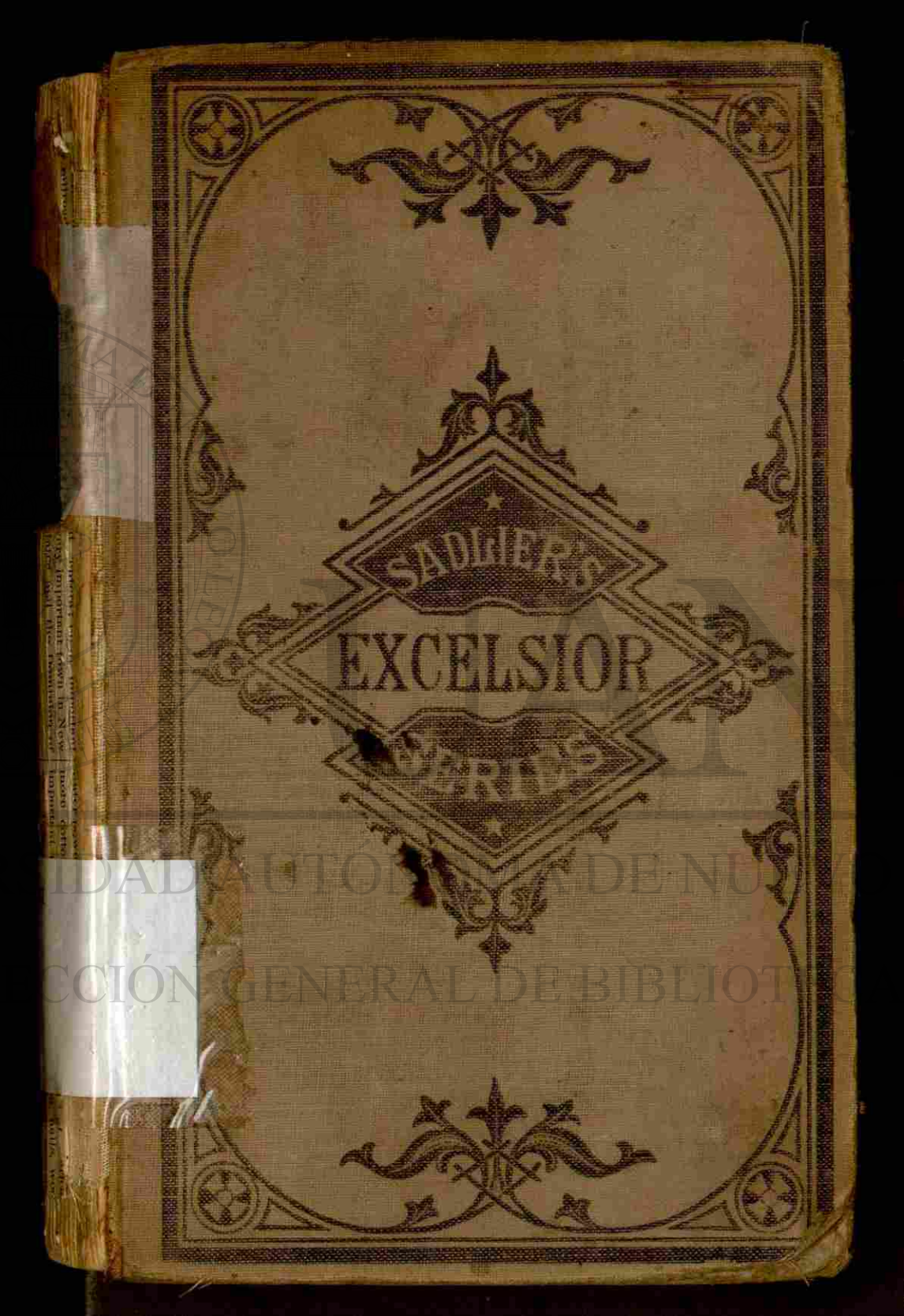
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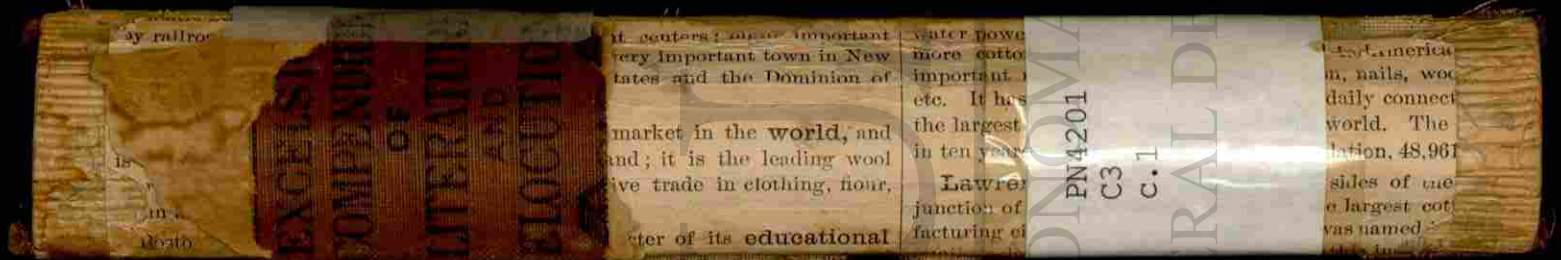
ENGLISH
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Virginia Cantú.

Monterey, Sept. 1st de 97.

42-8
Estudio de la Lengua
Inglesa

But Beatrice so beautiful and smiling
Appeared to me, that with the other sights
That followed not my memory I must leave her.

PARADISE. (Page 472.)

SADLIER'S

EXCELSIOR

COMPENDIUM OF LITERATURE

ELOCUTION.

BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER.

NEW YORK:
WILLIAM H. SADLIER,
11 BARCLAY STREET.

TO TEACHERS.

ZEALOUS *and well-directed Effort* in the use of this concluding volume of the Series must result in success. The *Introductory Treatise* presents all needful directions and exercises for a thorough and practical knowledge of Elocution. Require students to commit to memory and recite the important principles, definitions and examples. Employ the lessons for *Readings*, and apply the principles daily, in all recitations and conversations, until their right use shall become easy, uniform, and habitual.

The Readings of Part Second, while illustrating most felicitously and *in extenso* all the elements of Elocution, afford mental nutriment of the highest order for a literary education which shall develop and unfold both the practical and the ideal man. Now, if ever, the student must acquire a love for a pure, finished, manly style—for the genuine prose and verse which refine, strengthen, ennoble, give wholesome conceptions of life, and minister alike to mental and spiritual growth.

Require a Preparation, before reading, which shall enable the student, *without formal questions*, to give, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation in the reading and the notes; *thirdly*, all needful definitions, explanations, and biographical sketches, either immediately connected with the lesson, or found by reference to the *Index to Notes; fourthly*, a summary of the reading, in his own language; and *fifthly*, the moral, conclusion, or outcome. Direct his attention daily to the character of the composition—its grammatical construction, rhetorical figures, logical arrangement, etc.

The PUBLISHER of this BOOK has taken, by permission, certain Excellences of Watson's Independent Readers, including original material, classifications, arrangements, methods, and other features.

PREFACE.

WITH this volume the Excelsior Series of Readers is brought to a conclusion. Every care has been taken to adapt it to the needs of the advanced classes in our schools of every grade, parochial and private, academic and collegiate; and it is believed that this end has been accomplished in a manner which will approve itself to all competent judges. While in point of literary excellence it can not be other than a gainer in any comparison instituted between it and any Reader now before the public, it has moreover the distinctive merit of being not only essentially Catholic in tone, but of having been drawn, for the most part, from purely Catholic sources. Its excellence in both these respects will be evident to the most casual observer.

The treatise on Elocution which forms the first part of the volume is thorough, and amply illustrated by selections which have received as much care and thought as those which form the body of the Reader. It presents in logical order all elocutionary principles of generally recognized importance. No classes should be allowed to pass on to the Selections for Reading

until they have mastered its rules and been thoroughly drilled in its exercises. The Blackboard Diagrams which are introduced will be found by teachers to be a valuable help in this necessary training.

In this Reader, as in those which preceded it, all of Webster's marked letters are used, to indicate pronunciation. The explanatory aids which accompany the text are unusually full and complete. Carefully prepared foot-notes supply all needed elucidations of the subjects treated of in the reading lessons; obscure allusions are explained, and brief biographical notices given of the authors from whom selections have been taken. A complete index of these notes is added for general reference.

In the variety of topics treated, and the elevated sentiments which they embody, the Publisher feels assured that the Sixth Reader will fully justify the significant title of the Series—EXCELSIOR.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1878.

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[1] *The figures relate to Biographical Sketches.*

PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.[1]

[1] *The figures relate to Biographical Sketches.*

PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

PART I.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. ***Good Elocution*** is the art of uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution { *Orthoepy* / *Expression*

BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.[1]

To secure *effective reading*—the only reading that can satisfy a laudable ambition—it will be necessary for the student, *first*, to acquire such a practical knowledge of the oral elements of the language as shall insure the precise pronunciation of the separate words, with as little apparent effort of the mind as is ordinarily employed in the act of walking; *secondly*, to learn the definitions of unusual or peculiarly significant words in the lesson—the explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions—and the analysis of all sentences that embrace parenthetical or other incidental matter; and *thirdly*, to acquire such a command of the perceptive faculties, of the emotional nature, and of the elements of expression, as shall enable him to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause the hearers to see, feel, and understand.

[1] **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable*, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced not less for the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoëpy { Articulation, Syllabication, Accent }

Orthoëpy has to do with *separate* words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words. It properly embraces both the oral elements and the letters which represent them.

Articulation { Oral Elements, Letters }

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds which, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. *Oral Elements are produced* by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. *The Principal Organs of Speech* are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. *Voice is produced* by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. *Oral Elements are divided* into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

Oral Elements { Tonics, Subtonics, Atonics }

7. *Tonics* are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. *Subtonics* are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. *Atonics* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. *Letters* are characters which are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. *Letters may be classed* as *representative*, into vowels and consonants; and as *formative*, into labials, dentals, linguals, and palatals.

Letters { Representative { Vowels, Consonants }, Formative { Labials, Dentals, Linguals, Palatals } }

[1] **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

12. *Vowels* are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[1]

13. *A Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, *ĕa* in brĕad.

14. *A Proper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, nēither of which is silent: as ou in out, *ai* in said.

15. *An Improper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as ō*a* in lō*a*f, ō*u* in cō*u*rt.

16. *A Triphthong* is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in b*eau*, *ieu* in ad*ieu*.

17. *Consonants*[2] are the letters that usually represent ēither subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations ch, sh, wh, ng; th subtonic, and th atonic.

18. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e* in p*i*que.

19. *Labials* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and wh. *M* may be regarded as a nasal-labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

20. *Dentals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, ch, and sh.

21. *Linguals* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; and *y*, a lingua-palatal. Th subtonic and th atonic are lingua-dentals.

[1] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone, it is not here classified with the vowels.

[2] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rârely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *tāken* (*kn*).

22. *Palatals* are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. The combined letter ng is a nasal-palatal.

23. *Cognates* are letters whose ōral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, etc.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the thrōat should be thrown, as much as possible, dĭrĕctly upward against the rōōf of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then dĭmĭnish gradually and ēquably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with fōrce; and to prolŏng the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will fīrst require the students to pronounce a cătch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, fōur times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; ăt—ă, ă, ă, ă; ăsh—ă, ă, ă, ă, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

ā,[1] as in	āge,	āte.	ä, as in	ärt,	ärm.
ă, "	ăt,	ăsh.	a̤, "	a̤ll,	ba̤ll.

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a cûrved line.

â,[1]	as in	bâre,	câre.	ō, as in	ōld,	hōme.
å,[2]	"	åsk,	glåss.	ŏ,[4] "	ŏn,	frŏst.
ē,	"	hē,	thēse.	o͝o, "	do͝,	pro͝ve.
ĕ,	"	ĕlk,	ĕnd.	ū,[5] "	cūbe,	cūre.
ē,[3]	"	hēr,	vērse.	ŭ, "	bŭd,	hŭsh.
ī,	"	īce,	chīld.	u͝, "	fu͝ll,	pu͝sh.
ĭ,	"	ĭn̲k,	ĭnch.	ou, "	our,	house.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	or*b*.	*r*,[6] as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*id,	*d*im.	*th*, "	*th*is,	wi*th*.
g̃,	"	g̃ag̃,	g̃ig̃.	*v*, "	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*, "	*w*ake,	*w*is̱e.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*, "	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*, "	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.	*zh*, "	a*z*ure,	gla*z*ier.
ng,	"	gang,	lin̲k.			

[1] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

[2] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by å, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in ăt, ăsh, and *a*, as in ärm, ärt. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening short ă.

[3] **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by *e* (ē), is *e* as heard in *e*nd, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

[4] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ŏ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in n*o*t, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, *sŏft*, cr*ŏss*, *cŏst*, br*ŏth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gŏne*, beg*ŏne*; l*ŏng*, pr*ŏng*, s*ŏng*, thr*ŏng*, wr*ŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad a [*a* in all], is *vulgar*.

[5] **U initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in ūse.

[6] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as lŏng as possible. When immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable, it always should be trilled.

III. ATONICS.

f, as in	*f*ame,	*f*ife.	*t*, as in	*t*art,	*t*oast.
h, "	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	th, "	than̲k,	youth.
k, "	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	ch, "	chase,	march.
p, "	*p*ipe,	*p*ump.	sh, "	shade,	shake.
s, "	*s*ame,	*s*ense.	wh,[1] "	whale,	white.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and ōnly differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.			SUBTONICS.	
li*p*,	*p*.	. . . . .	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*ife,	*f*.	. . . . .	*v*ase,	*v*.
*w*hite,	*wh*.	. . . . .	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	. . . . .	*z*eal,	*z*.
*sh*ade,	*sh*.	. . . . .	a*z*ure,	*zh*.
*ch*arm,	*ch*.	. . . . .	*j*oin,	*j*,
*t*art,	*t*.	. . . . .	*d*id,	*d*.
*th*ing,	*th*.	. . . . .	*th*is,	*th*.
ki*nk*,	*k*.	. . . . .	gig̃,	g̃.

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following fôrmulà: The Alphabetic Equivalents of

[1] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of wh, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the âir is escaping.

A first power are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in the words g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, m*e*l*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, e̱, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, me̱l*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For ă, *ai*, *ua*; as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For ä, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in h*au*nt, sergeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For a̱, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, ô, *oa*, *ou*; as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, côrk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For â, *ai*, ê, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*ai*r, thêre, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ē, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, ī, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, valïse, f*ie*ld.

For ĕ, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ẽ, *ea*, ī, *o*, *ou*, û, *ue*, *y*; as in *ea*rth, gīrl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, bûrn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, ȳ, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, mȳ, r*ye*.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, y̆; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, hy̆mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*t-boy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, co*a*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, so*u*l, blo*w*.

For ŏ, a̱, *ou*, *ow*; as in wha̱t, h*ou*gh, k*now*ledge.

For o̱, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, u̱, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, spo̱o̱n, so*u*p, ru̱de, fr*ui*t.

For ū, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, ȯ, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For u̱, o̱, o̱o̱, *ou*; as in wo̱lf, bo̱o̱k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (a̱ĭ), *oy* (ôy̆); as in bôy̆.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in e̊ou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, e̊, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in e̊ole, e̊o̱n*ch*, lŏu*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, ç; as in çell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danc*ed*, *Th*ames, *phth*i̱s̱ic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, s̱, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro̱s̱e, *x*ebec.

For zh, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ŋg, ṉ; as in a̱ṉger, ba̱ṉk.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in ocean, *çh*ai̱s̱e, *s*u̱re, a*ss*u̱re, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thŏrōugh drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1.	bā,	bă,	bä,	ba̱,	bâr,	bȧf;	bē,	bĕ,	bēr;
	īb,	ĭb;	ōb,	ŏb,	o̱b;	ūb,	ŭb,	u̱b;	oub.
	dā,	dă,	dä,	da̱,	dâr,	dȧs;	dē,	dĕ,	dēr;
	īd,	ĭd;	ōd,	ŏd,	o̱d;	ūd,	ŭd,	u̱d;	oud.
	ḡā,	ḡă,	ḡä,	ḡa̱,	ḡâr,	ḡȧn;	ḡē,	ḡĕ,	ḡēr;
	īḡ,	ĭḡ;	ōḡ,	ŏḡ,	o̱ḡ;	ūḡ,	ŭḡ,	u̱ḡ;	ouḡ.
2.	jȧs,	jâr,	ja̱,	jä,	jă,	jā;	jēr,	jĕ,	jē;
	ĭj,	ĭj;	o̱j,	ŏj,	ōj;	u̱j,	ŭj,	ūj;	ouj.
	lȧs,	lâr,	la̱,	lä,	lă,	lā;	lēr,	lĕ,	lē;

A first power are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in the words g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, m*e*l*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, e̱, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, me̱l*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For ă, *ai*, *ua*; as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For ä, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in h*au*nt, sergeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For a̱, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, ô, *oa*, *ou*; as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, côrk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For â, *ai*, ê, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*ai*r, thêre, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ē, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, ī, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, valïse, f*ie*ld.

For ĕ, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ẽ, *ea*, ī, *o*, *ou*, û, *ue*, *y*; as in *ea*rth, gīrl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, bûrn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, ȳ, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, mȳ, r*ye*.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, y̆; as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, hy̆mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*t-boy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, co*a*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, so*u*l, blo*w*.

For ŏ, a̱, *ou*, *ow*; as in wha̱t, h*ou*gh, k*now*ledge.

For o̱, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, u̱, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, spo̱o̱n, so*u*p, ru̱de, fr*ui*t.

For ū, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, ȯ, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For u̱, o̱, o̱o̱, *ou*; as in wo̱lf, bo̱o̱k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (a̱ĭ), *oy* (ôy̆); as in bôy̆.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in e̊ou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, e̊, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in e̊ole, e̊o̱n*ch*, lŏu*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, ç; as in çell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danc*ed*, *Th*ames, *phth*i̱s̱ic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, s̱, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro̱s̱e, *x*ebec.

For zh, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ŋg, ṉ; as in a̱ṉger, ba̱ṉk.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in ocean, *çh*ai̱s̱e, *s*u̱re, a*ss*u̱re, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thŏrōugh drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1.	bā,	bă,	bä,	ba̱,	bâr,	bȧf;	bē,	bĕ,	bēr;
	īb,	ĭb;	ōb,	ŏb,	o̱b;	ūb,	ŭb,	u̱b;	oub.
	dā,	dă,	dä,	da̱,	dâr,	dȧs;	dē,	dĕ,	dēr;
	īd,	ĭd;	ōd,	ŏd,	o̱d;	ūd,	ŭd,	u̱d;	oud.
	ḡā,	ḡă,	ḡä,	ḡa̱,	ḡâr,	ḡȧn;	ḡē,	ḡĕ,	ḡēr;
	īḡ,	ĭḡ;	ōḡ,	ŏḡ,	o̱ḡ;	ūḡ,	ŭḡ,	u̱ḡ;	ouḡ.
2.	jȧs,	jâr,	ja̱,	jä,	jă,	jā;	jēr,	jĕ,	jē;
	ĭj,	ĭj;	o̱j,	ŏj,	ōj;	u̱j,	ŭj,	ūj;	ouj.
	lȧs,	lâr,	la̱,	lä,	lă,	lā;	lēr,	lĕ,	lē;

ĭl, īl; o͟l, ŏl, ōl; u͟l, ŭl, ūl; oul.
más, mâr, ma͟, mä, mă, mā; mĕr, mĕ, mē;
ĭm, īm; o͟m, ŏm, ōm; u͟m, ŭm, ūm; oum.

3. ān, a͟n, ăn, ârn, nản, än; ēn, ērn, ĕn;
nī, nĭ; no͟, nō, nŏ; nū, nu͟, nŭ; nou.
ăng, ârng, äng, áf, a͟ng, āng; ĕng, ērng, ēng;
ĭng, īng; ŏng, ōng, o͟ng; u͟ng, ŭng, ūng; oung.
rā, rä, râr, ră, ra͟, ráf; rē, rēr, rĕ;
rĭ, rī; rŏ, rō, ro͟; ru͟, rŭ, rū; rou.

4. ăth, a͟th, áf, āth, ârth, a͟th; ĕth, ērth, ēth;
thī, thĭ; thŏ, thō, tho͟; thū, thu͟, thŭ; thou.
vā, vä, vâr, vă, váf, va͟; vēr, vē, vĕ;
īv, ĭv; o͟v, ōv, ŏv; ŭv, ū͟v, u͟v; ouv.
wā, wä, wâr, wă, wa͟, wáf; wēr, wĕ, wē;
wĭ, wī; wō, wŏ, wo͟; wū, wu͟, wŭ; wou.

5. yā, yă, yä, ya͟, yâr, yán; yē, yĕ, yēr;
yī, yĭ; yō, yŏ, yo͟; yū, yŭ, yu͟; you.
zou; zu͟, zŭ, zū; zo͟, zŏ, zō; zĭ, zī;
zēr, zĕ, zē; záf, zâr, za͟, zä, ză, zā.
ouzh; u͟zh, ŭzh, ūzh; o͟zh, ŏzh, ōzh; ĭzh, īzh;
ērzh, ĕzh, ēzh; áf, ârzh, a͟zh, äzh, ăzh, āzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fe͟, fă, fä, fô, fêr, fás; fĭ, fĕ, fīr;
īf, ĭf; ōf, ŏf, o͟f; ūf, óf, u͟f; ouf.
hâr, hản, ha͟, hă, hā, hă; hĕ, hē, hēr;
hĭ, hī; hō, hŏ, ho͟; hū, hu͟, hŭ; hou.
āk, ăk, a͟k, äk, ârk, áf; ĕk, ēk, ērk;
kĭ, kī; kō, kŏ, ko͟; kū, ku͟, kŭ; kou.

2. e͟p, ăp, äp, ôp, êrp, páf; pĕ, pī, pûr;
pў, pў; ōp, o͞o͞p, a͟p; pū, pó, po͞o; oup.
áf, ârs, a͟s, äs, ăs, ās; sēr, sĕ, sē;
ĭs, īs; o͟s, ŏs, ōs; su͟, sŭ, sū; ous.
tás, têr, tô, ät, ăt, āt; tīr, ĕt, ēt;
tĭ, tī; tŏ, to͟, tō; ūt, u͟t, ŭt; tou.

3. thâf, thâr, tha͟, thä, thā, thă; thēr, thē, thĕ;
īth, ĭth; ōth, o͟th, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, u͟th; outh.
ouch; u͟ch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, o͟ch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ērch, ēch, ĕch; cháf, chā, chä, châr, cha͟, chă.
oush; u͟sh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, o͟sh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
shēr, shē, shĕ; shản, shâr, shā, sha͟, shă, shä.
whou; whŭ, whu͟, whū; whō, who͟, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whēr, whĕ, whē; whás, whâr, whä, whă, whā, wha͟.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS *in Articulation*, arise, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	sta͟'m,	for	stôr*m*.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wa͟'m	"	wa͟r*m*.
blīn'ness	"	blin*d* ness.	bois t'rous	"	bois tēr ous.
fa*c*'s	"	fa*ct*s.	chick'n	"	chick ĕn.
sŏf'ly	"	sŏf*t* ly.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
fiēl's	"	fiēl*d*s.	nov'l	"	nov ĕl.
wīl's	"	wīl*d*s.	trav'l	"	trav ĕl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv ĕn	for	ēv'n.	rav ĕl	for	rav'l.
hĕav ĕn	"	hĕav'n.	sev ĕn	"	sev'n.
tāk ĕn	"	tāk'n.	sof tĕn	"	sof'n.
sick ĕn	"	sick'n.	shāk ĕn	"	shāk'n.
driv ĕl	"	driv'l.	shôv ĕl	"	shôv'l.
grov ĕl	"	grov'l.	shriv ĕl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	păst	for	pâst.
sĕnce	"	sĭnce.	ăsk	"	âsk.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	grăss	"	grâss.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt	*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.
căre	"	câre.	*w*irl	"	*wh*irl.
dănce	"	dance.	ā gān	"	a gain (ă gĕn).

ā gānst	for against (ă gĕnst).	sŭl ler	for çĕl lar.
hērth	" hearth (härth).	mel l*e*r	" mel lōw.
harse	" hōarse.	fur ni ch*o*r	" fur ni tūre.
re part	" re pōrt.	mo m*u*nt	" mo mĕnt.
trŏf fy	" trō phy.	harm l*i*ss	" harm lĕss.
pā rent	" pâr ent.	kind n*i*ss	" kind nĕss.
bŭn net	" bŏn net.	*w*is per	" whis per.
chil dr*u*n	" chil drĕn.	sing i*n*	" sing ing.

Th *subtonic and* Th *atonic.*—Nouns which, in the singular, end in th atonic (th in thin), usually preserve the same sound in the plural; as, death, deaths; sabbath, sabbaths; truth, truths; youth, youths, etc.; but in the plurals of the *seven* following words the *th* is subtonic (th in this); viz., bäth, bäthz; clŏth, clŏthz; läth, läthz; mouth, mouthz; oath, oathz; päth, päthz; wreath, wreathz.

VII.

WORDS.

A WORD is one or more oral elements or letters used to represent an idea.

2. ***Words are Divided*** into primitive, derivative, simple, and compound.

3. ***A Primitive Word*** is not derived, but constitutes a rōōt from which other words are formed; as, faith, ease.

4. ***A Derivative Word*** is formed of a primitive and an affix or prefix; as, faith*ful*, *dis*ease.

5. ***A Simple Word*** is one that can not be divided without destroying the sense; as, an, the, book.

6. ***A Compound Word*** is formed by two or more words; as, inkstand, book-binder, läughing-stock.

VIII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to lēarn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple, analysis.

Analysis of the word Salve.—The word salve, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s ă v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic.[1] The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

The word salve, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. A represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labiodental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f;* hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

Analysis of the word Shoe.—The word shoe, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o͝o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

The word shoe, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element

[1] **The analysis logical.**—It will be seen that this analysis is strictly logical; and that each conclusion is deduced from two premises, one of which (the major proposition) is suppressed. The first syllogism, fully stated, is as follows:—All modified breathings are Atonics;

The oral element of *s* is a modified breathing;

Hence, the oral element of *s* is an Atonic.

is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o͝o; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o͝o.

Analysis of the word Fruit-bud.—The compound word fruit'-bud is a dissyllable, accented on the penult. *In pronunciation*, it is formed by the union of seven oral elements; fro͝o t'-bŭd—fruit'-bud. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *third* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *fourth* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *fifth* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic. The *sixth* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *seventh* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

The word fruit-bud, *in writing*, is represented by eight letters; fruit-bud. *F* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *v;* hence, it is a cognate of *v*. *R* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. The combination *ui* is formed by the union of two vowels; hence, it is a diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o͝o; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o͝o. *T* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *d;* hence, it is a cognate of *d*. *B* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element

is chiefly formed by the lips; hence, it is a labial. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *p;* hence, it is a cognate of *p*. *U* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *D* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the tongue; hence, it is a lingual. Its oral element is produced by the same organ and in a similar manner as that of *t;* hence, it is a cognate of *t*.

IX.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. The word A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in åsk, gråss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. The, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U preceded by R.—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do;* as,

Are you *s*ure that sh*r*ewd youth was r*u*de?

[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (à), as in ălås, ămâss, ăbâft.

5. R may be Trilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it always should be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

X.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words, both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It must bē sō.
2. Thŭ bōld băd baĭz brōk bōlts ănd bärz.
3. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf rĕd rōks.
4. Hī ŏn ă hĭl Hū hĕrd hạrsĕz hạrnĭ họfs.
5. Shọr ạl hēr păthz är păthz ŏv pēs.
6. Bä! thăt'z nŏt *sĭks* dŏllärz, bŭt *ā* dŏllär.
7. Chärj thē ōld măn tọ chọz ă chạĭs chēz.
8. Lĭt sēking lĭt, hăth lĭt ŏv lĭt bēgĭld.
9. Both'z yọths with trọths yūz wĭkĕd ōthz.
10. Arm ĭt with răgz: ă pĭgmĭ strạ wĭl pērs ĭt.
11. Nou sĕt thŭ tēth ănd strĕch thŭ nŏstrĭl wīd.
12. Hē wŏcht ănd wĕpt, hē fĕlt ănd prād fạr ạl.
13. Hĭz ĭz ămĭdst thŭ mĭsts, mĕzhērd ăn ăzhēr skī.
14. Thŭ whālz whēld ănd whērld, and bârd thâr brạd, broun băks.
15. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā—Arōrá, ălás, ămás, mănná, vĭllá, nạr Lūná.
16. Thŭ strĭf sēsĕth, pēs ăpprōchĕth, and thŭ gụd măn rējạĭsĕth.
17. Thŭ shrọd shrọz băd hĭm sā thăt thŭ vīl vĭksnz yūzd shrŭgz, ănd shärp, shrĭl shrēks.

