



Easter Morning.

Illustration by the artist of the same name.



EASTER MORNING.

I.

THEY come with their unguents and spices,
 The three loving Marys of yore,
 They seek but the Lord. It suffices
 To kneel at the Tomb's open door ;
 For lo ! the great stone of the portal,
 Hath been roll'd by the angels away :
 And there a bright Spirit immortal
 Appears where the Holy One lay.

II.

" He is risen ! " he cries : " Mourning women,
 Rejoice ! He no longer is here "—
 No more with the mortal and human
 Shall He sleep in Death's sepulchre drear !
 " Go, tell His Apostles and Peter, "
 Go, spread the glad news to all men !
 Ah ! surely, no task could be sweeter
 Than that which was given them then.

III.

They sped thro' the dews of the morning,
 Thro' its glory, its beauty, its song,—
 Breathing wide to the faithful their warning,
 Till the heat of the noon-day waxed strong.
 Around them, as far in the distance,
 Was wafted, the Angel's glad word :
 " He is risen ! sure Hope of the Christians !
 He is risen, our Master, our Lord ! "

IV.

Oh ! let us take up the blest chorus,
 And chant it with jubilant prayer,
 While the blue Easter sky brightens o'er us,
 And the Easter bells sweeten the air.
 And if creatures of earth come to seek us
 In the grave of our sins, as of yore,
 May they hear from the One who released us :
 " They are risen : they dwell here no more ! "

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

An Easter Lily.

SHE grew and God's smile kissed her face
And filled her pure, young soul with grace ;
And good Saint Anne—the mother fair—
Upon her lips a gentle prayer,
Folded her child in sweet embrace
And, when night's shadows dulled the skies,
Sang : " Lily mine ! Come, close thine eyes ! "

In Bethle'm's stall a Lily glows—
It smiles upon an opening Rose ;
And shepherd-stars so peaceful shine
And angels carol forth their rhyme,
While midnight shadows, silent, still,
Creep soft around glad Juda's hill.

On Calv'ry's Cross—a faded Rose
Its blood-stained petals does disclose
And tear-kissed 'neath the sacred Cross
The Lily weeps—a flower's loss—
And mourns upon its tender stem
Love's Death ! The Rose of Bethlehem !

Good-Friday's lights so mournful burn
But with the Easter-gleams' return
They fade, the shades of fear and gloom—
*A dead Rose blushes into bloom !
A Lily, with her pure soul brave,
Glow's sweet beside an empty grave !*

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

From Shade to Sun.

BEHOLD, the Easter miracle is here.
Again the darkness shines with silver ferns,
The rich black earth in transmutation burns,
Its emerald brightness shining soft and clear ;
Ablaze with daffodils, aglow, austere,
With purple violets, whose love-grief yearns
Through tenderest Lenten tears. Lo, sorrow turns
To resurrection glory.—Soul, draw near !

Receive the rising from the dead, to-day !
The sun, the warmth, the light of Heaven descend
To make the life of earth ;—O doubting one,
Why crouch in shadow ? to God's Yea say Nay ?
Oh, rather, sing and shine, where seraphs bend,
Lauding the Risen Christ, thy life, thy sun.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The Madonna of Mailleras.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MELLE DES ARGES BY

ANTOINETTE LE BLANC.

“NO, Lizzie, no, I won't go to school to-day, the young lady said she was coming, and I want to see her,” and Jean fought like a little tiger, trying all the while to draw his hand away from his sister's grasp.

“But I say you must go, Jean, for I have a great deal of work, and cannot keep you here all day.”

“O! I will be so good, dear little sister.” And Jean, raising himself on his tip-toes, held up his fat, rosy face, for his sister's morning kiss.

“Well, well, go this morning, and stay until twelve, while you are away I will do the bulk of my work, then after dinner, you need not go back again. Miss Marie won't come until nearly evening, so you will be in plenty time to see her.” And Lizzie, who had let herself be won over by her brother's pleading, now took his hand, and went half way with him, as she had done every morning since he had begun going to school. Lizzie, whose baptismal name was Louise, but whom the family called thus, was a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age. Her mother being dead, she had the sole charge of her little brother, for her father, an able workman, being employed in one of the neighboring factories, went out early in the morning, and came home quite late in the evening, to have supper with them. The young girl, having been so well brought up by her good mother, was unusually serious for her age; and, moreover, a splendid housekeeper. She kept their

home as it should be, neat and clean, and carefully watched over her brother, whom she loved with a maternal love. Lizzie lived with her father and brother in a dear little cottage near the village of Mailleras, which is situated on the banks of the Gartempe, in that portion of Poitou which borders on the Berry. Their house pointed on the road which leads from Blanc to Montmorillon, an old-fashioned town which, like all others in the province, is gradually losing its old-timed aspect, by enlarging its streets and re-building its houses in accordance with the more modern styles. Hardly twenty years ago, Montmorillon was surrounded by immense tracts of land, through which flowed the waters, of the Gartempe; but little by little, civilization, which leaves no piece of ground uncultivated, took possession of the wild plains, without a thought for the poor, wild, rose bush, or prickly broom now in flower, which, it is true, bring forth no fruit, but which imparts a wild sort of beauty, that is not without its charms.

When twelve o'clock rang, Lizzie went out to the door to see if Jean were coming. The road was deserted, and she went back into the house, wondering what made the child so late, for he was very seldom kept in after hours. It was after one when he came in, his face was red from crying, and he seemed very much ashamed of himself. “What is the matter with you?” asked Lizzie, when she saw him.

"I was scolded, and the master kept me in," said the child, in a trembling voice.

"What for?"

"Well, sister, because on my way to school, I met Francy, who gave me a poor little bird he had taken from its nest; it was shivering with cold; and after wrapping it up in my handkerchief, I hid it in my hat. But right in the middle of class, my friend, who had been fighting to get free, hopped out on my desk; and, of course, had to walk into the ink bottle, and as he could not fly, fell exhausted on my new copy book, which I had begun for the distribution of prizes. You know the one I showed you. Well, it was spoiled; so the master made me remain to begin it over again."

"And is it well written now?"

"Oh! yes, I did my very best. But I cried when they took the bird away from me."

"Why did you not refuse to take it, Jean? You know I have told you repeatedly that it is very cruel to take birds from their nest."

"But, sister, I did not take it, for Francy gave him to me, and it looked so cold, that I wanted to try and warm it."

"Well, then," said Lizzie, seeing that her brother had not committed a very grievous offence; "let us say no more about it, for the evil has been repaired. Come to your dinner," and she went to fetch the dish she had prepared for him.

Jean did not waste much time, and as soon as his dinner was finished, went out to the door. While standing there, he saw a servant pushing a small carriage along the avenue, which leads from the chateau of Pontmay, to the village of Mailleras. Jean ran out of the house, down the road, telling

Lizzie, that she was coming, and in a few minutes he was by the side of the carriage, holding out his hand to its occupant. It was a child of twelve years of age; pale and delicate; she seemed to feel very sad, but her face brightened when she saw Jean, and she wished him good-day in a very soft voice. When they got to the house, the servant, lifting the child in his arms, carried her in, all wrapped up in blankets, for the day was very cold; then her nurse, who was with her, guided her feeble steps into the room. There Lizzie soon had her comfortably seated in a large chair, which had formerly been sent from the castle, to her invalid mother. Marie thanked her with a smile, but her face wore a very tired expression; though the drive from the chateau to Lizzie's house was not very long. That the poor child was so weak, that even the air tired her out. What a contrast between the children! Lizzie, already a full grown girl, was as fresh as a rose, and her dark hair carefully brushed back over her forehead, and drawn into a soft coil at the back of her head, revealed a well shaped neck, quite browned by the sun. Jean was the picture of health, and it was really a pleasure to look at his fat face, with its rosy color, and at his large blue eyes, so full of mischief, yet beaming with affection and love. He was only seven years old, but looked quite ten or more, for he was so tall and strong. He looked up at her with a smile, for he had a great admiration for her. The sick child ran her frail hand through his beautiful curly hair, and heaved a deep sigh. Marie was delicate, so very delicate, that she could not stand on her feet; she was very small for her age, her large dark eyes had a blueish line around them, and

though her cheeks were tinged with color when anything excited her, it was followed by such a death-like paleness, that all who saw her could not but pity the poor mother. But, alas! her mother had died a few days after her birth, and the poor little heiress of an immense fortune, was left to the care of her grandmother, Mrs. d'Almant, who, though quite an old woman, tried to do her best to replace the child's mother now gone to heaven, and her absent father, whose duties as a colonel kept him far from her. During the winter months Mrs. d'Almant lived with her son-in-law, but as the doctors said that country air was better for the child, she spent six months of the fine weather at her Chateau of Pontmay.

"Not at school to-day, Jean?" said Marie.

"Not this afternoon, Miss, for I wanted to see you;" "and perhaps to see if I had brought what I promised you the other day," said Marie, with a smile.

When she made a sign to her nurse, to bring the rubber ball that she had left in the carriage, and at the sight of which Jean jumped with joy, indeed so pleased was he, that he actually wanted Lizzie to come and play with him right away. "O! thank you, ever so much, dear Miss Marie, I will have such fun with it," said the little fellow, and he began to gambol about her chair. Marie smiled sweetly when she saw how happy he was. "Now it's your turn, Lizzie," she said, when Jean's spirits had somewhat quieted down. "I want to leave you something to remember me by, when I am gone, for I am going to the Baths as I did last year, but as you are older, and consequently more reasonable, I brought you something more useful than a plaything." And she gave Lizzie two par-

rels. One contained a dear little work-box, and in the other Lizzie found a beautiful prayer book. "The workbox is from grandmother, she filled it with all the things you will need. Each compartment is filled with needles, tape, wool, thread, etc. She would have come with me, but was obliged to stay at home, and she told me to tell you always to be good to your father and brother, and that God would bless you. The book," continued the child, "is from me. See, I have written my name on the first page. My dear mother had one like it, and I have it now; there are beautiful prayers in it. I say them whenever I go to church on Sunday." Lizzie was very much pleased on receiving these presents, and though her joy was not quite as apparent as her brother's, it was not the less keenly felt. She thanked her, for all she had done for them; and promised that she would go up to the castle next morning, to bid her good-bye, and thank Mrs. d'Almant for her pretty and useful present. The three children sat and talked for quite a time. Marie wanted to hear all about what interested them, from Jean's school work, down to the smallest details of the house-keeping, in which she had learned to take such a deep interest. Jean now came in with his big ball tightly clasped in his arms, and was standing by Marie's chair, gazing at her intently. Whenever she asked him a question, he hastened to answer it, to the best of his ability. Marie was gifted with a sense of reasoning far above her age. With delicate children this is often the case, as the intelligence seems to develop, insomuch as the body remains delicate; and moral life seems to collect the strength which physical life cannot acquire. Then the child had lived so

much with older people, as her health would not allow her to take part in any childish amusement; though still so young she might easily have been taken for fifteen, so reasonable was she. Still the hours ran on, and at last Marie's nurse warned her that it was time to go home. The little child willingly consented, though she would much rather have stayed here longer with her friends. Her grandmother had given her two hours of freedom, and the time was nearly over, and she must leave them; so she kissed them good-bye; making them promise, not to forget to come to the chateau next day. Then the nurse carried her to the carriage, and she was driven slowly along the road; until they reached the avenue leading to the chateau.

