nor is this swirling roll of the tides of pleasure limited to those outside the church. It enters into and eats out the lives of those who as Catholics, profess to follow the crucified Christ. Sadder still, those who can ill afford the outlay and the expenditure, strive to rival in

a lesser degree those whose examples should be as light houses on the shores or life guiding to eternity.

If to the lavish waste of thought, and of toil and of time given to hours of what is called social pleasure, we add another item — the cost of raiment, will all these things meet with the approval of the Master? True it is, He was at the wedding of Cana in Galilee; true it is that the fortunes of many in a measure seem to favor proportionate expenditure: but might they not at times consider whether other things more worthy of their faith and of their duties as Christians, could not be done for the value of these?

Perhaps what I have been saying to you has been random shots, suited to the eleventh century. — But the doctrine of Jesus Christ is the same, to day, yesterday and forever.

So much for the mothers and daughters.

Do the words of the Apostle have any concern at all with the fathers and brothers?

“To live soberly, justly and piously in this world.” The day begins with a late breakfast and the newspaper for which there never fails the time, but for the morning prayers said on the knees, there rarely seems to be time. They may be said coming downstairs, or not at all, or running for the elevated train, where the paper once more has right of precedence. After the rush or the leisurely office hours of the day, come the evening engagements, the duties of escort, or the claims of various associations. During the week how much attention is given to the words of the Apostle — “we should live piously in this world?” How much time is given by the young man to a spiritual reading? “Spiritual reading, did you say, for me!” a little touched. “My sister does the religious reading for the whole family. As to the Sacraments I go once a year at the mission or retreat, but you can’t expect me to live in church. I get to the late Mass pretty regularly, the music is good. A man is so busy, there is not much time for extra piety!”

Extra piety! Was the teaching of Our Lord and the exhortation only for your mothers or daughters or sisters? — If you appear before God with your right hand

filled with business and the news of the day, and your left with your social engagements — what will be the claim you will make for a high place or glory in the Kingdom? “Renouncing impiety and worldly desires, we should live soberly, justly and piously in this world.” It is greatly to be feared that if a man fail to live piously, he will not fail to grow in worldly desires and impiety. Gradually he will fall from the high estate of Christian life, and the only difference between him and the malice of worldly evil, will be in the name that he dishonors.

What has been said to you is in harmony with the teaching of Christ Our Lord in regard to humility, pleasure, riches and the value of time. Is the life that is around us, and alas perhaps too near us, one that is renouncing impiety and worldly desires? Are the people we know, are we ourselves living, with regard to pleasure and dress and duty — living soberly, justly and piously in this world? Each day and each year, are we less conformed to this world, and growing in newness of mind, and cleanness of heart and nearness to God? Is the great aim and effort of our days, to prove the good, the acceptable and the perfect will of God? — that is, do we find the will of God sweet and attractive, and are we doing our best to fulfill it perfectly?

If the world with its love of pleasure and of riches and of greatness is *right*, then the teaching of St. Paul is *wrong*, and the teaching of Christ is *wrong*. But we know that the *world* is wrong, and the teaching of St. Paul is truth, and the teaching of Our Lord is right, and the commanding of the Apostle comes to us with a ringing force ever to be remembered. “Renouncing impiety and worldly desires, we should live soberly, justly and piously, and not be conformed to the spirit of this world.”





CORNELIA

[From the Italian.—Translated by E. McAuliffe]

MAMMA, why do you weep? The question was asked by a girl of about fifteen, who was seated on a low stool near her mother's chair : the latter, a very beautiful young matron, had been for some minutes silent, self absorbed, heedless of the tears which slowly coursed down her soft cheeks. Not receiving any answer, the child, clasping her loving arms around her mother, continued : "Why cannot you tell me the cause of your sorrow? So many times I find you with eyes full of tears, and I know not how to console you. *O mamma mia!* I am no longer a child, and your secret would remain buried in my heart."

"My precious one" replied the noble Virginia, returning her caresses with passionate tenderness, "no one here below can escape the hard law of suffering; and that which is my portion, I fear you could not understand." "Why should you suffer, mamma? I heard your freedman say that you were the envy of all the noble ladies of Rome, because of your high descent, and because the gods made you at once rich and beautiful! *Cloé* has often told me that you were the happiest of beings." "Alas, exclaimed Virginia, with a sigh, the fortune which dazzles them is powerless to assuage my grief. True, I have abundant riches, my roman palace vies with that of Cæsar, nature and art combine to make my gardens a wonder; what avails it? What avails my splendid villa in Naples, another in Sicily, besides possession along the fertile coasts of Africa? The Romans envy me my rich costumes, my jewels, the horses that draw my chariot, my

numerous slaves ; but if they could see my heart, *O Cornelia mia*, they would envy me no more."

"For all that, *cara mamma*, I don't think that there could be in the world a more splendid position than that of a roman lady like you, whose virtues shine with the resplendent lustre of those noble women of our family whose names have a place in history ! They busied themselves in weaving the wool and flax for the use of their household ; within the protecting shadow of their palace walls, bringing up their children to serve Rome and the gods ! Timid and chaste they never went abroad unless with veiled heads, to take part in the processions of the *Campidoglio* ; their prayers were the most pleasing incense that could be offered to the Immortals : they were worthy objects of respect and veneration ; do you pine for a destiny higher than this ?"

As the maiden, with flashing eyes and heaving breast, poured forth her enthusiastic praises of the noble women of her race, Virginia listened with melancholy attention, and when she had finished, shaking her head sadly, replied : "*Cornelia mia*, you have drawn a faithful picture of our ancestors, of those matrons whose austere virtue adorned the best days of the Republic. Our country has always honored their memory, and thou my child hast been taught both in history and in family traditions the value of those images of virtue and modesty. But alas ! how changed in our days are pious customs ! The romans have banished virtue from the domestic hearth, and on all sides we hear of *divorces* ; they have become the fashion of the day ; shameless women, unworthy daughters of chaste mothers, change their husbands six, ten and even fifteen times in the course of a life ; can the immortal gods be blind to such disorders ? Ah me ! Perhaps all too soon our sweet and tranquil existence will be broken in upon. *O Cornelia mia*, child of my love, I grieve for my own fate, but still more for thine, left friendless in a corrupt society, without love and without honor."