18. Shọrlĭ, thō wọndĕd, thŭ prọdĕnt rēkrọt wụd nŏt ēt thăt krọd frọt.
19. Amĭdst thŭ mĭsts ănd kōldĕst frŏsts, with bârĕst rĭsts ănd stoutĕst bōsts, hē thrŭsts hĭz fĭsts ăgĕnst thŭ pōsts, ănd stĭl ĭnsĭsts hē sēz thŭ gōsts.
20. A stạrm ărīzĕth ŏn thŭ sē. A mŏdĕl vĕssĕl ĭz strŭgglĭng ămĭdst thŭ wạr ŏv ĕlĕments, kwĭvĕring ănd shĭvĕrĭng, shrĭngkĭng ănd băttlĭng lĭk ă thĭngkĭng bēĭng. Thŭ mērsĭlĕs, răkĭng whērlwĭndz, lĭk frĭtful fēndz, houl ănd mōn, ănd sĕnd shärp, shrĭl shrēks thrọ thŭ krēkĭng kạrdăj, snăppĭng thŭ shēts ănd mâsts. Thŭ stērdĭ sālạrz wĕthēr thŭ sĕvērĕst stạrm ŏf thŭ sēzn.
21. Chāst-īd, chĕrĭsht Chēs! Thŭ chạrmz ŏv thĭ chĕkērd chāmbērz chān mē chānjlĕslĭ. Chāmbērlĭnz, chăplĭnz, ănd chânsĕllạrz hăv chântĕd thĭ chĕrụbĭk chạĭsnĕs. Chēftĭnz hăv chānjd thŭ chărĭŏt ănd thŭ chās fạr thŭ chēs-bōrd ănd thŭ chärmĭng chärj ŏv thŭ ches-nīts.
22. Nō chĭlĭng chērl, nō chētĭng chăffērēr, nō chättĕrĭng chānjlĭng kăn bē thĭ chōzn chămpĭŏn. Thou ärt thŭ chāssnēr ŏv thŭ chērlĭsh, thŭ chīdēr of thŭ chānjăbl, thŭ chĕrĭshēr ŏv thŭ chērful ănd thŭ chărĭtăbl.
23. Fạr thē är thŭ chăplĕts ŏv chānlĕs chărĭtĭ ănd thŭ chălĭs ŏv chīldlĭk chērfụlnĕs. Chānj kăn nŏt chānj thē: frŏm childhụd tọ thŭ chärnĕl-hous, frŏm our fērst chīldĭsh chērpĭngz tọ thŭ chĭlz ŏv thŭ chērch-yärd, thou ärt our chērĭ, chānjlĕs chēftĭnĕs.

XI.

PHONETIC LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, by the aid of Phonetics, is easily taught, as an *art*. It is one of the mōst interesting and healthy of all class exercises. It may be ēither vocal or respiratory.

2. Thêre are thĭrty-two well-defined varieties of läughter in the English language, eighteen of which are produced in connection with the *tonics;* nine, with the *sub-*

tonics of *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *r*, *th*, *v*, and *z*; and five, with the *atonics* of *f*, *h*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*.

3. Commencing with vocal laughter, the instructor will first utter a tonic, and then, prefixing the oral element of *h*, and accompanied by the class, he will produce the syllable continuously, subject only to the interruptions that are incidental to inhalations and bursts of laughter; as, ā, hā, hā, hā, hā, hā, etc.,—ă, hă, hă, hă, hă, etc.

4. The attention of the students will be called to the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and they will be taught to pass naturally and easily from one variety to another.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. ***A Monosyllable*** is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. ***A Dissyllable*** is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. ***A Trisyllable*** is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. ***A Polysyllable*** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. ***The Ultimate*** is the *last* syllable of a word; as, *ful,* in peace-*ful.*

7. ***The Penult,*** or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as, *māk,* in peace-*mak*-er.

8. ***The Antepenult,*** or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta,* in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. ***The Preantepenult,*** or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab,* in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. ***Final Consonants.***—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his fau*lts*.

3. ***When one word of a sentence ends*** and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pai*n n*obody, if the sa*d d*angle*r r*egai*n n*either *r*ope.

4. ***Final Cognates.***—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t,* and put it upon my head-*d.*

5. ***Unaccented Syllables*** should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented; they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less,* help*less,* home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness.*

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

tonics of *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *r*, *th*, *v*, and *z*; and five, with the *atonics* of *f*, *h*, *s*, *th*, and *sh*.

3. Commencing with vocal laughter, the instructor will first utter a tonic, and then, prefixing the oral element of *h*, and accompanied by the class, he will produce the syllable continuously, subject only to the interruptions that are incidental to inhalations and bursts of laughter; as, ā, hā, hā, hā, hā, hā, etc.,—ă, hă, hă, hă, hă, etc.

4. The attention of the students will be called to the most agreeable kinds of laughter, and they will be taught to pass naturally and easily from one variety to another.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. ***A Monosyllable*** is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. ***A Dissyllable*** is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. ***A Trisyllable*** is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. ***A Polysyllable*** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

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EXERCISE IN SYLLABICATION.[1]

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles[2] lay burning in the sun, one day. A blazing sun, upon a fierce August day, was (wŏz) no greater rarity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since.

2. Every thing in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there.

3. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away.

4. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

5. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed.

6. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays (kēz) had not cooled for months.

7. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian (ĭ tăl′ yăn) coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it softened nowhere else.

8. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.

9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

10. Every thing that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cicāda, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

11. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

12. The churches were freëst from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with kneeling shadōws and the cool pallor of saints in marble—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade.

13. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strŏngly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

14. Shall I be left, forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to Man ălōne unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

[1] **Direction.**—Students will give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in *Italics*, in this exercise, is designed to illustrate.

[2] **Marseilles** (mär sālz′).

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

Accent { Primary / Secondary

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent* [′], *heavy*, is used to indicate *primary* accent; *light*, [′] *secondary* accent: also, the rising inflection; as,

Lily, or lil′y. Ig′nomin′ious. If he hunger, give him bread.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent* [`] is used to indicate, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; and, the falling inflection; as,

A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst [not rough*ist*]. Act wisely.

The pupil will be required to give the ŏffice of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. Hónèst stúdènts lĕarn the greátnèss of hu′mil′ity.

2. Ve′rac′ity first of all, and for′ev′er.

3. That blèssèd and belóvèd child loves évèry wíngèd thing.

4. Hunting *mèn*, not *bèasts*, shall be his game.

5. A fòol with júdges; among fóols, a jùdge.

6. The agree′able ar′tisan′ made an ad′mirable păr′asŏl′ for that beau′tiful Russian (rŭsh′an) la′dy.

7. No′tice the marks of ac′çent and al′ways accent′ corrĕct′ly words that should have but one ac′cent, as in *sen′sible, vaga′ry, cir′cumstances, dif′ficulty, in′teresting*, etc.

8. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, civ′ilizátion, have no pérmanènt ínterèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.

9. In a crówdèd life, on a stage of nátions, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same blèssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY *words*, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Note the mark of *ac′cent*, and *accent′* the right syllable.

2. *Perfume′* the room with rich *per′fume*.

3. My *in′crease* is taken to *increase′* your wealth.

4. *Desert′* us not in the *des′ert*.

5. If they *reprimand′* that officer, he will not regard their *rep′rimand*.

6. Buy some *cem′ent* and *cement′* the glass.

7. If that *proj′ect* fail, he will *project′* another.

8. If they *rebel′*, and *overthrow′* the government, even the *reb′els* can not justify the *o′verthrow*.

9. In *Au′gust*, the *august′* writer entered into a *com′pact* to prepare a *compact′* discourse.

10. Within a *min′ute* I will find a *minute′* piece of gold.

11. *In′stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct′* with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE *ordinary accent of words* is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not say a new *ad′*dition, but a new *e′*dition.

2. He must *in′*crease, but I must *de′*crease.

3. Consider well what is done, and what is left *un′*done.

4. I said that she will *sus′*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex′*pect it.

5. He that *de′*scended is also the same that *as′*cended.

6. This corruptible must put on *in′*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im′*mortality.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION *of Speech* is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Orthoepy is the mechanical part of elocution, consisting in the discipline and use of the organs of speech and the voice for the production of the alphabetic elements and their combination into separate words. It is the basis—the subsoil, which, by the mere force of will and patient practice, may be broken and turned up to the sun, and from which spring the flowers of expression.

Expression is the soul of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wills—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and

powerful sympathies of the soul are called into vigorous exercise.

Orthoepy has to do with separate words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables: expression, with words as found in sentences and extended discourse.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence. It is both *absolute* and *antithetic*.

2. Absolute Emphasis is that which is used when words are peculiarly significant, or important in meaning; as,

To *whom*, and for *what*, was the ring given? Is an *if* to decide it? He is *prompt* and *bold*.

3. Antithetic Emphasis is that which is used when words contrast, or point out a difference; as,

He selected the *agèd* for *counsel*, the *young* for *war*. I said the *taller* man, not the *better*.

4. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, how-

[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

ever, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

5. Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

6. By the proper use of emphasis, we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words.

Students, however, should be required to observe carefully the following rules, both with reference to *kinds* and *degrees* of emphasis.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS *and phrases peculiarly significant,* or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. Words and phrases that contrast, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder.*

3. The repetition of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

4. A succession of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment,* his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak,* as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful.*

The students will tell which of the preceding rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked.*

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well,* if you wish to be considered as possessing mĕrit.

2. He buys, he *sells*—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hatĕ* him.

4. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.

5. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

6. The GOOD man is *honored,* but the EVIL man is *despised.*

7. But here I stand for *right,* for ROMAN right.

8. I shall know but one country. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

9. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

10. The young are slaves to novelty: the old, to custom: the middle-aged, to bŏth: the dead, to neither.

11. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

12. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost,* that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

13. 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill:
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers ĕrr in this;
Ten censure wrŏng, for one who writes amiss.

14. If I were an *American,* as I am an *Englishman,* while a fŏreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never,* NEVER, NEVER.[1]

15. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves;

[1] In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

16. What STRŎNGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST; and he but NAKED, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

17.
For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor:
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

18. Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I* pronounce it to you: *trippingly* on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as liēf the town-*crier* spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently;* for in the very tŏrrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begĕt a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness.*

19.
What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate—
Him vile, that was your garland.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection { *Rising* / *Falling* / *Circumflex*

3. ***The Rising Inflection*** is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. ***The Falling Inflection*** **is the downward bend or slide** of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward *from the general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above the general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. ***The Circumflex*** is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [‵], the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. The *falling* circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus ◠; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus ◡, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to think I could do tha͡t.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

INFLECTION, or the slide, usually occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an important or *emphatic* word; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said an *òld* man, not a *bétter*.

2. The falling inflection is usually employed for all ideäs that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively;* as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spèak, I charge you!

3. The rising inflection is usually employed for all ideäs that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete; for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; and for those of concession, politeness, admiration, and entreaty; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grätitude and jòy. You are right: he is wanting in éase and fréedom.

4. Questions for information, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection: but their answers, when positive, the *falling;* as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

5. Declarative Questions, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection; as,

What mèans this stir in town? When are you going to Ròme?

6. When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred, jóy* and *grièf, hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *míne*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. The Circumflex is used when the thoughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, irony, or double meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

He intends to ri͡de, not to wa͡lk. Ah, it was Ma͡ud that gave it! I never thought it could be yo͡u!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. Belìève me, I said a *nàtive*, not an *álien*.

2. The war must go *ón*. We must fight it *thròugh*.

3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies:* the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.

4. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character.

5. Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brightness of the fùture, as the sùn in hèaven.

6. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.

7. Do you see that bright stár? Yès: it is splèndid.

8. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blâme?

9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.

10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?

11. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.

12. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

13. There is a tide in the affairs of mén, which, taken at the flóod, leads on to fôrtune.

14. O Róme! O my coúntry! how art thou fâllen!

15. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.

16. Sínk or swim, líve or die, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.

17. If Cau̇dle says so, then a͡ll must believe it, of cou̇rse.

18. What should I say to you? Should I not say, hath a dog money? is it possible, a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

19. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

20. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him: as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

21. I práy thee remémber, I have done thée worthy sérvice; told thee no líes, made no mistákes; served without grúdge or grúmbling.

22. Whêrefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What glorious conquest brings he hōme?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and ŏft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants, in your arms, and there have sat
The líve-lŏng day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pàss the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not raised a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shōres?
And do you now pu̇t on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his wāy,
Who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begŏne! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

MIGNON'S SONG.

23. Know'st thou the land where bright the citron blows,
Where, darkly-leaved, the golden ŏrange glows?
From bluest heavens blow breezes sŏft and bland,
And myrtles still, and lŏfty la̤urels stand?
Know'st thou it well?
Oh, thêre, with thee,
Would I, O my beloved protector, flee!

Know'st thou the house? On pillars leans the rōōf;
Glisten the halls, bedight with glittering wōōf;
And marble statues seem to say to me,
"What have they done, thou lonely child, to thee?"
Know'st thou it well?
Oh, there, with thee,
Would I, O my beloved protector, flee!

Know'st thou the mountain with its cloudy way,
Where weary mules seek misty pa̤ths all day?
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood;
Plunges the cliff, and over it the flood?
Know'st thou it well?
Oh, there, with thee,
Would I depart! Oh, father, let us flee!

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. ***Emphatic Words,*** or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more fōrcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. ***Slur must be employed*** in cases of *parenthesis*, *contrast*, *repetition*, or *explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏften when *qualification* of *time*, *place*, or *manner* is made.

4. ***The Parts which are to be Slurred*** in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. The slurred portions in *unmarked* examples will be read in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.

2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

3. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks*, seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

4. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;

Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes*,
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

6. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

7. Ingenious boys, *who are idle*, think, *with the hare in the fable*, that, *running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of their school-fellows)*, they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

8. Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no mōre; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

9. They shall hear my VENGEANCE, that would scorn to LISTEN to the story of my WRŌNGS. The MISERABLE HIGHLAND DROVER, *bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay*, shall BURST on them in an AWFUL CHANGE.

10. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

11. NO! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

12. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

13. If there's a power above us—*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

14. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bōvine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise

Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

15. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned*;
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round*;
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale*;
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale*;
For me your tributary stŏres combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

16. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

17. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

18. Think
Of the bright lands *within the western main*,
Where we will build our home, *what time the seas*
Weary thy gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whŏle trĕasure in the lap of Time.—
On turfs, *by fairies trod*, the Eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and *from a lake-like sea*
Wooes to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, *circling round and upward from the boughs*,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, *like a happy soul released*,
Hangs in the air, and *from invisible plumes*
Shakes sweetness down!

19. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,

At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

20. Beauty—*a living presence of the earth*,
Surpassing the most fair ideăl forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me *as I move*,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—*like those of old*
Sought in the Atlantic main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, should find these
A simple produce of the common day.

21. As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once mŏre upon its stem—so one who is bowed down with affliction lŏngs for a friend to lift him out of his sŏrrŏw, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon viŏlet roots.

22. The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon (faw'kn), poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likenĕss and their lineăge spare.

Man, ōnly, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

23. Dear Brothers, who sit at this bountiful bōard,
With excellent viands so lavishly stōred,
That, in newspaper phrase, 't would undoubtedly groan,
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it isn't—and therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead;
Dear Brothers, I rise—and it wōn't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reünion this glōrious night!

24. Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting fōrth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glōrious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when Gŏd's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

25. How beautiful this night! The balmiëst sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this movelèss scene. Heaven's ĕbon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yŏn gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangèth o'er the time-wōrn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemèth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift

Her soul above this sphere of earthlinèss;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch ălōne,
So cold, so bright, so still.

26. O Time, who knowest a lēnient hand to lay,
Sŏftèst on sŏrrōw's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealèst unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last;
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

27. "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound fōrth still
The sŏng of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

Modulation { *Pitch*, *Force*, *Quality*, *Rate*

The four general divisions, or modes of vocal sound, presented in this section, are properly the *elements of expression;* as, by the combination of the different forms and varieties of these modes, emphasis, slur, monotone, and other divisions of expression are produced.

I.

PITCH.

PITCH[1] *refers* to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

Pitch { *High*, *Moderate*, *Low*

[1] **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch*, select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

2. *High Pitch* is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

2. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

3. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home.
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

3. *Moderate Pitch* is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or călm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Their ideä of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

2. The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,
I thought that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

3. The seas are quiet when the winds give ō'er;
So calm are we when passions are no mōre;
For then we know how vain it was to bōast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lŏst.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

4. The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Strŏnger by weaknèss wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, bŏth worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

4. *Low Pitch* is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

2. Sŏftly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mōurnful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and sinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

3. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy streams of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare ō'er,
Dream of fighting fields no mōre;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

4. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pībroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fălłōw,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shăllōw.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE[1] is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. There are *three* general degrees: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

Force { *Loud* / *Moderate* / *Gentle*

[1] **For an Exercise on Force,** select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard; then gradually increase the quantity, until the whōle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper.

2. Loud Force is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*
If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

2. VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

4. O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the Gŏd
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O SUN, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glōrious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

3. Moderate Force, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

1. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the sŏft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

2. I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:

To which, in silence hushed, his vĕry soul
Listened intently;—and his countenance
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonōrous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.

3. Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's drŏss refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

4. Gentle Force, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

1. First FEAR, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

2. Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As sŏftly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy fŏrest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shōre,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no mōre.

3. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

Quality { *Pure Tone* / *Orotund* / *Aspirated* / *Guttural* / *Trembling*

2. ***The Pure Tone*** is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

1. Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repāy
For all else fortune tears ăwāy?

2. Old times! old times! the gāy old times!
When I was young and free,
And hĕard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday pälm beside me placed—
My crŏss upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land.

3. It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—

I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered thêre;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge câre.

4. I've lived to know my shâre of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang, and wear a smile;
To tire of other climes;
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!

5. Oh! come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and cälm—
And let me hear the Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday pälm.
If I would cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!

3. ***The Orotund*** is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and ve'hement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
GOD—and your *native land!*

2. Hälf a league, half a league, half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
"*Forward, the Light Brigade! charge for the guns!*" he said;
Into the valley of Death—rode the six hundred.

BUGLE SONG.[1]

1. The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in stōry;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glōry.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

4. ***The Aspirated Tone*** is an expulsion of the breath more or less strŏng—the words, or pōrtions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!—
Ha! who comes here?—
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*

2. The ăncient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper, in an under-tone,
"*Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.*"

3. And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

[1] **The Bugle Song** is a most happy combination of the *pure tone* and the *orotund*.

While thrŏnged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"*The foe! they come, they come!*"

5. ***The Guttural*** is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

1. Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's grŏveling crew the most accursed!
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!

3. Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessèd cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting die—
While lakes that shōne in mŏckery nigh
Are fading ŏff, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glōrious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

4. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and hŏrrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her lōathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their swēetèst shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefèst prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their sŏftèst touch, as smart as lizard's stings;
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

6. ***The Tremulous Tone,*** or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The Tremulous Tone is not applied throughout the whōle of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *Stay*, jailer, *stay*, and *hear* my *woe!*
She is not *mad* who *kneels* to *thee*,

For what I *am*, *too* well I *know*,
And what I *was*, and what *should* be!

2. *Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,*
Whose trembling limbs have bōrne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortèst span:
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your stōre.

3. I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

IV.

RATE.

RATE[1] refers to movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

Rate { *Quick* / *Moderate* / *Slow*

2. ***Quick Rate*** is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
Alŏng the frozen river,

[1] **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the prŏcess, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at plĕasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

And their ărrōwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the fŏrèst brânches quiver.

2. Away! away to the rocky glen,
Whêre deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

3. The lake has bûrst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop ălŏng with a rōaring sŏng,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pōuring fôrward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. ***Moderate Rate*** is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,

1. When the sun walks upon the blue sea-wạters,
Smiling the shădōws from yŏn pûrple hills,
We pace this shōre—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then dŏth my dear brother, who hath wōrn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words.

2. When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown:
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it—'t is a butterfly:
The flattened tree-tōads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark:
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.

So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue—
Except when squabbling turns them black and blue!

3. I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that luster have imbibed
In the sun's palace-pōrch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

4. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the lŏng sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lŏfty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strŏng feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wĭnd,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yĕt it may be, more lŏfty coŭrage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*,
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

4. ***Slow Rate*** is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation; as,

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-dĕv'astating flight;
Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!

2. The curfew tōlls the knell of parting dāy;
The lōwing herd winds slowly ō'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary wāy,
And leaves the world to darknèss and to me.

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shōre;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadōw of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncŏffined, and unknown.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE *consists* of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. A perfect Sameness is rarely to be observed in the delivery of any passage. But very little variety of tone will be used in reading ēither prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The Monotone usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolŏnged fōrce, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone ōnly, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. The Sign of Monotone is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

God, whose wrath no man can resist, and under whom they stoop that bear up the world.

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from generation to generation. Before the mountains were made, or the earth and the world were formed, from eternity and to eternity, Thou art God.

2. Remember, I beseech Thee, that Thou hast made me as the clay, and Thou wilt bring me into dust again. Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh; Thou hast put me together with bones and sinews.

3. Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghóst, and where is hè? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nòt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sléep.

4. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and góld,
Satan exalted sàt.

5. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immóvable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

6. Our revels are now ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itsèlf—
Yea, all which it inhèrit, shall dissólve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, fáded—
Léave not a ràck behind.

7. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their sphères;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List—list—O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

8. Earth yawned; he stood the center of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came:

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs and cold;
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our moldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side,
To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION *consists* of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking, or to *characterize* objects and ideas.

2. ***Personation applies*** both to *persons*, either real or imaginary, and to *things*. When properly employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature, or in making sound, by skillful modulations, "an echo to the sense," it adds much to the beauty and efficiency of delivery.

Personation { *Persons* / *Things*

3. ***The Student will*** exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons or things to be represented, fully informing himself with regard to their peculiarities and conditions, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISES IN PERSONATION.

1. Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth cōat;
My brother should sail a painted bōat.
I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our dōor."

2. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still:

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And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our dōor."

2. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-dāy,
Like her, a harvester of hāy:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrŏngs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

3. The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its somber boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadōw viōlet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so Gŏd sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

4. The gate self-opened wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Dĭvīne the sovereign Architect had framed.

5. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges *grate*
Harsh thunder.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrŏnged me dŏth appear in this
You have condemned and noted Luciŭs Pĕllă,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a cause.
Cassius. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassiŭs, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching pălm;

To sell and mart your ŏffices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching pălm?
You know that you are Brŭtus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chas'tisement dŏth thĕrefōre hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Juliŭs bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the fōremōst man of all this world
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grāspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassiŭs.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man.
Cassius. Is 't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stāres?
Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods!
You shall dĭgĕst the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day fŏrth,
I'll use you for my mĭrth, yea, for my läughter,
When you are wąspish.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

He. Dŏst thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dŏst thou not love these āye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏrests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far ăwāy,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My heart is wandering round our ăncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were fŏrced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—FOR HOME!

ELIZA.

1. Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm

Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm:
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

2. Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout—"They run!—they run!"
"He's safe!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
—A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides,)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck:
The red stream issuing from her ăzure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.

3. "Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound:
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,
Wait, gushing life, oh! wait my love's return!"—
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war;—
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caressed,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.

4. From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain—and in the tangled wood—
Lo! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."

5. "She'll wake no mōre!" the hopeless mōurner cried,
Upturned hĭs eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live."
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing, to his aching breast.

VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give significance and effect to expression.

2. ***This Section embraces*** bŏth grammatical and rhetorical pauses, and suspensive quantity.

Pauses { *Grammatical* / *Rhetorical* / *Suspensive Quantity*

3. ***Pauses differ*** greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous, and more prolonged. They are often more eloquent than words.

II.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

GRAMMATICAL PAUSES are those which are used to make clear the meaning of a writing or discourse, and are usually indicated by the punctuation.

2. ***The Punctuation Points*** usually employed for this purpose are four, namely, the *comma*, the *semicolon*, the *colon*, and the *period*. The other points used in composition are chiefly of a rhetorical nature.

3. ***The Time*** of these pauses is not fixed, but relative. The comma usually indicates the shortest pause; the semicolon, a pause longer than the comma; the colon, a pause longer than the semicolon; the period, a full stop, or a pause longer than the colon.

4. ***The Notes of Interrogation and Exclamation*** do not mark the relative pauses of the voice; occupying, as they do, sometimes the place of the comma or the semicolon, and sometimes that of the colon or the period. They are often put at the end of sentences, and are then equivalent to a full point.

5. ***The Dash*** does not mark the relative rests of the voice; but it is often used where a significant or long pause is required; as,

He is a person of illustrious birth, of many virtues, but—of no experience.

EXAMPLES.

1. Can flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?
2. The spirit of the Almighty is within, around, and above us.
3. Men must have recreation; and literature and art furnish that which is most pure, innocent, and refining.
4. Men are often warned against old prejudices: I would rather warn them against new conceits.
5. May the sun, in his course, visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!
6. HERE LIES THE GREAT—False marble! where? Nothing but sordid dust lies here.

III.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are chiefly used to give effect to expression, and are addressed to the ear. They are marked thus ⌣, in the following directions, illustrations, and exercises.

2. The Subject of a Sentence, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ⌣ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ⌣ form the basis of every virtue.

3. Two Nouns in the Same Case, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ⌣ the *orator*.

4. Adjectives that follow the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ⌣ deep ⌣ active ⌣ well stored with knowledge.

5. But, Hence, and other words that mark a sudden transition, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ⌣ these joys are his. Hence ⌣ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌣ the beginning of wisdom.

6. In cases of Ellipsis, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ⌣ Kate but once. Call this man friend, that ⌣ brother.

7. That, when a Conjunction or Relative, requires a pause before it, as well as the relatives *who*, *which*, *what;* together with *when*, *whence*, and other adverbs of time and place which involve the ideä of a relative; as,

He went to school ⌣ that he might become wise. This is the man ⌣ that loves me. We were present ⌣ when La Fayette embarked at Havre for New York.

8. The Infinitive Mood requires a pause before it, when it is governed by another verb, or separated by an intervening clause from the word which governs it; as,

He has gone ⌣ to convey the news. He smote me with a rod ⌣ to please my enemy.

9. A Slurred Passage requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ⌣ though none of the homeliest ⌣ has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought. A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity*.

IV.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without an actual pause; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. The Prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or suspensive quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover ¯ sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief ¯ is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows ¯ flee—she checks their base career;
The foe ¯ retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite; as,

Would you kill ¯ your friend and benefactor? Would you practice hypocrisy ¯ and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing wherever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

Warms ¯ in the sun, refreshes ¯ in the breeze,
Glows ¯ in the stars, and blossoms ¯ in the trees;
Lives ¯ through all life, extends ¯ through all extent,
Spreads ¯ undivided, operates ¯ unspent.

GENERAL RULE.—***When a Preposition is followed*** by as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride ¯ of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated, wherever a mark, representing the pause or suspensive quantity, is introduced in the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. It matters very little ⏑ what immediate ¯ spot ⏑ may have been the birth-place ¯ of such a man as Washington. *No* people ⏑ can claim ⏑ ⏑ no country ⏑ can appropriate him. The boon ¯ of Providence to the human race ⏑ his fame ⏑ is eternity ⏑ ⏑ and his dwelling-plǽce ¯ creation.