"Sister, dear, don't you think that she looks like the lady in the church?" asked Jean, coming back to his sister's side.

"Yes! but she is a great deal paler," answered Lizzie, who, standing in the door, had watched the child go away with a dreamy look on her face. "She is very good, dear Jean, and you must love her, and never forget her in your prayers."

"O! yes, I love her a great deal, my dear little lady, and I am going to say a prayer for her now," said the child, and seeing that his sister consented, he knelt down before a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, which stood on the mantle-piece, and with hands clasped and a serious look on his usually bright face, he recited an Our Father and Hail Mary, for the sick child. Lizzie joined him in his prayers, for she loved Marie very dearly, and having noticed the tired look on the child's face, she felt more uneasy than usual. As for Jean, he entertained a feeling of admiration for Marie, whose dark

eyes, curly fair hair, and delicate features had impressed him deeply. He never spoke of her save as the little chateleine of God.

The next morning, when their father had gone to his work, Lizzie and Jean started for the chateau, to bid Marie good-bye. Jean ran along all the way, gathering flowers, and chasing butterflies, then coming back to tease Lizzie, who seemed thinking deeply, and not admiring the beauty of the scenery. When they reached the chateau, Mrs. d'Almant and Marie were ready to leave. Marie looked sad and seemed suffering greatly; she put a ribbon and medal around Jean's neck, telling him to love God well, and always obey his father and sister; then she asked Lizzie to pray for her, and kissed her good-bye. She was then carried to the carriage, and after watching it drive away, Jean and Lizzie turned their faces homeward, feeling sad and lonely, for they had lost a good friend.

But, happily, at Jean's age, sorrow is of short duration; and he was soon busily employed playing with his ball.

When evening came, and all the work was done, Lizzie would sometimes play ball with Jean. Then when the latter felt tired, he would come and sit down between his father and Lizzie, to talk about his little lady at the castle, and Lizzie would give them any news she had heard about her. But it was not of the best. Marie had been very ill during the long journey from Mailieras to the Baths. A few days after they wrote to say that she was much worse, and, had asked, to be brought home to Pontmay, her favorite spot. But the doctors thought it better to wait a day or two, as she was so very weak.

This short life had nearly run its course, and the occupants of the cot-

tage were saddened at the thought of the coming blow, for in every letter Marie had sent them a message, and Lizzie had not felt so lonesome. She went to the chateau every day, to enquire, but the news was worse every time, and Lizzie felt very badly. Jean was as yet ignorant that death strikes down the young, as well as the old. He was far from expecting the news which Lizzie had to break gently to him, on the day they received the envelope edged with mourning, announcing that the little child had winged her way to her heavenly home. Marie's departure had been a great blow to him, but he was consoled with the thought of seeing her again. When told therefore that he must not hope of ever meeting her, he nearly broke his heart. Lizzie had to tell him how happy Marie would be in heaven before she succeeded in comforting. For quite a while after his face retained its serious expression, and the loud bursts of childish laughter rarely broke the stillness of the house. They brought the child's remains back to Pontmay, and when you go through the cemetery, you may see her grave, marked by a little marble cross, always covered with the season's flowers. Lizzie and her brother pay this little tribute of love to the child, who was, during her short life, their protectress and friend.

Yet time flies, Jean has grown, and is now quite a little man. His sister has so well fulfilled a mother's task, that the child loves and obeys her, and is noted at school for his good conduct and success in his work. He seemed to possess a rare liking for drawing, and very often his slate, instead of being covered with sums, was filled with figures of people and animals. These drawings were not always in conformity with the rules of art, but it

was easily seen that there was a decided talent and a firmness in the curves which was quite remarkable, as he had never been taught. He often attempted to draw his sister's portrait, and to please him, for Lizzie was often obliged to assume different positions, while the child artist, his slate in one hand, and a piece of chalk in the other, sketched quite seriously and with great taste, the laughing face of his good-natured sister. But what occupied his spare moments was a sketch he had begun sometime before, and which did not look unlike the profile of the little lady of Pontmay. Jean did not forget her, and often spoke of her, and if time had given back to him his gaiety of heart, yet the child always kept in his heart a touching remembrance of the sweet friend who had been taken from him.

Four years had gone by since Marie's death. Life went on smoothly for Lizzie, who always employed it cheerfully in discharging her household duties, and in the care which she took of her father and brother. The latter was still going to school, where he was noted for his assiduity and application. Neither one nor the other had much intercourse with the village people. Their quiet home and its peaceful joy was sufficient for them, and Lizzie's greatest pleasure consisted in going out walking on Sunday with her father and Jean. As for the latter, he did not care for the boisterous conduct of the village boys, and was far better pleased when he could go out sketching. One Thursday afternoon, having a holiday, he had left the house, as he wanted to sketch a certain landscape, which particularly pleased him, and which he had drawn with success several times. He was sauntering slowly along, his pencil in his pocket and his book under his arm. Lizzie

told him not to stay out too late, and even went part of the way with him, for although he was twelve years of age, she did not think him reasonable enough to be going round alone. After she had left him, he walked on for some time longer, until he soon reached the place. Really, the little fellow had conceived a happy idea, in wanting to sketch the magnificent panorama which stretched before his eyes. He, himself, was standing on an elevated place, below him was the smiling valley, green and shady; in the distance, a pond on whose surface floated tall reeds, which the gentle summer wind bent from side to side; the pond is bordered here and there by tall poplars, and through the trees one catches a glimpse of a few neat little cottages, whose brick walls and white roofs greatly add to the beauty of the scene. Jean remained silent, and for a long time his thoughts travelled gaily across the wide sketch of country before him. Suddenly an unknown voice said:

"What are you doing here, my child?"

"I am admiring the scenery," answered Jean, turning to see where the voice came from. He saw a man standing behind him. From his dress Jean soon guessed that he must be an artist, for he carried a box under his arm, and had also brought an easel. He also had come to copy, but far more successfully, the pond, which so excited Jean's admiration. He therefore looked at the child in astonishment. The taste for the beautiful is rarely developed at this tender age, unless one has received from God a special gift. Jean's large eyes met the strange glance firmly and frankly.

"So you are admiring this landscape."

"Yes, sir," said Jean. "I love this place, and I come here as often as my sister will let me, for it is quite far from home."

"What have you in your hand?" asked the artist.

Jean hesitated, for he did not want to show his uncorrected proofs. But the artist's frank face re-assured him, and he told the artist that he was trying to copy this landscape, but had never taken a lesson.

The artist then looked at Jean's drawings, and was really surprised at the talent displayed. "Well," he said, after a pause, "if you could tell me of any place where I could put up for a few weeks, and then remain long enough with me, I will give you some lessons while I stay in your village."

He consented, full of joy at the thought of being able to take lessons. In fact, about a half an hour afterwards, the painter and the child were seated, side by side, each with a pencil in his hands; the former showing the latter how to measure distances, and gladly giving him any advice, to which Jean listened greedily.

"Have you ever tried to draw anyone's portrait?" asked the artist suddenly, after a moment's pause, during which they had been absorbed in their work.

"Yes, I have."

"Well, don't you want me to paint you?"

"Oh! no, I don't care about it, but I wish I were able to do it myself."

"Who do you want to paint?"

"First, my sister's, Lizzies;" and then, said the child, hesitatingly, "some one else."

"Who may that be?" asked the artist anxiously.

"O! sir, a little saint. The little lady

of Pontmay Castle, whose towers you can see through the trees."

"What was she like?" asked the astonished artist, gazing at the child's face, now so moved as he spoke.

"It is a long time," answered the boy, "since she went to heaven; but I remember her features, and if my hand were able, my memory would not fail me. And Jean then gave the artist a glowing description of little Marie, such as he had known her, and such as she had appeared to him, on the day when she came to bid him farewell before her departure from Pontmay.

The artist listened to this warm defense. He asked the child many questions to make him talk. Now and again Jean asked the same advice, which the stranger hastened to give him. For little Jean, with his love of painting, his frank, open countenance, and the intelligent manner in which he carried on his conversation, had quite won the painter's heart. The sun was setting in the horizon, and Jean's piece was nearly done, and really, very well; thanks to the able hand which had touched and re-touched it, so that the trees did not stand up straight in the air, but bent to and fro, in the summer wind. Jean then jumped up and thanked his kind master, who told him to come back the following day at the same hour; then taking up his paper and pencil, he started homeward with a light step, and humming to himself one of the popular tunes of the country, until he got in sight of the house, where Lizzie was awaiting him. As soon as he saw her he began dancing round, as if he were crazy.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with you?"

"Listen, sister," he said, in a triumphant tone; "prepare to celebrate my triumph, and be proud to bear my

name, for I am on the road to become a celebrated artist!" And he flourished before Lizzie's eyes the drawing which he had made during the afternoon sitting. True, she did not understand much about painting, but she saw that it was an exact sketch of the Reed Pond, and she now felt sure of her brother's calling.

"How did you succeed so well, to-day?"

"Why, because I had a real master," said the child, much pleased at his sister's praise, "and if you will let me go I shall have him to-morrow and the next day, and for a good while longer." Then he began to tell Lizzie about all that had happened during the afternoon—how the artist had offered to give him lessons during his stay in the neighborhood.

Lizzie seeing how pleased he was, said that she would speak to his father, and that if he gave his consent, Jean would go to school in the morning, but while the artist remained, he would go to him in the afternoon, that he might profit by his kind offer.

The next day, as the father agreed cheerfully to all Lizzie asked, thus far it was very reasonable, Jean returned to the artist, and for several weeks, until the painting of Reed Pond was completed by the artist. The child gazed at it with admiration. Indeed, all the time the artist was at work, Jean loved to watch him use the different colors, and notice what a life-like appearance they gave to the picture, which he had seen as a mere sketch. And his love for painting became more and more developed as he saw what astonishing results his new friend obtained from his brush and colors. Until then, Nature's pupil had never been able to admire any paintings but those that hung in the little village church,

and he had been quite ignorant as to the work to be done before they were finished. Thus during the time spent with the artist, the latter explained the elements of drawing and painting. Unfortunately, the painting was finished, and the obliging artist was going to continue his tour through the different villages. The evening before his departure, he came to see Jean's father, and simply said: "Will you let me take charge of your son? He possesses a rare talent for painting; I will make him a great artist, and as he loves study, he will succeed."

Mr. Lannek (that was the artist's name) was a man of great talent and firm principles, though a little rough in his manner. He had taken a liking to Jean during the long hours they had spent together, face to face with Nature, and within the last week had made up his mind to take Jean back with him, should his father and sister consent.