"But mother dearest, replied the girl, with ill-disguised uneasiness, you have nothing to fear, those only are unhappy who have banished virtue from their hearts.

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You therefore will be always happy." "Yes, my child, I hope to be at peace in the inner sanctuary of conscience, but my heart is a prey to bitter sorrow. Know that I am in daily, hourly dread of a sentence that will drive me from thee, my treasure. . . . Behold the secret of my tears!" These words were to Cornelia like a thunderbolt from a blue sky; she remained for a moment speechless, motionless, paralysed at the immensity of the trial that awaited her beloved mother; then, hanging on her neck, she strained her to her heart as if she would hold her there in defiance of all her enemies. Poor child, brought up in an atmosphere of purity, she knew nothing yet of the world, of its dangers, or of its scandals. At her mother's side she had read her country's history, had read the poets of the Augustan age, and fondly believed that the Rome of Diocletian, was still the Rome of the Republic. She little dreamed that the increasing wickedness of society threatened to destroy her own earthly happiness, in separating her from her beloved parent. She was not aware that her father, the powerful Cornelio Licinio, with a single word could banish his consort from his house, and that his caprice alone was sufficient to divide mother and child for ever. Virginia did not explain to her daughter the secret motives which alienated from her the love of her husband; the charms of a certain lady named Clelia with whom he had been for some time past infatuated. This dreadful secret she kept to herself; her wounded dignity as a wife, she could bear, but the cruel parting from her idolized child, which she knew to be inevitable, filled her heart with dark forebodings for that child's future, as well as the pain of her own present loss.

Some time after the conversation above related, what Virginia dreaded came to pass. A freedman of her husband's came to her one day, saying that his master, Cornelio Licinio, demanded from her the keys of his house. The noble lady had no resource but to obey, and depart, leaving her child with her unworthy father, as under the Roman law the children were the exclusive property of the father. This bitter parting, this tearing asunder of two loving hearts was now accomplished. Virginia re-

turned to her family in the vicinity of Naples, and Cornelia continued to live in the paternal mansion, secluding herself in her own apartments, surrounded by the faithful slaves, who had served her mother, and who exerted all their energies to console their afflicted young mistress.

Meanwhile she saw very little of her father, he was occupied with the affairs of his office, that of Prefect of the Pretorium, and the spectacles of the amphitheatre, the Midnight banquets filled his leisure hours; those hours which the young girl passed so sadly, thinking of her banished mother, and keeping in mind all her teachings.

Clelia, the new wife of Licinio, never interfered with her solitude, she had no time to think of the lonely child. After long hours spent at her toilette, she would mount her chariot, and drive through the city, or to the amphitheatre, flaunting her ill-gotten silks and jewels. Day and night were filled with pleasures and festivities; the women of that period abdicating the dignified position of domestic matrons, copied the men in the license of their lives. It was no unusual sight to see ladies of the highest rank, on the theatrical stage, vying with the hired players in the buffooneries; or in the arena, wrestling like gladiators; or celebrating the feast of Bacchus with drunken orgies. This was the *set* to which Clelia belonged, women devoid of modesty and right feeling, and it added poignancy to Virginia's grief in leaving Cornelia in such surroundings. The latter, although ignorant of all this, felt an instinctive dislike to her stepmother, not finding her in any way congenial. One day she received an invitation from her to come and look at some jewels which a Greek merchant had brought. The young girl, followed by two female slaves, entered the dressing room of Clelia, who, surrounded by her women, had just finished the laborious operation of the toilette. She received Cornelia with great cordiality, and showed her the beautiful collars of oriental pearls, the splendid bracelets sparkling with rubies and diamonds, and putting her arms around her, said: "Now, little one, you shall have all these precious things when you marry my brother Torquato." Cornelia trembled with horror at the pro-

posal—a husband selected by Clelia, a brother of the supplanter of her beloved mother, what a destiny ! The poor child made no reply, she felt a sensation of choking, and going to a window which opened on an inner court, she sought to revive her drooping spirits. Here a painful sight awaited her. Bound to a pillar, a female slave was receiving the *lash*. In every Roman household such sights were of daily occurrence ; but, under the gentle sway of Virginia the lash was never used.

Cornelia knew that her stepmother was severe with the slaves, as many times, in her distant apartments, she had heard the cries and groans of the poor victims ; but now for the first time she had seen it with her eyes, and what struck her most was the silence of the sufferer. Blood flowed in streams over her bare shoulders, and on the open wounds the lash fell again and again, but no murmur bore witness to her pain ; on the contrary, her eyes were raised upward, filled with an expression of supernatural joy. The pagan girl could understand courage and heroism, but the joyful serenity which beamed on the face of the slave was utterly incomprehensible to her.

She turned towards Clelia, asking : “ What has this poor creature done ! ” “ She has disobeyed me ; ” replied the latter, coldly. “ Can I not intercede for her ? ” said Cornelia. The lady looked at her with a haughty stare, saying : “ Pray confine yourself to the spoiling of your own slaves ; I shall use my own judgment in correcting mine ! I should have a nice household were I to pass over their faults ; they would soon cease to fear me ! Cornelia would have persisted in her intercession, but the dreadful ordeal was over, the slave-girl unbound ; and as her hands were freed, she clasped them together, exclaiming : “ My Lord and my God ! I thank thee ! ”

“ What do these words mean ? ” asked Cornelia of her stepmother. “ Who knows ? ” she answered ; such words are always in her mouth, but I will conquer her, I will not be defied by a vile slave, I will crush her insolence, and humble this obstinate Ifigenia ! While saying these words, the rage and fury which burned within her, so distorted her features, that all her women trembled, not knowing whose turn it would be next.