2. Though it was the defeat ⏑ of our arms ⏑ and the disgrace ⏑ of our policy ⏑ ⏑ I almost bless ¯ the convulsion ⏑ in which he had his ŏrigin. If the heavens thundered ⏑ and the earth ¯ rocked ⏑ ⏑ yet ⏑ when the storm passed ⏑ how pure ¯ was the climate ⏑ that it cleared ⏑ ⏑ how bright ⏑ in the brow of the firmament ⏑ was the planet ⏑ which it revealed to us!

3. In the production of Washington ⏑ it does reälly appear ⏑ as if nature ⏑ was endeavoring to improve ¯ upon herself ⏑ ⏑ and that all the virtues ¯ of the ăncient world ⏑ were but so many *studies* ⏑ preparatory ¯ to the pātriot of the new. Individual ¯ instances ⏑ no doubt there were ⏑ splendid exemplifications ⏑ of some single qualification. Cæsar ⏑ was merciful ⏑ ⏑ Scipio ⏑ was

continent ⏑ ⏑ Hannibal ⏑ was patient. But ⏑ it was reserved for Washington ⏑ to blend ¯ them all in one ⏑ ⏑ and ⏑ like the lovely masterpiece ¯ of the Grecian artist ⏑ to exhibit ⏑ in one glow ¯ of associated beauty ⏑ the pride ¯ of evèry modèl ⏑ and the perfection ¯ of every master.

4. As a general ⏑ ⏑ he marshaled the peasant ⏑ into a veteran ⏑ ⏑ and supplied by discipline ⏑ the absence of experience. As a statesman ⏑ ⏑ he enlarged the policy of the cabinet ⏑ into the most comprehensive system ¯ of general advantage. And such ⏑ was the wisdom ¯ of his views ⏑ and the philosophy ¯ of his counsels ⏑ ⏑ that ⏑ to the soldier ⏑ and the statesman ⏑ he almost added ⏑ the character of the sage.

5. A conqueror ⏑ he was untainted ¯ with the crime of blood ⏑ ⏑ a revolutionist ⏑ he was free ¯ from any stain of treason ⏑ for aggression ¯ commenced the contest ⏑ and his country ¯ called him to the field. Liberty ⏑ unsheathed his sword ⏑ ⏑ necessity ⏑ stained ⏑ ⏑ victory ⏑ returned it.

6. If he had paused *here* ⏑ history might have doubted ⏑ what station ¯ to assign him ⏑ ⏑ whether at the head of her citizens ⏑ or her soldiers ⏑ ⏑ her heroes ⏑ or her pātriots. But the last ¯ glōrious ¯ act ⏑ *crowns* ¯ his career ⏑ and banishes ¯ all hesitation. Who ⏑ like Washington ⏑ after having emancipated ¯ a hemisphere ⏑ resigned ¯ its crown ⏑ ⏑ and preferred the retirement of domestic life ⏑ to the adoration of a land ⏑ he might almost be said to have created?

7. How ¯ shall we rank thee ⏑ upon glōry's ¯ page,
Thou *mōre* ¯ than *soldier* ⏑ and just *less* ¯ than *sage!*
All thou *hast* ¯ been ⏑ reflects less ¯ praise ⏑ on thee,
Far ¯ less ⏑ than all thou hast forbōrne ¯ to be.

ELOCUTION

- ORTHOËPY
  - ARTICULATION
    - ORAL ELEMENTS
      - *Tonics*
      - *Subtonics*
      - *Atonics*
    - LETTERS
      - *Representative*
        - *Vowels*
        - *Consonants*
      - *Formative*
        - *Labials*
        - *Dentals*
        - *Linguals*
        - *Palatals*
  - SYLLABICATION
  - ACCENT
    - *Primary*
    - *Secondary*
- EXPRESSION
  - EMPHASIS
    - *Absolute*
    - *Antithetic*
  - INFLECTION
    - *Rising*
    - *Falling*
    - *Circumflex*
  - SLUR
  - MODULATION
    - *Pitch*
      - *High*
      - *Moderate*
      - *Low*
    - *Force*
      - *Loud*
      - *Moderate*
      - *Gentle*
    - *Quality*
      - *Pure Tone*
      - *Orotund*
      - *Aspirated*
      - *Guttural*
      - *Trembling*
    - *Rate*
      - *Quick*
      - *Moderate*
      - *Slow*
  - MONOTONE
  - PERSONATION
    - *Persons*
    - *Things*
  - PAUSES
    - *Grammatical*
    - *Rhetorical*
    - *Suspensive Quantity*

ELOCUTIONARY READINGS.

ELOCUTION

- ORTHOËPY
  - ARTICULATION
    - ORAL ELEMENTS
      - *Tonics*
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    - *Grammatical*
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ELOCUTIONARY READINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e̱; as, āle, ve̱il: *2.* ă; as, făt: *3.* ä; as, ärm: *4.* a̱, or ô; as, a̱ll, côrn: *5.* â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: *6.* å; as, låst: *7.* ē, or ï; as, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; as, ĕnd: *9.* ē, ī, or û; as, hēr, sīr, bûr: *10.* ī, or ȳ; as, īce, skȳ: *11.* ĭ, or ў; as, ĭll, lў̆nx: *12.* ō; as, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or a̱; as, ŏn, wha̱t: *14.* o̱, o͞o, or u̱; as, do̱, fo͞ol, ru̱le: *15.* ū; as, mūle: *16.* ŭ, or ȯ; as, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* u̱, o̱, or o͝o; as, bu̱ll, wo̱lf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, or ou̱; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: *2.* d; as, did: *3.* g̃; as, g̃ig̃: *4.* j, or ġ; as, jig, ġem: *5.* l; as, loll: *6.* m: as, mum: *7.* n; as, nun: *8.* n̨, or ng; as, lin̨k, sing: *9.* r; as, rare: *10.* Th, or t̄h; as, This, with: *11.* v; as, vat: *12.* w; as, wig: *13.* y; as, yet: *14.* z, or s̱; as, zinc, his̱: *15.* z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: *2.* h; as, hot: *3.* k, or c; as, kin̨k, eat: *4.* ṗ; as, pop: *5.* s, or ç; as, sense, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or ṫh; as, Thorn, pitṫh: *8.* Ch, or ċh; as, Charles, riċh: *9.* Sh, ṡh, or çh; as, Sharon, aṡh, çhaise: *10.* Wh, or ẇh; as, White, ẇhip.—*Italics*, silent; as, *often* (ŏf′n): x̱ for gz; as, ex̱ ăc′t.

READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. RETURNING.

"When Thou didst regard me,
Thine eyes imprinted Thy grace in me."

SPIRITUAL CANTICLE, *Stanza* XXXII.

ONCE mōre beside the sea, once more
I stand upon the pebbly shōre;
The billōws, as they idly plāy,
A thousand welcomes seem to sāy;
And time rolls back, and I could deem
These twenty years an idle dream.

2. Yes, fâir as ever is thy smile,
As when of old thou didst beguile
The wēarinèss of self that found
In Nature's every sight and sound
A charm that tamed its humors wild,
And soothed it like a tired child.

3. I know there is a something fled—
Old hopes, old joys, for ever dead;
Old memories that have buried lain,
And now have lŏst their power to pain;
For in a deeper sea I've câst
The thoughts and troubles of the pâst.

4. Something is gŏne, but something, too,
O'er flood and fŏrest sparkles new—
A presence that is more dĭvīne
Seems in their beauty now to shine,

And on each crested wave I see
The footprints of a mystery.

5. 'Twąs so of old; but far ăwāy
I caught the dim and flickering rāy,
I feel it now more strangely near;
And in the shadows broad and clear,
That rest upon that silv'ry tide,
It seems to hôver at my side.

6. Old Ocean, with thine eye of blue,
Whence didst thou steal that glōrious hue?
Whence wąs this magic ō'er thee thrown?
For well I see 'tis not thine own;
The whispers of thy voice declare
Thou dôst but borrowed splendor wear.

7. Here, as beside thy waves I stand,
Within the hŏllōw of my hand
I scoop the dăncing waves, and try
To cage their sapphire brilliancy:
But ah! all colorless and clear,
No sapphired gems are prisoned here.

8. Whence dôęs the ăzure beauty flow?
Lift but thine eyes, and thou may'st know,
Thou wild and melancholy Sea,
It is not—can not be from thee!
Thou canst but mirror back to heaven
The gifts so richly, freely given.

9. I fain would think thy wavelets know
The gifts and graces that they owe;
And fancy that their thanks they pour,
Breaking in music on the shore;
Still chânting on through nights and days
The sweet *Non nobis*[1] of their praise.

10. I, too, have beauty not my own;
Even as the noonday heavens look down
And tint the ocean with a hue
Which its own waters never knew;

[1] **Non nō'bis,** not unto us.

So on my heart one gentle Eye
Hath rested from eternity.

11. There it imprints its own sweet grace
As on a mirror's stainless face;
Each hue, each feature, traces thêre
Till every line is fresh and fâir,
Then ō'er that beauty seems to brōōd
And loves it well, and calls it gŏŏd.

12. 'Tis this, O Mâster ever kind!—
'Tis this alone that Thou canst find
To charm Thy heart and win Thy smile
Within Thy creatures poor and vile;
Thine eye of mĕrcy rests on me,
Only Thine own fair gifts to see!

13. Scarred and unlovely as my brow,
Thou wilt not, canst not scorn me now;
I care not that Thine eye beholds,
Wrapt in Thy mantle's royal folds,
A beggar at Thy footstool bent—
I own the truth and am content.

14. Oh, would my heart were călm and clear,
Even as the waves that mûrmûr here!
Its ōnly thought and wish to bêar
In sweet reflection imaged thêre,
As on these crystal wąters' face
The impress of Thy tender grace!

15. Would that no wandering, earthborn cloud
Might ever Thy sweet presence shroud,
No stormy wind of passion rise
To veil Thee from my watchful eyes;
So might I, in that presence blest,
Live on, forgiven, and at rest. DRAINE.

MOTHER RAPHAEL DRAINE, an English nun, Prioress of the Dominican Convent at Stone, Staffordshire, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," "Knights of St. John," and "Songs in the Night," a volume of poems whose themes were suggested in great part by the mystical writings of St. John of the Cross. All her works are marked not less by unusual literary excellence than by elevation of feeling, and purity and depth of thought.

II.

2. A TEMPEST AT SEA.

PART FIRST.

OH, what is thĕre in nature so grand as the mighty ocean? The ĕarthquake and volcano are ever sublime in their display of destructive power. But their sublimity is terrible from the consciousness of danger with which their exhĭbĭtiŏns are witnessed; and, besides, their violent agency is terrible, sudden, and transient.[1] Not so the glōrious ocean. In its vĕry playfulness you discover that it can be terrible as the earthquake; but the spirit of benevolence seems to dwell in its bright and ōpen countenance, to inspire your confidence. The mountaĭns and valleys, with their bold lineaments[2] and luxŭrious vĕrdure, are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the ocean, for here all is life and movement.

2. This is not that stationary beauty of rural scenery in which objects retain their fixed and relative positions, and wait to be examined and admired in detail. No; the ocean presents a moving scenery, which pàsses in review before and around you, challenging admiration. These gentle heavings of the great deep, with its unruffled surface—these breakings up of its waters into fantastic and varied forms; these haltings of the waves, to be thrown forward presently into new formations; these giant billōws; these sentinels of the watery wilderness—all, all are beautiful; and though in their approach they may seem furious and teeming[3] with destruction, yet there is no danger; for they come ōnly with salutations for the pilgrim of the deep, and when they pass her bows[4] or stern[5] retiring backwards, seem, as in obeisance,[6] to kiss their hands to her in token of ădieū.

3. This day I was gratified with what I had ŏften desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a tempest. Not that I would

[1] **Transient** (trăn′shent), of short duration.
[2] **Lĭn′e a ment**, outline; form.
[3] **Teem′ing**, full to overflowing.
[4] **Bow** (bou), the rounding part of a ship forward.
[5] **Stern**, the hind part of a ship.
[6] **O bēi′sance**, expression of respect.

allege[1] curiosity as a sufficient plea for desiring that which can never be witnessed without more or less of danger to the spectator, and still less when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say that my desire to witness a storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken. But aside from this, there was nŏthing I could have desired more.

4. I had contemplated the ocean in all its other phases,[2] and they are almost innumerable. At one time it is seen reposing in perfect stillness under the blue sky and bright sun. At another, slightly ruffled, and thence its motion causes his rays to tremble and dance in broken fragments of silvery and golden light—and the sight is dazzled by following the track from whence his beams are reflected—whilst all besides seems to frown in the darkness of its ripple.

5. Again it may be seen somewhat more agitated and of a darker hue, under a clouded sky and a strong and increasing wind. Then you see an occasional wave, rising a little above the rest, and crowning its summit with that crest of white, breaking from its top and tumbling over like liquid alabaster. Now, as far as the eye can reach, you see the dark ground of ocean enlivened and dĭvĕrsified[3] by these panoramic snow-hills. As they approach near, and especially if the sun be unclouded, you see the light refracted[4] through the summit of the wave, in the most pure, pale green that it is possible ēither to behold or imagine. I had seen the ocean, too, by moonlight, and as much of it as may be seen in the dark, when the moon and stars are veiled. But until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the tempest.

6. After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday aft′ernōon. The călm continued until about nine o'clock in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an ex traor′dinary rate; and the căptain predicted that we

[1] **Al lĕge′**, to produce as an argument, plea, or excuse.
[2] **Phases** (fāz′ez), different and varying appearances of a thing.
[3] **Dĭ ver′si fied**, distinguished by a variety of aspects.
[4] **Re frăct′ed**, tûrned from a dĭrĕct cōurse.

should encounter a gale from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gŏne to bed. The gale came on, however, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

7. There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, on deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their bĕrths, and without waiting to dress, ran about ăsking questions without waiting for or receiving any ănswers. Hŭrrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the second steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown in his sleep from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor.

8. By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand at the doors of the hurricane-house, "holding on" and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so sōon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistled through the cordage; the rain dashed furiously and in tŏrrents; the noise and spray scârcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Nīăg'ara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking-trumpet, the ŏfficers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in ĕffŏrts to be hĕard, and mingling their ōaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of the day, and with the fury of the hŭrricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

9. The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, or how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides ōnly with Him who "guides the storm and dĭrĕcts the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by

the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whōle day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

10. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck, the ŏfficers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fĕllōws aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, at about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge ōnly remained on deck to be prepared for whatever of disăster might occur. The breakfast-hour came and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast-day.

III.

3. A TEMPEST AT SEA.

PART SECOND.

BY this time the sea was rolling up its hŭrricāne waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had ŏften seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are often graphic[1] and faithful, so far as they go. But they are necessarily deficient in

[1] **Grăph'ic**, well delineated; clearly and vividly described.

accompaniments which painting can not supply, and are thĕrefōre feeble and ineffective.

2. You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of bōth are thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea-storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the mâsts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean above me.

3. At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

4. The weather, especially ălŏng the surface of the sea, was thick and hazy, so much so that you could not see more than a mile in any dĭrĕction. But within that horĭzon the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference there were mountains and plains, the ultimate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters emerging out of the darkness on one side, and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into similar darkness on the other. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate ŏffspring of a true tempest.

5. It was this elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transpârent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down

tōward you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves were the varying dĭmĕnsions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy[1] this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had pâssed over them.

6. The angry aspect that they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically,[2] upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift cŭrrents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. But mountain and plain of these infuriated waters were covered, some on the very summit and on the lee side[3] of the waves, with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, hûrled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whōle prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

7. In the meantime our ship găthered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy[4] of a duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out of the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium[5] against the fury of the one, and her

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[1] **Frĕn'zy**, madness.

[2] **Ver'ti cal ly**, from above downward.

[3] **Lee side**, the side furthest from the point whence the wind blows.

[4] **Buoyancy** (bwạ'an sĭ), the quality of floating on the surface of a liquid or in the air.

[5] **E'qui lĭb'ri um**, a state of rest produced by the mutual counteraction of two forces; equality of weight or force; just balance.

buoyancy in despite of the altĕr'nate precipice and avalănçhe' of the other.

8. Trụe it is, she was made to whistle thrọugh her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its vĕry summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pāthwāy, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of Gŏd in the winds and waves, or His goodness and wisdom in enabling His creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounds me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

9. I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over a town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is läunched is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occûr on the wide ocean, there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shōre, when the keel comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the ocean; but the tempest has increased my confidence tenfold, not ōnly in the sea, but in the ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea—for they and their element are made for each other. HUGHES.

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., first Archbishop of New York, born in Clogher, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in 1798; died in New York city, Jan. 3, 1864. He was ordained to the priesthood in the year 1825, consecrated Bishop of Basilopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, in 1837, and appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Dubois of New York, whom he succeeded in that See in 1842. In 1850, when New York was raised to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See, he received the pallium as its first Archbishop. In 1841 he established St. John's College at Fordham, N. Y., which he afterward transferred to the Jesuit Fathers. Under the administration of President Polk, in 1845, he was requested by the Government to undertake a special mission to Mexico, but was obliged to decline on account of more pressing duties. But during the late civil war he went to Europe on a diplomatic mission in behalf of the Union, which he accomplished successfully. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1858, he laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, now rapidly approaching completion. The services rendered to the cause of Catholic education by Archbishop Hughes were very great. Both by speech and pen he labored untiringly to secure that Catholic training for Catholic children on which the future of the Church must, humanly speaking, depend; and his labors are still bearing most abundant fruit.

IV.

4. THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made ạudible[1]—
The mûrmûr of the ĕarth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pàss
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse[2] of time.

2. No quiet, which is Death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wräth,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its päth.

3. Lis*t*en alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

4. Găther a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,

[1] **Au'di ble**, loud enough to be heard; capable of being heard.

[2] **Lăpse**, an unobserved progress, or passing away.

The echo of the whōle sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each. ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, one of the chiefs of what is known as the Pre-Raphaelite school of modern artists, has won distinction both as painter and as poet, although he used the pen much more effectively than the brush. He was born in London, of Italian parentage, in 1828. He was one of a family whose members all made their mark, either in the world of letters or in that of art. He died in April, 1882.

SECTION II.

I.

5. THE MARCH OF HUMANITY.

THE march of humanity is a grand drāmă; the parts are played by persons who pāss by and disappear: man is very little; Gŏd alone is great. Nēither the actors who figured on the scene in the ăncient empires of the East, nor Alexăander invading Asia and reducing numberless nations into servitude, nor the Romans subjugating[1] the world, nor the barbarians overthrowing the empire and breaking it in pieces, nor the Mussulmans rŭling Asia and Africa and menacing[2] the independence of Europe, knew, or could know, that they also were the instruments in the great designs whereof we admire the execution.

2. I mean to show from this that when we have to do with Christian civilization, when we collect and analyze the facts which distinguish its march, it is not necessary or even ŏften proper to suppose that the men who have contributed to it, in the most remarkable manner, understood, to the full extent, the results of their own ĕfforts. It is glōry enough for a man to be pointed out as the chosen instrument of Providence, without the necessity of attributing to him great ability or lŏfty ambition. It is enough to observe that a rāy of light has descended from heaven and illumined his brow; it is of little importance whether he foresaw that this ray, by reflection, was

[1] Sŭb'ju gāt ing, conquering. [2] Mĕn'ac ing, threatening.

destined to shed a brilliant light on future generations. Little men are commonly smaller than they think themselves, but great men are ŏften greater than they imagine; if they do not know all their grandeur, it is because they are ignorant that they are the instruments of the high designs of Providence.

3. Another observation, which we ought always to have present in the study of these great events, is that we ought not to expect to find there a system of which the connection and harmony are appārent at the first *coup-d'œil*.[1] We must expect to see some irregularities and objects of an unpleasant aspect; it is necessary to guard against the childish impatience of anticipating the time; it is indispensable[2] to abandon that desire which we always have, in a greater or less degree, and which always urges us to seek every thing in conformity with our own ideas, and to see every thing advance in the way most pleasing to us.

4. Do you not see nature herself, so varied, so rich, so grand, lavish her trĕasures in disorder, hide her inestimable[3] precious stones and her most valuable veins of metal in masses of earth? See how she presents huge chains of mountains, inaccessible rocks, and fearful precipices, in contrast with her wide and smiling plains. Do you not observe this apparent disorder, this prodigality, in the midst of which numberless agents work, in secret concert, to produce the admirable whōle which enchants our eyes and ravishes the lover of nature? So with society; the facts are dispersed, scattered here and there, frequently ŏffering no appearance of order or concert; events succeed each other, without the design being discovered; men unite, separate, co-operate, and contend; and nevertheless time, that indispensable agent in the production of great works, goes on, and all is accomplished according to the destinies marked out in the secrets of the Eternal.

5. This is the march of humanity; this is the rŭle for the philosŏphic[4] study of history; this is the way to comprehend the influence of those productive ideas, of those powerful institutions, which from time to time appear among men to change

[1] Coup d'œil (kọ-dāl'), slight view; glance of the eye.
[2] In dis pĕn'sa ble, necessary.
[3] In ĕs'ti ma ble, too valuable to be easily mĕasured or appreciated.
[4] Phĭl o sŏph'ic, according to the principles of philosophy; răational; călm; wise.

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the face of the earth. When, in a study of this kind, we discover acting at the bottom of things a productive idea, a powerful institution, the mind, far from being frightened at meeting with some irregularities, is inspired, on the contrary, with fresh coŭrage; for it is a sure sign that the ide'ă is full of truth, that the institution is instinct' with life, when we see them pass through the chaos of ages, and come safe out of the frightful ordeals.[1]

6. Of what importance is it that certain men were not influenced by the idea, that they did not answer the object of the institution, if the latter has survived its revolutions, and the former has not been swallowed up in the stormy sea of the passions? To mention the weaknesses, the miseries, the faults, the crimes of men, is to make the most eloquent apology for the idea and the institution. In viewing mankind in this way, we do not take them out of their proper places, and we do not require from them more than is reasonable. We see them enclosed in the deep bed of the great tŏrrent of events, and we do not attribute to their intellects, or to their wills, any thing which exceeds the sphere appointed for them: we do not on that account fail to appreciate[2] in a proper manner the nature and the greatness of the works in which they take part; but we avoid giving to them an exăggerated[3] importance, by honoring them with eulogiums[4] which they do not deserve, or reproaching them unjustly.

7. Observe that I do not ăsk from the philosŏphical historian an impassive indifference to good and evil, to justice and injustice; I do not claim indulgence for vice, nor would I refuse to virtue its eulogy. I have no sympathy with that school of historic fatalism which would bring back to the world the destiny of the ăncients; a school which, if it acquired influence, would corrupt the best part of history and stifle the most generous emotions. I see in the march of society a plan, a harmony, but not a blind necessity. I do not believe that events are mingled up together indiscriminately in the dark ûrn of

[1] **Or'de al,** severe trial.

[2] **Appreciate** (ap prē'shĭ āt), to rate things at their true value.

[3] **Ex ăg'ger āt ed,** greater than truth or justice would warrant.

[4] **Eū lō'gi um,** a set or studied speech or writing in praise of the character or services of a person.

destiny, nor that fatalism holds the world enclosed in an iron circle. But I see a wonderful chain extending through the cōurse of centuries, a chain which does not fetter the movements of individuals or of nations, and which accommodates itself to the ebb and flow which is required by the nature of things: at its touch great thoughts arise in the minds of men. This golden chain is suspended by the hand of the Eternal; it is the work of infinite intelligence and ineffable love. BALMEZ.

JAMES BALMEZ was born at Vich, in Catalonia, Spain, August 28, 1810, and died in his native city, July 9, 1848. Called to the priesthood at an early age, he devoted himself with extreme ardor and most brilliant success to the philosophical and theological studies necessary for that career. He entered the field of literature in 1840, by the publication of an essay on "Clerical Celibacy," and in the same year undertook the preparation of that great work on "European Civilization" which has established his reputation as one of the most profound and solid thinkers of the century. He is also the author of a much esteemed work on Logic and of an Elementary Course of Philosophy.

II.

6. *SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT.*

PART FIRST.

WE can always find a *vettura*[1] in the *Piazza Santi Apostoli;*[2] and with this assurance we turn our faces toward the beautiful square, on which stands the basilica[3] founded by Constantine, and which cherishes the relics of the holy apostles, SS. Philip and James. The *vettura* secured, let us take the "Way of Triumph"[4] to San Gregorio on the Cœlian Hill; for it is the 12th of March, St. Grĕgory's own feast.

2. Skirting the vĕry edge of the newly excavated Forum, passing through the Arch of Titus, with its noted sculptures, among which the "Seven-branched Candlestick" always cătches the eye, and having the ruined palaces of the Cæsars continuously on our right, we soon stand face to face with the Colosse'um. Our driver pauses here from habit; for who would pass this venerable ruin, even once, without a tribute of respect?

[1] **Vettura** (vet tū'rà), an Italian four-wheeled carriage.

[2] **Piazza** (pe ăt'zà) **Santi Apostoli,** Square of the Holy Apostles, on which stands the church of that name.

[3] **Ba sĭl'i ca,** in ancient times the imperial palace; in modern times the principal churches in Rome are called basilicas.

[4] **Way of Triumph,** the road by which the Roman conquerors entered Rome.

Thence, turning sharply to the right, we enter, through the Arch of Cŏnstantīne, the shaded avenue which leads dīrĕctly to San Gregorio. On our left wave the umbrageous groves which still mark the precincts of the sacred wood of the Camenæ, while on our right the hill is crowned by picturesque convents with their stately pälms. We have only time to take in at a glance these varied surroundings, when the ăncient church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill, seems to meet us in the way.

3. The natural elevation remains the same as when the place was known, in the sixth century, as the palace of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. A triangular plot of green sward, set with pink daisies, gives an open space before the church and its three adjacent chapels, which range themselves, with their gardens, on the arc of a circle above. As we climb the long flight of worn, irregular steps, we are glad to take breath; then, turning, we find before us one of the most impressive views of the palaces of the Cæsars.

4. An apparently interminable length of ruins stretches before the eye, in a way to give us a full sense of their utter desolation; for of all the Cæsars who revelled in these palaces, or from them ruled the world, not one has left a trace of his individual self on an arch or an apartment. We can not tell to which of all who gloried in the title of Cæsar belŏnged one of these desolated rooms. While, turning the eye to the right, close by the Cumæan groves, the picturesque apse[1] of SS. John and Paul, martyrs under Julian the Apostate,[2] with its lines of closed arcades, its tall campanile[3] in brick, its flying buttresses throwing arches and shadows across the street leading over the

[1] **Apse,** the arched end of a church, in which the high altar stands.

[2] **Julian the Apostate,** the nephew of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, was born in Constantinople, Nov. 17, 331, and died in Persia, June 26, 363. He was carefully educated in the Christian faith, but, on ascending the throne in 361, abandoned it, and subjected his Christian subjects to an insidious persecution, debarring them from all civil and military offices, closing their schools, and compelling them to contribute to the rebuilding of pagan temples. All his edicts against the Christians were revoked by his successor.

[3] **Campanile** (kăm pa nē′lâ), bell-tower; in Italy this is on one side of the church, generally separated from it.

Cœlian Hill, preserves, for the consolation of the pilgrim of to-day, the very spot on which two members of the imperial household shed their blood for Christ.

5. "Is there not something grand in standing on this spot, more than on any other in Rome, when we think of the Cæsars? For Saint Gregory was the grandest Roman of them all," said a voice at our side. "And who is this Gregory?" may exclaim, in his turn, many a one who has made classical history his ōnly preparation for a visit to Rome; while the voice at our side cries merrily: "We must have something in our memories besides our classics to take us through Rome intelligently. Somebody has lived here besides the Cæsars and Mark Antonies and Brutuses. Plutarch's Lives and Gibbon's Decline and Fall must be reinforced by the Lives of the Saints, and the Mŏnks of the West, and a lesson or two from the Breviary!" [1]

6. Taking the question of our classical tourist for a text, let us find out who this Gregory was, and why he was called Great, even in a line of Pontiffs which challenges the world's rulers to produce their like, and among whose two hundred and fifty-nine members only one other, Pope Leo I., has received, at the same time as that of Saint, the surname of *Great*.