Lizzie's face got very pale as she heard him speak, but Jean was gazing at the artist and jumped for joy.

"O! father, father, do let me go."

The father looked from the artist's honest face to his son's happy countenance. Lizzie spoke first:

"Father," she said, "he has not made his First Communion; he must make it in his own parish, must he not?"

"That is true," said the father, glad of an excuse, that would prevent the separation which he dreaded. "We cannot let him go now."

Mr. Lannek remained silent. Jean gazed from one to another. He was very undecided, he wanted to go, and yet felt sad at the thought of leaving his father and sister. At last the painter spoke:

"Think again. I have no children;

he will be well cared for by my kind wife, and will receive an education that you cannot give him here."

"It can't be," said the father, for he saw that Lizzie was crying bitterly, at the thought of having to give up to others the care of the brother, whom she had loved as a son.

"When is he going to make his First Communion?" said Mr. Lannek, enquiringly.

"In two months," said Lizzie, trembling.

"Well, then, will you give him to me then. I will pass this way on my return, and if you consent, I shall take Jean home with me."

Jean could hardly keep still during this conversation. His lot was about to be decided. Either he would stay here all his life and be able to learn nothing; or else, to be able to devote himself to art, he must leave his home. He felt drawn towards art, to which he had been so devoted, from his earliest years, without any success. Though he would feel the parting keenly, still he hoped that the artist's proposition would be accepted. Lizzie had not taken her eyes off him, and reading his wish in his face, her sacrifice was made.

"Father," she said, in a low tone, "we must let him go, for he will work, yet love us in the same old way; and perhaps he may become a great man; then we will be amply rewarded, will we not?"

When his father saw that Lizzie had made up her mind to let Jean go, he said to the artist: "Sir, we will accept your very generous offer. In two months our Jean will have made his First Communion, and will be ready to return with you; but promise me that first of all you will bring him up a good Christian and an honest man;

for it is more glorious to be a good man than a great painter."

"As to that," said Mr. Lannek, who was himself a very moral man, "I will promise you, to watch over him as if he were my own child; and my wife, who is a saintly woman, will gladly continue the good work which his sister has begun." Mr. Lannek then said good-bye. The next day he left Mailleras, and would not return until he came back for Jean.

Now that it was all decided, Lizzie tried to be courageous, and when she was with her father she always tried to be very cheerful; saying that it was for the child's good. Though all the time when preparing him for his First Communion, the thought of the coming separation made her very sad.

Jean was already picturing in his imagination the success he would have in the future, and the glory which his father and sister would share. "You'll see, dear sister," he would say to Lizzie, who bent over her work, was sewing by the light of the lamp; "I will study so hard that soon I will be able to work for myself, and when I come back I will be able to paint your portrait and father's, then I can do the Reed Pond, just as Mr. Lannek did it; for I shall never forget you, Lizzie, or the village, or the cottage."

"Nor God, either, dear brother," she said, raising her head, "and don't forget to say your prayers morning and night, as you did when you were a little child, when I joined your little hands, and made you repeat the Our Father and Hail Mary, as our dear mother taught me to do."

"Yes, dear sister, I will promise," said Jean, as he put his arms around her neck, and wiped away her falling tears.

His father never said much, but he felt very sad, because he knew well

that Lizzie would miss him terribly. For Jean was the life of their home, and not to see his bright face when he came home at night would be a sore privation.

"Lizzie," said Jean, after a pause, "is Paris very far from here?"

"I believe so."

"It must be beautiful," said the child.

"Yes, so they say; Miss Marie, who went there very often, said that she felt very lonely because she could not see the sky, for the houses are built so high, that you don't breathe such pure air as you do here."

"I shall feel very lonely without you," said Jean, in a dreamy voice.

"O! yes, I am sure you will be," said his sister, with a sigh.

"But I shall come back next year," said Jean, for the thought of returning made the separation less terrible.

At last the day of the First Communion arrived. Jean, who had been well prepared by his sister, who had done her very best, made it with the best possible dispositions.

Lizzie cried nearly all the time during this touching ceremony, as she thought that soon the dear child would be going far away from her; but she had confidence in God, who permitted this separation, and, who knew well how to watch over Jean. As to the latter, he was altogether absorbed in this great act, and in the pure joy of this hallowed day, which he never forgot, and to whose salutary impressions he owed the success of his after life.

A few weeks later Mr. Lannek arrived in the country, and came to Lizzie to know if they were still willing to let him take Jean. The preparations for the journey were soon made; Lizzie filled Jean's trunk with all the necessary things, and then added a few

little trinkets to make him remember his home and country.

Jean paid a last visit to his mother's grave, and to that of Marie; he promised his sister to write often, and then quietly received all the advice they thought necessary to give him.

The moment of parting came too soon. It was a very touching sight; the child cried for a time, but his great love for art kept him up. Lizzie and her father went with him to the carriage, which was to take them to the nearest station. When the man whipped up his horses, Lizzie turned her head to hide her tears, while her father returned the signs which the travellers made from the windows of the carriage, until a turn in the road hid them from view. Once in the train, Jean who had cried all the way down, notwithstanding Mr. Lannek's efforts to console him, was soon quite interested by the continual change of scenery. For the child who had never been outside his native village, save once or twice to Montmorillon, a small town, the beauty of the towns and villages through which they passed seemed to him like scenes from fairy-land. He kept his eyes wide open, and looked around him curiously. His numerous questions greatly amused Mr. Lannek. Little by little sleep overcame him, and he was soon slumbering soundly, and dreaming of his home. When the train whistled, as it puffed into one of the stations, it awoke Jean, he half opened his eyes, then forgetting where he was, he thought he must have been dreaming, and he curled himself up, and was soon off once more in the land of dreams. But when they got to Paris, Jean had to wake up in earnest. At first he was stupefied by the noise and bustle of the large station, so unlike their quiet little station house at

Mailleras. But Mr. Lannek had asked his wife to meet them, and she gave Jean such a warm welcome, that he was quite re-assured, and in a short time got quite accustomed to the noise and bustle of the great city. About a week after his departure, Lizzie opened a letter dated from Paris, and at once recognized the hand-writing:

"DEAR FATHER AND DEAR SISTER," said Jean: "I love you a great deal, a great deal. I am always thinking of you, and very often when I am going to bed, I seem to see you sitting near the hearth talking, I am sure, of your little Jean, who misses you terribly. I am very well, and if it were not for being so far away from Mailleras, I would feel very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Lannek are goodness itself. They have given me a dear little room, beautifully fitted up, but from which, in fact, I can only see a small piece of the sky. I often speak of you to Mrs. Lannek; she listens to me willingly, and I profit by each occasion, for it makes me much happier. I have seen quite a few places in Paris; first the Tuleries and its beautiful gardens, where there are so many pretty children playing, that Lizzie, you would fairly eat up with kisses, they are so sweet. Notre Dame, the Cathedral, is beautiful when compared to our own little church, that I love nevertheless, and the Holy Chapel, Lizzie, is a little jewel, you would fall down in admiration. I can see its golden steeple from here, and the Champ Elysees, and the Louvre, with its beautiful paintings, in front of which your Jean, who is always on the move, could spend hours in contemplation, and hundreds and hundreds of other things which I have seen or will see. In fact, there is so much to say, that my pen does not move fast enough to tell you all. There would be enough to keep us busy all winter. I have begun work already. O! dear, I have seen things! I want to learn to paint pictures like those I saw. Do you see, dear father and Lizzie, as soon as I can paint well enough, I shall paint a Madonna's head. She will have Miss Marie's features; for very surely she looked like her. That won't be right away; still I shall do it yet, God willing. Adieu, dear father and sister, I never forget my prayers, dear Lizzie, and I pray for you, that you may not feel my absence too much, and that you will always love your Jean, who will love you always the same.

"Your brother,

JEAN."

Lizzie wept tears of joy while reading this letter. She answered it as well as she could, telling him to be a good boy, and to work well, and to be very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Lannek. "Your letter, my dear Jean," said she, after giving him the preceding advice, "made

us feel so happy that father and I do nothing else in the evening but talk of you and your return. Work well, and come back to us as good as when you left. The other day I bought a pretty bunch of roses, and put them in your name on Miss Marie's grave, who is praying for you, and watching over you from her heavenly home. The village is very quiet, and the house seems empty without you. But you will come back, and then you can tell us about the things you have seen. Adieu, father sends his love, and with a big kiss,

"I am your sister,

"LIZZIE."

Jean's life was quite different from that he had led in his native village, but whenever he felt too lonely, he had only to think that he wanted to become a great painter, and then he would be more courageous and work harder than ever. He read Lizzie's letter with great pleasure, and since then, about every month or so, he sent them quite a budget containing an account of his work, any success he has had, and all he has seen. Needless to say, what joy these letters created in the little village of Mailleras. Mr. Lannek had a few pupils, young men, of course, who came to him to take lessons. Jean worked in the hall which they used for a studio. During the first few days, these boys, who were of noble families, and very wealthy, did not deign to bestow any notice on this little country bumpkin, whose manners were so countrified. But soon they were won over, by Jean's amiable character and love for Mr. Lannek. They soon treated him as their equal and friend.

There was one, however, who was very disagreeable to him. This was Maurice de Lesbar, a boy about thirteen years of age, who always came, accompanied by a servant in livery, to

his painting lessons. Being of a proud disposition, he thought himself ever so much better than the peasant lad, and as his master had several times spoken to him about his conduct, telling him that Jean towered above him by the nobility of his character and his great genius, he bore him a grudge, and always tried to find some way of injuring him. Maurice forgot that God gives to some riches and position, which are doubtless a great advantage, if proper use is made of them, but that he keeps for his privileged ones the gift of a great intelligence, which is greatly to be preferred to nobility of name. Maurice had been studying for two years, and Jean, who had only been receiving lessons for some months, was far ahead of him. It is true that Maurice played a great deal more than he worked, and as soon as he saw Mr. Lannek correcting another pupil's work, he amused himself playing tricks, which only showed what a wicked heart he had. For instance, he would harness unfortunate flies, which he ran through with a pin, to little paper carts made out of paper, with such rare ability, that his friends thought he had done these during work hours. For it is only constant practice, said they, which could make him proficient in his cruel treatment. At home he was a regular demon, and when his tutor was not there to keep him quiet, he would spend his day running up and down stairs, tormenting the servants, who were always blamed for any harm that was done, and if not at this, would torment his poor unfortunate dog. Maurice, it is easily seen, was a spoiled child, and even his tutor, a man of excellent character, and highly recommended, could do nothing with him, because his mother was a woman of such weak

character, that the child knew he would be forgiven, and not receive any punishment at her hands. Besides being proud, he was very lazy, and having never profited by the lessons which his mother, who was a wealthy person, had paid masters to give him; he was as ignorant as it is possible to be. Maurice, however, being so proud, never thought that such was the case, and as all children do who have been badly brought up, said whatever came into his head, making the persons who heard him smile with pity. And, of course, being so ignorant, he said such stupid things, that Mr. Lannek was ashamed to have him for a pupil. One day he happened to come into the studio with several of the boys. On an easel at the end of the room was a painting just begun, representing the walls of a town, which the surrounding country indicated as being Rome. At the back of the painting was the enemy's camp, and a man was coming out of it towards a group of women, who came forth from the city. One of these seemed to have moved away from them, and was evidently reproaching the general, who looked quite moved. The various other costumes would sufficiently explain it to educated persons. The pupils had all grouped around the easel, for as their master was not there, they did not hurry to get to their work.