Pained and indignant, Cornelia returned to her own apartment, and calling her faithful freedman, Napa, asked him if he knew the slave called Ifigenia. "Certainly I do, my noble mistress," he replied; "she is a Greek, a pearl of Nice; we all grieve for her, she alone appears to rejoice in her sufferings." "And why then do you pity her so much?" "Because by the orders of the noble Clelia she is continually punished; she endures every variety, hunger, thirst, flagellation and chains." "Is she then rebellious?" "No, lady; we have not a slave in the house as docile and submissive as Ifigenia, no one so skilled in fine needle-work and embroidery; and further, she never asks a holiday, her only desire is to work, and live in her own thoughts. However, the illustrious Clelia insists that she must marry a favorite slave of hers, and this Ifigenia obstinately refuses to do. For this she was whipped yesterday, to-day, and will be to-morrow if she persists in her refusal." Cornelia thought within herself that there was more in this than she understood; to refuse a desirable husband, who stood high in the good graces of his mistress, was such an uncommon proceeding on the part of a slave! She determined to visit her, and find out what god she invoked to gain such strength of will.

Impatiently she waited for night, and when the house was all silent, she went alone to the upper floor, where, under the roof, were the wretched cells of the slaves. With a palpitating heart she climbed the stairs and stealthily crept down the long gallery till she reached the cell of Ifigenia (the number of which she had received from Napa). Her hand trembled as she tapped lightly on the door. A voice from within asked: "Who are you?" "A friend who desires to speak with you," answered Cornelia. The door opened, and the slave was stupefied on seeing the young patrician: "Come in, she said, in the name of God!" "Do you know me, asked Cornelia?" "Yes, she replied, you are the motherless child of my master, the noble Cornelio Licinio;" and she looked at her compassionately.

"I never saw you, said the child, until this morning, when I was accidentally a witness of your flagellation. You seemed to me so tranquil, and even joyful in the

midst of it all, that I come to learn from you what school of philosophy supports you. I need help to bear my great sorrow. Perhaps it is that of Plato, or Seneca, or Aristotle?"

"All these are unknown to me, answered Ifigenia. One Master only teaches me to suffer with patience, and his name his Jesus Christ!" "Then, exclaimed the terrified child, you are a Christian! But the Christians are enemies of the immortal gods, they practice all sorts of abominations, how then can a Christian be endowed with such sublime courage?"

To be continued.

Letters from a Debutante.

IV.

"Sans-Souci" Cottage, Berkshire Hills.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

This month has passed most delightfully. I am almost weary of so much excitement. We've had garden parties, flower fêtes, vaudeville entertainments, dinners, and dances.

Cousin's Flo's guests have been reinforced; a Mrs. Cary, her two daughters, and three more gentlemen having arrived last week. Mrs. Cary, a fine-looking woman, is extremely proud of her own imposing presence, and anxious to see her daughters well settled matrimonially. Her daughters are both typical American girls; tall, athletic, independent—the Gibson type, don't you know—very charming, but in my estimation a trifle too self-sufficient. However they are quite agreeable, whenever they forget to pose. The three gentlemen are an old Mr. Cross, a golf enthusiast, who thinks, talks, and dreams only of golf, and is therefore a rather tiresome person; a *blasé* young man whom they address familiarly

as " Jack Smith," who cares nothing for sports, and talks principally of the stunning women he has met ; and a very homely Mr. Forster, a great catch, (vulgar term) who, because of his wealth, seems rather terrified at the idea of being caught in the matrimonial net ; not having enough vanity apparently, to believe that he would be taken for himself—poor man !

However, in spite of their idiosyncrasies my cousin's guests are most charming, and I am ashamed to gossip them in this way. Gossiping is one of my few accomplishments, and it seems almost a pity to neglect it,—but I know you will never agree with me.

Our garden party was a great success ; the afternoon was beautiful ; the soft verdure of the lawn blended charmingly with the women's light gowns. We dined at little tables exquisitely decorated with roses, and afterwards danced about a May-pole ; the gentlemen entering perfectly into the spirit of our fun. Don't you wish you had been there, Eugénie ?

The next day, Charlotte's grandfather, having a slight attack of gout, sent for her, and extended me an invitation to accompany her home and make them a visit. After some coaxing from Charlotte, I accepted.

Their home is very beautiful, and I marvel that the child has not been spoiled by so much luxury ; but she appears to estimate everything at its true worth.

We were ushered into the library, where her grandfather, a fine-featured old gentleman was seated in an arm-chair, his gouty foot supported on an ottoman. He was conversing with a clerical looking visitor as we entered, but interrupted his talk to give us a hearty welcome. He then presented the stranger, a man slightly younger than himself, who proved to be a Catholic priest, a Jesuit. You can fancy my amazement. I soon found, however, that the clergyman was a very learned man, and that the old gentleman was attracted more by his scholarly attainments than by his religious convictions. Evidently the two men were most congenial for they soon forgot us completely and resumed their conversation regardless of our presence.

" It has ever been a cause of wonder to me, my dear

boy," said the older man, "that you should have chosen the church. As a lad you were the most ambitious of our set; you seemed all enthusiasm and energy; had you continued in your parent's religious persuasion, you might have enjoyed a far easier lot. You seem happy enough, but I will never be able to understand it."

By this I inferred that they had been friends also in their youth, and that the priest was a convert.

The benevolent looking stranger smiled kindly, and explained.

"You know it had always been my chief aspiration to find the highest calling; I searched for it ardently, at one time believing it to be the attorney's, at another the physician's. After my conversion, however, I decided that to be an expounder of the moral laws, and a physician of souls was what I most desired; as the moral and spiritual welfare of the people seemed to me of higher importance than the cure of their bodies. So, without further hesitation, I accepted my vocation, and the hardships attending it have never weakened my convictions."

The old gentleman shook his head doubtfully, murmuring at intervals "Most disinterested," "most disinterested," and I did not till then notice that Charlotte had risen and was standing beside him.

"Grandfather," she said, softly laying her little hand on his arm, in order to engage his attention, "I have a great favor to ask of you; it is that I may become a Catholic."

"What!" cried the old man, shrinking back in his chair and gazing at her with horrified eyes, "You,—you!—tut, tut—a whim; you can not mean it, little one!"

"Dear grandfather," she continued, kneeling at his side, and caressing his hand between her own, "You will not refuse me,—you have never denied me anything, and I wish for this more than for life." Her deep, earnest eyes; her lovely spiritual expression; her voice of trembling sweetness, and her attitude of supplication dumbfounded, amazed him.