7. The year 540 saw the birth of the only son of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. Both claimed a descent from the most illustrious families of Rome; illustrious by reason of their virtues as well as of their nobility and opulence. Yet no sōoner had their lives been crowned by this hope of perpetuating their name in the future, than Gordianus consecrated himself unreservedly to Gŏd. Silvia received a similar inspiration, and retiring from the palace, lived with her son in a small house near it, and opposite the church of SS. John and Paul. Here she instructed the little Gregory in the best way to serve God, and nourished in his soul the precious seeds of dĭvīne grace. No sooner was he sent to school than he was the admiration of Rome for his quickness in learning, the brilliancy of his wit, and the charms of his elocution. His talents seemed to mark him out for the service of the State. He lived in his own pal-

[1] **Brē′vi a ry,** a book containing the Office read every day by priests, in which there are brief histories of the saints.

ace on the Cœlian Hill, in all the magnificence usual for one of his rank, and was named by the reigning emperor, Justin II., prætor, or first magistrate of Rome.

8. In this position Gregory filled the eye of the Roman people, so exacting in regard to majesty of presence in their prætors, as well as virtue. He appeared always before the people in the robes of his office: rich silks, embroidered with gold and adorned with precious stones; and everywhere he was received with joyful respect. But on the death of his father, a change came over the spirit of Gregory. In the midst of his prosperity he had practised a rigid virtue, and it had been his delight to converse with men consecrated to God. But now an interior voice called him to follow them from the world. The force of secular habits, the magnificence and even applause of his admiring fellow-citizens, however, were strong with Gregory; and it was only after repeated inspirations to a higher life that he believed himself seriously called to it.

9. At last, however, his intimate relations with the monks of Monte Cassino,[1] the disciples and successors of Saint Benedict, and still more a divine enlightenment of his mind in regard to spiritual things, enabled him to break all his ties to the world. Fully in earnest, he immediately endowed six monasteries in Sicily, and established the seventh under the patronage of Saint Andrew in his own city of Rome, and in his own palace on the Cœlian Hill. His palace transformed into a monastery and hospital for the poor, he took the habit of a Benedictine and put himself under the strict rule of his order. Once a monk, he determined to be the model of monks, as he had been of magistrates, applying himself to the perfect fulfilment of the rule and the special study of the Sacred Scriptures. He ate nothing but vegetables soaked in water, which his mother, who had become a religious since her widowhood, sent to him every day in the silver porringer he had used as a child.

10. And the Romans—if their eyes had followed him with delight when he appeared among them in all the magnificence of a Roman prætor, how much more now in the black habit and cowl of a Benedictine monk! For this people, apparently so

[1] **Monte Cassino**, a mountain lying half way between Rome and Naples, on which stands the monastery founded by St. Benedict in 529.

devoted to outward grandeur, have a singular capacity for understanding the grandeur of voluntary poverty. And as for Gregory, no young novice ever yielded himself more completely to the charm of a true vocation. To follow the routine of prayer and study was a heaven upon earth to this devoted son of Saint Benedict; and it was with a cry of anguish that he heard himself called upon by Pope Benedict I., in 577, to perform the same duties of cardinal-deacon which his father had executed before him.

11. To this period, however, we can date some of the most interesting details of his life. As cardinal-deacon to the poor of Rome, he received at the door of his monastery one day a shipwrecked sailor, who begged piteously for alms; so piteously, that when the usual coin did not satisfy him, Gregory gave him another. Two days after, the importunate sailor returned, and was more importunate than before. Gregory had no longer the patrimony of a patrician to draw from. That had been given to the poor when he took his Benedictine habit. Having no more money at hand, Gregory bethought himself of the silver porringer, sole memento of his former opulence, of his mother's love, of his peaceful days with her as a child, still bearing the marks of his childish use, and laid it unhesitatingly into the hands of the beggar; and then in truth Gregory the monk belonged wholly to God and to His poor.

12. One day Gregory's course led him through the slave-market, where three beautiful youths, of most fair complexion, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the Italian sky above them, attracted his attention. "Of what nation are they?" he inquired. "Angles," was the reply. "Say rather Angels," he exclaimed, with all his natural enthusiasm. Then, with a touch of heavenly sorrow on his face, he sighed "that they who had such comely faces should have souls devoid of interior joy." And so it proved that the sorrow of Gregory was to be the joy of the Angles, or the English; for instead of saying, as many would have done, "What angels of children!" only to go their way and forget the needs of their souls, Gregory never again forgot that far-off Island of Britain from which they came. His soul was consumed with a desire for their salvation, and he finally persuaded Pope Benedict to allow him to take a com-

pany of monks and go to England (ĭng'gland), where so beautiful a race were serving idols instead of the true God.

13. The whŏle of this had been done quickly, on the inspiration of the moment, with the Pope. But no sooner were the Romans aware that Gregory had left the city for this distant mission, than they ran in a body to the Pope, saying, "You have offended Saint Peter; you have ruined Rome in allowing Gregory to leave us." Pope Benedict, ōnly too well pleased to yield to the popular voice, sent messengers after Gregory, who overtook him in three days, and conducted him back to his monastery. His disappointment was great, but his purpose remained unshaken.

14. His monastic peace suffered still more when, in 578, Pope Pelagius II. sent him as nuncio to the Emperor Tiberius in Constantinople. During this involuntary absence, which lasted six years, he was accompanied by many monks of his own community, reading and studying with them, and following, as closely as possible, the observance of the Rule: "Thereby," as he writes, "to attach myself by the anchor's cable to the shŏre of prayer, while my soul is tŏssed on the waves of human affairs."

15. While Gregory was in Constantinople, the patriarch, Eutychius, who had suffered for the faith under Justinian, fell into an error concerning the resurrection of the body, and this error appeared in a book which he put forth. Gregory, alarmed, held several conferences with the patriarch; and as this prelate was very humble, he was no sooner convinced of his mistake than he was ready to retract it. Soon after this he fell sick, and was honored by a visit from the emperor. Not willing to lose this opportunity to correct his error, he pinched up the skin on his shrivelled hand, saying, "I believe that we shall rise in this very flesh."

III.

7. SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT.

PART SECOND.

RETURNING to Saint Andrew's and the routine of monastic life, Gregory was immediately elected abbot, and his loving care for the souls of his brethren was like that of another Benedict of Montę Cassīno. He shared all their crŏsses, their trials, and assisted at the holy death of those who were called to their etĕrnal reward. But this fraternal affection for his brothers in religion did not prevent his exacting the strictest obedience to their holy Rule.[1] A monk, who was also a skillful physician, was found, at his death, to have secreted three gold pieces, thus breaking the rule which forbids private property. Gregory ordered the three pieces of gold to be thrown upon the corpse, which was then buried without one mark of respect. This act of justice performed, all the masses for thirty days were said for the unhappy monk.

2. In 590, an overflow of the Tiber was followed by a pestilence, of which Pope Pelagius died. Gregory was immediately declared Pope by the senate, the people, and the clergy. Terrified at the thought of such a responsibility, Gregory protested, and wrote to the Emperor Maurice, beseeching him not to confirm the election. His letter was intercepted, and in its place one was sent from the Romans themselves.

3. While all this was pending, the pestilence ravaged Rome. Then it was that the great soul of Gregory rose up for the protection of his native city. From his monastery on the Cœlian Hill, Gregory organized that procession on three successive days in which appeared, for the first time, all the abbots of the monasteries with their monks, and all the abbesses with their nuns. On the last day, when these communities were slowly defiling before the tomb of Hadrian, singing litanies and psalms, Gregory saw on the summit of the tomb an archangel, who was sheathing his sword, like a warrior returning from the slaughter. From that moment the plague ceased. A representation of this angel in bronze, placed upon the spot, has given to the mausole'um its present name, *Castel Sant' Angelo.*

4. Meantime the emperor's confirmation of the election sped on its way. Gregory no sooner heard this than he fled from Rome to one of the caves to be found everywhere among the surrounding mountaĭns. He was finally discovered by a pillar of light over the cave. Seeing it to be the manifest will of God, Gregory no longer resisted the election; but to the end

[1] **Rule**, the regulations and customs by which a religious community orders the daily life of its members.

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[1] **Rule**, the regulations and customs by which a religious community orders the daily life of its members.

of his life sighed, and even groaned aloud, whenever he recalled his few years of peace as a Benedictine monk. Such was the charm of a monastic life for a soul like that of Saint Gregory the Great.

5. Seated upon the Chair of Peter, what a succession of great acts flow from his unceasing solicitude for his people—the people not ōnly of Rome, but of the world! Now it is some powerful patriarch, like John of Constantinople, whose self-asserted jurisdiction infringes upon the titles of the Holy See, and thĕrefōre upon the rights of Christendom. Now it is an Arian or a pagan prince, whom he brings sweetly under the yoke of Christ. Now he defeats the aggressive Lombards who threaten the freedom of Rome; now the treachery of the Byzantine emperors. Now it is a slave, whose vocation he protects under the pontifical mantle; and again it is the Jews, whom he shields from popular hatred. The liberty with which Christ makes His children free, was the liberty which Gregory claimed for all over whom his spiritual or temporal jurisdiction extended.

6. But while Africa, Asia, Spain, Gaul, Germany, as entire Christendom, were always before his eyes; while the liturgy of the Church, and even her sŏng, won his enthusiastic attention, so that the Stations in the different churches of Rome, as we find them to-day, are by his appointment; so that the chant, according to which the priest of to-day sings the words of the Divine Office and of the Mass, is called the Gregorian chant; still it was England and her *Angles*, whom he had declared years before "were born to become angels," which seemed to have won and chained to itself that noble and sanctified heart. Of his holy zeal we, who stand to-day on the steps of San Gregorio, overlooking the crumbling palaces of the Cæsars, are the distant witnesses. But this, as Montälembêrt′ remarks, was to be the missionary work, not of Gregory as monk alone, but as Pontiff: the first monk who sat on the Chair of Peter.

7. In the year 596, he sent to England from his monastery of St. Andrew on the Cœlian Hill, the prior, Augustine, with forty monks, each of them kindled with a zeal for the same spiritual conquest as Gregory himself. They were furnished with books, and all the spiritual armor which the Holy See

could bestow. Moreover, all the dĭplōmacy of the sŏvereĭgn was pŭt in requisition to secure the safe passage of the missionaries through countries hŏstīle to each other; nor was there an hour during which the weight of this mission did not rest personally upon Gregory himself. After having embraced each of them as his brothers in religion, and, while bidding them farewell, declaring he envied them their privilege, he still lingered on these very steps where we stand to-day, and gave them his last blessing as they knelt on the triangular grass plot before us.

8. Are we ready now to enter the court to the old palace of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia, and the monastic home of Saint Gregory the Great? With all these inspiring memories in our hearts, let us crŏss this cōurt of a patrician house of ancient Rome. Let us lift this heavy cûrtaĭn, and stand within the very church still fragrant with the traditions of heroic sanctity. Its nave, supported by sixteen columns of antique granite, stretches before the eye to a solemn length, and on each side of the nave chapels shine out of the tender gloom of the aisle like colored gems. In the first chapel to the right we have, as an altar piece, Saint Silvia, with her young son Gregory at her side, while her eyes are fixed on the vision of a tīārà over the head of her son. The picture is one of exceeding beauty; and the chapel reminds us that in St. Peter's we find Michael Angelo's *Pieta*, the dead Christ on the lap of His Mother, in the same first chapel on the right hand; as if it were the mother's place of honor in the house of her son.

9. Pausing in the chapel of Saint Peter Damian and of Saint Romuald, we pass dirĕctly forward to the chapel of Saint Gregory, in which this aisle ends. But of even greater interest than this chapel is the small room adjoining, which was formerly the cell of Saint Gregory, and ōnly large enough to contain the bed and chair of a Benedictine. In this room we see the stone on which, according to the inscription, he took his short sleep after the labors and vigils of the day and night. Here, too, is the marble chair in which he sat as abbot of the monastery; and so battered and worn with its mōre than twelve hundred years of usefulness as hardly to have the heads of its lions recognized. Exactly opposite this room is the one in which we find the picture of the Blĕssèd Virgin which spoke

to Saint Gregory. It is on the wall of an irregular niche, and sometimes concealed by a curtain; for, if only as a proof of Saint Gregory's devotion to the Mother of God, it is unspeakably precious.

10. Coming out again into the court, a door to the right allows us to enter a garden, in the midst of which stand three chapels in a semicircle. The first of these is the chapel of Saint Silvia. Very near this spot we are certain she lived, while Saint Gregory's infant sports were made in the garden which surrounds it. A statue of Saint Silvia, one of the best modern statues in Rome, stands above the altar, and Guido Reni was called upon to paint its ceiling. The second and largest chapel is that of Saint Andrew, in which Saint Gregory delivered several of his Homilies on the Gospels. Here we find the famous frescoes—one by Domenichi'no, of the scourging of Saint Andrew, and another by Guido Reni, of the same saint welcoming the cross on which he was to be crucified. The third chapel is dedicated to Saint Barbara. In this is preserved the table at which Saint Gregory fed, every day, twelve poor men, serving them himself, and at which, one day, sat an angel with the twelve poor men, so as to make thirteen. The place occupied by the angel is marked by a cross.

11. Over the altar is a noble statue of Saint Gregory, begun by Michael Angelo, and finished, after his death, by Cordieri, who executed also the beautiful statue of the venerable Silvia. The dove of the Holy Spirit is seen at the ear of Gregory, in this statue by Michael Angelo. It was from this chapel that Saint Gregory sent forth Augustine and his forty monks on their mission to England; and is there a spot in Rome which can arouse more profound emotions in any one who claims the English language as his moth'er-tongue? The cradle, indeed, we may call it of English Christianity; and from it we overlook the crumbling remains of that pagan Rome which sought only to subjugate where Gregory would send true freedom. Returning through the blooming garden, we come again into the portico of the court, where two inscriptions tell us how Saint Gregory converted this house from a palace into a monastery, and how he sent forth from it his missionaries to England.

12. And here we stand face to face with the one great fact concerning England and the Benedictines; for to them, under God, she owes Christianity and civilization. And not only England, but we who derive from England our language and the laws which underlie our Republic. When the present Italian government not only took from Monte Cassino her revenues, her bare subsistence, but contemplated the appropriating of Monte Cassino itself to secular use, England, through her parliament, acknowledged this indebtedness to the Benedictine Order. What it could not do officially it did through its individual members, imploring the Italian government not to shame the nineteenth century by usurping to secular or national use Monte Cassino, that fountain-head not only of the Benedictine Order, but, through them, of European civilization.

13. We of America are one of the fairest fruits of this civilization; and we of this great Republic acknowledge with joy and pride our indebtedness to the Rule of Saint Benedict, and therefore to Saint Gregory the Great—Benedictine monk as well as Roman Pontiff.

STARR.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and devoted herself in early life to literary pursuits. In 1854 she was received into the Catholic Church, and since then her pen has been under its inspiration. In 1867 she published a volume of poems. In 1871 appeared her "Patron Saints," with an Introduction bearing on Religious Art. She has also been a contributor to the "Catholic World" and other Church periodicals.

IV.

8. ST. ANTONINO, ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE.

THE story of this good saint is connected in a very in'teresting manner with the history of art. He was born at Florence, of noble parents, about the year 1384. While yet in his childhood, the singular gravity of his demeanor, his dislike to all childish sports, and the enthusiasm and fervor with which he was seen to pray for hours before a crucifix, held in special veneration then, and I believe now, in the Or San Michele—caused his parents to regard him as one specially set apart for the service of God.

2. At the age of fourteen he presented himself at the door of the Dominican convent at Fiesole,[1] and humbly desired to be admitted as a novice. The prior, astonished at the request

[1] **Fiesole** (fy̆ ĕs'o lā).

from one so young, and struck by his dĭmĭnutive person and delicate appearance, deemed him hardly fit to undertake the duties and ąusterities[1] imposed on the order, but would not harshly refuse him. "What hast thou studied, my son?" he asked benignly.[2] The boy replied modestly that he had studied the Humanities[3] and Canon Law.[4] "Well," replied the prior, somewhat incredulous,[5] "return to thy father's house, my son; and when thou hast got by heart the *Libro del Decreto*, return hither, and thou shalt have thy wish;" and so with good words dismissed him, not thinking, perhaps, to see him again.

3. Antonĭno, though not gifted with any extraordinary talents, had an indomitable[6] will, and was not to be frightened by tasks or tests of any kind from a resolution over which he had brooded from infancy. He turned away from the convent, and sought his hōme. At the end of a year he appeared again before the prior: "Reverend father, I have learned the Book of Decrees by heart; will you now admit me?"

4. The good prior, recovering from his astonishment, pụt him to the proof, found that he could repeat the whōle book as if he held it in his hand, and therefore, seeing clearly that it was the will of God that it should be so, he admitted him into the brotherhood, and sent him to Cortona to study during the year of his noviciate.[7] At the end of that period he returned to Fiesole and pronounced his vows, being then sixteen.

5. The remainder of his life showed that his had been a trụe vocation. Lowly, charitable, and studious, he was, above all, remarkable for the gentle but irresistible power he exercised over others, and which arose, not so much from any ide'a entertained of his superior talents and judgment, as from confidence in the simplicity of his pure, unworldly mind, and in his perfect trụth.

[1] **Au stĕr' i ties,** hardships and mortifications, especially those imposed by rụle, or voluntarily undertaken through religious motives.

[2] **Be nīgn'ly,** in a kind manner.

[3] **Hū măn'i ties,** the branches of polite learning, as language, grammar, the classics, poetry, etc.

[4] **Căn'on Law,** the law which relates to the doctrine and discipline of the Church.

[5] **In crĕd'u loŭs,** not easily disposed to believe.

[6] **In dŏm'i ta ble,** not to be curbed.

[7] **No vĭ'ci ate,** the years spent in learning and keeping the rules of a convent before making the vows of a religious.

6. Now, in the same convent at Fiesole where Antonino made his profession, there dwelt a young friar about the same age as himself, whose name was Fra Giovanni,[1] and who was yet more favored by Heaven; for to him, in addition to the virtues of humility, charity, and piety, was vouchsafed the gift of surpassing genius. He was a painter: early in life he had dedicated himself and his beautiful art to the service of God and His most blessèd saints; and, that he might be worthy of his high and holy vocation, he sought to keep himself unspotted from the world, for he was accustomed to say that "those who work for Christ must dwell in Christ."

7. Ever befōre he commenced a picture which was to be consecrated to the honor of God, he prepared himself with fervent prayer and meditation; and then he began, in humble trust that it would be put into his mind what he ought to delineate; and he would never change or deviate from the first idea, for, as he said, "*that* was the will of God," and this he said not in presumption, but in faith and simplicity of heart.

8. So he passed his life in imagining those visions of beatitude which descended on his fancy, sent, indeed, by no fabled Muse, but even by that Spirit "that dŏth prefer before all temples the ŭpright heart and pure;" and sụrely never before or since was earthly material worked up into soul, nor earthly forms refined into spirit, as under the hand of this most pious and most excellent painter.

9. He became sublime by the force of his own goodness and humility. It was as if paradise had opened upon him, a paradise of rest and joy, of purity and love, where no trouble, no guile, no change could enter; and if, as has been said, his celestial creations seem to want power, not the less do we feel that they need it not—that before those ethereal beings power itself would be powerless: such are his angels, resistless in their sŏft serenity; such his virgins, pure from all earthly stain; such his redeemed spirits, gliding into paradise; such his saintèd martyrs and confessors, absorbed in devout rapture. Well has he been named "Il Bēā'to" and "Angelico," whose life was pārticipate[2] with angels even in this world.

10. Now this most excellent and favored Giovanni and the

[1] **Giovanni** (jō vän'nē).

[2] **Par tĭc'i pāte,** shared.

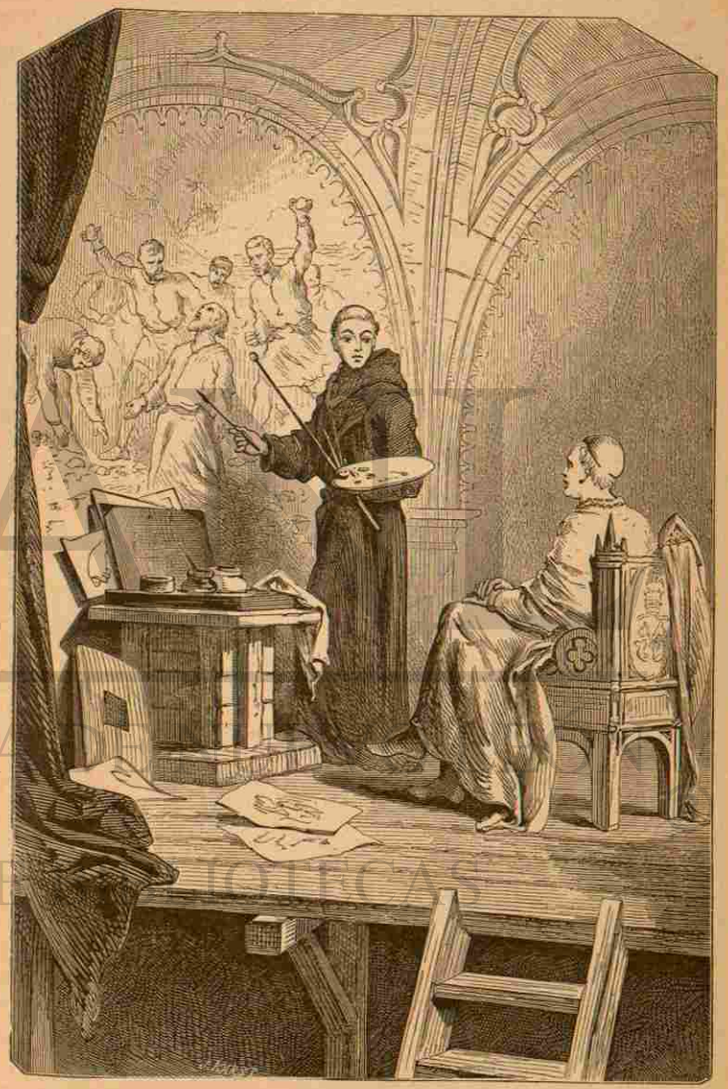
good and gentle-hearted Antonino, dwelling together in their youth, within the nărrōw precincts of their convent, came to know and to love each other well. And no doubt the contemplative and studious mind of Antonino noŭrished with spiritual learning the genius of the painter, while the realization of his own teaching grew up before him in hues and forms more definite than words, and more harmonious than music.

11. When in after years they parted, and Antonino was sent by his superiors to various convents to restore, by his mild influence, relaxed discipline, and Angelico, by the same authŏrity, to various churches and convents at Florence, Cortona, Arezzo, (à rĕt'zo) and Orvĭe'to, to adorn them with his dĭvīne skill—the two friends never forgot each other.

12. Many years pässed away, in which each fulfilled his vocation, walking humbly before God, when at length, the fame of Angelico having gone fŏrth through all Italy, the Pope called him to Rome, to paint for him there a chapel of wondrous beauty, with the pictured actions and sufferings of those two blessèd martyrs, St. Stephen and St. Laurence, whose remains repose together without the walls of Rome ; and while Angelico was at his work, the Pope took plĕasure in looking on, and conversing with him, and was filled with reverence for his pure and holy life, and for his wisdom, which was indeed not of this world.

13. At this period the Archbishop of Flŏrence died, and the Pope was much troubled to fill his place, for the times were perilous, and the Flŏrentĭnes were disaffected to the Church. One day, conversing with Angelico, and more than ever struck with his simplicity, his wisdom, and his goodness, he offered him the dignity of Archbishop ; and great was the surprise of the Holy Father when the painter entreated that he would choose another, being himself addicted to his art, and not fit to guide, or instruct, or govern men ; adding that he knew of one far more worthy than himself, one of his own brotherhood, a man who feared Gŏd and loved the poor; learnèd, discreet, and faithful; and he named the Frâ'te Antoninus, who was then acting at Naples as Vicar-General.

14. When the Pope heard that name, it was as if a sudden light broke through the trouble and darkness of his mind ; he



While ANGELICO was at his work, the POPE took pleasure in looking on, and conversing with him.

wondered that he had not thought of him before, as he was precisely the man best fitted for the ŏffice. Antonino, thĕrefōre, was appointed Archbishop of Florence, to the great joy of the Florentines, for he was their countryman, and already beloved and honored for the sanctity and humility of his life.

15. When raised to his new dignity, Antonino became the model of a wise and good prĕlate, maintaining peace among his people, and distinguished not only by his charity, but his justice and his firmness. He died in 1459 at the age of seventy, having held the dignity of Archbishop thirteen years, and was buried in the Convent of St. Mark. JAMESON.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON was born in Dublin May 19, 1797; died in London March 17, 1860. Her numerous works on art are the most attractive in the English language. Though not a Catholic, Mrs. Jameson pays graceful homage to that faith which has been the inspiration of all that is true and noble in art since the beginning of the Christian era.

SECTION III.

I.

9. WIT AND HUMOR.

I WISH, ăfter all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of bŏth is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit whĕre it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the măster quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess.

2. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer; and in prŏcess of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any pōrtion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extin-

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guished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling.

3. It must be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ide'as that are useful, and have a reäl influence upon life, but to discover the mŏre trifling relations which are ōnly amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world thrŏugh a Claude Lorraine glass—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as vĕry amiable, very respectable, or very safe.

4. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallōwed up all other qualities, judges aright; but I doubt if it is sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majŏrity will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the ōnly eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strŏng evidence of a fĕrtile and superior understanding.

5. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous. Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous—every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nŏthing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined.

6. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strŏng principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something much better than witty— who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no mŏre in'teresting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and câre and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of plĕasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief.

7. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates thrŏugh the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined fŏrce of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Gĕnŭine and innocent wit like this is surely the flăvor of the mind! Man could dĭrĕct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless fōod; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and läughter, and per'fumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the bûrning märl."[1]

SMITH.

SIDNEY SMITH, an English author, born at Woodford, Essex county, June 3, 1771; died at London Feb. 22, 1845. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review in connection with Murray, Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, and others. In 1806 he entered Parliament, and, although a Protestant, was unremitting in his efforts to bring about Catholic emancipation, a cause aided greatly by his "Peter Plymley" letters. His writings are remarkable for good sense, keen wit, and pleasant humor.

[1] **Marl,** an earthy compound of carbonate of lime, clay, and flinty sand in very variable proportions; the allusion here is to the lines in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which describe Satan, walking "with uneasy steps on the burning marl" of the lake of fire.

II.

10. PORTRAIT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

THE renowned Wouter, or Walter, Van Twiller was descended from a lŏng line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam,[1] and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never ēither hēard or talked of, which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all.

2. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to läugh, or even to smile, through the whŏle cōurse of a lŏng and prosperous life. Nay; if a joke were uttered in his presence that set light-minded hearers in a rōar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity.

3. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim: "Well! I see nŏthing in all that to laugh about!"

4. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary,[2] as a mŏdĕl of majestic and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a per-

[1] **Rŏt'ter dam**, a seaport town in Holland. [2] **Stät'u a ry**, a sculptor.

fect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; whĕrefōre she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders.

5. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but stûrdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids.[1] His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse unfŭrrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

6. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was ēither elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least hälf a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING, who has delighted the readers of the English language for more than half a century, was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of April, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while he was quite young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, some of whom have gained considerable reputation for acquirements and literature. His first essays were a series

[1] **Skĭds**, pieces of wood used as supports, on which something is rolled or caused to move.

of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent., published in the Morning Chronicle, of which one of his brothers was editor, in 1802. In 1806, after his return from a European tour, he joined Mr. Spaulding in writing "Salmagundi," a whimsical miscellany, which captivated the town and decided the fortunes of its authors. Soon after, he produced "The History of New York, by Diedrick Knickerbocker," the most original and humorous work of the age. After the appearance of this work, he wrote but little for several years, having engaged with his brothers in foreign commerce; but, fortunately for American literature, while in England, in 1815, a reverse of fortune changed the whole tenor of his life, causing him to resort to literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, for solace and support. The first fruit of this change was the "Sketch Book," which was published in New York and London in 1819 and 1820, and which met a success never before received by a book of unconnected tales and essays. Mr. Irving subsequently published "Bracebridge Hall," the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," etc., etc. He received one of the gold medals of fifty guineas in value, provided by George the Fourth, for eminence in historical composition. In 1832, after an absence of 17 years, he returned to the United States. His admirable "Life of Washington" is his last literary production. He died Nov. 28, 1859. His style has the ease and purity, and more than the grace and polish of Franklin. His carefully selected words, his variously constructed periods, his remarkable elegance, sustained sweetness, and distinct and delicate painting, place him in the very front rank of the masters of our language.