"What does it all mean?" asked Maurice, who was looking at it with the others, but who was far too ignorant to know what it was.

"Well! don't you know?" said one of the younger boys.

"No," said Maurice, with a vexed look. "There is a woman who is talking to that man, that is all that I see. Anyhow, I don't pretend to understand more than I really do." Then

suddenly his eye brightened, for he saw Jean, and he wished to make him share his humiliating position, for all the boys were laughing at his silly answer, so he said: "But there is Jean, whom Mr. Lannek calls a studious child, and who is always reading when not at his work; he ought to know all about it."

"This," said Jean, "is Coriolanus and the Volcians, Rome's enemies, and among whom he sought refuge when his country treated him unjustly. The women coming out of Rome are headed by his mother, Veturie, whom the Roman people have sent to him that she might appease his wrath, and beg him to spare the city."

Maurice, who hoped that Jean's memory would play him false, was very much put out when he found that his trick had failed. "But," he said, "it is easily seen, sir, that the master gave you explanations beforehand, for I am sure that you could not have learned that, while tending the cows," said he, in an insolent tone. "Anyway, it matters very little to me, for I do not need to be learned, as it is only beggars who have to work." And Maurice, who ought to be ashamed of his rudeness, went to his place amid general silence; for all the pupils stopped speaking when Mr. Lannek opened the door, just in time to hear the boy's wicked words. He walked straight over to him, while poor Jean, who was stupefied at hearing his humble, yet honest life spoken of in this way, felt the tears filling his eyes. Maurice seemed ashamed at first when he saw his master. But he then assumed an indifferent air, as if he were not to blame. He had already taken his pencil and paper, to sketch a head before him, which was that of Demosthenes, whose name he did not even know, for his laziness and ignorance had reached such a point that his

tutor could not make him learn anything about the men of the day. Mr. Lanek did not intend to let him go unpunished. He was tired of having a pupil who would not learn anything, and who employed his time tormenting the other pupils. He resolved to send him away from his studio.

"My child," he said, in a serious tone, which confused the poor child, "from henceforth I refuse to give you any more lessons, and I shall tell your mother so to-day. Your character is unbearable, and you would only give your companions bad advice, and, worse again, bad example. Even during the few short hours you spend here every day, for as you seem to prefer play to work, notwithstanding all I have told you, my lessons are useless. But, before you go, let me tell you, with all your money and position, you will never become anything, unless you correct yourself, (and I am afraid you will never have courage to do it), or be willing to have for a friend the brave child whom you so rudely insulted. Go, my poor Maurice," said he. "Remember, that honest work and talent, when God gave them to us, are a hundred times more valuable than riches and position, which only make so many people unhappy."

Maurice was very much ashamed. He dared not say anything, but tried to put a bold face on the matter, and threw a glance full of deadly hatred at Jean, who was the innocent cause of his disgrace. The latter, however, seeing that his master had taken his part, had gone back to his work, and all the other pupils were very glad that Maurice had got the lesson he so richly deserved for he was no favorite with them. This put a stop to those disgraceful scenes.

The artist kept his word. He went

to thank Mrs. de Lesbar, and begged her to keep her son at home, telling her that he could not continue giving him lessons, since the child did not want to profit by them.

The poor mother had been told the self-same thing by several other masters, and did not know what to do. But she could not scold Maurice, for when she began to speak about it, he would promise her with tears in his eyes to do better, if he only had another master. His mother believed in his repentance, though he had deceived her so many times, she was persuaded at last that Mr. Lanek had dealt unjustly with him in not wanting to forgive a few trivial faults, set to look for another easy-going master, who would not care if his pupil worked or not.

At the beginning of the summer, Jean went to Mailleras with Mr. Lanek, who left him there for some weeks, as he went to travel in the southern part of France. It would be very difficult to describe Lizzie's feelings upon meeting her brother. The child had grown thinner, his manners had that elegant polish which he seemed to have copied almost unconsciously. But his moral training was the same, and Jean was just as frank and affectionate as before he had left them. He was somewhat paler since he had been living in Paris, but he would soon get back his rosy color after a few weeks spent in his native village.

When the carriage which brought him arrived at Mailleras, it was eight in the evening, and although pretty light, as it always is in summer, still night was coming, and Lizzie and her father could hardly distinguish the outlines of the carriage. But when the child jumped out, and she heard his gay voice saying, "Here I am at last," her heart thrilled with delight, and

she clasped him tightly in her arms, the child whom she had formerly rocked on her knees as a mother does her son. How many hours had she not spent, picturing to herself the joy of this meeting. How often during those long tedious days, when her hands were busy with the household work, would not her thoughts carry her to Paris, where she could see the bright face of him whom she still called her little brother, though he was now quite a big boy.

That evening they did nothing but ask him question after question, and Jean answered them, for he was anxious to tell them everything, and Lizzie, just as curious as can be. The father looked at his two children. He was happy because they were.

"Is Paris as beautiful as they say?" said Lizzie, asking the same question which he had asked before his departure.

"O! yes, dear sister, very beautiful. But nothing could be finer than Mailleras is to-night. If you only knew how often I thought of you, and of the village during the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Lanek are very kind, but there were times when I felt lonely, and Paris seemed so big with its high houses and crowds of unknown faces! When I felt sad, I comforted myself by thinking of you and father, and also of Miss Marie. Are there always flowers on her grave?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, "I always keep some there. Do you know, Jean, I am sure that she and mother are praying for you, and that it is their prayers that have sent you back to us, as good and loving as ever. But you promised me to paint her picture. When will you be able to do it?"

"O! in a few years, you'll see; I keep it here," he said, pointing to his

forehead. "Some day I shall paint it for you, as I remember her face with its sweet, angelic expression."

Jean still clung to the things of his childhood, and though enjoying Parisian life, never forgot his village or his friends. During his stay in Mailleras, he breathed the pure air with delight, for he often longed for it in the city. He came and went along the roads, visiting his favorite haunts, making a collection of sketches, but with more success than in former years. The Reed Pond was sketched in several different ways, and he soon had a number of pieces of which his father and sister were very proud. Mr. Lanek advised him to spend as much time as possible sketching from nature, telling him that this was the surest way of learning. The obedient pupil followed his master's advice in this as in all else. The few happy weeks fled too quickly, and the moment of separation was near at hand, much to Lizzie's sorrow, for Jean had again fallen into his own way at Mailleras, and felt it keenly. Still, the days went on, and Mr. Lanek arrived at Mailleras to take Jean back with him to Paris.

Lizzie did not know how to thank this generous man for all he had done for Jean.

"Well, now, are you satisfied with the young man?" asked Mr. Lanek. "He is a good child, and after a few years of study, you will be amply rewarded for the sacrifice you made when you let him go away the first time."

"How shall we thank you, sir," said Lizzie, "for all you are doing. Our Jean has come back to us, not only more able than before, but just as affectionate and kind as he was when he left us. For, dear sir, my father and I feared that he might go wrong, for

they told us that Paris was such a bad city. You have kept him in the right path."

"O! that is not my work, but my wife's. I know that she has tried to keep everything that is wicked or immoral from him, and did her best to instil into his heart lessons similar to those he received from you."

"Tell her, sir," said the young girl, "that we are very grateful to her, and know not how to thank her, for I would rather Jean should remain an ignorant peasant lad, than come back to us with his morals corrupted." The young girl meant what she said, for though very proud of Jean's talents, she would rather he would remain faithful to the faith of his childhood, than become one of the most celebrated painters in the world.

Jean then got ready to go, but not before they had given him more advice, making him promise that he would not forget what they had told him.

Lizzie cried some when he was gone, but she did not feel anxious now, as this was not the child's first journey. Then she knew that he was in good hands, and only hoped that this foreign education would leave her brother as simple and kind as he was before. The carriage bearing the two travellers went rapidly on its way, and soon the houses of Mailleras disappeared from view. This time he stayed awake for the first few hours of the journey, and could thus admire at his ease the towns at which they stopped. At last they reached Paris. Jean once more resumed his studies.

Not content with teaching him drawing, for it is very useful if one wishes to become an artist, to have studied other subjects, Mr. Lannek, who never did things by halves, made the child follow a scientific course, and knowing that he was fond of reading, procured a number of valuable books, which would help to educate him without fatiguing him. As for painting, Jean was heart and soul in his work, and made such rapid progress, that in a few years his works were not without some merit. The master was

proud of his pupil, whom he loved as his own son. Each year he brought him to Mailleras for a rest, and, needless to say, his father and Lizzie were always just as glad to see him.

Four years had gone by since his departure for Paris under Mr. Lannek's protection, when one day he received a letter from Mailleras signed Lizzie.

"MY DEAR JEAN," she said:

"I have something to tell you, but don't be afraid, for it will not prevent me loving you just the same as in the past. I shall always remember that I rocked you to sleep in my arms, singing your favorite songs, and that you are a good brave boy, who loves his sister, and has never given her a moment's pain. But here is my secret, for I have not told you yet: I am going to be married. You know that I am nearly twenty-four, and they say that it is quite time; but father will not be alone, for we are going to live with him, and when you come home nothing will be changed. I am going to marry Francis. He is the second son of the farmer of None, that farm house where Miss Marie used to go, because she could see the Reed Pond. The father will live with us, as the farm goes to the eldest son. You will see, Jean, that we will all be happy together when you come home. Answer me right away, and say if you can come to the wedding. It takes place in three weeks. Father is very glad, and we all send love.

LIZZIE."

Jean answered his sister's letter, telling her how pleased he was to hear the news. "I have a wedding present for you, dear little sister," he said, at the end of his letter, "and I will give it to you, myself. Good-bye. I will see you in two weeks. Love to all.

JEAN."

The eve of the wedding Jean arrived, accompanied by Mr. Lannek, who had been invited to the ceremony. After tea a large case was brought in, which Jean opened himself, saying that this was his wedding present. When it was opened, Lizzie uttered an exclamation of astonishment and joy. It was a Madonna's head, it's features bearing a striking resemblance to those of little Marie. Lizzie could not keep back her tears, as she gazed at it. "O! Jean, dear, how can I ever thank you," she said, clasping her brother's hand. "Nothing could have pleased me more. She is the angel who has guided and protected you. But how well you remembered her face, and how smart

you are," she said. Each one admired Jean's work, for it was really remarkable. The resemblance was really striking, and Jean had given to the Madonna's features an expression of ideal purity.

"You will put it over your bed," he said to Lizzie, "and pray that she may guide me always."