"You will let Father Wilson instruct me," she pleaded; "have him come here, and he will tell us both about the true religion—will you not, Father?" addressing the priest.

"Can you?" hesitatingly questioned the old gentleman, sinking further into the cushions.

"I shall be happy to do so," replied the Jesuit, "I am here on missionary work for a week or two, and entirely at your service. Shall we begin our lessons to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Charlotte, delighted. "Oh, thank you, grandfather, how good you are, and how happy you have made me!"

The old gentleman looked puzzled and muttered gruffly beneath his breath: "Well, I was always an old fool,— she was always able to twist me around her little finger," and the clergyman smiling, rose to take his departure.

Charlotte spoke no more of her happiness, but exerted herself to cheer her grandfather, and at dinner she succeeded so well in drawing him out, that he was soon telling us all his reminiscences, and we learned that he had been a great beau in his day; as indeed I can well believe.

I remained with them a week, during which they had their daily lesson, and when I left they were engaged in reading "The Faith of Our Fathers" and "Catholic Belief" and discussing religious subjects with vigor and interest.

I am now back with my cousin, of whom I have grown very fond, and who seems also much attached to me. She declares that I am the queerest composite of ideality and worldliness she has ever encountered, and that she is curious to see which quality in me will gradually predominate, as she says I will eventually find that by endeavoring to serve both God and Mammon, I can never succeed in really serving either.

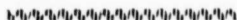
I have never desired to serve Mammon however, though perhaps I wish to serve the Lord in a worldly way only—who knows? Oh! my cousin is a clever woman and not at all the superficial creature I thought her. Nevertheless we have agreed to disagree.

But here I am, Eugénie, confessing to you when I should be ending this long letter.

Adieu, dear friend. How happy I should be to see you, again. May these months pass swiftly.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.



A few Words about the Novena to St. Anne

SINCE adverse criticism has greeted the results of Novena to St. Anne, in the church of St. John Baptist, we cannot refrain from prefacing the account of this event by few practical considerations.

It is but natural that any assertion of the miraculous should arouse comment and scepticism, and even those of the household of faith tremble, and justly, lest such manifestations create misapprehension. The reporters of the daily journals treated the matter with respect and fairness, having had access to the crypt at all hours, and been given every opportunity of investigating the cures. Much controversy was excited, and correspondents of the *New-York Sun*, in particular, discussed the matter unfavorably. Some of the letters were malicious and disagreeable, others were upright and sincere. The American public will not allow itself to be misled, nor tolerate what does not appeal to reason and conviction, and the modern catholic is as intelligent as the rest, and often, as difficult to satisfy.

There is, one most allow, danger in such public manifestations, danger of delusion, irreverence and scandal. But such dangers are not inevitable, nor were they evident on the present occasion. Those who visited the shrine, as a rule, professed themselves to have been greatly edified and impressed. The priests of the Blessed Sacrament were new to the situation, and had not prepared for such an ovation, but due precautions were taken, and there was neither disorder nor irreverence in the management of the crowds that came daily. The upper church was filled as continuously as the lower, people standing in the aisles. Nearly all who came visited the Blessed Sacrament, and were reminded to do so by the priests, who from time to time explained the relative devotion to St. Anne, and referred all honor to the Author of grace.

Yet even in the street, which was filled with the pilgrims and lookers on, there was none of the levity of the usual New-York crowd. The silence and respectful tenor of these waiting people was something peculiarly impressive. There was no conversation, no disorder, no complaints, even when the attendants gave the right of way to some official visitor or special case of suffering. Many came through curiosity, no doubt, many came to thank God for the past favors, the record of which formerly covered the walls of the crypt. But the greater number came *to make the exercises of the Novena, and to receive the sacraments*, a fact that it not remotely recognized by a single one of the critics that censure this outpouring of devotion. The overwearied priests who remained on duty day and night hearing confessions and gave Holy Communion hour after hour, found this a very prominent reality.

Three thousand communions were given on the morning of the Feast of St. Anne, in the church of St. John-Baptist alone, without counting those who approached the altar in the other days and in the parish churches. About 60 cures were recorded and several conversions to the faith, and time will no doubt bring forward many interesting particulars from the persons benefited. Ten cures have taken place since the Novena.

As to those who so severely criticised the proceedings at the church of St. John-Baptist, scarcely one claims to have visited the shrine. How many investigated the cures? Many assertions were made, but with what foundation? One correspondent "is at a loss to understand that the enlightened clergy of the catholic church can countenance such a thing," and then goes to extremes and grumbles because the Lord did not heal everybody. The cures are spoken of as having been mainly performed upon children, and therefore easily to be discredited. This was not the case, but had it been, it would be more in favor of the cures than against them. Another writer, whose testimony furnished matter for public censure and was magnified by others, claimed at least to have visited the relic. He "saw children who had laid aside their braces and walked, but with cries of pain, and with tears rolling

down their cheeks." I investigated this assertion, as something to be laid hold of, and was told by the priest in charge that one or two women had removed the braces from their children in the hope of a cure, *but that none of the braces, etc., in the sanctuary had been reclaimed.* And that even the permission to make such trials was rare. I can personally testify, having heard it refused at the altar, until the cure was certain."

So much for the facts of the case. Let us now consider the matter of the cures, which are either delusive and temporary, or truly miraculous, and as such must compel our belief and reverence. It is a serious matter, and should be carefully investigated, lest on one hand we yield to delusion, or on the other, overlook God's own merciful designs.

We are too apt to forget in this age of material views, that the gift of miracles is an acknowledged and precious gift of Our Lord to the one true church, a proof of her divine mission and supernatural life. Christ declares that supernatural "signs shall follow those who believe (1); that they shall perform greater miracles than His own (2). He devotes the greater part of His public life to healing the sick and working marvels (3). He heals the body that men may believe *that He has power on earth to heal the soul* (4). He heals through inanimate things, as the touch of His garment (5). But this is not all. He confers His own miraculous grace of healing upon His apostles, and gives them power over every manner of disease and infirmity (6). And this is not only when He is with them, but when in their official capacity He sends them forth to preach

(1) Mark, XXI, 7, 18.

(2) John, XIV, 12.