III.

11. THE PROUD MISS MAC BRIDE.

[*A Legend of Gotham.*]

OH terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride!
The vĕry personification of Pride,
As she minced alŏng in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the gōlden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in every sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting.

2. Oh terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride!
Proud of her beauty and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside
That would n't have bŏrne dissection;
Proud of her wit and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk"
On a very slight inspection:
It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;

In sooth, her dull, auricular[1] drum
Could find in "humble" ōnly a "hum,"
And hĕard no sound of "gentle" come
In talking about gentility.

3. What "lowly" meant she did n't know,
For she always avoided "every thing low"
With care the most punctilious;[2]
And queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious.[3]

4. And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride,
Although it had fifty hobbies[4] to ride,
Had reălly no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stōries that often arise
And grow till they reach a fourth-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

5. Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion;
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

6. Of all the nōtable things on earth,
The queerest one is the pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie"!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers,—
A thing for lăughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is Amĕrican aristocracy!

7. English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Dānish,

[1] **Au rĭc′ u lar**, relating to the ear or sense of hearing.

[2] **Punc tĭl′ ioŭs**, exactness in forms of ceremony or behavior.

[3] **Su per cĭl′ i oŭs**, lofty with pride; haughty.

[4] **Hŏb′bies**, favorite objects eagerly pursued.

Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration![1]
So sŭbtīle[2] a tangle of blood, indeed,
No modern Harvey[3] will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

8. But Miss Mac Bride had something beside
Her lofty birth to noūrish her pride,
For rich was the old paternal Mac Bride,
According to public rumor;
And he lived "up town" in a splendid squâre,
And he kept his daughter on dainty fâre,
And gave her gems that were rich and râre,
And the finest rings and things to weâr,
And feathers enough to plume her!

9. But alàs! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial[4] shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,[5]
And madly rush upon Wall street[6] rocks,
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever attempt the bulls and bears[7]
Of Mammon's[8] fierce Zoölogy![9]

10. Old John Mac Bride one fatal day
Became the unresisting prey
Of Fortune's undertakers;
And staking his all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

[1] **Con glŏm′ e rā′ tion**, a collection; an accumulation.

[2] **Sŭb′tīle**, delicate; fine; rare.

[3] **William Harvey**, an English physician, born April 1, 1578; died June 3, 1657. He discovered the circulation of the blood.

[4] **Fī năn′cial**, relating to money.

[5] **Stŏcks**, property consisting of shares in joint-stock companies.

[6] **Wall Street**, a street in New York where stocks are sold.

[7] **Bulls and Bears**, those who operate in conjunction with others to raise or lower the price of stocks.

[8] **Măm′mon**, the god of riches.

[9] **Zo ŏl′o ġy**, that part of natural history which treats of animals.

11. At his trade again, in the vĕry shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He followed his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound by night
As when at Fortune's giddy height
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling!

12. But alas for the haughty Miss Mac Bride!
'Twas such a shock for her precious pride!
She could n't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town" to a nōōk "up stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley!

13. 'Twas little condolence she had, Gŏd wot,[1]
From her troops of friends, who had n't forgot
The airs she used to bŏrrōw;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sŏrrōw!

14. They owned it could n't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse;
To expect a reversion and get a "reverse"
Was truly a dismal feature;
But it was n't strange—they whispered—at all;
That the Summer of pride should have its Fall,
Was quite according to Nature!

15. And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;
He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough "for two,"
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!

[1] **Wŏt**, the imperfect tense of the obsolete English verb *to weet*, signifying to know.

16. And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride,
The merest ghost of her early pride,
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich,
Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation! SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, born at Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He is a fluent writer of verses which, without possessing any qualities which would justly entitle their author to a high rank among the minor poets, have yet won him a wide circle of admiring readers. His first collection of humorous and serio-comic verse was published in 1849, and has since passed through forty editions.

IV.

12. THE MAN AND THE GARDEN.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it happens that a man has secured unto himself, to have and to hold by lease for a certain term of years, such a house as his wife declares to be the summit of her ambition, it becomes necessary for him to dig in the garden thereof, which has probably been neglected for years. It suddenly occurs to him that his habits have long been too sedentary, and that his health needs that rejuvenescence[1] which comes only to the hardy son of toil who delves in the ground and breathes the fresh, open air of heaven. He therefore purchases a spade, a rake, and a hoe, and proceeds to the rear of his dwelling, gazed upon by the admiring eyes of his small children three, who, never having seen him in

[1] Re jū've nĕs'cence, renewal of youth.

similar plight before, wonder what this new and strange move of his may mean.

2. His wife enters heartily into his scheme, but he detects a covert smile hovering around her lips when his rake catches in the clothes-line by reason of the sudden and unexpected yielding of a snag; and then he is not happy, for it is very provoking to have one's wife doubt his efficiency in whatever he may undertake to do. After he has dug for fifteen minutes, he is snappish, and so testy that he must not be spoken to, much less smiled upon, by any one—not even by her whom he has promised to love, honor, and protect. She had better go into the house and stay there; he doesn't want her around; she annoys him and is only in the way.

3. It is wonderful where all the stones in the ground come from. Boldly inserting the blade of the spade in the earth, the amateur gardener thinks to thrust it down deep among the roots of things, but midway it strikes a stone and grinds along it with a squawk that sets the teeth of his rake on edge; and after two or three such occurrences, the unhappy man thinks of asking his wife on the whole it wouldn't be better to hire some sickly friend in need of exercise, and let him recuperate through manly toil, expand his chest, and build up the muscles of his poor emaciated arms. But he knows how easily his helpmeet will see through the sham. Then his pride nerves him; he sets to work again, and soon is perspiring freely and indulging in wild speculations concerning the man who held the house last year and planted a cart-load of paving-stones in his patch, for some purpose or purposes to the present tenant unknown and unimaginable.

4. At about this time the children had better go indoors; they are simply nuisances, and their mother ought to know enough to keep them in the house when people are working. And he tells them so quite plainly. Their curiosity is more than a match for their filial piety, and they remain until, as the father endeavors to pull a huge boulder from under the grapevine, his hands slip and he keels over backwards into the neighboring black-raspberry bush, whose thorns have long been aching to get at him. Then the air resounds with the laughter of his babes—he loves it, he loves it, the laugh, the laugh of a

child. The mother rushes to the window to see what is up, and when the fallen man rises, it is but to see her holding her sides and railing at him with the best nature in the world. Then, like chickens from before the bēak of the hawk, the children scamper into the house, and it is very good for their skins that they do so.

5. After a day or two of vigorous labor, which has certainly been productive of a handsome crop of aches in the lumbar region, the garden is passably free from stones, and the householder ceases to surmise that where he now stands there once rose a stately city, or a towering căs'le constructed mainly of rubble walls. The thought has crossed his mind at times that he is to be a second Schliemann [1] or Curtius,[2] destined to prove that the night of antiquity was not without tomato-cans, brickbats, hoop-skirts, and all the appliances of the civilization of the vacant lot; but his dream of fame like this is o'er. He now thinks that he is to be known to posterity as a great naturalist and the author of the most startling discoveries concerning the nature of plants.

6. Mr. Darwin has a certain reputation as an observer of flōrà, and his work on the "Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication" is not without merit; but he shows very little acquaintance with the true nature of the roots of plants, and especially of weeds. Had he devoted more time to sterling endeavors to tear up a parsnip by the roots, and less to the discussion of the dimorphous and trimorphous states of primula, he would now know more than he seems to about botany. To the digging man a whole world of knowledge is opened, of which the theoretical man little dreams.

7. For instance, it is asserted on good authŏrity that Mr. Darwin holds that weeds stand immediately over their roots. This is an error. The roots of any particular weed are either in the other corner of the yard or way round the house under

[1] **Heinrich Schliemann**, a German traveler, born at Kalkhorst, in Mecklenberg-Schwerin, in 1822. He has made excavations on the sites of ancient Troy and My-ce'næ, and is believed to have unearthed important relics of Agamemnon and other heroes of the siege of Troy.

[2] **Ernst Curtius**, a German archæologist and historian, born in Lubeck, September 2, 1814. He is the author of a history of Greece, and of a work on the history and topography of Asia Minor.

the front doorsteps; and, what is a still more remarkable fact, various kinds of weeds grow from the same radix: stramonium, tansy, milkweed, pigweed, and burdock are found by the man who digs his own garden, all growing from the same root, which, should it be lifted bodily from the earth and dried, would form an excellent matting for the drawing-room. Hair grows in large quantities about the radices of all plants in a deserted garden, as may be shown by examination of the teeth of the rake used in making the investigation. We believe that this remarkable fact has not hitherto been observed, or, if observed, has not been recorded by any naturalist of repute, and the neglect is probably due to that unmanly fear of ridicule which is but too distinguishing a characteristic of even the best of the observers of nature.

8. In the course of six weeks the householder has cleared his patch of ground, and where once weeds grew rank, flowers now wave in air, and crisp lettuce prepares itself for the salad-dish. At this period the front gate is left open some fine night, and the goats that have long had their eyes on the progress of events, and made daily excursions to look between the bars of the fence, take advantage of the situation, gambol playfully in among the beds of flowers, eat the lettuce, nibble all the buds and tender leaves of the rose-bushes, play at tag, roll about, butt each other into the rhododendrons, and then scamper out again by the light of the moon. When morning dawns, the Recording Angel turns away his face from before the gusts of objurgation [1] that ascend from the ruined garden, and when next spring comes some new tenant goes through the same experience on the same spot; and so the world rolls on as gardens rise and vanish like bubbles on the ocean.

V.

13. A CHINESE STORY.

NONE are so wise as they who make pretence
To know what fate conceals from mortal sense.
This mŏral from a tale of Ho-hang-ho
Might have been drawn a thousand years ago,

[1] **Ob jur gā'tion**, reproof: reprehension.

When men were left to their unaided senses
Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses.

2. Two young, short-sighted fellōws, Chang and Ching,
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best;
At last they agreed to put it to the test.
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it (since you boast your optics so),
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The pālm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

3. "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go
To-morrow a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho,
And shan't be ready till the following day:
At ten A. M. on Thursday, let us say."

4. So 'twas arranged; but Ching was wide awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once, and read
Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same; but peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—
The words, "This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

5. So on the appointed day—both innocent
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;

"I see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

6. "My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see any thing,
As clear as daylight."—"Potent eyes, indeed,
You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I can not read?"
"Not at this distance as I can," Ching said,
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

7. In fine, they quarreled, and their wräth increased,
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;
Lo, here he comes to meet us."—"It is well,"
Said honest Ching; "no falsehood *he* will tell."

8. The good man hēard their artless stōry through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:
There's no such tablet or inscription there!
There *was* one, it is true; 'twas moved away,
And placed *within* the temple yĕsterday."

C. P. Cranch.

SECTION IV.

I.

14. THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

1.

TO fight the battle of the Crŏss, Christ's chosen ones are sent—
Good soldiers and great victors—a noble armament.
They use no earthly wĕapon, they know not spear nor swōrd,
Yet right, and true, and valiant, is the Army of the Lord.

2.

Fear them, ye mighty ones of earth; fear them, ye demon foes;
Slay them, and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close:
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try;
They fight the better for their wounds, and conquer when they die.

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Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses.

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Slay them, and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close:
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try;
They fight the better for their wounds, and conquer when they die.

3.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain;
They would bind each rebel heart in their Master's golden chain:
Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear
Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it Love and Prayer.

4.

Where the savage hordes are dwelling by the Ganges'[1] sacred tide,
Through the trackless Indian fŏrests, St. Francis[2] is their guide;
Where crime and sin are raging, to conquer they are gŏne;—
They do conquer as they go, for St. Philip[3] leads them on.

5.

They are come where all are kneeling at the shrines of wealth and pride,
And an old and martyred Bishop is their cŏmrāde and their guide:
To tell the toil-worn negro of freedom and repose,
O'er the vast Atlantic's bosom they are called by sweet St. Rose.[4]

6.

They are gone where Love is frozen, and Faith grows cälm and cold,
Where the world is all triumphant, and the sheep have left the fold,
Where His children scorn His blessings and His sacred shrines despise—
And the bēacon of the warriors is the light in Mary's eyes.

7.

The bugle for their battle is the matin bell for prâyer;
And for their noble standard Christ's holy Cross they beâr;
His sacred name their war-cry, 'tis in vain what ye can do,
They *must* conquer, for your Angels[5] are leaguing with them too.

8.

Would you know, O World, these warriors? Go where the poor, the old,
Ask for pardon and for Heaven, and you offer food and gold;
With healing and with comfort, with words of praise and prayer,
Bearing His greatest gift to man—Christ's chosen priests are there.

9.

Where sin and crime are dwelling, hid from the light of day,
And life and hope are fading, at death's cold touch, away,

[1] **Gan'ges**, the principal river of Hindostan, universally regarded as sacred by the idolatrous Hindoos.

[2] **St. Francis**, founder of the order of Franciscans, born in Assisi, Italy, 1182; died 1226. His feast is celebrated on October 4.

[3] **St. Philip Neri**, founder of the Priests of the Oratory, born at Florence, 1515; died 1595. His feast is celebrated May 26.

[4] **St. Rose** of Lima (lē'mā), South America. Feast, August 30.

[5] **Angels** (ān'jelz), the Guardian Angels appointed by God to watch over individuals and nations.

Where dying eyes in horror see the long-forgotten past,
Christ's servants claim the sinner and gain his soul at last.

10.

Where the rich and proud and mighty God's message would defy,
In warning and reproof His anointed ones stand by:
Bright are the crowns of glōry God keepèth for His own,
Their life one sigh for Heaven, and their aim His will alone.

11.

And see sweet Mercy's sister,[1] where the poor and wretched dwell,
In gentle accents telling of Him she loves so well;
Training young hearts to serve their Lord, and place their hope in Heaven,
Bidding her ĕrring sisters love much and be forgiven.

12.

And where in cloistered silence dim the brides of Jesus dwell,
Where purest incense rises up from every lowly cell,
They plead not vainly—they have chosen and gained the better part,
And given their gentle life away to Him who has their heart.

13.

And some there are among us—the päth which they have trod,
Of sin and pain and anguish, has led at last to God:
They plead, and Christ will hear them, that the poor slaves who still pine
In the bleak dungeon they have left, may see His truth dĭvine.

14.

Oh, who can tell how many hearts are altars to His praise,
From which the silent prayer ascends through patient nights and days?
The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone,
O World, ye do not know them, but He can help His own.

15.

They are with us, His true soldiers, they come in power and might,
Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the heavenly fight;
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their rest and glory share,
As the rich spoils of their battle and the captives of their prayer.

16.

Oh, who shall tell the wonder of that great day of rest,
When even in this day of strife His soldiers are so blest?
O World, O Earth, why strive ye? Join the low chant they sing—
"O Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting!"

PROCTER.

[1] **Sis'ter**, Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER was born in London, October 30, 1825, and died there, February 2, 1864. She was the daughter of another poet, Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall. Her first volume, "Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse," was published in 1858, and a second in 1860. After her death, both were reprinted in one volume, with additional poems, and a preface by Charles Dickens. Miss Procter was a convert to the Catholic faith.

II.

15. A CHRISTIAN HERO.

THE life of St. Francis Xavier,[1] if he had been the ōnly Christian of his form and stature since the last of the Apŏstles died, would suffice to prove the truth of Gŏd and of the Catholic Church. Nōne but God could have created, none but the Church could have used, such an instrument. The world and the sects confess, with mingled anger and fear, that he is not of them. Doctor, prophet, and apostle—what gift which one of our race can receive or use was denied to this man? Whilst he was in the world, few understood, perhaps none fully, what he reälly was. It was ōnly by the solemn juridical[2] prŏcess which preceded his canonization, and in which evidence was adduced on oath such as would have more than satisfied the most jealous and exacting tribunal which ever sifted human testimony, that some of the facts of his stupendous career were revealed to his fellow creatures.

2. To converse at the same moment with persons of various nations and dialects,[3] so that each thought he heard him speak his own tongue; to satisfy by one reply subtle and opposite questions, so that each confessed he had received the solution of his own difficulty in the words which answered every other; to heal the sick, to raise the dead, to bid the waves be still, so that the very Gentiles[4] called him in their rude language, "the God of nature"; such were some of the gifts of this great apostle. Yet this was not his reäl greatness. It was his humility, charity, spotless virtue, and intimate union with God

St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies and Japan, born in Navarre, April 7, 1506; died in the island of Sau Chau, near Macao, China, December 2, 1552. His feast is celebrated on December 3.

[2] **Ju rĭd'ic al,** used in courts of law or tribunals of justice.

[3] **Dĭ'a lects,** local varieties of a common language.

[4] **Gĕn'tiles,** all peoples which are nēither Jew nor Christian.

which marked him as a saint. To work mĭracles was no necessary part of his character or ŏffice. Yet this lower gift was also added, for the advantage of others, to those which had already made him the friend and disciple of Jesus.

3. To such as possess the gift of faith, by which alone Dĭvīne things are apprehended, the life of Xavier is as a book written by the hand of God, yet without a single mystery. It is intelligible even to a child. Admiration it may excite—love, joy, and gratitude—everything but surprise. The Church has begotten, since her espousals with Christ, a thousand such. If she could cease to produce saints, she would cease to be. But that hour will ōnly arrive when the number is full and her work ended.

4. To all others St. Francis is, of cōurse, "a stone of offence." They dare not deny his virtues, but they are peevish and irritated at the mention of his miracles. Why spoil the fair narrative of his life with these idle fables? Such deeds take him out of their cognizance,[1] and affront their good sense; so they affect to defend him from the injudicious language of his friends. He was a good and devoted man, but let us hear nŏthing of maladies healed and graves opened. We are in the nineteenth century. Miracles were tolerable in the first ages; but these are now a long way ŏff, and so is God. He must not be brought too near us. He is in heaven, and we on earth; why seek to diminish the distance between us?

5. Trŭe, He promised that His servants should do such things, and they did them; it can not be denied, at least not openly, since it is written in the Scriptures. Even the "shadōw" of an apostle falling on the sick is said to have dispelled their infirmities; and though it is a hard saying, and takes no account of the "laws of nature," and is dirĕctly reproved by modern science, it must be believed, whatever ĕffŏrt it may cost. But surely there are enough of such things in the Bible. Why add to them? Why should our Lord create apŏstles now? They are dead and buried, and have left no successors; it is irrătional to pretend to revive them. And so these critics cut the life of St. Francis in two; accept that which is natural, and

[1] **Cognizance** (kŏn'i zans), knowledge; recognition

fling away that which is supernatural. His vĭrtues they pardon, not without a struggle; but they can go no further. Like Pilate, they fear to condemn, but can not resolve to acquit.

6. But they have a special motive for denying his supernatural powers, and they do not conceal it. They are so far, indeed, from understanding the character of a saint, that they do not even believe in the existence of one. Why should the Almighty have made any thing higher than themselves? "A good man," as they speak, who is of a benevolent mind, gives ălms, says his prayers, and reads the Scriptures—this is the lŏftiest type of humanity which they are able to conceive. All beyond this is visionary and chimerical.[1] Such a man as St. Francis is as whŏlly unknown to them as he is to the inanimate creatures—the unshapen rocks, the rushing wạters, and the waving trees. But they perfectly comprehend that if they admit his mĭracles, they must confess his doctrine.

7. That St. Francis Xavier had the gift of miracles is as certain as any thing which depends on human testimony and the evidence of the senses. By his power with God was accomplished, again and again, that which St. Paul relates of others, by whose faith, he says, "women received their dead raised to life again." One whom he raised from the dead, Francis Ciavos, afterward entered the Society of Jesus. But it is with his ordinary work as an apostle, which in trụth was the greatest of his miracles, that we are especially concerned. What he did in Indĭă and Japan there is no need to relate at large, for who is ignorant of it? He did what man never did, or could do, except by the indwelling might of God.

8. St. Francis has described, in many places, his method of preaching and instruction. As far as words can exhĭbit that which passes words, it was simple enough. It was always by the Creed and the Commândments—that which was to be believed and that which was to be done—that he commenced: and these he expounded with extraôrdinary care, repeating his lessons, whenever cir'cumstances allowed, "twice a day for a whŏle month." And we know what abundant frụits follŏwed his persuasive teaching, so that his bĭŏgraphers say: "It would be difficult to give an ide'a of the harvest of souls, or of the works

[1] **Chĭ mĕr'ic al,** merely imaginary; fantastic.

worthy of an infant church in its first fervor, which here attended our holy apostle. He himself, in a letter to St. Ignatius, owns that he has not words to describe them; but says that frequently the multitudes who flocked to him for baptism were so numerous, that he was unable to go on raising his arm to make the Sign of the Cross in the administration of the săcrament, and that his voice literally became extinct, from the incessant repetition of the Creed, the Commandments, and a certain brief admonition of the duties of the Christian life, the bliss of heaven, the pains of hell, and what good or evil deeds lead to one or the other."

9. A few words will suffice about the actual results of his lăbors. When the saint entered the kingdom of Travancore, he found it entirely idolatrous; but when he left it after a few months' reṣidence, it was entirely Christian. Along the cōast he founded no fewer than forty-five churches. And as the labors of the first apostles were "confirmed by signs following," so innumerable miracles attested the continual presence of the Holy Ghost with this man of God. Even children, armed with some object which had touched his person, his cross, or his rosary, were able to cast out devils and heal the sick, and were often employed by him for such purposes, when his own occupations left him no lēisure to accept the invitations which pressed upon him from all parts. At Malacca, a mother whose child had been three days in the grave, came to him in faith, and deṣired that the lost one might be restōred; for, said she, "God grants all things to your prayers."—"Go," he replied, "and open the tomb; you will find her alive." And thereupon, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators, who had assembled to witness the miracle, for his power was known, the stone was removed, the grave opened, and the young girl was found alive.

10. In the island of Moro, he converted the whole city of Tolo, containing twenty-five thousand souls; and left at his death no fewer than twenty-nine towns, villages, and hamlets added to the kingdom of Christ, and subject to His law. By the year 1548, more than two hundred thousand Christians might be numbered along the two coasts starting from Cape Cŏmorin; and they afterward gave full evidence of their virtue by the coŭrage with which they encountered the persecutions

raised against them by the Gentiles, when, far from denying their faith, all, even mere children, readily presented their necks to the executioners.

11. But we need not pursue further the details of his history. Since the days of St. Paul, no greater missionary, perhaps, has appeared on earth. Like St. Paul, too, he prevailed because he was firmly knit to Peter and to his Holy See. It was in the might of her blessing that he went fōrth, and without it he would have been ōnly a visionary and a fanăt'ic—perhaps an hĕresiarch [1]—at best a brilliant but unprofitable r*h*ĕtorĭcian.

12. That St. Francis was a man taught of God, and full of the Holy Ghost—that he was most dear to the sacred Heart of Jesus—that the Catholic faith which he believed and delivered to others was the true and perfect revelation of the Most High—and that in the regions which he evangelized he did an apŏs'le's work and obtained an apostle's reward; these are truths which none would even have doubted, unless ignorance had blinded their judgment, or sin obscured it, or pride and passion had supplied a motive for denying what the Gentiles themselves, less blind and perverse, and moved by better and purer instincts, were constrained to admit and proclaim. MARSHALL.

T. W. M. MARSHALL, born in England, in 1815; died in Surbiton, Surrey, Dec. 14, 1877. He was educated at Cambridge University, and became a Protestant clergyman. After his conversion to the Catholic faith, he employed all the powers of a brilliant and well-cultivated intellect in the defence of its doctrines and the celebration of its glories. Best known by his great work on "Christian Missions," his lesser productions, "My Clerical Friends" and "Church Defence," and his thought-provoking essays on "Protestant Journalism," deserve the rank of minor works only when they are compared with that. In his peculiar line of armed defence and ready attack, no polemical writer of our day surpassed him.

III.

16. LINES ON A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA. [2]

HOW can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
Wear yet so deep a călm? O child of sŏng!
Is not the music land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty thrŏng?

[1] **Hĕr'e si arch,** the leader or chief of a heretical sect.

[2] **St. Cecilia,** the patroness of music, a Roman virgin of noble birth, who suffered martyrdom in the latter part of the second century, or the first of the third. Her feast is celebrated on November 22.

Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies;
Bright guests! even such as left of yore their dwelling
For the deep cedar shades of paradise!

2. Hath it not sounds from voices lŏng departed?
Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear?
Low häunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear?

3. No, not to thee! Thy spirit, meek, yet queenly,
On its own starry height, beyŏnd all this,
Floating triumphantly, and yet serenely,
Breathes no faint undertone through songs of bliss.

4. Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies;
Bright guests! even such as left of yōre their dwelling
For the deep cedar shades of paradise!

5. What strain? Oh, not the nightingale's when, showering
Her own heart's lifedrops on the burning lay,
She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
And pōurs her strength, but not her grief away;

6. And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely billōws,
He wakes the Al′pine notes his mother sung,
Or blends them with the sigh of alien willōws,
Where, mûrmuring to the winds, his harp is hung;

7. And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,
And sweet his "*Ave*" song, when day grows dim,
Yet as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

8. But thou!—the spirit which at eve is filling
All the hushed air and reverential sky—
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling—
This is the soul of thy rich harmony.

9. This bears up high those breathings of devotion
Wherein the cŭrrents of thy heart gush free;
Thĕrefore no world of sad and vain emotion
Is the dream-haunted music land for *thee*. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793. Her poetical gifts began to manifest themselves at an extremely early period, a volume of her poems having been published before she had attained her fifteenth year. It met with an unfavorable reception from the critics, and she did not again venture into the literary field until some years after her marriage with Captain Hemans, which took place in 1812. In 1816, her poems on Modern Greece and the Restoration of Art in Italy were published, and her reputation was at once established. Her poetry is marked by exceeding refinement, an easy flow of picturesque language, deep feeling, and varied culture. She died near Dublin, May 16, 1835.

SECTION V.

I.

17. THE SKY.

IT is a strange thing how little in gĕnèral people know about the sky. It is the part of creätion in which nature has dŏne mōre for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evidĕnt pûrpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some mōre material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not ănswered by ĕvèry part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three dāys, or thêreabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud wĕre brought up over the blue, and every thing well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And instead of this, thêre is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene ăfter scene, picture after picture, glōry after glory, and working still upon such ĕxquisite and constant principles of the mōst pērfect beauty, that it is quite cērtain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual plĕasure. And ĕvèry man, wherever placed, however far from other sōurces of ĭnterèst or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblèst scenes of the ĕarth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor gōod, for human nature's daily fōod;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its drŏss and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almōst human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tĕndernèss, almost dĭvīne in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us,

is as distinct, as its ministry of chăstisemènt[1] or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

5. And yĕt we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us mōre clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, ōnly as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

6. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity,[2] we turn to the sky as a last resōurce, which of its phenomena[3] do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whōle chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horĭzon[4] at noon yesterday? Who saw the nărrōw sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered ăwāy in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

7. All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy[5] be ever shaken ŏff, even for an instant, it is ōnly by what is grōss, or what is extraordinary;[6] and yĕt it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highèst characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.

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[1] **Chastisement** (chăs′ tĭz ment), pain inflicted for punishment and correction.

[2] **In si pĭd′ i tў**, want of taste, spirit, or animation.

[3] **Phe nŏm′ e na**, appearances; those things which, in matter or spirit, are apparent to, or apprehended by observation.

[4] **Ho rĭ′ zon**, the circle which bounds that part of the earth's surface which may be seen by a person from a given place; the place where the earth and sky seem, to the beholder, to meet.

[5] **Ap′ a thў**, want, or a low degree, of feeling; calmness of mind incapable of being ruffled by pleasure, pain, or passion.

[6] **Extraordinary** (ĕks trạr′ dĭ nā rĭ), out of the common course; more than common.

8. They are but the blunt and low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the călm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yĕt vary etĕrnally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

9. It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearnèss of the heavens Gŏd means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He dŏth set His bōw in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of ĕvĕry drooping swath of rain, His promises of everlasting love.

10. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun;" whose burning ball, which without the firmamènt would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blacknèss of vacuity,[1] is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mĕdiatōrial[2] ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable[3] light is dīvīdèd, and its separated fiercenèss appeased into the sŏft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring.

11. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, Gŏd would seem to set fŏrth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creätor of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we can not behold Him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling place.

[1] **Va cū′ i tў**, space unfilled or unoccupied; emptiness; void.

[2] **Mē′ di a tō′ ri al**, belonging to a mediator, or one who interposes between parties at variance to reconcile them.

[3] **Im plā′ ca ble**, not to be appeased or pacified; relentless.

12. "Swear not, nēither by heaven, for it is Gŏd's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horī′zon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glōries of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distĭnctnèss, and dearnèss of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, an English author, was born in London in February, 1819. He was graduated in 1842 at Christchurch College, Oxford, having gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. He has devoted much time to the study of art, including painting and architecture. His first volume of "Modern Painters" was published in 1843; his second, treating "Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties," in 1846; and his fifth and last volume of the series in 1860. He has published many works, including lectures, and contributions to periodicals, on drawing, architecture, painting, etc. He is noted for the rhetorical brilliancy of his style, the eloquence of his descriptive passages, and his positive though sometimes paradoxical views. Among his more recent publications are "Sesame and Lilies," in 1864; "The Crown of Wild Olive," and "The Ethics of the Dust," in 1866; and "Queen of the Air," in 1869.

II.

18. THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,

It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine[1] sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering ō'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which ōnly the ăngels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,

[1] **Sanguine** (săng' gwin), having the color of blood; red; warm.

Till the călm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a tŏrrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a rōōf,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hŭrricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bōw;
The sphere-fire above its sŏft colors wove,
While the moist earth was läughing belōw.

6. I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pōres of the ocean and shōres;
I change, but I can not die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently läugh at my own cenotaph,[1]
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again. SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet of great genius, was born in Sussex county, England, in 1792. Brought up in ignorance of the true Church, his mind early rejected the incongruities which were presented to him as the Christian faith, and he fell into an absolute unbelief, which has thoroughly vitiated many of his poems. There are others, however, which will always retain their place in literature, as among the most beautiful productions of English genius. After a brief and unhappy life, Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, in July, 1822.

[1] **Cĕn' o taph**, an empty tomb erected in honor of some deceased person; a monument erected to one who is buried elsewhere.

III.

19. NATURE THE HANDMAID OF FAITH.

NATURE'S VOICE is so clear and powerful that even Socrates,[1] after all his arguments to prove the superiority of the city to the country, was no sooner seated peaceably in the cool shade of the plane-tree, on the banks of the Ilissus,[2] than he confessed that he felt the sweet influence of that retreat. "O, dear Phædrus!" he exclaims; "do I seem to you, as to myself, to be experiencing a divine impression?" And his companion replies, "Truly, O Socrates, contrary to custom, a certain flow of eloquence seems to have borne you away." And he resumes, "Hear me, then, in silence: for in fact this place seems to be divine."

2. This loving familiarity with nature was inseparable from men in whose hearts resided so deep a tone of the eternal melodies; but so also was the conviction that experience had given to St. Augustine, that it was not nature alone, or the beauties and delights of earth, that could ever satisfy the soul of man: that which it seeks is the true and supreme joy which, as St. Bernard says, "is derived not from the creature, but from the Creator, which, when received, no one can take from it—to which, in comparison, all gladness is affliction; all tranquillity, pain; all sweetness, bitterness; all that can delight, vexation."

3. The pretended revelations of nature, independent of that tradition by which society exists, are but the empty boasts of a vain philosophy. Left in the presence of nature alone, uninformed and unsanctified, man degenerates rapidly into a savage state. Without religious worship, which is the realizing of the abstract ide'a of the divinity, that idea would soon be effaced from his thoughts; and, as Lord Bacon says, "No light of nature extendeth to declare the will and true worship of God." However conducive to the physical enjoyments of man, experience shows that a life in the country, without the constant resources of the Catholic religion and its rites, becomes in

[1] **Sŏc'ra tēs**, the most celebrated of the Grecian philosophers, born near Athens, between 471 and 469 B.C.; poisoned himself there, by order of his fellow-citizens, in 399.

[2] **Il ĭss'us**, a river near Athens.

the end completely a pagan life, natural in its motives as well as in its pursuits and pleasures.

4. Without an altar, not the shade of the lŏfty groves, not the soft meadows, not the streams descending from the rocks, and, clearer than crystal, winding through the plain, can sanctify the soul of man. Left in the presence of nature alone, it faints and becomes like earth without the dew of heaven; it is oppressed by the contemplation of that vast immensity; it loses its tranquillity and its joy. Man in himself can find no rest or peace: and how should he find repose in the works of nature, when these are themselves forever restless? The fire mounts in a perpetual course, always flickering and impatient; the air is agitated with conflicting winds, and susceptible[1] of the least impulse; the water hurries on and knows no peace; and even this ponderous and solid earth, with its rocks and mountains, endures an unceasing progress of degradation,[2] and is ever on the change.

5. Besides, how should spirits of human kind find content in nature when, as the Stăg'irīte[3] proclaims, "Nature is in most things only the slave of man"? Only in his Creator has the creature present rest, and in the pledge of grace, revealed supernaturally from on high, has he eternal peace, immortal felicity. We must leave the laurels, and the fountains, and the swans, and all the harmonies which resound along the margins of rivers, and we must enter the streets with the multitude, in quest of that temple of peace where the Lamb of God is offered up for sinners.

6. Abandoned to nature, the man who is endowed with a delicate and sentimental soul is found to breathe only the vague desires of the modern poet, whose ideal may be seen in that Burns,[4] of whom we read that "he has no religion; his heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no tem-

[1] **Sus cĕp'ti ble**, capable of admitting influence or change.

[2] **Dĕg'ra dā'tion**, a gradual wearing down, or wasting.

[3] **Stăg'i rīte**, a surname given to Aristotle, a Grecian philosopher, and the most famous of the pupils of Plato, from Stagi'ra, in Macedonia, where he was born, B.C. 384. He died in Chalcis, B.C. 332.

[4] **Robert Burns**, a Scotch poet, born at Ayr, Jan. 25, 1759; died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796.

ple in his understanding; he lives in darkness and in the shadōw of doubt; his religion at best is an anxious wish."

7. The error of the modern poets consists in their not viewing the visible world in union with the mysteries of faith, and in supposing that a mere description of its external forms can satisfy even the thirst after poetic beauty, which is inherent[1] in our nature. Dante[2] is blamed by them for mixing scholastic theology with his song; but it is precisely this very mixture which gives that charm to it which attracts and captivates the thoughtful heart.

8. For nature alone can not suffice even the mere poetic imagination; and in Paradise itself man could not be happy if God or His angels did not visit him. The poor insatiate moderns look around from their fairy halls, and inhale the ambrosial aspect; but do they not sometimes lament that, when evening sinks o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft, there sounds no deep bell in the distant tower, no faint dying-day hymns steal alŏft from cloistered cells, to make the fŏrest leaves seem stirred with prayer?

9. Their own poet represents his hunter looking from the steep promontory upon the lake, and exclaiming, "What a scene were here, could we but see the turrets of a convent gray on yŏnder meadōw!"

"For when the midnight moon should lave
Her fŏre*hĕad* in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum;
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake in yonder īslet lone
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell."

10. Sweet is the breath of morning; but when so sweet as dūring those early walks between wayside paintings of the

[1] **In hēr'ent**, inborn; natural.

[2] **Dăn'te Alighieri** (ä le ĝe ā're), an Italian poet, author of the *Divina Commedia*, the *Inferno*, and the *Vita Nuova*, born in Florence, May, 14, 1265; died in Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. He is said to be the first poet whose whole system of thought is colored by a purely Christian theology.

sacred Passion, to the first mâss of the Cap'uçhïns',[1] whose convent crowns the towering rock, or is embŏsomed in the odoriferous grove?

"The yŏuth of green savannahs[2] spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fâiry crowds
Of islands, that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

Lovely is this painting of your Wordsworth, but would it acquire no fresh charm from thinking of those convents which might cover them, as in those islands of the Adriăt'ic gulf, seen from the towers of Venice, and from the music of those bells, which would sound along the shore for the Anġelus or the Benediction? Might not the Vesper hymn sugġest a sweeter image than occurs in the Virġilian line, which speaks of the hour in which begins the first rest of wretched mortals?

11. Contem'plate again the seasons of the year; see what a charm descends upon the enamelled garden from its reference to the altar; for why, cries the tender poet, "O flowers, raise ye your full chălices to the light of morning, why in the damp shade exhale those first per'fumes which the day breathes? Ah, close them still, flowers that I love; guard them for the incense of the holy places, for the ornament of the sanctuary. The sky inŭn'dates you with tears, the eye of the mŏrn makes you fruitful; you are the fragrant incense of the world, which it sends up to God."

12. Sweet is it to recline, composed in plăcid peace, upon the shady lawn, where violet and hyacinth, with rich inlay, embroider the ground, and to hearken to the voice of some wild minstrel, who sings by the clear stream which flows through the meadōw on a summer's day; but sweeter still to hear the litanies and hymns of Holy Church rise from the midst of waving corn, when her annual rogations[3] implore a blessing upon

[1] **Căp'ū chins'**, Franciscan mŏnks.

[2] **Sa văn' nahs**, plains covered with grass.

[3] **Ro gā'tions**, the prayers imploring a blessing on the new fruits of the earth, which are said on the three days before the feast of the Ascension.

the first fruits of the earth, and when the cross and banner of her bright processions glitter through the darksome foliage.

13. Nor are thy reviving sports, innocent and playful youth, insensible to the universal influence of the Church's season. Well I know how dear to the bold swimmer is the plunge into the clear blue flood of the impetuous Rhone, which hurries him along amidst froth and waves, sporting as in a bed of waters, or the fall from those projecting rocks which stand at the entrance of the Gulf of Lecco, under that noble promontory on which stood the Tragœdia of Pliny; but there is to him a sweeter moment, when winter first departs, and he hastens to the remembered pool, along the embowered banks of the bright stream which first hears the sweet bird that harbingers[1] the spring, and there gathers those budding osiers, which each returning year our Mother Church puts into his hand to serve as palms, to be borne on that day of mystic triumph when she celebrates the entrance of the Son of God into Jerusalem.

14. These are the resources of a northern clime; but yet, methinks, even thy stately forests, noble Valencia, where innumerable old and lofty palm trees shade the shore of Alicant, would lose half their interest to the Christian eye, if their branches were not yearly thinned for that solemn festival, and sent in offering to the Eternal City. In a country stripped and dismantled by the modern philosophy, one lives only in visible presence of what passes, like the leaves of the trees, or the flowers of the field; and without very extraordinary grace, the progress of seasons and of years is felt by the noblest dispositions, which are the most apt for every change, with an emotion of deeper and deeper mel'ancholy; but in a Catholic land one consorts continually with things that never die; and as one grows older, one only feels as if endowed with higher and higher privileges, which are to be crowned at length in the last supernal state, to which death is but a momentary passage.

Abridged from DIGBY.

KENELM H. DIGBY, an English author, born in 1800. His principal work, "*Mores Catholici*, or Ages of Faith," was published in 1845. In it he designed to show that the middle ages were so deeply permeated with the spirit of faith, that the Beatitudes were the ideal on which the more fervent Christians of that time actually molded their lives, while to all men that ideal seemed the only one admissible as an aim worthy to be striven for. He has accomplished this design in a manner truly admirable. The volumes of the "*Mores Catholici*" are in themselves no inadequate library, so ponderous are they with out-of-the-way learning, and so rich in quaint imagery, picturesque conceit, and poetic phraseology.

[1] **Har'bin gers**, foreruns; announces.

IV.

20. LIMITATIONS OF NATURE.

ALL the long summer day
I watched the far-off hills:
The blinding sunlight fell between,
And thrilled with life the meadows green,
And in white splendor lay
On cloud, and rock, and falling mountain rills.

2. Sparkling with light and dew,
The trees waved in the wind,
And each crisp leaflet seemed a lake
In whose green breast the sun did make
Itself a mirror—blue
The river gleamed, the bending boughs behind.

3. A solitary bird
Flew slowly through the air;
Sweet summer breezes lightly smote
The grain, and butterflies afloat
Seemed meadow blossoms, stirred
Stem-free, and lightly poising, drifted fair.

4. Yet brooding, vague unrest
Fell slowly on me—seemed
More sad the glowing life and light
Than grayest gloom or darkest night,
And beauty did suggest
The buoyant life which gains not what it dreamed.

5. For when my heart leaped up,
Obedient to the hills,
And strove to pierce through light a way
Unhindered, to the perfect day,
The blue peaks bade me stop
And hear the voice which through their silence thrills.

6. "Lo," said the mountain strŏng,
"I tower above you high;
Below me drift the mist and cloud;
Yet o'er them pales my fŏrehĕad proud,
Dies my exultant song,
For far above, unreached, spreads still the sky.

7. "I rise, but with me take
My prison-house: the pines
Fast rooted in my granite rock,
The streams that fall with thund'rous shock,
The greenly-shadowed lake,
Rise, too, and hold me fast in rigid lines.

8. "Up, if thou wilt—yet know
I call thee not; for I,
Fixed in mid air, forever pine
To break the limits that confine:
High to thee seems my snow,
Yet far beneath the white stars doth it lie.

9. "Nay, though thou climbst my side,
To peaks by man untrod,
Thou shalt not leave thyself behind,
Nor e'er that misty summit find,
Whose last height gained, still wide
Around, above, beneath thee, lies not God."

V.

21. *VANITY OF VANITIES.*

IN childhood, when, with eager eyes,
The season-mĕasured year I viewed,
All, garbed in fâiry guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

2. Spring sang of heaven; the summer flowers
Let me gaze on and did not fade;
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strŏng wish, and stayed.

3. They came and went—the short-lived four;
Yet as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

4. Far different now; the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

5. Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring?
Long days are fireside nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

6. Then what this world to thee, my heart?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless;
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingnèss.

7. The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, naught is thine:
Thou must but hĕar the sound
Of the still voice dĭvīne.

8. O priceless art! O princely state!
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Within to antedate[1]
Heaven's age of fearless rest. NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in London, February 21, 1801. He was graduated at Oxford in 1820, and in 1824 he became a clergyman of the Church of England. At the time of what is known as the "Oxford movement," he became one of the leaders in the attempt to revive Catholic doctrine and practices in that church. Repeated disappointments and prolonged investigations finally brought about his conversion to the Catholic and Roman Church, and he was received into its communion in 1845. He was ordained in Rome, and entered the Oratorian Congregation. In 1848 he published "Loss and Gain," a religious novel; "Sermons to Mixed Congregations," in 1849; "Lectures on Certain Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Submitting to the Catholic Church," in 1850; "Callista, a Sketch of the Third Century," in 1857; "Apologia pro Vita Suâ," his best known work, in 1864; and a philosophical treatise, "An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent," in 1870. This is not, however, a complete list of his writings since his conversion; they have been numerous, and on account of the urbanity of their tone and their peculiarly felicitous style, not less than for their lucid and profound reasoning, have commanded an attention from readers of all shades of belief which no other writer of our generation has received.

[1] An'te dāte, to anticipate.

SECTION VI.

I.

22. AN IDEAL FARM.

As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude[1] or Salvator;[2] the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet.

2. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline.

3. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm; but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque[3] effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high

[1] **Claude,** a landscape painter, called Lorraine, from the province of that name, where he was born in 1600. He was an orphan at 12 years of age, and displayed but a dull intellect in his youth. His works in Rome were so numerous and beautiful that he was recognized as one of the great masters at 30 years of age. For more than forty years afterward he resided in Italy, and painted until very old.

[2] **Salvator Rosa,** an Italian painter, poet, musician, and actor, was born in Arenella, near Naples, June 20, 1615, and died in Rome, March 15, 1673.

[3] **Pĭct'ūr ĕsque',** expressing that peculiar kind of beauty that is pleasing in a picture, natural or artificial.

grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect.

4. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable and barn and corn-barn and other farm-buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water—occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate.

5. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicest forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble, solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment.

6. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter,[1] and Morland,[2] and Landseer,[3] and Rosa Bonheur[4] never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy mystery of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet

[1] **Paul Potter,** a Dutch painter, the superior of all contemporary artists in cattle pieces, was born in Enkhuysen in 1625, and died in Amsterdam, Jan. 15, 1654.

[2] **George Morland,** an English painter, born in London, June 26, 1763; died there in 1806. At the present day his well-authenticated pictures bring large prices.

[3] **Sir Edwin Landseer,** a painter of animals, was born in London in 1803. No English painter of the century has been more universally popular. For more than 40 years he has been a royal academician, and in 1850 he was knighted. His labors have been very lucrative.

[4] **Rosa Bonheur,** a French painter of animals whose works are widely known and have been compared to Landseer's, daughter of Raymond Bonheur, also a painter, was born at Bordeaux, May 22, 1822.

influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; and the tall maize fläunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tăssels.

7. While we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, Gŏd's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth. The mowing-machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human in'dustry—perform their gladsome task. The well-filled wagon brings home the ripened trĕasures of the year. The bow of promise[1] fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remainèth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvĕst, shall not fail.

EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., April 11th, 1794. He entered Harvard College in 1807, where he graduated with the highest honors at the early age of seventeen. In 1815, he was elected Greek Professor at Harvard College. He now visited Europe, where he devoted four years to study and travel, and made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Jeffrey, and other noted persons. He was subsequently a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Embassador to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he has had but few equals. Through his individual efforts, chiefly as lecturer, the sum of about $90,000 was realized and paid over to the Mount Vernon fund, and sundry charitable associations. He died in January, 1865.

II.

23. THE STRANDED VILLAGE.

OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

[1] **Bow of promise,** the rainbow. "I will set My bow in the clouds," God said to the patriarch Noe after the deluge, "and it shall be the sign of a covenant between Me and between the earth. . . . . And I will remember My covenant with you and with every living soul that beareth flesh, and there shall no more be waters of a flood, to destroy all flesh." (Gen. ch ix., v. 13–15.)

The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

2. You cătch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable, roof, and pōrch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

3. The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

4. With salt sea-scents ălŏng its shōres
The heavy hay-bōats crawl,
The long antennæ[1] of their ōars
In lazy rise and fall.

5. Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

6. You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

7. At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggard beat,
Or stage-cōach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

8. A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The străndèd village seems.

9. And there, like other mŏss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

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[1] **An tĕn′ næ**, movable, articulated organs of sensation, attached to the heads of insects, and crustācea—animals with crust-like shells, such as lobsters, shrimps, and crabs. There are two in the former and usually four in the latter. They are used as organs of touch, and, in insects, are vulgarly called *horns*, and also *feelers*.

10. The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railrōad-train. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, an American poet, was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. In 1828, he became the editor of a Boston newspaper entitled the "American Manufacturer," and later on edited the "New England Weekly Review," at Hartford. He has been a prolific and popular writer in prose and verse. A complete edition of his poems, in two volumes, appeared in 1863; "Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl," in 1866; "The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," in 1870.

III.

24. THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house ōld,
Whose windōws, looking ō'er the bāy,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cōld,
An easy entrance, night and dāy,

2. Not far ăwāy we saw the pōrt—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The light-house—the dismantled fōrt—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

3. We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little rōōm;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices ōnly broke the gloom.

4. We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

5. And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thencefōrth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

6. The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerlèss to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

7. The vĕry tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of mĕmòry seemed to make
A mōurnful rustling in the dark.

8. Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

9. And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

10. The windōws rattling in their frames—
The ocean, rōaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

11. Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The lŏng-lŏst ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

12. O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.
LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most widely known, and in many respects the most admirable of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. His earliest poems were written for the "U. S. Gazette" while he was still a student at Bowdoin College, and from that period he has been recognized as one of the first writers in prose and verse of this century. His prose works are "Outre Mer," a collection of tales and sketches, "Hyperion," a romance, and "Kavanagh." The first collection of his poems, entitled "Voices of the Nght," was published in 1839. It was followed by "Ballads and other Poems," in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," in 1847. By the latter poem, and "Hiawatha," published in 1855, he is, perhaps, most generally known, although many of his minor poems are household words wherever English is spoken. He is an accomplished translator from several languages. He died March 24, 1882.

IV.

25. ASPECTS OF NATURE.

THE diverse aspects of nature, like the manifold meanings of art, are so many voices which penetrate the heart and speak to the intelligence. Everything in the visible world—the world which we see and hear—expresses the heart's thought or responds thereto. It is the old story in another language; for nature, too, is what the fall of man has made it. Its scenes and effects have a mysterious analogy with the dispositions we bear within—both with those we would resist and those whose triumph we would secure.

2. The result of this connection is that this inanimate,[1] insensible nature is not without its effect on us—that our moral impressions depend upon it, and it does us good or harm according to the page which arrests our attention; in this great book of nature we find ourselves modified. By turns it strengthens or seduces us, troubles or calms; causes to circulate in our veins the pure air of the mountains with its swift and buoyant life, or the perfumed breezes of the valley with their perfidious softness. We yield to the influence of the phenomena which it displays in our sight.

3. Thus its grand perturbability[2] unsettles us; a terrible fatality seems to urge us toward the yawning chasm. The rocks, piled and jagged, like petrified tempests, remind us of other terrible and lasting ravages. Vertigo seizes us on steep and lofty heights; and a close and narrow horizon fatigues the eye, which requires space as the soul requires a future. The sublime majesty of the ocean, or the Alps, transports us, gives us glimpses of other heavens beyond the clouds; yet soon the need of rest, even from admiration, forces itself upon us.

4. In consequence of this reaction, when urged by a longing for strength and peace, we fly the foaming, hurrying torrent—the running stream which makes us dream too much—the river which flows into the distance. Instinctively, and as if to assure the free possession of ourselves, we pause on the shore of those peaceful lakes—those wonderful sheets whose aspect, at once

[1] **In ăn'i mate,** not animated; void of life.

[2] **Per turb'a bĭl'i ty,** capacity for change.

solemn and serene, raises the tone of our meditations. In such a tranquil and harmonious mood, nothing appeals or responds to us more perfectly than those shadowy tarns[1] hidden in the recesses of the mountains, whose glassy surface is another azure sky.

5. What thought and feeling does it not awaken—that solitary, remote, silent, nameless lake? Pure, limpid waters in a verdant cup—a single glance takes in their charming unity. Living, but restrained within limits which they can not pass, they seem like wisdom reconciled to necessity. Ask the lake the secret of its deep inner life, and it answers by the rich vegetation of its border. Life and its blessings are everywhere on its banks, and in its bosom; danger, nowhere. The wave upon its surface stirs not the golden sands of its bed; it hides no ruins, for it has seen no shipwreck. SWETCHINE.

ANNE SOPHIE SOIMONOFF was born in Moscow in 1782. In 1799 she married General Swetchine, at that time military commandant and provisional governor of St. Petersburg. In 1815 she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and was in consequence obliged to exile herself from Russia. She died in Paris, September 10, 1857. Her life and works were published in two volumes by the Count de Falloux, in 1859. A translation, made by Harriet W. Preston, was published in Boston in 1867, and has passed through eight editions. She was a graceful and thoughtful writer, and exerted much influence among the literary and religious celebrities of her day.

V.

26. THE GOLDEN SEA.

A SONG for the golden sea!
A song for the wide and wondrous main!
For the wind-swept waves of the golden grain
That sway on the sunlit lea![2]

2. Over the mighty deep,
Over the waste of the waters vast,
The stormy rack and the roaring blast
In Nemesis[3]-fury sweep.

[1] **Tarn,** a mountain lake; a pool.

[2] **Lēa,** grass or sward-land; a pasture or a meadow.

[3] **Nĕm'e sis,** in Grecian mythology, the goddess of retributive justice or vengeance.

3. Woe for the ships that gave
Their priceless freight to the traitorous tide,
And dâred, in their boasted strength, to glide
Over the slumbering wave!

4. Woe for the storm-rent sails,
For the riven mâsts and the parted ropes,
And the human power that vainly copes
With the strength of ocean gales!

5. Oh terrible unto me,
In peaceful mask, or in warlike crest,
With storm or zephyr to stir its breast,
Is ever the watery sea!

6. But sing for the wave of gold—
For the shining billōws that whisper low
To the summer breezes, that come and go,
Of their magical wealth untold.

7. Sweet store of the sunlit lea!
Ah, richest trĕasures of gōlden grain!
Ah, priceless freight of the creaking wain,
Of the land's proud argosy!

8. From heaven that smiles above,
From the golden touch of the royal sun,
The shining sea of the vale hath won
The rârest gift of his love.

9. For he came in regal pride
To bathe in the dewy and verdant sea,
And lo! on the breast of the fragrant lea,
A bright Pactolus[1]-tide!

10. Gŏne was the emerald hue,
But over the wind-swept meadows rolled
The wondrous billows of shining gold,
With diamond crests of dew.

[1] **Păc tō'lus**, a river in Lydia, Asia Minor, famous for its golden sands. Its modern name is Sarabat.

11. While ships to death go down,
The golden waves of the plain are rife
With glorious dower of wealth and life,
Their glad explorer's crown.

12. This is the priceless boon
Of the golden sea, that the sickle cleaves—
The billowy heaps of the banded sheaves,
Upreared in the summer's noon.

13. Then swell the harvest glee!
Of gleaner's carol and reaper's strain,
Be this the ringing and glad refrain:
"*All hail to the golden sea!*"

SKIDMORE.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, a writer of more than usual poetical ability, whose contributions to various Catholic periodicals, over the signature "Marie," were collected and published in one volume, entitled "Beside the Western Sea," in 1877.

SECTION VII.

I.

27. PRISON SCENE FROM "CALLISTA."

TWO men make their appearance about two hours before sunset, and demând admittance to Callista. The jailer âsks if they are not the two Greeks, her brother and the rhetorician,[1] who had visited her before. The junior of the strangers drops a purse heavy with coin into his lap, and passes on with his companion. When the mind is intent on great subjects or aims, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, lose their power of enfeebling it; thus, perhaps, we must account for the remarkable energy now displayed bōth by the two ecclesiastics and by Callista herself.

2. She, too, thought it was the unwelcome philosopher come again: she gave a start and a cry of delight when she saw it was Cæcilius. "My father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, if I may; He came to save the lost sheep. I have learnt

[1] **Rhĕt o rĭ'cian**, one who teaches the art of rhetoric, or the principles and rules of correct and elegant writing or speaking.

3. Woe for the ships that gave
Their priceless freight to the traitorous tide,
And dâred, in their boasted strength, to glide
Over the slumbering wave!

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2. She, too, thought it was the unwelcome philosopher come again: she gave a start and a cry of delight when she saw it was Cæcilius. "My father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, if I may; He came to save the lost sheep. I have learnt

[1] **Rhĕt o rĭ'cian**, one who teaches the art of rhetoric, or the principles and rules of correct and elegant writing or speaking.

such things from this book—let me give it to you while I can. I am not lŏng for this world. Give me Him who spoke so kindly to that woman. Take from me my load of sin, and then I will gladly go." She knelt at his feet, and gave the roll of parchment into his hand. "Rise and sit," he answered; "let us think călmly over the matter."

3. "I am ready," she insisted. "Deny me not my wish when time is so urgent,—if I may have it."—"Sit down calmly," he said again; "I am not refusing you, but I wish to know about you." He could hardly keep from tears of pain, or of joy, or of both, when he saw the great change which trial had wrought in her. What touched him most was the utter disappearance of that majesty of mien[1] which once was hers, a gift so beautiful, so unsuitable to fallen man. There was instead a frank humility, a simplicity without concealment, an unresisting meekness, which seemed as if it would enable her, if trampled on, to smile and to kiss the feet that insulted her. She had lost every vestige of what the world worships under the titles of proper pride and self-respect. Callista was now living, not in the thought of herself, but of Another.

4. "Gŏd has been very good to you," he continued; "but in the volume you have returned to me He bids us reckon the charges. Can you drink of His chalice? Recollect what is before you." She still continued kneeling, with a touching earnestness of face and demeanor, and with her hands crŏssed upon her breast. "I *have* reckoned," she replied; "heaven and hell: I prefer heaven."—"You are on earth," said Cæcilius, "not in heaven or hell. You must bear the pangs of earth before you drink the blessedness of heaven."—"He has given me the firm purpose," she said, "to gain heaven, to escape hell; and He will give me, too, the power."—"Ah, Callista!" he answered, in a voice broken with distress, "you know not what you will have to bear if you join yourself to Him."—"He has done great things for me already; I am wonderfully changed; I am not what I was. He will do mōre still."