"Yes," said Lizzie, "and whenever I look at it I shall think of the times she used to come here, always looking so sweet and pretty, and never leaving us without a kind word."

The painting was hung over the bed as Jean had requested, and Lizzie taught her children to kneel before it to say their night prayers. Often she would tell them of the little child who went to heaven so young, and whom Uncle Jean had never forgotten, as the painting showed. He was still

with Mr. Lannek. Later on, the latter having adopted him, sent him to Italy to study, and while he was away from Mailleras, little hands were joined together, and childish lips prayed for him to the Heavenly Mother, whose image still hangs in the paternal home. Lizzie has taught her children to love Uncle Jean, and beg our Lord to keep his heart pure and unstained, as in the days of his childhood.

Jean has now become a great painter, and devotes his talent to noble works. He has painted many a Madonna's head since then, "but none," he says, "better represents the Mother of God, than the model which he had chosen as a child, and that he was so well able to re-produce, by painting the portrait of the little friend and companion of his childish days."

A Little Crown for *the* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

First Friday—April, 1901.—St. Mechilde, April 10th.

"I have compassion on the multitude."

HOW sweet it is to remember this compassionate Heart, and feel that there is an echo of Divine sympathy for every joy and sorrow, and that there is no need of soul or body excluded from the loving providence of God! It is, then, our desire, this month, to confide in Jesus most perfectly, and to imitate His sympathy.

We have several times alluded to the spirit of sympathetic reparation with regard to His sufferings in the Passion, and we may remark that in proportion as we have mourned, so also shall we, with Mary, rejoice in the gladness of Easter. But now there is question of extending our sympathy to all souls for His sake—to those who are still exiles in this "vale of tears," to the patient sufferers in Purgatory and ascending in spirit to the land of light, to a spirit of joyful gratitude with and for its glorious inhabitants. This was a special characteristic in St. Mechilde, who, with her sister, St. Gertrude,

tenderly loved the Sacred Heart, and whose life was said to be "a living copy of Our Blessed Lady." Towards Jesus Christ Himself, her prayers are most beautiful in expression, tender in sympathy, seraphic in love. The record of her virtues is most attractive in sublimity and sweetness, and it is said that "she anointed all the afflicted with the sweet ointment of her pity, her compassion, and her sympathy." A vast multitude of mourners, after her saintly transit, who had been silent in obedience to her humble desires, now proclaimed the miracles worked in their regard, and yet her biographer says: "We wept little, for her glory stayed our tears." Sympathy is the bloom of charity, the "good odor of Christ," the seal of His Sacred Heart. Let us ask this sweet Benedictine Saint to obtain it for us, and let us soothe the sorrows, supply the needs, rejoice in the gladness of those around us, but always for the love of that grateful Heart from whose abundance we hope to hear at last: "You did it for Me."

Summary and General Declaration
— OF THE —
RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

— OF THE —
MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

THE Third Order of Mount Carmel may well be termed ancient, since the First Order traces its origin back to the Holy Prophet Elias, who lived 930 years before the coming of Christ. Whenever any of those pious Hermits, who lived and prayed together, as did the Monks of the Christian era, separated from their own community to go forth into the world, they always preserved intimate relations with the members of the aforesaid community and thus came to constitute a species of Third Order.

Speaking of the Christian epoch, in particular, the custom of uniting and associating pious persons of both sexes with our Order is most ancient; so much so, indeed, that in the early ages, this was done by the sole authority of the Order itself.

But in the year 1452, Pope Nicholas V., and in the year 1476, Pope Sixtus IV., by their apostolic authority approved this action, and granted to all those who then belonged to the Third Order of Mount Carmel, or who might afterward enter it, the same privileges enjoyed by the Third Orders of Saint Francis, Saint Dominic and Saint Augustine.

The same Pontiffs by their apostolic authority empowered the superiors of our confraternity to receive into its Tertiary Order secular persons of both

sexes without any exception, provided they showed fitness and were withheld by no canonical impediment. So, that which was done at first by the simple authority of the Order, from that time forth was carried on and practised under authority from the Holy See.

Moreover, the Pontiffs aforesaid set forth in their Bulls that these same superiors, in giving the habit of their Order to such persons as should seek it, should propose to them the observance of the Rule of the Confraternity, this being adapted to their own states and conditions.

Finally, the above mentioned Sixtus IV. granted to every person so received into the Order, all the Privileges and Indulgences which, before that time, had been bestowed by the Popes, his predecessors, upon the Brothers and Sisters in Religion of the Confraternity, together with all that might in future be granted them by his successors in the Holy See.

RULES AND STATUTES FOR THE TERTIARY
BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE
ORDER OF OUR LADY OF
MOUNT CARMEL.

CHAPTER I.

Of the persons who have faculty to receive others into the Third Order of Mount Carmel and of the necessary requisites of those who desire to embrace this state.

In accordance with the ancient and

primitive use of our holy Order, the Most Rev. General, the Provincials in their Provinces, and the Priors in their respective Convents, can, by themselves or through others whom they have commissioned, receive into the Third Order of Mount Carmel persons of both sexes—ecclesiastics and laymen, virgins and widows, and also married persons;—it must be, however, mentioned that the Priors and their delegates should not use this faculty without having previously given notice of it to their Provincials or General.

Before, however, any superior or delegate receives one into the Third Order, he shall inform himself diligently if the persons asking to be admitted have the qualities requisite for it; namely: if they have good and honest manners and are moved only by a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; for by taking her habit they consecrate themselves to her in a special manner. Secondly, if they have not been received before and professed in some other Third Order. Thirdly, if they be of such mature age as to give prudent hope of perseverance in their good resolution. Fourthly, if they profess the true Catholic faith and obedience to the holy Church. Fifthly, if they have sufficient means for a respectable living. Lastly, married women must be told that they will not be admitted without the consent of their husbands and the approval of their confessors.

Hence, (as the statutes enjoin, which are an explanation of the Rule) those whose office it is to receive persons into the Third Order, should only have in sight the good character of the persons and everything that is holy, modest, honorable, amiable, praiseworthy and virtuous. They should,

therefore, inform themselves principally about their manners, deportment and way of living; whether they are humble and mild, whether they preserve peace with all men, or form and keep up enmities, whether they are fickle, curious, of a rash and violent temper; whether they are overburdened with debts; whether they are involved in law suits, for these quarrels do not only disturb the internal peace, but also give occasions of complaints, murmurings and slanders. Lastly, whether they are of a respectable family and not tainted by any evil reputation.

The Tertiary Brothers and Sisters should well mind that the profession of the Catholic faith, being an essential quality of their state, they ought not to be satisfied to profess it with their mouths only, but show it also by their works and good behavior. They should not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or to be followers of Mary, the ever-blessed Virgin. They should, for the love of truth, humbly bear with the raileries, slights and jests which they may encounter; for, as the martyrs would rather suffer the greatest torments than renounce the Christian name, so, likewise, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters must rather suffer joyfully jests and contempt than to blush for following the Cross of Christ. They should always esteem highly the virtues of humility, modesty and Christian simplicity, as becomes those who are not seeking to please men, but God only—and the Blessed Virgin.

They may comfort themselves by the consoling words of our Lord: "If the world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you

out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."—John XV., 18.

And indeed the world, or rather worldly persons, can not bear virtuous men, these being a reproach to their evil lives. If these words of Jesus Christ, and so many others which might be quoted, could make the saints triumph over all the obstacles opposing their pious designs and actions, they ought likewise to strengthen the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters to bear, with courage and patience, all the insults which the worldling shall offer to them and not on that account grow remiss in the observance of the rules and statutes of the Order.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

Although the superiors and directors can by their own authority receive into the Third Order the persons possessing the aforesaid qualities, without the consent of the respective Brotherhood, for Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. granted them absolute power, independent of the Brotherhood; yet, generally speaking, it will be praiseworthy and advantageous to propose the postulants to the respective councils and to leave the choice to be made by secret suffrage, so that no persons under a canonical impediment may be admitted. The Superior or Director should not, however, propose in such a way any person, if, on reasonable grounds, he supposes that the greater part of the Brotherhood be against him.

In some places the following custom is now introduced for acceptance into

the Third Order. At the preceding meeting, the Director publishes the name of the postulant, and if, during the interval of time between that meeting and the next, no one appears to object, in view of nearer claims or as a matter of duty, the postulant is deemed to have been approved.

As to the age sufficing for entrance into the Third Order, it is required that the person to be accepted shall be at least fourteen years old and shall have received First Communion.

The statutes regarding the chapter of the rule declare that the person to be received should, by prayers, fasting and other convenient exercises of piety, dispose himself for it, according to the direction of his confessor, but principally by a general confession, yet yielding, also in this, to the judgment of the same confessor. On the day when one receives the habit, he should endeavor to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

After they have been received into the Third Order they become partakers of all the indulgences, which have been and shall be granted in future to our Order, as is stated in the Bull of Sixtus IV. Moreover, they partake of all advantages of our Order and of the fruits and good works which are performed night and day by the Religious of the First and Second Orders, and by the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters all over the world, so that they may reasonably hope to be aided by the prayers and merits of so many virtuous persons to whom they are united by profession and intention.

Each one of the novices shall, during the year of his novitiate, present himself once a month to the Father Director, to exercise the virtue of obedience and to be instructed in his duties. In like manner, every one of

the Sisters during the novitiate shall present herself to the Mother Directress or Prioress.

The superior or director, according to the dictates of prudence, can extend the novitiate to two or three years, or even more, for persons too young to be of sufficiently mature judgment, and also in regard to other persons of ripe age if they are not sufficiently advanced in virtue.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE PROFESSION.

Those brothers and sisters who shall be judged worthy to be admitted to profession should prepare themselves for the same in the eleventh month of their novitiate; the novitiate should last at least one year; this being completed, and having made, for not less than three days, spiritual exercises in the best manner possible, as the spiritual father shall direct, having also made a confession and received Holy Communion, they shall promise in writing into the hands of the superior or director the simple vows of chastity according to their state and condition and of obedience according to the rule of the Third Order, until death. They shall leave the document of their profession in the hand of the superior or director, having with their own hand signed their names or marked it with a cross if they know not how to write. The director shall take care to have it registered in a book kept for that purpose, and, besides, to have it signed by two of the oldest of the respective Confraternity, marking down the year, month and day.

After the brothers and sisters have made their profession they shall have an active voice in all the assemblies, that is, they can cast their votes; and

after being professed three years, they shall have a passive voice, that is, they can be elected to all the offices and emoluments of the Confraternity.

The superior or director can receive the profession of the Tertiary Novices of both sexes in danger of death, even before the year of the novitiate be terminated, that thus they may partake of the indulgences granted to the professed brothers and sisters, but with the condition that, in case they regain their health, they are bound to repeat the vows with the due formalities.

If through a divine vocation some of the brothers and sisters should enter into a religious Order, the Director shall communicate it to the whole fraternity in order that all may praise the Lord for such a singular grace and pray for their perseverance.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE SUBJECTION OF THE ORDER AND ON OBEDIENCE.