(3) Matt., IV, 24.

(4) Matt., IX, 5, 6, 7.

(5) Jas, V, 14, 10.

(6) Mark, X, 1, 8. Luke, IX, 1, 2.

His kingdom to the world, he renews this gracious command and privilege. The apostles work miracles in His name (1), virtue is distilled from their very garments (2). And the sick are brought into the streets that the shadow of Peter may fall upon and heal them (a hard saying in our day) (3).

The gift of miracles has waited upon the church in every age and clime. The sacrament of Extreme Unction daily gains its silent victories over death according to the Lord's promise (4), and we daily reason them away. The saints of God still mark their passage through life by the marvel God works through their hands, nor may they be raised to the altars of the church without such supernatural evidence of sanctity.

Are we more enlightened than those upon whom fell directly the radiance of the Light of the World? And shall these God given graces stop short at the 19th century? This is an age of shams, and we must be on our guard against delusion, but let us beware lest we earn the reproach made to Christ's own kindred, that "He could *perform few miracles there, because of their unbelief.*" (5)

We must therefore, believe in the possibility of miracles, even in modern times. As to the reality of those effected through the relic of St. Anne, that is still a question to be decided. No assertion has been made by the clergy of the church of St. John Baptist beyond the facts, which are open to investigation. The crutches and braces and plaster jackets still remain unclaimed in the sanctuary and if the cures were but temporary, the sufferers have not returned to say so. The sincere seeker after truth can examine the cases at leisure and it would be well if some of our eminent physicians who are interested and fair minded would take up the matter, examining into the cures and renewing the examination after some

(1) Acts v, 12. Acts v, 12. Acts III, 6, 7, 8.

(2) Acts XIX, 22.

(3) Acts v, 12.

(4) John, xx, 29.

(5) Mark, VI, 4, 5. Matt., XIII, 5, 8.

months, that their permanency may be established. There were many cures, and yet should but one defy the tests of human science and reason and be certified as miraculous, then must we acknowledge that the Lord hath been here. Let us therefore be not "slow of heart," remembering that One said to the timid Apostle, to whom He condescended to give proof of His divine word: "Because thou hast seen, Thomas, thou hast believed, *blessed are they who have not seen and have believed.*"

THE EDITOR OF THE "SENTINEL."

RECORD OF THE CURES EFFECTED DURING THE
NOVENA TO ST. ANNE.

(As per newspapers clippings.)

	NAMES.	Age.	Address.	Malady.
1	Mary Burns.....	12	581 Third av.....	Hip disease.
2	Johanna Bischoff.....	16	183 West 63.....	do do
3	Mrs. P. M. Biegen.....		578 Mott av.....	Cancerous growth.
4	Thomas Benson.....		507 East 82.....	Rheumatism.
5	Iréné Coveny.....	8	229 East 117.....	Spinal disease.
6	— Clark.....		Rheumatism.
7	John Dunn.....	4	732 Columbus.....	Hip disease.
8	Annie Dumphy.....	8	139 or 199 Nevins, Brooklyn.....	do* do
9	Thomas J. Daly.....	40	429 East 81.....	Rheumatism.
10	Mary Duun.....	11	581 Third av.....	Hip disease.
11	Margaret Fay.....	4	145 Dupont, Bkn..	Spinal disease.
12	Frederick Fisher.....		113 West 96.....	Lame-cripple.
13	Wm. Grant.....	3	101 Atlantic, Bkn..	Legs paralysed.
14	John Gilmartin.....	12	401 East 109.....	Spinal disease.
15	David Hayes.....	2	32 Clay, Bkn.....	Legs paralysed.
16	Lawrence Joyce.....	3	405 East 117.....	Paralysis.
17	James Kilkenny.....	8	1678 Madison av...	Hip disease.
18	Mrs. Mary Kelly.....		680 Second av.....	Heart disease.
19	Dennis Lynch.....		56 Third av., Bkn..	Legs twisted.
20	Thomas Levender.....	6	145 East 40.....	Left leg paralyzed.
21	James Lawson.....		317 East 74.....	Spinal trouble.
22	John F. Leahy.....		308 West 114.....	Insane.
23	Agnes McGrann.....	11	2141 or 61 8th Av...	Sprained ankle.
24	Bernard Mayer.....	6	2178 Eighth av.....	Swelling of legs.

	NAMES.	Age.	Address.	Malady.
25	Annie Murphy..		199 Nevins, Bkn....	Hip disease.
26	Mrs. — McEnemy . . .		263 West 19.	Spinal disease.
27	Mrs. — McCarthy.....		841 Third av.....	Lame-cripple.
28	Ellen Nelson.....	8	138 East 98.....	Spinal disease.
29	Annie O'Shea.....	11	318 East 37.....	Hip disease.
30	Margaret O'Neil		28 Washington.....	Rheumatism.
31	Mrs. Mary Phelan.....	40	351 Park av.....	Blindness.
32	Dorothy Quirk..	10	423 East 69.....	Ankle joint disease
33	Freddie Ratzman.....	7	2067 Second av....	Left leg paralyzed.
34	Margaret Ryan.....	11	428 West 31.....	Stiff knee.
35	John Ryan.....		5 748 Ninth av	Knee cap injured.
36	Minnie Sermequet.....	7	224 East 28.....	Spinal disease.
37	Wm. Tansley.....	10	555 Warren st.....	Knee cap injured.
38	Ann Thompson.....	83	70 West 108.....	Unable to walk.
39	Alma Whitlock.....	9	1441 Lexington.....	Spinal disease.
40	Annie Elbrod.....	7	2758 Eight av.	Hip disease.

N.B.—Numerous cures known by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are not above mentioned.

The following attestation from a young lady parishioner of the church of St. John Baptist is published under her own signature :

TRANSLATION.