5. "Alăs, my child!" said Cæcilius; "that feeble frame, ah! how will it bear the strŏng iron, or the keen flame, or the ruthless beast? My child, what do *I* feel, who am free, thus handing you over to be the spōrt of the evil one?"—"Father, I have chosen Him," she answered, "not hastily, but on deliberation. I believe Him most absolutely. Keep me not from Him; give Him to me, if I may ask it; give me my Love." Presently she added, "I have never forgotten those words of yours since you used them, '*Amor meus crucifixus est.*'"[1] She began again, "I will be a Christian: give me my place among them. Give me my place at the feet of Jesus, Son of Mary, my God. I wish to love Him. I think I can love Him. Make me His."

[1] Miēn, external appearance; air; manner.

6. "He has loved you from eternity," said Cæcilius, "and thĕrefore you are now beginning to love Him." She covered her eyes with her hands, and remained in profound meditation. "I am very sinful, very ignorant," she said at length; "but one thing I know, that there is but One to love in the world, and I wish to love Him. I surrender myself to Him, if He will take me, and He shall teach me about Himself."—"The angry multitude, their fierce voices, the brutal executioner, the prison, the torture, the slow, painful death." . . . He was speaking, not to her, but to himself. She was călm, in spite of her fervor, but he could not contain himself. His heart melted within him; he felt like Abraham, lifting up his hand to slay his child.

7. "Time passes," she said; "what may happen? You may be discovered. But, perhaps," she added, suddenly changing her tone, "it is a matter of lŏng initiation. Woe is me!"—"We must gird ourselves to the work, Victor," he said to his deacon who was with him. Cæcilius fell back and sat down, and Victor came forward. He formally instructed her so far as the circumstances allowed. Nor for baptism ōnly, but for confirmation and Holy Eucharist; for Cæcilius determined to give her all three săcraments at once. It was a sight for angels to look down upon, and they did, when the poor child, rich in this world's gifts, but poor in those of eternity, knelt down to receive that sacred stream upon her brow, which fell upon her with almost sensible sweetness, and suddenly produced a serenity different in kind from any thing she had ever before even had the power of conceiving.

[1] Amor meus crucifixus est, My love is crucified.

8. The bishop gave confirmation, and then the viaticum. It was her first and last communion; in a few days she renewed it, or rather completed it, under the very Face and Form of Him whom she now believed without seeing. "Farewell, my dearest of children," said Cæcilius, "till the hour when we both meet before the throne of God. A few sharp pangs, which you can count and mĕasure, and all will be well. You will be carried through joyously, and like a conqueror. I know it. You could face the prospect before you were a Christian, and you will be equal to the actual trial now that you are."—"Never fear me, father," she said, in a clear, low voice. The bishop and his deacon left the prison. DR. NEWMAN.

II.

28. TAKING DOWN THE EDICT.

PART FIRST.

THE day being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvinus fully felt the importance of the commission intrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum the edict of extermination against the Christians, or rather the sentence of extirpation of their very name. News had been received from Nicomēdia that a brave Christian soldier named George had torn down a similar imperial decree, and had manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvi'nus was determined that nŏthing of the sort should happen in Rome; for he feared too seriously the consequence of such an occŭrrence to himself; he thĕrefore took every precaution in his power.

2. To prevent the possibility of any nocturnal attempt to destroy the precious document, Corvinus, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a night-guard to the Forum a company of the Pannonian cohort, a body composed of soldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North—Dacians, Pannonians, Sarmatians, and Germans—whose uncouth features, savage aspect, matted sandy hair, and bushy red moustăches made them appear absolutely ferocious to Roman eyes.

3. A number of these savages, ever rough and ready, were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum, with strict orders to pierce through, or hew down, any one who should attempt to pàss without the watch-word or *symbolum.* This was every night distributed by the general in commànd, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all possibility of any Christian making use of it that night, if he should chance to discover it, the cunning Corvinus had one chosen which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was *Numen imperatorum:* the "Divinity of the emperors."

4. The làst thing which he did was to make his rounds, giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions; and most minutely to the one whom he had placed close to the edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge bulk, and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvinus gave him the most rigid instructions to spare nobody, but to prevent any one's interference with the sacred edict. He repeated to him again and again the watch-word; and left him already half stupid with *sabaia,*[1] or beer, in the merest animal consciousness that it was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear or saber some one or other before morning.

5. While all this was going on, old Dĭŏg'enēs and his hearty sons were in their poor house in Suburra, not far off, making preparations for their frugal meal. They were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch and the entrance of two young men, whom Diogenes at once recognized and welcomed. "Come in, my noble young masters; how good of you thus to honor my poor dwelling! I hardly dâre ŏffer you our plain fare; but if you will partake of it, you will indeed give us a Christian love feast."

6. "Thank you most kindly, father Diogenes," answered the elder of the two, Quadratus, Sebastian's sinewy[2] centurion; "Pancratius and I have come expressly to sup with you; but not as yet. We have some business in this part of the town, and after it, we shall be glad to eat something. In the meantime, one of your youths can go out and cater[3] for us. Come,

[1] **Sabaia**, an Illyrian drink, distilled from wheat or barley.

[2] **Sĭn'ew y**, strong; vigorous.

[3] **Cā'ter**, to provide food.

we must have something good ; and I want you to cheer yourself with a moderate cup of generous wine." Saying this, he gave his pûrse to one of the sons, with instructions to bring hōme some better provisions than he knew the simple family usually enjoyed. They sat down, and Pancratius, by way of saying something, addressed the old man: "Good Diogenes, I have hĕard Sebastian say that you remember seeing the glorious deacon Laurentius die for Christ. Tell me about him."

7. "With plĕasure," answered the old man. "It is now nearly forty-five years since it happened, and as I was older than you are now, you may suppose I remember all quite distinctly. He was indeed a beautiful youth to look at ; so mild and sweet; so fâir and graceful; and his speech was so gentle, so sŏft, especially when speaking to the poor. How they all loved him! I followed him everywhere; I stood by as the venerable Pontiff Sixtus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and so tenderly reproached him, just as a son might a father, for not allowing him to be his companion in the sacrifice of himself, as he had ministered to him in the sacrifice of the Lord's Body and Blood."

8. "Those were splendid times, Diogenes, were they not?" interrupted the youth; "how degenerate we are now! what a different race! Are we not, Quadratus?" The rough soldier smiled at the generous sincerity of his complaint, and bădе Diogenes go on. "I saw him, too, as he distributed the rich plate of the church to the poor. We have never had any thing so splendid since. There were golden lamps and candlesticks, censers, chalices, and patens, besides an immense quantity of silver, melted down and distributed to the blind, the lame, and the indigent."—"But tell me," asked Pancratius, "how did he endure his last dreadful torment? It must have been frightful."

9. "I saw it all," answered the old man, "and it would have been intolerably frightful in another. He had been first placed on the rack, and variously tormented, and he had not uttered a groan; when the judge ordered that hŏrrid bed, a gridiron, to be prepared and heated. All this, I own, was the most harrowing spectacle I have ever beheld in all my life. But to look into his countenance was to forget all this. His head was raised up from the burning body, and stretched out, as if fixed

on the contemplation of some most celestial vision, like that of his fellow-deacon, Stephen. His face glowed indeed with the heat below, and the perspiration flowed down it; but the light from the fire shining upwards, and passing through his golden locks, created a glōry round his beautiful head and countenance which made him look as if already in heaven. And every feature, serene and sweet as ever, was so impressed with an eager, longing look accompanying the upward glancing of his eye, that you would willingly have changed places with him."

10. "That I would," again broke in Pancratius, "and as soon as Gŏd pleases! I dare not think I could stand what he did ; for he was indeed a noble and heroic levite,[1] while I am ōnly a weak, imperfect boy. But do you not think, dear Quadratus, that strength is given in that hour proportionate to our trials, whatever they may be? You, I know, would stand anything, for you are a fine, stout soldier, accustomed to toil and wounds. But as for me, I have only a willing heart to give. Is that enough, think you?"

11. "Quite, quite, my dear boy," exclaimed the centurion with emotion, and looking tenderly on the youth, who, with glistening eyes, having risen from his seat, had placed his hands upon the soldier's shoulders. "God will give you strength, as He has already given you coŭrage. But we must not forget our night's work. Wrap yourself well up in your cloak, and bring your toga quite over your head; so! It is a wet and bitter night. Now, good Diogenes, pŭt more wood on the fire, and let us find supper ready on our return. We shall not be long absent; and just leave the door ajar."—"Yes, yes, my sons," said the old man, "and God speed you! Whatever you are about, I am sŭre it is something praiseworthy."

12. Quadratus sturdily drew his chlamys, or military cloak, around him, and the two youths plunged into the dark lanes of Suburra, and took the dirĕction of the Fōrum. While they were absent, the door was opened with the well-known salutation of "Thanks to God," and Sebastian entered, and inquired anxiously if Diogenes had seen anything of the two young men; for he had got a hint of what they were going to do. He was told they were expected in a few minutes.

[1] **Lē'vite**, one preparing for the priesthood.

13. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when hasty steps were heard approaching; the door was pushed open, and was as quickly shut, and then fast barred behind Quadratus and Pancratius. "Here it is," said the latter, producing, with a hearty läugh, a bundle of crumpled parchment. "What?" asked all eagerly. "Why, the grand decree, of cōurse," answered Pancratius, with boyish glee; "look here: 'Our lords Dioclesian and Maximian, the unconquered elder Augusti, fathers of the emperors and Cæsars,' and so forth. Here it goes!" And he thrust it into the blazing fire, while the stalwart sons of Diogenes threw a faggot over it to keep it down and drown its crackling. There it fizzled, and writhed, and cracked, and shrunk, first one word or letter coming up, then another, first an emperor's praise, and then an anti-Christian blasphemy, till all had subsided into a black ashy mass.

III.

29. TAKING DOWN THE EDICT.

PART SECOND.

AT the first dawn of morning Corvīnus was up; and, notwithstanding the gloominess of the day, proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury, when he saw the blank bōard, with ōnly a few shreds of parchment left round the nails, and beside it, standing in unconscious stolidity, his Dacian sentinel.

2. He would have darted at his throat like a tiger, if he had not seen in the barbarian's twinkling eye a sort of hyæna squint, which told him he would better not. But he broke out at once into a passionate exclamation: "Sirrah! how has the edict disappeared? Tell me directly."—"Sŏftly, softly, Herr Kornweīner," answered the imperturbable Northern. "There it is, as you left it in my charge."—"Where, you fool? Come and look at it." The Dacian went to his side, and for the first time confronted the bōard; and after looking at it for some moments, exclaimed: "Well, is not that the board you hung

up lăst night?"—"Yes, you blockhead, but there was writing on it, which is gŏne. That is what you had to guard."

3. "Why, look you, căptaĭn, as to writing, you see I know nŏthing, having never been a scholar; but as it was raining all night, it may have been washed out."—"And as it was blowing, I suppose the parchment on which it was written was blown ŏff?"—"No doubt, Herr Kornweiner, you are quite right."—"Come, sir, this is no joking matter. Tell me at once who came here last night."—"Why, two of them came."—"Two of what?"—"Two wizards, or goblins, or worse."—"Nŏne of that nonsense for me." The Dacian's eye flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me, Armĭnius, what sort of people they were, and what they did."—"Why, one of them was but a stripling boy, tall and thin, and went round the pillar, and I suppose must have taken away what you miss, while I was busy with the other."—"And what of him? What was he like?"

4. The soldier opened his mouth and eyes, and stared at Corvinus for some moments; then said, with a sort of stupid solemnity, "What was he like? Why, if he was not Thor[1] himself, he wasn't far from it. I never felt such strength."—"What did he do to show it?"—"He came up first, and began to chat quite friendly; asked me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last, I remembered that I had to run through any one that came near me——"

5. "Exactly," interrupted Corvinus, "and why did you not do it?"—"Only because he would not let me. I told him to be off, or I should spear him, and drew back and stretched out my javelin, when, in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it quickly over his knee, as if it had been a mountebank's wooden swōrd, and dashed the iron-headed piece fast into the ground, where you see it, more than fifty yards off."

6. "Then why did you not rush on him with your sword, and dispatch him at once? But where is your sword? Is it not in your scabbard?" The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the rōōf of a neighboring basilica, and said: "There, don't you see it shining on the tiles in the morning light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like

[1] Thor, a god of the Scandinavian mythology, distinguished for strength.

such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes. "How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked. The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly, and then he was answered: "He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent ĕffŏrt, by a sort of cònjuring, whisked it out of my hand and up where you see it, as easily as I could cast a quoit a dozen yards."—"And then?"—"And then he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

7. "What a strange stōry!" muttered Corvinus to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"—"First, Master Kornweiner, because in my country we will fight any living men, but we do not choose to pursue hobgoblins. And secondly, what was the use? I saw the board you gave in my care all safe and sound."

8. "Stupid barbarian!" growled Corvinus, but well within his teeth; then added: "This business will go hard with you; you know it is a capital offence."—"What is?"—"Why, to let a man come up and speak to you without giving the watch-word."—"Gently, captain, who says he did not give it? I never said so."—"But did he though? Then it could be no Christian."—"Oh! yes, he came up and said promptly and quite plainly, '*Nomen imperatorum.*'"[1]

9. "What?" roared out Corvinus.—"*Nomen imperatorum.*"—"*Numen imperatorum* was the watch-word," shrieked the enraged Roman.—"*Nomen* or *numen*, it's all the same, I suppose. A letter cän't make any difference. You call me Arminius, and I call myself Hermann, and they mean the same. How should I know your nice points of language?" Corvinus was enraged at himself; for he saw how much better he would have gained his ends by putting a sharp, intelligent prætorian on duty, instead of a sottish, savage foreigner. "Well," he said, in the worst of humors, "you will have to answer to the emperor for all this; and you know he is not accustomed to pass over offences."

[1] **Nō'men ĭm'pĕr a tō'rum**, the name of the emperor.

10. "Look you now, Herr Krummbeiner," returned the soldier, with a look of sly stolidity, "as to that, we are pretty well in the same bōat." (Corvinus tûrned pale, for he knew this was true.) "And you must contrive something to save me, if you want to save yourself. It was you the emperor made responsible for the—what d'ye call it?—that board."—"You are right, my friend. I must make it out that a strŏng body attacked you and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty of beer, till the thing blows over." The soldier went ŏff and concealed himself. A few days after, the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered, was washed on the banks of the Tiber.

WISEMAN.

NICHOLAS, CARDINAL WISEMAN, was born in Seville, Spain, Aug. 2, 1802, and died in London, Feb. 15, 1865. He received his early education in England, but entered the English college at Rome in 1818. In 1825 he was ordained in that city, and in 1835 returned to England, where he gained celebrity as a preacher and lecturer. In 1840 he was made a bishop, *i. p. i.*, and in September, 1850, when the English hierarchy was restored, he was made Archbishop of Westminster, and on the next day a Cardinal. His works are voluminous, treat on many subjects of general and ecclesiastical interest, and display vast learning and great literary skill, as well as a clear and profound intellect.

IV.

30. "POST HOC EXILIUM."[1]

AFTER this exile: not while groping here
In this low valley full of mists and chills,
Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear
Over the brow of the Eternal Hills—
Mother, sweet Dawn of that unsetting Sun,
Show us thy Jesus when the night is done!

2. After this exile: when our toils are ō'er,
And we poor laborers homeward turn our feet;
When we shall ache and work and weep no mōre,
But know the rest the weary find so sweet—
Mother of pity, merciful and blest,
Show us thy Jesus in the "Land of Rest."

[1] **Pōst hŏc ex īl'i um**, after this exile.

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Mother of pity, merciful and blest,
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3. After this exile: winter will be past,
And the rain over, and the flowers appear,
And we shall see in Gŏd's own light at last
All we have sought for in the darkness here—
Then, Mother, turn on us thy loving eyes,
And show us Jesus—our Eternal Prize!

V.

31. DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

CHRISTIANITY, wherever it was received, wrought changes in the manners and mŏrals of Roman society, so great, so pure, and so holy, that they would alone suffice, if all other arguments were wanting, to prove its divīne ŏrigin, its divine truth, and its supernatural energy. The Roman empire was too rotten to be saved as a state. Long the haughty mistress of the world, foul with the vices, gorged with the spoils, and drunk with the blood of all nations, she needed the "scourge of God";[1] she needed to be humbled; and Christianity itself could not avert, could hardly retard her downfall. Yet it did much for private morals and manners; breathed into the laws a spirit of justice and humanity hitherto unknown, and in those very clăsses which, with a Julia and a Messalīna, had thrown off all shame, it trained up most devout worshipers of the virtues of Mary.

2. That vĕry Roman mā'tronhood, once so proud, then so abandoned, furnished, under the teachings and inspirations of Christianity, some of the purest and noblest hĕr'oĭnes of the Crŏss, who gave up all for Jesus, and won bravely and joyously the glorious crown of martyrdom. Never has the Church of God had more dĭsĭn'terested, capable, and devoted servants than she gained from the ranks of the Roman nobility, in the city and scattered through the provinces; and their names and relics are held in high veneration throughout Christendom, and will forever be honored, wherever purity, sanctity, self-sacrifice, devotion, and moral hĕroism are honored.

3. Christianity freed and elevated the slave, made him a man, a child of God, and heir of Heaven, but nône served the Church better, none did more to exemplify the truths of the gŏspel, and to aid in converting the empire, than the Roman nobility, once so foul and corrupt. Christianity, when once she had converted the city to her own pure and living faith, cleared it of its filth, and changed it from the capital of the empire of Satan to the capital of Christ's kingdom on earth, which it still is, and will be to the end of time. The conversion of Rome from paganism to Christianity, the substitution of the fisherman's ring for the seal, and the freedman's cap for the diadem of the Cæsars, is the grandest event in the history of the Church, and is a sure pledge of her final victory over contemporary heresy and both civilized and uncivilized infidelity.

4. Devotion to Mary has had its part in effecting and sustaining this change in manners and morals. Some, indeed, tell us that the worship of Mary was unknown at so early an age, and that it is a comparatively recent Roman innovation. There are obvious reasons why less should appear in the monuments of the earliest ages, when the Church was engaged in her life-and-death struggle with Greek and Roman idolatry, of that worship of Mary, than in later times, when the victory was won and the danger from idolatry was less; but it does not follow that it was less known or less generally observed.

5. Many of the mysteries and the more solemn parts of the divine service were placed, as is well known, under the discipline of the secret, lest they should be profaned by the heathen, and there is no part of the Christian worship that the heathen would sooner or more grossly have profaned than devotion to Mary. Their gross minds would have been as little able to distinguish it from their own idol'atrous worship as are the minds of our modern sectarians. But I have seen no reason to doubt that devotion to Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, was as well known to the faithful, or that they were as fervent in its practice in the earliest as in the later days of the Church. We see and hear more of it as time goes on, perhaps because our information is fuller; but there is no reason to conclude that there has been, in fact, any increase of it, or any great development of it in later times.

6. It would be very difficult in any subsequent age to find or

[1] **Scourge of God**, the title given Attila, king of the Huns, who invaded Rome in the fifth century, and was the most formidable of its foes.

to make, even among modern Italians, supposed to be the warmest and most enthusiastic worshipers of Mary, such demonstrations of enthusiasm and joy as were exhibited all through the East, from Eph'esus to Alexandrī'a, as the news spread that the Council of Ephesus had declared Mary to be the Mother of God, and condemned Nestō'rius, who denied it. Nothing equal or similar occurred, not even in Italy, when, a few years since, the Holy Father defined the Immaculate Conception to be of Catholic faith. The fair in'ference is that the position of Mary was better understood, and devotion to her was more lively, in the earlier than in the later period. The fathers knew the faith and all that pertains to it, at least as well as we do.

7. According to my reading of history, the ĕp'oehs in which faith is the strongest, piety the most robust, and the Church wins her grandest victories, whether in individuals or in nations, are precisely those in which devotion to our Lady or the worship of her virtue is the most diffused, the most vigorous and flourishing; and the epochs in which faith seems to be obscured, and to grow weak and sickly, and the Church is the most harassed and suffers the greatest losses, are precisely the epochs in which this devotion is the most languid and feeble.

8. All the great saints have been no less remarkable for their tender and assiduous devotion to Mary than for their manly virtues and heroic sanctity, and I suspect that most of us could bear witness, if we would, that the least unsatisfactory portions of our own lives have been precisely those in which we were most diligent and fervent in our devotion to the Mother of God.

9. I claim then for devotion to our Lady a full share of influence in rendering Christian society so much superior in all the virtues to the polished but corrupt societies of pagan Greece and Rome. As with the pagans, the worship of the impure gods of their mythŏl'ogies could not fail to corrupt the worshipers, so with Christians, the worship of the purity and sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to purify and render holy those who, in sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart, were careful to practice it. BROWNSON.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON, the most original and philosophic thinker that America has yet produced, was born in Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 16, 1803, and died in Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876. He was reared after the strictest sect of New England Puritanism, but after several changes in his views, he was finally converted to Catholicity, and was received into the Church Oct. 20, 1844. In 1838 he established the "Boston Quarterly," which, after five years success, was merged for one year in the "Democratic Review." In 1844 it returned to its original form, but under a new title, "Brownson's Quarterly Review," and was thenceforward devoted to the defence of the Church. Failing health, domestic troubles, and other causes led to its discontinuance in 1864, but its publication was resumed in 1873, and continued until within a few months of Dr. Brownson's death. Besides his Review, to which he was always the chief contributor, Dr. Brownson wrote "The Convert," an account of his own religious experiences; "The Spirit Rapper," an investigation of the question of spiritualism; "The American Republic," and "Liberalism and the Church."

VI.

32. "MATER ADMIRABILIS."[1]

COME into the wide old corridor,
And see who sits in the silence there—
Where the sunshine flushes the marble floor,
And floats like a halo in the air;
Draw near, O children! noiselessly,
Lest your step should break her reverie.

2. The fair, sweet child, in the dark old chair,
The lovely spinner, small and slight,
They have laid a veil on her golden hair,
And her robe and her mantle are not bright
With the gorgeous hues or the trappings rare
Which the royal virgins of Sion wear.

3. But the spindle rests in her slender hands
(Emblem of labor!) and, on her right,
A crystal vase full of lilies stands,
Their pĕtals warm with the morning light;
And lo! at her feet, dear children, look!
Are the bŏsket of work and the open book.

4. How still she sitteth! she dŏth not spin,
She doth not read—but on her knee
Her little hand, with the thread therein,
Rests, like a snowflake, tranquilly;
And her liquid eyes are hidden quite
By the drooping lashes, long and bright.

[1] **Mater Admirabilis,** Mother most admirable, a title given the Blessèd Virgin. The picture represents her as meditating on the prophecies concerning the Mother of the Messiah who was to come.

5. O Child of the Temple! little Maid!
With such sweet silence cloister'd round,
What visions of light hath thy fingers stayed?
What glorious dream thy fancy bound?
No lily set in the crystal vase
Is half as lovely as thy face.

6. Behind thee, through the open doors,
The peaceful country stretches green;
And breezes blow, and sunbeams pour
Their soft effulgence on the scene;
For the hush of the early morning sleeps
On the dewy valleys and wooded steeps.

7. She does not rise to look abroad,
She does not turn, nor stir, nor speak;
But she feels the wind, like the breath of God,
Lifting the veil from her virgin cheek;
And the downcast eyes a *something* see,
Which is hidden, my children! from you and me.

8. Is it the dawn of that glorious day—
Which, brighter than this in her future, waits—
When, up through the vines, she shall take her way
To the same old Temple's beautiful gates?
While a lovely Child on her bosom lies,
With the light of the Godhead in His eyes.

9. Or is it the close of that later day,
When the streets of the city are growing dim,
And a child has been lost—the people say—
And His Mother and father are seeking Him?
O blind Judea! thou couldst not see
That *thou* wert the lost one, and not *He!*

10. Or, may be, her dreaming heart is haunted
With the view of a mountain (seldom scaled),
Where a rough old Cross in the gloom is planted,
And the Sacred Victim upon it nailed;
And, may be, she sees and knows the face
Of the veiled Madonna at its base.

How still she sitteth! she doth not spin,
She doth not read—but on her knee
Her little hand, with the thread therein,
Rests, like a snowflake, tranquilly.

11. O vâst and wonderful mystery!
Laid open and bâre to those childish eyes;
O dolor deep as an infinite sea!
Where she, dying, lives—where she, living, dies.
For lo! the Spinner who sits in the sun
And the Mother who stands by the Crŏss—are *one!*

12. "*Veni!*"[1] (she heard the Spirit call),
"*Amica mea!*[2] *Columba mea!*"[3]
Through the summer silence they rise and fall,
Those last, sweet words—"*Formosa mea!*"[4]
And her heart, in its generous fervor, pânts
For the cross and the nails and the dripping lânce.

13. "Veni!" (she hĕard it, nearer, tremble),
"Arise, O Love, and quit thy cell;
Already in the cŏurts assemble
The noblest youths of Iṣrael:
And princely suitors there await
Thine entrance at the inner gate."

14. Dear *Mater Admirabilis!*
E'er the high-priest leads thee fŏrth to stand
Where Joseph waits, 'mid the thrŏng in peace,
With the blossoming stâff in his agèd hand,
Ah! turn from thy lilies, thy work, thy book,
And gladden thy children by one fond look!

15. O Dove! in the cleft of the great Rock hidden!
O shy, small Dove! that dwell'st apart—
The tears spring into our eyes unbidden,
And a strange, sweet sadness stirs the heart,
When the light of thy purity shinèth in
On the dark abyss of our want and sin!

16. While our hearts still glow, while our eyes still glis*te*n,
Speak, little Queen! and we hold our breath,
To kneel at thy footstool here, and lis*te*n,
As our dear Lord listened in Nazareth:

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[1] **Ve'ni**, come.
[2] **Am'ica me'a**, my friend.
[3] **Co lŭm'ba me'a**, my dove.
[4] **For mō'sa me'a**, my beautiful.

And looking with trust in thy tender eyes,
We shall see where the päth to His dear will lies.

17. Sŏrrōw or joy—repose or labor—
We dare not choose, if a choice there be—
Whether to rest with our Lord on Thābor,
Or kneel by His side in Gethsĕm′ane;
Whether, with John, on His breast to lean,
Or carry His Cross with the Cyrenean.

18. Speak, little Queen! e'er the present flees us,
And tell us the secret of the King—
The wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
On whom we rely, to whom we cling.
Show but the path of His will, dear Mother,
And the hearts of thy children will seek no other.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SECTION VIII.

I.

33. LETTER TO AN INVALID.

POOR child! poor mother! how I pitied bŏth you and Valentine during those three days of suffering, anguish, agony! It was a trial that God was submitting you to; He willed that, like the Mother of Jesus, a *swŏrd* of sorrow should pierce through your soul. But your child is saved; she is given back to you, the dear little one, the precious trĕasure you so much love; oh happiness, twofold happiness! for you, too, are given back to me. I seemed to see you dead beside that mournful little bed.

2. How I bless Gŏd, my friend, for this recovery, when I think of that fearful faculty of suffering that is in you! Alăs! this it is that consumes you, that destroys your health—your always having something to suffer;—without speaking of what you add, by your way of thinking, to your mŏral sufferings. No doubt it is well to look upon our pains as trials, as chăs′tiṣe-

ments that God sends; for they can be nôthing else. I am comforted to see you thoroughly understand this; but now I fear your going too far, and, instead of submitting with resignation, sinking into despair. I meet with that word in your letter, and do not like it—God does not allow that fearful word despair in the mouth of a Christian. 'Tis the language of hell; never use it again, I pray you, you who ought to have so much hope, whose heart is turning more and more heavenwards, who are so evidently loved and sustained by God.

3. Such as I see you, you appear to me a very mĭracle of Dĭvīne help. Without it, could you have resisted so many assaults of all kinds, falling one ăfter the other, now on the heart, now on the health? Strŏnger than you have succumbed;[1] something superhuman is keeping you up, enabling you to live. One may, indeed, venture to say this when the faculty give you up, and medical science is whōlly at fault. Must we not believe that there is a higher faculty that takes care of you and prolŏngs your life? But you think that science has been of use to you; very well, then, let her go in peace and leave you now alone; it would be much better, I think, not to afflict yourself with so many different kinds of treatment. Only you suffer, and remedies must needs be sought for. My dear in′valid, you will find them in călm, in heart-peace, in the cessation of all that has disturbed, deranged, destroyed your health. In you, as in so many others, it is the soul that kills the body.