The Tertiary Brothers and Sisters shall be subject to the direction and correction of the Superiors, in things regarding the rules and their own salvation, without infringing upon the rights of the Parish Church; to attend the services should be their great care, that having thus chosen a more perfect life they may also give good example to others. They should therefore be always eager to assist at the sacred instructions given in their own parish church and in the churches of the Order, if they are not legitimately excused. In regard to the confessors, there is no absolute necessity that they should belong to our Order; the Brothers and Sisters can confess their sins to any approved confessor, who may further their spiritual advancement.

Above all they should appreciate highly and in truth practice obedience; which Jesus Christ loves so dearly, that for its sake He came down from heaven to earth, taking it for a spouse at His birth and wishing to have it as an inseparable companion until His death on the Cross. They shall pay due respect to the superior and director and also to the prioress; they shall obey them with humility, beholding in the superior, director and confessor Jesus Christ Himself, and in the prioress the most Blessed Virgin, in such a manner that when they hear them speak they should imagine they hear Jesus Christ or the most Blessed Virgin.

They should never undertake anything, however good, of their own will—neither should they prefer anything, however good it may appear, to holy obedience, their vocation. Because an obedient person does not sin, is not judged and can not be reproved; hence, Saint Theresa wisely says, "that, although the superiors can deceive themselves in commanding, the subjects never deceive themselves in obeying."

Obedience, generally taken, is a necessary virtue for all Christians, according to their state and condition, in order to obtain eternal life; but it is especially necessary for persons professing a spiritual life and much more for those who have made a vow or promise to God, as these Tertiaries by their own free will have bound themselves to observe it more exactly, it being the most certain means for obtaining Christian perfection. Now, to avoid all disquiet of conscience, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters must know to whom, and in what things they have to obey, and what kind of sin they commit if they fail in obedience.

In the formula of profession they promise obedience to God, to the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and to the most Reverend General of the whole Order. For our better intelligence it may be observed that they promise obedience and chastity to God, because a vow is an act of religion due to God alone; they promise to the most Blessed Virgin, because she is the special mother and patroness of the whole Order; lastly, they promise to the most Reverend General, in order to form but one family under the same head and thus to partake of the spiritual advantages of the whole Order. In virtue therefore of such a promise, all the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters are obliged to obey, with humility, the superiors of the Order, and in a special manner those who by office or commission shall be appointed for the government of the fraternity, i. e., the Father Director. They must obey in those things which regard their own salvation and perfection, according to the rules and statutes, but not in things regarding their temporal possessions, for in respect to these the superiors have no power whatever.

They must also obey their own confessor, and, as we have said above, there is no absolute obligation that he be one of the Order; they shall, therefore, inform him of the duties enjoined by the rule and show him this little book, that he may be enabled to direct their souls in the way of perfection.

Against the vow of Obedience they never sin grievously unless they disobey by contempt of rule, and unless the superior declares that he binds them under a heavy penalty, as if he should say, "In virtue of holy obedience," or "In the name of the Holy Ghost," or use other expressions

of equal force ; but this he must do distinctly, expressly and in writing.

CHAPTER V.

ON CHASTITY.

The vow of chastity, in accordance with the rules, binds according to the present or future state of the person who has made such a promise to God. Hence, in virtue of the profession, she is bound to virginal chastity as long as she remains unmarried, to the conjugal chastity if married, and to the continence of a widow if deprived of the husband. So that, according to the meaning of the rule, the vow does not hinder any one from changing her state of life. The same holds good in regard to the Tertiary Brothers. It is known to all that the vow elevates and increases the merit of virtue ; as, on the other side, its violation, be it internal or external, renders the person guilty of a double sin, viz : of incontinency and of a sacrilege. If it should happen that some brother or sister be convicted of having sinned against this vow, he or she shall be at once expelled from the Confraternity, and hereby will be free from the obligations and of the simple vows, which were made in no other wise than according to the rule. Nevertheless, if to the profession has been added her special and voluntary vow never to change her state of life (which is above the rule), this obligation would still remain after the expulsion from the Order ; because of the intention of the

person making the answers to bind himself to the observance of this second vow until death. The brothers and sisters, as it will be seen, are at full liberty, like all the faithful, to bind themselves by a vow of perpetual chastity, and it is a praiseworthy thing, recommendable but not commanded. Yet, the superiors and directors shall be very circumspect in recommending and receiving such vows ; and especially in respect to virgins and widows yet very young, lest in progress of time, regretting their step, they come to cause scandal to the whole fraternity.

In whateverwise the profession be made it is necessary, in order to guard and observe chastity, as it becomes persons honored with the title of brothers and sisters of the Blessed Virgin, that they do not say or do anything which does not breathe the sweet odor of chastity, that they should close their eyes to vanities and their ears to all sorts of jests and merriment ; that they should guard their tongues from too free, vain and equivocal words ; in one word, they should regulate their senses by a sweet restraint, as the Holy Ghost advises us. "Guard thy heart with all watchfulness, because life issueth out from it." Proverbs IV., 23. Finally, to preserve intact the beautiful lily of holy chastity, it is moreover necessary to mortify the body with penances. These, however, must be reasonable and discreet, and always subject to the judgment of the confessor or director.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JERICHO.

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

XII.

"And the children of Israel abode in Gilgal, and they kept the Passover, on the fourteenth day of the month, at evening in the Plains of Jericho."—Josue, V. 10.

WHAT tableaux of thrilling interest did not my early biblical reminiscences conjure up before me as our cortege set foot in the "Plains of Jericho," adjacent to which the Israelites first pitched their tents on their arrival in the "Promised Land!" What marvels of divine goodness, exemplified towards the "Chosen People" in this connection rose up before me! After their journey of forty years "in the wide wilderness" (Josue, V. 6.), during which period countless marks of Jehovah's predilection were lavished upon them from on high, they entered, at last, the "Land of Chanaan"—that "Promised Land," which, as had been told them, was "*flowing with milk and honey*,"—an expression well calculated to impress their carnal minds with a vivid idea of its fertility and abundance. I had often wondered in my juvenile days why it was that God exacted from the Israelites that they should spend forty years in making a transit which could have been accomplished, perhaps, in as many days. Was it not to cause them to appreciate more sensibly the beautiful country of the Cananeans, after having journeyed so long and after having undergone so much to obtain it? *—a thought

* NOTE—The careful perusal of the eighth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy will be most interesting in this connection, as it explains fully why Almighty God kept His people so long on their way to the Promised Land.

which naturally suggests the happiness of the Blessed, as, when about to enter heaven, and while in full view of their eternal reward, they recall at its portals for the last time (since, once within the gates of the celestial Jerusalem, such memories will ne'er recur again) * the struggles, sufferings and sorrows of their earthly pilgrimage. No less aptly, too, do the prodigies wrought in behalf of the Jews, from the moment of their departure from Egypt until that of their entrance into the "Land of Promise," typify that divine guidance extended the elect in their passage through this "Vale of tears" to heaven, as also the endless chain of graces by whose aid they will one day come into possession of the kingdom prepared for them. And what lesson, may I ask, shall we learn (now that I have begun to moralize,) from the almost continuous murmurings, fault-finding, and even occasional mutinies of the Israelites against their divinely appointed leaders while in the desert? They could not understand why their wanderings should be so protracted; why their arrival at their journey's end should be so delayed. Nor does it seem that their impatience and dissatisfaction, consequent upon God's action in their regard, underwent any diminu-

* NOTE—I say this *late sensu*; for, the Blessed can remember their trials, et similia, in heaven, as a source of their *present glory*; not, however, as a cause of *sorrow* to them *now*. Thus, we read that St. Peter of Alcantara appeared to St. Teresa after his death, and exclaimed, "Oh, happy penances (alluding to his life of self crucifixion, persecutions, etc.) which have merited for me such a weight of glory!"

tion despite the extraordinary favors showered upon them by Him. A perpetual miracle, for example, was wrought, in that their very clothing remained whole and entire, and their feet were not injured in the least by their years of travel. Thus Moses could assure them individually at the end: "Thy raiment, with which thou wast covered, hath not decayed for age, and thy foot is not worn, lo this is the fortieth year." (Deuteronomy VIII. 4.) The Lord Himself went before them as a pillar of cloud by day, and as a column of fire by night to conduct them in safety (Numbers, IX. 15); He fed them with "bread from heaven"—the manna—; encouraged them with repeated manifestations of His power and goodness; gave them His divine law, the faithful observance whereof was to bring them every earthly blessing, together with the certainty of eternal felicity, and protected them in a signal manner from the enemies that beset their path. Yet, all these manifestations of loving solicitude and watchfulness over them were lost upon many of the "Chosen People." Can we not, with advantage, draw a parallel between the Israelites and ourselves? Had they kept constantly before their minds the incomparable bourne at which they were aiming; had they dwelt upon the wondrous descriptions given them of its fertility, its wealth and of the profusion which reigned therein of all that could please the eye, gratify the palate or cheer the heart, would they not have borne better with the actual fatigues and privations undergone during their progress towards it? And we? Surely, it is not an earthly promised land that we are seeking; for, "Non habemus hinc manentem civitatem, sed futuram

inquirimus."* How raised above ourselves, then; how superior to our weaknesses or pettiness would we become; how resigned to the dispensations of Providence in our regard; how oblivious to the privations of this life, did we but keep the thought of heaven always before us! For then we would realize in all its fullness the comforting assurance given us in these words of the Apostle: "*In all things we suffer tribulation; but are not distressed: we are straitened; but are not destitute: we suffer persecution; but are not forsaken: we are cast down; but we perish not: always bearing about in our body the dying of Jesus; that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies. For our present tribulation, which is momentary and light, worketh for us above measure accordingly an eternal weight of glory.*" (II. Corinthians, IV.)

My readers, I fear, will think that I am almost as long in getting to Jericho as were the Israelites. Yet, if I have stopped on the way in this instance, it has only been in fulfilment of the Apostolic injunction, viz: "*Preach the word; be instant in season (and) out of season, etc.*" (II. Timothy IV. 2.)