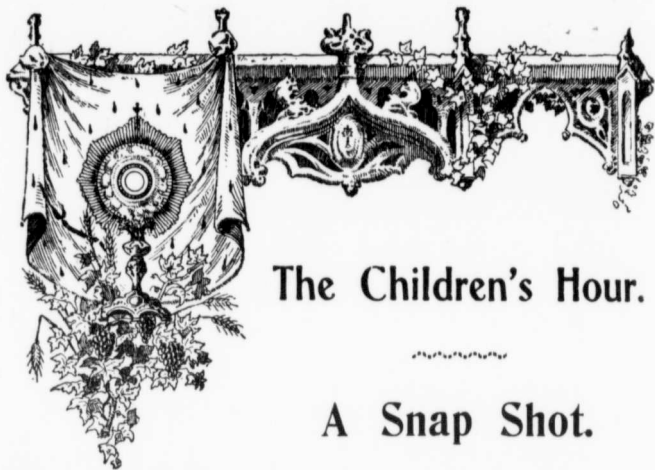
NEW YORK, August 1st, 1901.

Since the month of April last, I have been suffering from an irritation of the larynx, accompanied by a cough and fever. The doctor who examined my throat declared that improvement would be slow and that I could not hope to be entirely well before October. I began making the Novena to Saint Anne. On the first day the cough ceased, but my sufferings were redoubled until the fifth day, when all trace of the ailment disappeared and my throat was once more in its normal condition, to my own astonishment, that of the doctor who attended me, and of all those who had seen me before the Novena. My health is now entirely restored.

Thanks, good Saint Anne, for your loving protection !

L. M.

1340 Madison Avenue.



The Children's Hour.

A Snap Shot.

Rows of small white beds stand side by side. Tiny faces peep over the coverlets, some pale and pinched with suffering, others bright with the flush of convalescence and the hopes born of it. The gentle voice of a Sister of Charity speaks cheering words, now to one little patient, now to another as she flits to and fro. "How is Billee? He was awful sick yesterday!" asks a little boy of seven, as the Sister stops to give him the medicine which, to judge by his own graphic description, tastes "just like washin' soap stirred up with vinegar."

"Billee has gone to Heaven, dear."

"Is it not nice to know that his pain is over?" she says, in the tender way that makes these little hospital waifs look upon the other world as a "Home," where the great Father of all waits to welcome the children He loves.

"How did he get up there? Did he flew?" asks this ungrammatical patient. He adds after a second, a sweet expression crossing the homely face, "Or, did the angels jest come and carry him up so?" stretching his arms upward by way of illustration. "Do you know, Sister Agnes," lowering his voice, "I thought Billee talked kinder like the angels the day the doctor wanted me to take that medicine stuff and I hollered, oh, I hollered

like a good un ; and he whispered, ' Jimmy, don't holler ! Our Lord didn't when they gave Him that horrid gall on the cross,' and I felt fearful bothered, but I tooked it, and I've tooked it ever since without even making a face ! At least, not much of a one," he adds with reluctant truthfulness, " not the kind that stretches from ear to ear and up and down like *this*," making a comical grimace that causes a titter in the ward, in which the Sister joins, though her eyes are not quite dry.

" I guess I'll ask Billee now he is with the angels, to make me to be good, awful much." And Sister Agnes smiles at the ardent little face, and thinks that ungrammatical Jimmy is not so unlike the angels even now.

THE SHEPHERD.

[By Charlotte Callahan.]

" Master, there bleats a little lamb,
 All night, outside the fold,
 Wandering there on yonder hill,
 Half fainting with the cold.
 Whom shall we send. O, Shepherd kind,
 The little lamb to seek ?
 No stars are out, and darkness hides
 The pathway wild and bleak,
 Amid the blinding sleet and snow,
 We dare not go tonight,
 Lord, shall we send a hireling
 Or wait till morning light ?"

" Nay, staff in hand, I'll go Myself,
 Unto My little lamb ;
 Out o'er the lonely frozen hill,
 For I the Shepherd am.
 No other arms but Mine shall fold
 Its tender little form,
 It needs the warmth of Mine own Heart
 To shield it from the storm.
 It bleats for me and waits my step,
 For I the Shepherd am :
 And though the fiercest storm I'd haste
 To save one little lamb."

—Sacred Heart Review.

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART. *

By FRANCIS E. CROMPTON.

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(Continued.)

Trimmer was perforce deaf to this heartrending appeal; but she was a feeling person in her own way.

It is not indeed quite to be ascertained whether Trimmer had not herself undertaken the task, when one day she announced "Miss Nancy, Mrs Plummetts rheumatism being so bad that she cannot go out, I have to go for her to-morrow, to take some things to a sick woman. If you are good you may go with me. It is the shepherd's wife, who lives in the farmyard of the Thankful Heart."

But there certainly seem to be times when fate has nothing for us but buffets; which are doubtless salutary, but, like others salutary things, not to be taken without a gulp.

When Trimmer came to Miss Nancy's bedroom in the morning, she found her young lady standing on a chair before the looking-glass, the better to obtain a commanding view down her own throat. "I do not see it sore inside, but it feels as if it soon might be," Miss Nancy said, turning round a small, woe-begone face with wan cheeks and great, anxious eyes, and speaking in that croaking voice which always heralded a sore throat of that form to which she was much addicted, and which was the more to be dreaded because it was inherited from her mother.

"And Miss Nancy the picture of her this minute!" said Trimmer almost aloud. "And she was only ill three days, and it was her throat."

* By kind permission of E. P. DUTTON & Co.

"Get back into bed at once, Miss Nancy," adjured Trimmer, "or I cannot tell how much sorer it may be. Now, you shall have your breakfast in bed, and we shall see how you feel after that."

"Do you think it may be gone by the time I have had my breakfast, Trimmer?"

"Well, we shall see," replied Trimmer, tucking Miss Nancy up in bed. "You must lie still now, and perhaps if you eat your breakfast, your throat may be better after it."

But alas, it was no better, even after Miss Nancy's very gallant attempt at her bread and milk, and the tears would trickle down her cheeks as she began to perceive that she must make up her mind to that only too familiar calamity which she dolorously called, "having a throat."

"I haven't brought it on myself, Trimmer, as you said I did before," she croaked piteously. "I haven't been in the fields with daddy all this week. And oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, I cannot go to the Thankful Heart again!"

Trimmer could find no immediate consolation for poor little Miss Nancy under this second grievous blow. It was but cold comfort when she said, "Well, Miss Nancy, if you cannot go, I will not, and someone else shall take the things," because Miss Nancy was fully aware that it was no disappointment at all to her.

"And you must not cry and fret," pursued Trimmer, "because you will only make yourself feverish. The better you behave now, the happier you will feel after it."

But it cost Miss Nancy a sharp struggle before she could say that she did not mind it now, at least, not so *much*. But she did achieve it in the end, having her little inheritance of that passive endurance that is often one of the dignified graces of an old house drawing near to its end. The squire came to see her, and Aunt Norreys sat with her for an hour, and so the morning passed, and Trimmer brought her dinner, which took the cheerful form of gruel; and, unfortunately, Miss Nancy hated gruel.

"Trimmer, need I?" she whispered, having by this time passed beyond the croaking stage.

"Yes, Miss Nancy," said Trimmer, hardening herself, "you certainly need, so take it like a good girl."

Miss Nancy looked at the gruel and fought with herself; but even in her small degree, she had not pondered the

thankful heart in vain. She bent her head, and put her hands together.

"For what we are about to receive," she whispered courageously, wrestling with an enormous sob, "may the Lord make us truly thankful." And seasoning her repast with some furtive and very salt tears, Miss Nancy attacked the gruel.

"And now you shall do nothing all afternoon but amuse yourself," said Trimmer; which sprightly promise she considered a very felicitous way of putting an enforced sojourn in bed, and so proceeded to invest Miss Nancy with a further dressing-gown, and to prop her up in bed, and bring her an armful of books. But while acknowledging Trimmer's kindness, Miss Nancy could scarcely fail to regard it as only a poor substitute for the Thankful Heart, and she looked at the books sadly.

For Miss Nancy's library was a small one, and the books were nearly all of a warning cast. The stories in the little red volumes of the "Children's Friend" were apt to have a depressing effect on the mind. And Miss Nancy never could see her way to holding such religious conversations with any of her relatives and friends as the standard of the "Children's Friend" seemed to demand — conversations such as the "Children" maintained with ease and fluency, and generally with the happiest results as to immediate conversion on the side of the elders.

In fact, Miss Nancy had never been able to find anything to do in the way of her duty, except the old round of obeying Aunt Norreys, and telling the truth, and minding her manners, and trying to be as tidy as Trimmer required, and learning her lessons.

Then there was "Kate, or the Punishment of Pride," and a very delightful book too, only unhappily Miss Nancy knew it almost by heart; and the same objection applied to Miss Hofland's tales. There was nothing left but the dear old "Looking-Glass for the mind," and Miss Nancy turned over the leaves with languid fingers, and read of little Adolphus and Annabella's journey to market, and Alfred and Dorinda and Anthony and Augustus or Rational Education preferable to Riches; and looked at John Berrick's quaint cuts of these stilted young persons in tall hats, and squared coats, and long gowns.

But Miss Nancy's head ached, and her eyes ached also, and

when Trimmer came again, the books were laid aside, and Miss Nancy was leaning back on her pillow, and, as she said, thinking a little about the Thankful Heart. For, like the stories in the dear, impossible, old "Looking-Glass," it, too, had pointed a moral, and read Miss Nancy a lesson that day. And little Miss Nancy, having concluded that this was one of those lessons spoken of by the rector, which we must learn alone, had addressed herself to the uphill task of learning it, with the silent patience that came of her gentle blood.

"And now, if you behave properly," said Trimmer, "I will tell you about what your maman used to do at Will-meadow, until you fall asleep."

"I *am* behaving properly," gasped Miss Nancy in faint accents, with her hands pressed tightly over her lips, to keep the sobs back by main force. "I have tried to behave above everything you can think of, and I am not fretting, I am not, I am *not*!"

"No, Miss Nancy, I see that you are not;" said Trimmer handsomely, "and I will say that you have behaved like a young lady to-day."

Which high testimony filled up Miss Nancy's cup to the brim, it overflowed in scalding tears of various feelings.

"I can go on behaving," she said, with the counterpane over her head, and a wet pad of handkerchief in each eye, "I can go on behaving till I fall asleep. But I cannot, I *cannot* be quite thankful enough yet."

VII

Virtue was its own reward in the case of Miss Nancy's commendable behavior under the cruel disappointments she had sustained; or rather, it is to be hoped that it was its own reward, for she had nothing else. At least, she had nothing immediate, and one has to live in the immediate.

So she recovered, and the world went on as if she had not endured anything, as indeed it is very apt to do. For Miss Nancy had suffered. To have a sore throat was painful, but what was it to missing the Thankful Heart twice over? And in the meantime, the days were passing by, until Miss Nancy had almost fallen into a resigned way of believing that for some reason it was impossible for her ever to get thither.

But reparation has a fashion of coming to us from the most unexpected quarters. Nothing could have been further from Miss Nancy's thoughts on that midsummer afternoon, yet at the identical happy moment when kneeling on the floor, she had engulfed herself in the lower half of the cupboard, to put away her lesson book, — at that moment came Bailey to the door with the rector's compliments, and Aunt Norreys having accorded her permission, would Miss Nancy do him the honor to take a walk with him ?

"Oh, Bailey !" cried Miss Nancy, emerging breathlessly, feet first, after a pause of stunned astonishment passed inside the cupboard, and knocking her head a most resounding bump against the shelf. "Oh, Bailey, she would, she would ! Go and tell the rector ; and run before he goes away, and say that she would !"

"There, Trimmer !" said Miss Nancy, in the height of her gratification.

"Very well, Miss Nancy, you will have to be made tidy," responded Trimmer.

Thus rudely brought down, Miss Nancy had leisure to remember her wounds, and, rather late, felt the back of her head. But Trimmer raked her from head to foot with a searching eye, as a preliminary measure, and as a following one, swept her away to her bedroom, whence she presently issued with a clean sun-bonnet, and the raw appearance of one who has just been washed and brushed with some severity.

"Now, you may go, and mind your behavior," said Trimmer, who was a terrific dragon on the (now unfortunately out of date) subject of manners.

"Yes," said Miss Nancy, obediently, and minded it extremely all the way downstairs, and set off beside the rector with pride only tempered by a deep sense of the manners befitting the occasion.

"You see," said the rector, "as I was about to take my walk, it occurred to me that I should like company."