But behold us at the terminus of our day's journey! We have the mild vesper light, bright and clear, in which to make our first observations of the site where once stood the first city taken by Josue from the Chanaanians: Jericho,—whose massive walls were miraculously thrown down after he and his warriors had, by God's command, gone around them once a day for six days, and after the priests and levites, bearing the ark and sounding their trumpets, had done likewise on the seventh day. Over the ruins of the city thus delivered into his hands

* For here we have no permanent city, but we seek one to come. (Hebrews XIII. 14.)

by the direct intervention of the "God of armies," Josue pronounced the following malediction: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that shall raise up and build the city of Jericho. In his first-born may he lay the foundation thereof, and in the last of his children set up its gates." * This anathema did not prevent divers potentates from essaying the undertaking against which it had been launched, and there were, subsequently, the Jewish, Roman and Byzantine Jerichoes, though each of them occupied, to some extent at least, different sites. The second—that of Herod—was honored by a visit from our Divine Saviour, who there restored sight to the "Blind Man," and converted Zacheus, the publican. (St. Luke, XVIII. 42., and XIX. 9 and 10.) At present only a few miserable huts mark the place where these cities stood successively, if I except a couple of inns, (one of them called *Gilgal Hotel*, at which our party stopped) the smaller and less pretentious of which bears the sign over its side door: "*American Bar*" It was, as you know, in the month of September—a time when the heat is at its greatest—that I visited Palestine; and you have, doubtless, often heard the expression, "Go to Jericho!" Did you grasp its meaning? Well, if you did not, let me tell you that J. is said to be the hottest place on earth; lying, as it does, twelve hundred feet below the level of the sea, and shut in by high and barren mountains which keep every cooling breeze far from it. For my part, I never experienced anything to surpass it; and if any one ever says to me again "Go to Jericho," I shall

devoutly sign myself with the Sign of the Cross, for I shall realize that he don't mean *Jericho* at all. What was most interesting to our party in the neighborhood of the ancient city was, *first*, the "Pool of Eliseus;" and *secondly*, the "Mountain of the Quarantaine." The former is a beautiful spring of clear, fresh, limpid water, which serves to irrigate a great portion of the surrounding territory, and is delicious to drink. The history of this spring is to be found in the Fourth Book of Kings, chapter second, verses nineteenth to the twenty-second, inclusive, as subjoined here:—And the men of the city (*Jericho*) said to Eliseus: "Behold, the situation of the city is very good, as thou my lord seest: but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he (*Eliseus*) said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, He went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters; and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness. And the waters were healed unto this day, according to the words of Eliseus, which he spoke."

[Whilst not immediately connected with my subject, and though the scene of the event referred to lay at some distance from Jericho, I will quote what follows in the same chapter, namely, from the twenty-third to the concluding verse, to-wit:

And he (*Eliseus*) went up from thence (*Jericho*) to Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, little boys came out of the city and mocked him, saying: go up, thou bald-head. And looking back he saw them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord: and there came forth two bears out of the forest, and tore of them two and forty

* NOTE—In other words, *May his first child die when the work of rebuilding the city is commenced, and may his last perish when its walls are finished.*

boys. And from thence he went to Mount Carmel.]

Are the "prophets" less powerful in our day; or are the "little boys" less irreverent; or bears scarcer? Leaving you to solve this problem if you can (which I doubt), I shall pass to the second object of our devout contemplation in the vicinity of Jericho, namely, the spot where, according to tradition, Jesus fasted forty days and as many nights, and where He was tempted by the devil. For a long period it was inhabited by anchorites and hermits, all of whom were put to death by the terrible Chosroes about the opening of the seventh century. During the middle ages the "Canons of the Holy Sepulchre" and the religious called "Brothers of the Quarantaine" lived there. A writer of the fourteenth century says that in his day, the Sheik Gazar obstructed the road leading to the Holy Mountain, in order to prevent the solitaries from descending or pilgrims from ascending it. In its present condition the mountain is honeycombed with cells, some of which are natural grottoes, and others the work of man. The schismatic Greeks have monasteries upon its craggy sides, their occupation of it dating from the year 1874. They are few in number, and depend for their subsistence on the money received from visitors, to whom they give hospitality "for a consideration." Truly a wilder spot could not well be imagined; and the belief that it was in this locality our divine Redeemer entered upon His preparation for the accomplishment of the sublime mission confided to Him by His heavenly Father, is certainly borne out by appearances no less than by the constant tradition which certifies to the fact.

Jericho has been called the "City of Palms" and the "City of Roses." A few straggling trees of the first named class are still to be seen there, but of roses there are none,—unless it be so-called "Rose of Jericho," a species of shrub, (the *Anastatica Hierochuntica*) whose tendrils, when placed in water, expand in spherical shape, and have something of the appearance of the flower after which they are named. As for the inhabitants of Jericho, it was the common verdict of my companions that they are entirely unique among the people of Palestine; and, indeed, they are utterly different from any people I have seen in all my journeyings. They seem to constitute a race in themselves. Exceedingly dark (almost Ethiopian, in fact), half nude, and in some instances altogether so, they are repulsively dirty, their hair, matted and unkempt, hanging about their shoulders in disheveled locks, giving them the appearance of savages; from which state, in very truth, they are not far removed. They are quiet and even gentle in their manner, however, and plead with one very sweetly for *Baksheesh*. It was growing dusk when, after finishing our inspection of Jericho and its surroundings, we bent our steps to the hotel, and we were soon seated around the supper table discussing our experiences and the viands as well. Our unflinching guide, Frère Benoit, counselled us to retire early; "for," said he, "we will leave Jericho at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning for the Dead Sea and the Jordan." Permit me, then, dear Coz., to go to bed without further delay, as the fatigues of the day—to say nothing of those yet in store for me—have certainly earned me the few hours repose at my command.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From Beyond The Veil.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

HAVE told you, as perhaps you may remember, one story, at least, about Eastbury Saint Simon's, how, namely, the Rev. James Carman, whose faith was "as that of a little child," followed his predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Huntley, into that City of God wherein wandering souls find peace and rest after the storms and strifes which had assailed them during their sojourn in the "city of confusion." Now, when two Rectors, one after the other, had "lapsed to Rome," John, by the grace of crown and parliament, bishop of Middlehampton, began to cast about for a really "safe" man who could be trusted to remain "in the church of his baptism," and to "accept the reformation settlement." He wanted to have no more to do with "Anglo-Catholics" like the Rev. Thomas Huntley, nor even with men of "broad views"—or none at all—like the Rev. Jas. Carman. He wanted a "safe" man, not "extreme" either way, one who would neither follow the "deplorable example" of those who had immediately preceded him, nor yet offend his parishioners by too sudden or too violent a return to "moderate" ritual.

In fact, had it been in any way possible, he would gladly have shifted the responsibility on to some one else. Then "fortune," as we say—of what kind will presently appear—seemed to favor him. He took up the religious weekly of his choice, and found, among the advertisements, the following:

WANTED—By a married priest, middle-aged, moderate views, a parish in Westshire. Late Vice-Principal of Lollard Hall, Cambridge. For references, apply to present, or late Principal.

Now, the late Principal of Lollard Hall, as his lordship of Middlehampton was aware, had recently been made bishop of Sefton, and the present Principal was a sound, consistent "Evangelical" of the good, old-fashioned school, now, alas! gone out of date. His Lordship of Sefton was strictly "moderate," his vice-Principal, evidently, of the same way of thinking, and, therefore, too "churchy" to suit the new man's views. Hence the application for a "living in Westshire." Because—"don't you see?" as John Middlehampton remarked to the lady of the Palace, Mrs. Bishop, in short, "Sefton can't have him in his own diocese."

"Why not?" asked "Mrs. Middlehampton," who was simplicity itself, and a great admirer of that wonderful, but hardly-used, ill-appreciated man, the Bishop of Middlehampton.

The Bishop was tempted to say, "knows him too well, probably," but thought better of it, and resisted the temptation. Instead, he said, genially, if somewhat vaguely, and without much conviction, "Oh! well, you see, my dear, it would hardly do."

His wife, who, as I say, believed firmly that there was no one, in all the world, like the Bishop of Middlehampton, was at once convinced that it "would never do." Also, though the inference was by no means so obvious, that the "middle-aged priest of moderate views" had made up his mind to serve in "our" diocese, and in no other. Why, there could, of course, be no doubt at all. Whereat, she smiled sweetly on her episcopal consort, and

made up her mind that this late Vice-Principal of Lollard Hall was "the very man" for Eastbury Saint Simon's. But she said nothing to the Bishop about it. It was "our" diocese, to be sure, but there was only one master of it—and of herself. However, she made up her mind, still further, to be "very nice" to the unknown and to his wife, should "the bishop" decide to appoint him to the vacant parish.

Which is exactly what "the bishop" had made up his mind to do, if the unknown should prove suitable. He began, not by answering the advertisement, but by applying to his colleague of Sefton for "references." These, as it proved, were all that could be desired, but for one little circumstance, which I shall explain presently. The Rev. Walter Duvernet—of Huguenot descent, evidently—was, according to his late Principal's account, "an exemplary priest," "a sound, moderate churchman," "a good musician," "a most devoted visitor," all, in fact, that an exacting, conscientious episcopal patron could possibly look for. But—and here was the one little circumstance that "bothered" his lordship of Middlehampton more than a little,—Mrs. Duvernet was his lordship of Sefton's only sister. No wonder "it would never do" to give the Rev. Walter a living in the diocese of Sefton. Still, a bishop's word is always the word of a bishop, even where a sister's welfare is concerned, as "John Middlehampton" felt convinced. He would overlook the "little circumstance," and ask the Rev. Walter Duvernet to come and see him, not forgetting to ask Mrs. Duvernet as well.

The interview proved in every way satisfactory. The would-be rector of Eastbury Saint Simon's was all that

his episcopal brother-in-law had vouched for his being. Moreover, "Mrs. Middlehampton" took a great fancy to Mrs. Duvernet, who, she decided, was "the better man of the two," in common-sense and strength of character, at all events, if not in actual piety and devotion. Therein, as in the more purely mundane elements of her character, she strongly resembled her saintly brother, the new bishop of Sefton.

"About ritual, now?" the bishop remarked, when they came to that stage of their interview; "it has been rather—well, extreme, don't you know?—and I don't think," the bishop grew impressive, and made gothic arches of his finger tips, as he was wont to do, at such moments, "I really don't think it would be prudent to make *too* sudden a change."

"I quite agree with you, my Lord," answered the rector-elect—as he felt himself to be. In honest truth, he did quite agree with the bishop that his future parishioners must be "let down gently" in the matter of those "ceremonial observances" to which they had grown accustomed. "In fact," he continued, speaking, evidently, as he really thought, "I look upon ritual as meaning much, or nothing, according to the doctrine that is, or is not, conveyed by it."

"Then, your doctrine," said his lordship, with manifest satisfaction, "is, the Bishop of Sefton assures me"—he paused, and the other put in, modestly: "Moderate, but of sound church principles, my Lord, I assure you."

"I am sure it is," answered the bishop, and so the matter was settled, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Rev. Walter Duvernet who, at fifty had had but faint hopes of getting a

livi
bro
in a
ing
dio
Eas
tha
no
for
thin
to
wer
A
min
sur
sen
to b
pro
mar
of I
"vi
"co
rath
the
Hur
cour
outs
clud
had
A
it, i
way
happ
of a
com
fain
Chu
and
M
of t
no c
whe
bish
ther
Eas
allu
"Mr

living; had, possibly, thought his brother-in-law "rather inconsiderate" in accepting a bishopric, without offering him "suitable work" in his new diocese; was now more than satisfied. Eastbury Saint Simon's was better than anything at Sefton's disposal, and, no doubt, it would have been difficult for Sefton to give a connection "anything worth having," for some years to come, at all events. No: things were better so, after all.

As for "John Middlehampton," his mind was at rest,—or nearly so. Here, surely, was a "safe" man in every sense of the word; a man of "views," to be sure, but then "no views" had proved no safeguard in James Carman's case, against the "allurements of Rome," so that the new Rector's "views," which seemed to amount to "convictions," were to be regarded rather favorably than otherwise—under the circumstances. The Rev. Thomas Huntley's convictions had, "of course," been "Roman" from the outset. So, at least, the bishop concluded from the form those convictions had ultimately assumed.

All this, if you so please to consider it, is by way of introduction. Also, by way of a little sketch of what does happen, now and then, within the pale of that "comprehensive" Anglican communion which our friends would fain have us believe, is "the Catholic Church in the Provinces of Canterbury and York." Now, for my story.

Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet, at the time of their visit to Middlehampton, had no children, nor had they been asked whether they had any. Somehow, the bishop had taken it for granted that there were none, as the new rector of Eastbury Saint Simon's had not alluded to them. Somehow, too, "Mrs. Bishop" had been shy of ask-

ing a woman whom she instinctively recognized as "stronger" than herself, any such personal question. The truth is, the Bishop and his wife were childless, to the great and lasting grief of both; Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet might be, too, or might have lost some dear little one. In any case, it seemed kinder, and more considerate, not to enquire.

As a matter-of-fact, they were childless, through the death of their only little one, a bright, merry winsome girl, who, after making their lives brighter for three all-too-brief years, had passed from their lives into God's Paradise of Peace. They never spoke of her to others, seldom, each to each: but, to both, she was a living presence, so near, that, at times, they seemed to feel the touch of her tiny hands, to hear the music of her baby prattle. She was "beyond the veil," indeed, but the veil hung close to their daily life, and "beyond" was, in truth, almost within their reach. Almost, not quite.

Now, at Eastbury Saint Simon's, as you may remember, there was a very beautiful carved oak screen, surmounted by a Rood, with attendant figures of Our Lady and St. John, placed there by the Rev. Thomas Huntley, and left there by his successor of "no views," the Rev. James Carman, with results to his soul, for other than, at one time, he could have deemed possible. To the new rector of "moderate" views it was a work of art, such as he and his wife had seen in the Lutheran churches of Sweden and Denmark, where they were not "put to superstitious uses," but were, certainly, helpful to devotion. He could he felt sure, easily "cure" his people of any "excesses" in this direction, into which they might have been

led by those who had gone before him.

But, besides the Rood Loft, with Rood and Statues of the Sorrowful Mother and of the Beloved Disciple, there was the "Lady Chapel" beyond the "high altar." And, in the Lady Chapel, a window of exquisite beauty, representing the Blessed Mother, with the Divine Infant in her arms, surrounded by little children. One child, a fair-haired baby girl, held the Hand of the Christ Child, who smiled on her, as on a favorite playmate. As she looked at the window, for the first time, Mrs. Duvernet's eyes filled with tears, for the face of the child holding the Christ's Baby Hand was as the face of their little one who had "gone Home." She said, and could say, nothing, but she pressed her husband's hand with a tenderness not common to one of a nature so reserved as hers, and he, looking at the pictured window, guessed, with love's quickness of instinct, what her thoughts were.

The days passed, and the weeks, and the new rector found his way into the hearts of his parishioners, helped thereto, in no small measure, by his wife. Never did woman so understand women, so, at least, every woman, married or unmarried, in Eastbury Saint Simon's declared, in season and out of season. Never did childless mother so enter into the griefs and joys of motherhood as did Mrs. Duvernet. So, at least, the mothers of the parish asserted, without exception. And, by one of them it was said, in all good faith and reverence: "Sure, Ma'am, you do be so kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." They had learned that much of "Catholic truth" from Thomas Huntley, and had never forgotten it.

Mrs. Duvernet walked home that day, pondering deeply. "As kind as

the Blessed Mother of God herself." The Mother of God, of that Christ Child who held the hand of the little girl so like our darling; of that Christ Man who hung on the Cross of Shame, His Mother standing by Him. Both in the joy of Motherhood, and in the bitterness of loss, that Blessed Mother of God had had her full share. Did she understand, still? That her Son did, Mrs. Duvernet had no doubt whatever. And, if the Son, why not the Mother, too? Was she not still the Mother of her Son, in some true sense, beyond our comprehension? If so, she must remember, even now, the joys and sorrows of her supreme and wondrous Motherhood. She, herself, so a poor woman had said, "was as kind as the Blessed Mother of God." To that simple soul, at least, the Blessed Mother was a living personality. It might be, as she had always held, "to the exclusion of her Son"; yet, how could that be? Would she, herself, have come between her darling and the Lord they both loved so well? She knew it was not, could not be so.

Thus "a chance word" had deepened what a painted window had begun. The joys and sorrows of her own motherhood, which taught her to sympathize with the mothers of this little Westshire village, seemed to bring the most Blessed and most Sorrowful of all Mothers nearer to her, into that fellowship of smiles and tears which is the lot of women. "As kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." Who else should be the model and exemplar of womanly kindness if not the Mother of The Man of Sorrows?

Whether it were dream or vision, she could never tell. In truth, she had no wish to ask, for, to her, at least, it was reality. She was kneeling, once again, by the little white, flower-

strewn bed wherein her darling lay in that sweet sleep that knows no waking, save in Paradise. Once more, the blinding, scalding fears that only mothers know, fell from her eyes upon the tiny hands that should clasp hers no more on earth; and grief—for herself, for her husband, not for the little one “taken away from the evil to come”—drowned her whole soul in depths of mortal anguish. She was like Rachel, weeping, not to be comforted.

Then, as she knelt and wept, a woman's hand was laid upon her shoulder, a woman's voice whispered in her ear: “Look up,” it said, in tones so gentle and so sweet, that none heard yet on earth were ever half so sweet and gentle, save only Christ's. Sadly, the weeping mother raised her head, and looked with tear-dimmed eyes, into the face that was close to hers. A face more marked with sorrow than any face save His, whose visage was marred more than the sons of men; eyes dimmed with tears more blinding than her own. A face she knew; the face of the Sorrowful Mother who stood by the Cross of Jesus.

Once more the voice from those sad lips addressed her: “Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.” And lo! in the arms of the Sorrowful Mother, lay the Dead Christ, her Only Son. Hands, Feet and Side wounded, and rent, and torn; the Brow scarred by the cruel thorns; the Eyes closed in death; the Knees bruised with falling on the way to Calvary: truly, there was no sorrow like unto this sorrow. Then, as she gazed, she realized that, as not all the joys of God's fair Paradise could make the soul of this Mother forget the grief of this supreme transfixion, so she could

never fail to sympathize with a mother's sorrow. This, then, was what that poor woman meant when she spoke of her as being “Kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself.” This was the fellowship of suffering which the Lord Christ bids us share with Him—and with His Mother; which He shares with us, and she as well, since she is His Mother, and has known this sorrow like unto which there is, and can be, none beside.

Then, were it dream or vision, all was changed. She stood in the Lady Chapel of the village church, drinking in the peace and beauty of that wondrous window that had taught her such strange lessons. And, all at once, not the window, but the Lady Chapel, was filled with those who had been imaged on the glass; the Mother, with the Baby Christ upon her knee, the crowd of little children, the attendant angels. Once more she looked at the bright haired little one who held the Christ Child's Hand, on whom He smiled, as on some favorite playmate. This time, there was no doubt at all, it was her darling, who had “gone home.” This was the “home” to which she had been taken. In that fair Paradise of childhood, “taken away from the evil to come,” the Mother of the First born was Mother of them all, for they are His, and He is her own, her Baby, the Son of her love. Here was He pleased to be a Child once more, to play with those whom He had chosen to be with Himself ere yet the stains of sin had made their souls unfit to share the childish joys of the Christ Child's infant brothers and sisters. There was no doubt, I say, or, had there been, it must have vanished when her darling, letting go the Christ Child's Hand, ran to her, calling, “Mother! Mother!” as of old.

And to her, once more, thus spoke the Mother of the First born: "Behold and see, if there be any blessedness like unto mine!"

In joy, or in sorrow, Mother and Son together. By sorrow she, too, had learned sympathy with others, even as, when first her darling lay within her sheltering arms, she had felt akin to every mother that had known such joy as hers. This Mother, who had known joy and sorrow such as none had known, would she not share in every joy and sorrow of her sister-women?

How she told her husband, she never knew. It was all so strange, so new, so utterly at variance with their most cherished convictions. And yet so manifestly true. Beyond the veil that hides our other life was "Home," and, in its many mansions, all whom He had called to be with Him, all who had loved and served Him truly. And, in that Home of His who should have chief place, next Himself, if not His Mother? Close to that veil they two had lived ever since their little one had passed beyond its folds into the light that shines upon the other side. Close: Striving to catch some echo of her baby voice, some sound of her tiny feet; to feel some touch of her baby hands. And lo! to one of them, at least, had come the voice; for one, at least, and that one the mother whose joy had been deepest, and whose sorrow keenest, as it needs must be, the veil had been lifted, and from beyond it had her darling come to speak to her once more, if but for one passing moment. How could she doubt that it was really so? Nor could her husband doubt it, hearing her tell it all.

Surely, if but for an instant's space, the veil had been lifted for this mother whose sorrow had made her "kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." And, beyond it, she had seen the

memory of a sorrow like unto none beside; the presence of an abiding blessedness with which none might compare. She had seen her darling holding the Christ Child's Hand, had seen the Christ Child in the arms of His Mother. No wonder that her husband, as he listened, seemed to see and hear what she had heard and seen.

But the lifting of the veil is not for those who yet must linger long on this side of it. Not many months had passed ere Eastbury Saint Simon's was, once more, in need of a rector. There had been a Catholic requiem at Gauntsbridge, over the body of the late rector's wife, a Catholic funeral in Eastbury Saint Simon's parish churchyard. And, over the grave, he who had been their rector told the weeping men and women how, from beyond the veil that bounds our narrow life, a little child had come to lead them both to Him who was a Child, born of a Pure Virgin, the Only Son of His Mother, who had stood by the Cross and had seen Him die, for us sinners. Told how the Son must love the Mother, and the Mother her Son: how, by her joys and sorrows in which He had His share, as she in His, she has learned to share, as He shares, in all the joys and sorrows of His brethren and sisters, to whom He gave her from the Cross, to be their Mother, too. Told how one had said of her they mourned, that she was "as kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself," and of the lesson that had taught her—and him.

So there is a cross in Eastbury Saint Simon's churchyard, with an inscription ending thus: "A little child shall lead them." And, in the Carmelite House at Barbury, there is an old lay-brother of whom they say that he is favored with strange visions of God's Paradise for children. I know not if it be so; if for him, too, the veil has ever been lifted. But, if it were, he would see, I think, his two best loved ones there: the little one holding the Hand of the Christ Child, and the wife and mother holding that of the Mother of Christ.