"I like being company very much," said Miss Nancy, seriously. "Generally I am daddy's, but I cannot be it always. And I do not enjoy being Trimmer's company so much, because she does not like anywhere dirty."

"I trust you will enjoy being my company," said the rector, with corresponding gravity ; and they went out of the gates and down the long shady road to the village, side by side, the

rector rather tall and Miss Nancy rather short, but still hand in hand, like dear friends. And then the rector opened the churchyard gate.

"Are we going through here?" said Miss Nancy, with a flush in her cheeks. "I know a walk which goes this way. It goes down a lane."

"Exactly," said the rector.

"It is my dearest walk of all," said Miss Nancy.

"This is mine also," replied the rector.

Something rose up in Miss Nancy's throat then, and her heart beat thick and fast. If she were to be disappointed this time, she must disgrace herself, and that, too, before the rector. And they went on under the sunny window to the wicket in the churchyard wall and up the forgotten little lane, to the gates of the Thankful Heart.

"Do we turn back now?" whispered Miss Nancy, flutteringly.

"No," replied the rector. "I generally go in, unless you do not like."

"I do like, I do like. I have wanted to go so much," said Miss Nancy, almost with a sob — "so extremely much!"

"Then I am rejoiced indeed," said the rector, and opened the heavy, old iron gates between the pillars with the stone balls upon them. They went through the buttercup meadow to the gateway in the wall, and into the courtyard, — a broad, stone paved courtyard peacefully enclosed in its walls, with the mellow front of the old house on the fourth side; at one end, the pigeon-cote, with the pigeons cooing and nestling in the sun, and at the other a gray stone basin into which fell the spring from the uplands. There were words cut in the stone over the basin; they said, "Give thanks." And the water tinkled into the basin, and rippled over its edge, and bubbled always the same words, "Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks!"

There was a door in the wall at each end of the courtyard, and the rector took Miss Nancy slowly round the old building. The farmyard was on the north side, empty save for the corner occupied by the shepherd of the flocks on the uplands.

On the east side the meadow came unbroken to the walls of the house, and the sheep had come down from the high pastures, and through the fallen fence of the hanging birch-wood, to cluster under the windows; while overhead the nests of the

swallows clustered also, and hung down one beneath another under the eaves. Miss Nancy thought that she would rather have tall dog-daisies, and waving meadow-grass, and a soft cluster of sheep close under her windows, and swallows chattering above it, than even elm trees and rooks.

The garden lay on the south side, a wilderness of mossy apple-trees and overgrown bushes, and under the windows of the house a tangle of old herbs and flowers, with the great "Portingale" against the wall high overhead.

The rector and Miss Nancy rambled back into the sunny courtyard, and stood to look at the house, with its doorway so deep and wide that it was a room in itself, and its latticed windows in projecting bays, with gables overhead. There grew garlands of old pale-pink roses, so loose blowing that they were more single than double, and under the windows great bushes of fuschia and Jew's mallow. But Miss Nancy was looking chiefly at the doorway, and at the great oak beam over it, for there were words cut in it.

"In the yeare of Our Lorde

Given unto God's Poore for ever,

In token of the Thankful Heart.

Amen."

"You cannot go inside, can you?" whispered Miss Nancy.

"We will go in, if you like," said the rector. "The shepherd's wife will bring the key. But I think you will find it a melancholy place, my little maid."

The door opened into the hall, with its wall panelled in oak, and its ceiling of oak cut into octagons by the beams, and its broad staircase with shallow steps. There were benches against the wall on either side, and in the middle was a black oak table, plain and massive; for this was the place where God's poor had been wont to dine together. But it was very chill, and bare, and empty, and Miss Nancy shivered.

What she had expected to find she did not know herself, but she *had* had expectations. Yet, alas! which of us in attaining his desire finds it to be entirely what he thought? Which of us, at last reaching up to success, does not sigh after all? It is doubtless well so: it may be a sense beyond our own control; it may even be that it comes from above, and would thither return, where there are neither strivings nor shortcomings.

But it was certain that from the moment of crossing the threshold Miss Nancy's dream began to be troubled. The rector led the way, and she crept after him, into one empty room after another, with lattices long closed, where the dawn looked in morning after morning, doors long open, where the sunset shone through into the passages evening after evening, and hearts long closed, where no light fell ; down passages where a footfall echoed strangely ; into rooms overhead, with gable windows looking out on the quiet meadows, and lattices of yellow light on the bare walls, and floors that creaked mournfully beneath the tread ; and down the staircase that was still, and yet not silent, and into the hall again, from which the spirit of the old days had fled. And it was very chill, and bare, and empty ; and Miss Nancy shivered eerily, and awoke from her dream.

The rector turned towards the door, but Miss Nancy did not beg even a few minutes' grace ; she only followed very silently. She was thinking, in a desolate way, of a confused multitude of things, but principally she remembered that the sun bonnet had been uncomfortably stiff, and the strings a degree too tight, when she set out on her walk, and she was beginning to wonder now whether she could bear it much longer. Poor little Miss Nancy ! if her disappointments had been hard to bear, the awaking from her dream was far, far harder.

But that empty page, so unspeakably dearer than any written one, however crumpled, must be turned over with the others, when its time comes ; only at ten years old one's philosophy cannot bear a very heavy strain, and the sight of the sleepy courtyard brought back the poor, foolish old dream so pitifully, that Miss Nancy felt that she must either untie the strings of her bonnet or choke. Nothing seemed to care ; the water rippled in the gray basin, and the pigeons fluttered round the dovecotes, and nestled in the yellow light, and the sheep bleated faintly on the uplands, and the larks sang high over the meadow.

(To be continued.)



COMING BACK.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes ; but this I know.
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Twelve times the flowers have come and gone,
Twelve times the Winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's task to hear my part ;
But whether grave or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

And if my darling comes to share
My pleasant fireside warm and bright
She still will find her empty chair
Where it has waited day and night

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me true and tried.
They have their place, but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with vague unrest ;
Where yonder cold, white marble gleam,
She must still slumber. God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
That our beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered, every day,
Through years and years for one sweet face.



The Sixtine Madonna

(*Raphaël*)