4. However, you are better, much better than a short while ago; even the enthusiasm for ugliness is passing away! 'Twas a reaction from another extreme: that is the light in which I view it, however good the mood in which it appears to have visited you. The love of beauty is too natural to us to change thus suddenly into a love of ugliness, unless in the case of a miracle of conversion such as has been seen in the saints. Sublime transformation, unveiling of the Divine beauty which ravishes the soul, makes it forget the beauty of the body, nay, even hate it as an occasion of sin; but what purity, what detachment this! Which of us women have got so far? I, who am not pretty, can not wish to be ugly. You see where I stand

[1] Suc cŭmbed′, yielded; given way.

And looking with trust in thy tender eyes,
We shall see where the päth to His dear will lies.

17. Sŏrrōw or joy—repose or labor—
We dare not choose, if a choice there be—
Whether to rest with our Lord on Thābor,
Or kneel by His side in Gethsĕm′ane;
Whether, with John, on His breast to lean,
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3. Such as I see you, you appear to me a very mĭracle of Dĭvīne help. Without it, could you have resisted so many assaults of all kinds, falling one ăfter the other, now on the heart, now on the health? Strŏnger than you have succumbed;[1] something superhuman is keeping you up, enabling you to live. One may, indeed, venture to say this when the faculty give you up, and medical science is whōlly at fault. Must we not believe that there is a higher faculty that takes care of you and prolŏngs your life? But you think that science has been of use to you; very well, then, let her go in peace and leave you now alone; it would be much better, I think, not to afflict yourself with so many different kinds of treatment. Only you suffer, and remedies must needs be sought for. My dear in′valid, you will find them in călm, in heart-peace, in the cessation of all that has disturbed, deranged, destroyed your health. In you, as in so many others, it is the soul that kills the body.

4. However, you are better, much better than a short while ago; even the enthusiasm for ugliness is passing away! 'Twas a reaction from another extreme: that is the light in which I view it, however good the mood in which it appears to have visited you. The love of beauty is too natural to us to change thus suddenly into a love of ugliness, unless in the case of a miracle of conversion such as has been seen in the saints. Sublime transformation, unveiling of the Divine beauty which ravishes the soul, makes it forget the beauty of the body, nay, even hate it as an occasion of sin; but what purity, what detachment this! Which of us women have got so far? I, who am not pretty, can not wish to be ugly. You see where I stand

[1] Suc cŭmbed′, yielded; given way.

with my *sublime contemplations;* they have not been able to raise me above vanity.

5. Oh, dear friend, do not let us talk about contemplation; that is the state of the blessèd in heaven; for us poor sinners it is much to know how to humble ourselves before Gŏd in order to groan over our wants and sins. It may be beautiful to sōar; but looking into one's heart is very useful. One discovers what is going on within, a knowledge indispensable to our spiritual prŏgress—indispensable to salvation. Is not this much better worth than ecstasies and transports, than a piety of the imagination which rises as in a balloon to touch the stars, and then collapsing, falls back to earth! There is an ideal side in devotion which has its dangers, which fills the fancy with heaven, angels, seraphic thoughts, without infusing any solid principle into the heart, or turning it to the love of God and the practice of His law. Without this, even if we spoke with the tongue of angels, we should be nŏthing better than "*sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*"

6. This passage from an Apostle has always impressed me, and made me fear to speak about piety without having my soul sufficiently imbued with it; but you keep assuring me that my letters do you good, which encourages me and leads me to think that God wills me to write to you. I will not, thĕrefore, be any longer ungrateful, but happy to believe that I render you happy, all inconceivable as that may be. I should never have suspected it, nor that I had scattered flowers over the arid[1] hours of your life. How can this have happened? Charming mystery, that the heart can at once solve: you love me, I love you; that gives a charm to everything, even to my little *Lady of eleven o'clock,* poor floweret of the field, quite bewildered and overjoyed with all the pretty speeches made to it by you and your friend.

7. But you may praise it without flattery; 'tis a lovely flower. I am very fond of it. If ever I come to your garden, I should be inclined to plant some for you; it would be a something of that Cayla that you so like, where you sometimes dwell, where you take refuge from the world. You saw me quite correctly in my little room, writing, reading, looking out from my win-

[1] **Ar'id,** dry; parched with heat.

dōw upon a whōle valley of vĕrdure, where sings the nightingale. That was quite right for a little while, but afterward see me out of doors, surrounded by hens and chickens, or spinning, sewing, embroidering with Marie in the great hall. We are much occupied with household matters; from one thing to another the day gets filled up; life passes; afterward will come heaven, I hope.

8. Meanwhile I find myself happy where I am; elsewhere I should perhaps be less so. I acknowledge that, as you say, I am born to inhabit the country. God has placed me well; He orders all things lovingly and wisely; He does not bid the violet spring up in the streets. 'Tis in my nature to be happy here, far from the world and its plĕasures, with no need of coŭrage to change what you call my mísfortunes into happiness. What misfortunes? I can not see that I have any. I have ōnly known family sorrōws. Do not go and imagine that I must have suffered much to have arrived at my present state, at the călm condition that you look upon as a victory. It is that of the soldier who is not called out under fire, nothing more. There is no moral in it, or very little, for always there is some little warfare to carry on in one's own heart.

9. My dear Marie, you would have been the same if you had lived far from the world. The double womăn would no longer be seen. The one who discerns the emptiness of all pleasures, despises them, sighs after an invisible good unknown here below, who understands that there are no true enjoyments save in the love of God—oh! that one, that woman after God's heart, would prevail over the woman of the world, full of vanities, proud of her triumphs, searching after every sort of enjoyment, and, in short, preferring *pleasure* to *ennui.*[1] What an expression! how well it tells what the soul craves—failing God, *pleasure!*

10. Well, then, this double nature, whose conflicts you feel so keenly, which we all bring with us into the world, would be changed into a good one, had you nothing wherewith to sustain the bad. It is the world that feeds it. That is why the Gŏspel says, "Woe to the world, because it destroys souls." Happy

[1] **Ennui** (ong wē'), weariness; lassitude; languor arising from want of interest.

they who are far from it! Only see how true this is, and consider whether that friend of yours who used to be called the angel of angels would have received that appellation had she lived in the whirlpool of Paris. *She knew nothing of the world;* happy ignorance, which will have taken her into heaven, where nothing enters but what is pure as a little child.

11. But is there no safety except in a desert? Let us beware of affirming this, or limiting heaven. We may save our souls everywhere, serve and love God everywhere; even the throne has had its saints. We need only recall St. Louis[1] to believe in the most difficult of salvations. I read with especial delight the history of his sister, that blessèd Isabelle, so humble in the midst of grandeur, so averse to pleasures, so innocent and penitent, confessing so frequently, giving to the poor what she might have spent in decking herself, the delight of her brother and of his court, through the gentleness and gracious qualities which made her wept by all when she retired into her house of Sainte Claire, at Longchamp, to die.

12. Lŏfty and touching instances these of what grace can effect in willing hearts, of the triumphs of faith over the world. We who see them should despair of nothing, however perilous our position may be. We are never tried above our strength. In the matter of salvation, will is power, according to the motto of Jacotot.[2] Who was that Jacotot? Some one, no doubt, who thoroughly understood the potency of the will, that mighty lēver that can raise men to heaven. DE GUERIN.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN, whom it is hardly an exaggeration to call the most delightful French writer of this century, when one considers the exquisite grace of her style and the delicate, subtle charm of her individuality, as it reveals itself in her letters, journals, and occasional poems, has a reputation entirely independent of any efforts on her own part to bring herself before the reading world. It was not until after her death, in 1848, that her journals and her correspondence with her brother, Maurice de Guerin, and other friends, were brought to light by those who had long known the rare qualities they exhibited, even from a merely literary standpoint. They were edited by G. S. Trebutien, and admirably translated into English by an unknown hand, which has preserved in a marked degree the peculiar aroma of the original. Mdlle. de Guerin was born at the chateau of Le Cayla, Languedoc, January 25, 1805, and died there, May 31, 1848.

[1] **Louis IX.**, King of France, born at Poissy, April 25, 1215; died near Tunis, Africa, August 25, 1270; canonized during the pontificate of Boniface VII., in 1305. His feast is celebrated on August 25.

[2] **Jacotot (zhā ko tō′).**

II.

34. KING'S BRIDGE.

THE dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
And the trees stand silent in the park;
And winter pâsseth from bough to bough,
With stealthy foot that nŏne may know;
But little the old man thinks he weaves
His frŏsty kiss on the ivy leaves.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppèth down,
And it washèth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Old trees by night are like men in thought,
By poetry to silence wrought;
They stand so still and they look so wise,
With folded arms and hälf-shut eyes,
Mōre shadowy than the shade they câst
When the wan moonlight on the river pâssed.
The river is green, and runnèth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so dŏth Death!

2. Oh! the night is dark; but not so dark
As my poor soul in this lonely park:
There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,
Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall.
But harshly the sounds of joyance grate
On one that is crushed and desolate.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
O Mary! Mary! could I but hear
What this river saith in night's still ear,
And cătch the faint whispering voice it brings
From its lowlands green and its reedy springs,

It might tell of the spot where the grāybēard's spade
Turned the cold wet earth in the lime-tree's shade.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

3. For death was born in thy blood with life—
Too holy a fount for such sad strife:
Like a secret curse from hour to hour,
The canker grew with the growing flower;
And little we deemed that rosy streak
Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,
And redder and redder that rosy hue;
And the half-shed tears that never fell,
And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,
And the wild, wan smile—all spoke of death,
That had withered my chosen with his breath.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

4. 'Twas ō'er thy harp, one day in June,
I marvelled the strings were out of tune;
But lighter and quicker the music grew,
And deadly white was thy rosy hue;
One moment—and back the color came—
Thou calledst me by my Christian name.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Thou bădest me be silent and bold,
But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.

I never wept, and I never spake,
But stood like a rock where the salt seas break;
And to this day I have shed no tear
O'er my blighted love and my chosen's bier.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

5. I stood in the chûrch with burning brow,
The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow.
I noted each pause, and counted each swell,
As a sentry numbers a minute-bell;
For unto the mourner's heart they call
From the depths of that wondrous ritual.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
My spirit was lŏst in a mystic scene,
Where the sun and moon in silvery sheen
Were belted with stars on emerald wings,
And fishes and beasts, and all fleshly things,
And the spheres did whirl with läughter and mirth
Round the grave forefather of the earth.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

6. The dew falls fast, and the night is dark;
The trees stand silent in the park;
The festal lights have all died out,
And naught is heard but a lone owl's shout;
The mists keep gathering more and more,
But the stream is silent as before.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death! FABER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, a native of England, was born June 28, 1815, and died September 26, 1863. He was educated at Oxford, and became a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1845 he was converted to the Catholic faith, and after his ordination to the priesthood in 1847, he entered the Oratorian Congregation. Both before and after his conversion, Father Faber was an author held in high esteem among critics of reputation. His poems, which were for the most part written before that event, comprise "The Cherwell Water Lily and Other Poems," 1840; "The Styrian Lake and Other Poems," 1842; "Sir Lancelot, a Poem," 1844; "The Rosary and Other Poems," 1845; and a volume of "Catholic Hymns," some of which, for the most part distorted and modified, have passed into the service of all religious denominations. Father Faber is best known, however, as the writer of a series of devotional works, which have had an unparalleled popularity. They comprise "All for Jesus," 1854; "Growth in Holiness," 1855; "The Blessed Sacrament," 1856; "The Creator and the Creature," 1857; "The Foot of the Cross," 1858; and "Spiritual Conferences," 1859. He was the author also of an "Essay on Beatification and Canonization," 1848. At his death he was the superior of the Oratory at Brompton.

III.

35. THE WORLD.

IF a pagan were to take up a New Testament by chance, he would certainly be puzzled by what is said there about the world. He might even fancy that there was some inconsistency in it. On the one hand, with what yearning love and tenderness is it spoken of! "Gŏd so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son."—"God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world might be saved by Him." Our very hearts leap within us for joy when we hear Jesus call Himself *Salvator mundi, Lux mundi*—the Saviour of the world, the Light of the world. O blessèd Jesus! why is Thy curse upon that world of Thine deep in proportion to the depth of Thy love for it? Why on the eve of Thy death except it from Thy prayer? Why art Thou so tender and so kind to sinners, so hopeful to the end of their conversion,

while, as for the world, Thou dŏst treat it as Thy desperate enemy, as though there was a fatality upon it which compelled it to hate Thee and Thine?

2. The Apostles take up the anathemas[1] of Jesus. St. James says to us, "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, thĕrefore, will be a friend of this world becometh an enemy of God." The Apostle of Love is the most solemn in his warnings: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the concupiscence[2] of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." St. Paul is not less energetic. He looks upon the world as under the power of the evil one, for he speaks of "walking according to the course of the world, according to the prince of the power of the air." He considers that the very purpose for which Christ died was "to deliver us from this present wicked world."

3. Can anything be mŏre evident than that it is a first principle of Christianity that the world is thoroughly and utterly bad? Yet how careful is the same Apostle, St. Paul, to remind the Christians that they still have duties in and for this world. He modifies one of his rules[3] expressly, because if they followed it literally, it would be tantamount[4] to quitting the world. He legislates for the behavior of Christians at a banquet given by a heathen, taking it for granted that Christians were to mix with the great world. Evidently he who wished us to be dead and crucified to the world did not intend us to cease to be gentlemen, or to set the laws of society at defiance.

4. Christian dogma[5] presents the same twofold view of the world and our relations to it. The history of the Church has been a life-long struggle with Manicheism[6] in every possible

[1] **A năth'e ma,** a formal curse.

[2] **Con cū' pis cence,** unlawful desire.

[3] 1 Cor., ch. 5, v. 27.

[4] **Tăn'ta mount,** equal.

[5] **Dŏg'ma,** positive settled rule in matters of religion.

[6] **Man i che' ism,** the heretical doctrines of Manes, a Persian philosopher, who taught that there are two supreme principles, one of which is the author of all good, and the other the author of all evil. He pretended that all material things proceeded from the latter source, and that even the legitimate

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death! FABER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, a native of England, was born June 28, 1815, and died September 26, 1863. He was educated at Oxford, and became a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1845 he was converted to the Catholic faith, and after his ordination to the priesthood in 1847, he entered the Oratorian Congregation. Both before and after his conversion, Father Faber was an author held in high esteem among critics of reputation. His poems, which were for the most part written before that event, comprise "The Cherwell Water Lily and Other Poems," 1840; "The Styrian Lake and Other Poems," 1842; "Sir Lancelot, a Poem," 1844; "The Rosary and Other Poems," 1845; and a volume of "Catholic Hymns," some of which, for the most part distorted and modified, have passed into the service of all religious denominations. Father Faber is best known, however, as the writer of a series of devotional works, which have had an unparalleled popularity. They comprise "All for Jesus," 1854; "Growth in Holiness," 1855; "The Blessed Sacrament," 1856; "The Creator and the Creature," 1857; "The Foot of the Cross," 1858; and "Spiritual Conferences," 1859. He was the author also of an "Essay on Beatification and Canonization," 1848. At his death he was the superior of the Oratory at Brompton.

III.

35. THE WORLD.

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shape. She has ever hated the doctrine that matter is intrinsically[1] bad. Deep as is the corruption of original sin, she has anathematized the Lutheran doctrine, that the soul has become substantially evil through the fall. She consecrates human joys, and respects all the legitimate affections of the human heart. She teaches that marriage has been erected into a sacrament. She burns incense before the body of a Christian even when the soul has departed from it. Nothing was ever so un-Puritanical as the Church. She abhors the gloom of a Presbyterian Sabbath. Her holidays are days of universal brightness. No joy is excessive if it be not profligate; no beauty comes amiss to her, provided it be chaste. She gives her blessing upon all that is lovely. The walls of her churches glow with the colors of the Italian painter, and Spanish maidens dance before the Blessèd Sacrament.

5. Yet, with all this largeness of heart, this dĕt'estā'tion of unnatural gloom, the ritual of the Church seems to imply that a blight and a curse have passed upon creation. The very blessing she gives to our dwelling-places and our fields, and to the choicest fruits of the earth, assumes the appearance of an exorcism.[2] She will not use the oil, and the balsam, and the salt, nor the precious gums for incense, nor even the pure, bright water, till the Cross has signed and purified them; as though the breath of the evil one had passed over all creation, and the whole earth required redemption. It is a principle of Christianity that the world is bad, and that worldliness is sinful. Riches are spoken of as a positive misfortune, while purple, fine linen, and feasting every day are the high-road to everlasting fire.

6. It is evident that Christianity has a most peculiar view of the world. It looks upon it neither with the jäundiçed[3] eye of the Puritan nor with the licentious[4] gaze of the pagan. Volumes might be written upon it, but for our purpose it will

satisfaction of the needs of the body was in its nature sinful. St. Augustine was for some time preceding his conversion ensnared by these pernicious doctrines, against which St. Paul has registered an emphatic condemnation in his first Epistle to Timothy.

[1] **In trĭn'si cal ly**, in its nature.

[2] **Ex'or cism**, prayers for casting out evil spirits.

[3] **Jaun'dĭced**, prejudiced.

[4] **Lī cĕn' tious**, unrestrained by law or morality.

be sufficient to say that earthly goods of whatever kind—riches, pleasure, honor—are not looked upon as evil in themselves, but as tending to produce in the mind a certain positive wickedness called worldliness. This worldliness is only not a sin because it is rather a state than an act, or, if you will, it is a name for an attitude of the mind toward God which is sinful.

7. Christianity has not so much introduced a new system of morals as altered the whole point of view in which men looked upon life and earthly goods. It holds, as a first principle, that God is to be loved above all things, in such a sense that, if a creature appreciatively[1] loves any created thing more than God, he commits a mortal sin. Of course this, like every other mortal sin, requires at least the possibility of advertence.[2] For this reason, in a nature so carried away by its emotions as ours, it is conceivable that at a given time the soul might be so fixed on a lawful object of affection, that it should love it more than God, and yet be unconscious of its want of charity.

8. This one principle changes our whole mode of viewing the earth and all that belongs to it. It transposes the Christian's standpoint from this world to the next. Wealth, pleasure, power, honor, assume a totally different aspect when it is unlawful to pursue them for their own sake without reference to God. Let us clearly master this idē'a. We will suppose a merchant entirely engrossed in the acquisition of riches. No one will say that to amass wealth is in any way sinful. It has never come before him to do anything dishonest in order to increase his property, and he has never formed any intention of doing so. Nevertheless, if his heart is so fixed on gain that his affection for it is greater than the amount of his love for God, even though he has formed explicitly[3] no design of acting dishonestly, he falls at once out of a state of grace.

9. Let him but eliçit[4] from his will an act by which he virtually appreciates riches more than God, that act of preferring a creature to God, if accompanied with sufficient advertence, is enough of itself to constitute a mortal sin. God sees his heart,

[1] **Ap prē'ci a tive ly** (shĭ a), in preference.

[2] **Ad ver'tence**, deliberate attention; a direction of the mind.

[3] **Ex plĭc'it ly**, clearly; in express terms.

[4] **E lĭc'it**, to draw out.

and if, through the overwhelming pursuit of gain, the amount of its love for Himself is overbalanced by the amount of its love for riches, that man, when adequately conscious of his state, is in mortal sin, and if he died, would be lŏst forever. The first commăndment is as binding as the seventh, and a man who does not love God above all things is as guilty as the actual swindler or the thief.

10. The case is precisely the same with all ĕarthly goods whatever; science, literary fame, advancement in life, plĕasure, ease, beauty, success of all kinds, whether by the charms of the body or of the mind—all these are of the earth earthly; and if any one of them is appreciated by us not ōnly to the exclusion of God, but more than God, we are positively committing sin. The Christian's heart must be in paradise, not here below. He must be prepared by God's grace to give up anything on earth rather than sacrifice his hopes of heaven. This is not a counsel of perfection, but an indispensable duty. His final end must be to see God in the invisible world, not anything in the world of sight.

11. If any one had stated this doctrine to a heathen, he would have been treated as a madman. A pagan would have perfectly understood that he must not injure his fellow-men, that he must not pursue pleasure to such an extent as to harm his body or to stain his mind; but he would have stared at you as a portent′ if you had announced to him that he must lay a restraint upon himself, because it is a duty for a man to reserve his affections for anything beyond the grave. If you would be great, fix your heart on some earthly object—power, science, country; but if ōnly it be high and honorable, then pursue it with the full swing of all your powers of body and soul: such would be heathen ethics[1] at their very best.

12. The vĕry idea of its being wrŏng to love the world would never enter into their minds. The word was not in their vocabulary, nor the idea in their intellect. It is an exclusively Christian principle, because the Bible alone has expressly taught it to be a duty to love God above all things, and a sin to love anything more than God.

DALGAIRNS.

[1] **Eth′ics**, a particular system of principles and rules concerning duty, whether true or false.

JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS, a native of the Island of Guernsey, graduated at Oxford in 1839, and shortly after attached himself to what was known as the Puseyite party, becoming an associate of Dr. Newman's in the writing and publishing of the "Lives of the English Saints." In 1845 he was received into the Catholic Church, and in the next year was ordained to the priesthood in France. He entered the Congregation of the Oratory, and resided at its Brompton house, where he died, at the age of 67, in April, 1876. He is the author of a very valuable and admirably written work, "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," and of one on "Holy Communion."

IV.

36. THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE world believes in the world's ends as the greatest of goods; it wishes society to be governed simply and entirely for the sake of this world. Provided it could gain one little īslet in the ocean, one foot upon the cōast, if it could cheapen tea by sixpence a pound, or make its flag respected among the Esquimaux or Otähēi′tans at the cost of a hundred lives and a hundred souls, it would think it a very good bargain. What dŏes it know of hell? It disbelieves it; it spits upon, it abominates, it cûrses its very name and notion. Next, as to the devil, it does not believe in him ĕither. We next come to the flesh, and it is "free to confess" that it does not think there is any great harm in following the instincts of that nature which, perhaps it goes on to say, God has given.

2. How could it be otherwise? Who ever hĕard of the world fighting against the flesh and the devil? Well, then, what is its notion of evil? Evil, sa[illegible] the world, is whatever is an offence to me, whatever obscures my majesty, whatever disturbs my peace. Order, tranquillity, popular contentment, plenty, prosperity, advance in arts and sciences, literature, refinement, splendor—this is my millennium, my ideal; I acknowledge no whōle, no individuality, but my own; the units which compose me are but parts of me; they have no perfection in themselves; no end but in me; in my glory is their bliss, and in the hidings of my countenance they come to nought.

3. Such is the philosophy and practice of the world. Now the Church looks and moves in a simply opposite dĭrĕction. It contem′plates, not the whole, but the parts; not a nation, but the men who form it; not society in the first place, but in the

second place, and in the first place individuals; it looks beyŏnd the outward act, on and into the thought, the motive, the intention, and the will; it looks beyond the world, and detects and moves against the dĕvĭl, who is sĭtting in ambush behind it. It has, then, a foe in view, nay, it has a battlefield, to which the world is blind; its proper battlefield is the heart of the individual, and its true foe is Satan.

4. Do not think I am declaiming in the air, or translating the pages of some old worm-eaten homily;[1] I beâr my own testimony to what has been brought hōme to me most closely and vividly, as a matter of fact, since I have been a Catholic, namely, that that mighty, world-wide Chûrch, like her Dĭvīne Author, regards, consults, labors for the individual soul; she looks at the souls for whom Christ died, and who are made over to her; and her one object, for which every thing is sacrificed—appearances, reputation, worldly triumph—is to acquit herself well of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring fôrward the elect to salvation, and to make them as many as she can: to take offences out of their päth, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to teach them, to feed them, to protect them, and to pēr′fect them.

5. She overlooks every thing in comparison of the immortal soul. Good and evil to her are not lights and shades pássing over the surface of society, but living powers, springing from the depths of the heart. Actions, in her sight, are not mere outward deeds and words, committed by hand or tongue, and manifested in effects over a range of influence wider or nărrōwer, as the case may be; but they are the thoughts, the desires, the purposes of the solitary, responsible spirit. She knows nŏthing of space or time, except as secondary to will; she knows no evil but sin, and sin is a something personal, conscious, voluntary. She knows no good but grace, and grace again is something personal, private, special, lodged in the soul of the individual. She has one and one only aim—to purify the heart; she recollects who it is who has tûrned our thoughts from the external crime to the inward imagination; who said that "unless our justice abounded more than that of Scribes and Pharisees,[1] we should not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

[1] **Hŏm′i ly**, a sermon; a serious discōurse.

6. This, then, is the point I insist upon. . . . The Church aims, not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadōw, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from hĕaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untrŭth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate,[2] viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great nătional works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.

7. Such is the Church, O ye men of the world, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be; and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way, and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags or in fine linen; whether with awkward or with refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects or with the grace of accomplishments. Not that, in fact, she is not the sōurce of numberless temporal and mŏral blessings to you also; the history of ages testifies it; but she makes no promises; she is sent to seek the lost: that is her first object, and she will fulfil it, whatever comes of it.

Abridged from REV. DR. NEWMAN.

[1] **Scrĭbes and Phăr′i sees**, sects among the ancient Jews. The Pharisees were specially noted for their strict observance of the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic law, but were denounced by our Saviour as extortioners and hypocrites.

[2] **In′ com mĕn′ su rate**, not adequate; not admitting of a common measure; too absolutely unlike to be compared with each other; insufficient; unequal.

V.

37. THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mold,
That shall creätion's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

2. The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shōres where all was dumb!

3. Yĕt, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntlèss words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by—
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shalt no lŏnger flow.

4. What though beneath thee man put fōrth
His pŏmp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—

Yet mōurn I not thy parted swāy,
Thou dim, discrownèd king of dāy:
For all those trōphied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

5. Go, let oblivion's[1] curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pāġeants[2] bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in dişease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the swōrd,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

6. Even I am weary in yŏn skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumlèss agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not bōast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darknèss shall
Receive my parting ghost!

7. This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yĕt think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,

[1] **Ob liv′ i on**, cessation of remembrance; forgetfulness.

[2] **Pageant** (păj′ ant), a fleeting show; a spectacle for the entertainment of a distinguished personage, or the public; an exhibition.

Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

8. Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepŭlchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in Gŏd! CAMPBELL

SECTION IX.

I.

38. THE DOWER.

Characters.—SIR GILES OVERREACH, *a cruel extortioner, and* LORD LOVELL.

OVERREACH. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make ŏffer with my daughter
A certain pōrtion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too lŏng, since ĕvĕry year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lovell. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well woodèd, and well watered, the acres
Fertĭle and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer prŏgress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a whōlesome air,

And well-built pile; and she that's mistrèss of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say ōnly that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere lŏng 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the ĕngĭnes that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dōtage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once mōre
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are mōre dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn repōrt myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,
That the immaculate whitenèss of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudèst hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the post

Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

8. Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
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Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honorable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudèst hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the post

Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whōle families, made wretched
By your sinister[1] practices?
Over. Yĕs, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightnèss.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant cōurse: with mine own swōrd,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrŏng.
Now for these other trifling complaints
Breathed out in bitternèss; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widōws' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I ōnly think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughnèss of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay mōre, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight,
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crookĕd ways, than you shall e'er take plĕasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?

[1] **Sĭn' is ter**, left-handed; evil.

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.
Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One stōry higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am bōrne thus hĕadlŏng by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please—
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good mŏrrōw. [*Exit.*
Lov. He 's gŏne—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portĕnt![1] I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blăs'phemoŭs[2] beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountaĭn, he
(Confirmed in atheistical[3] assertions)
Is no mōre shaken than Olympus[4] is
When angry Bōreäs[5] loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER, one of the first rank of the old English dramatists, was born in Salisbury in 1584, and died in London, March 17, 1640. He was educated in his native city, and at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. He repaired to London in 1606, where he at once employed himself at dramatic composition. But little is known of his life until the publication of his first drama, the "Virgin Martyr," in 1622. He wrote many pieces, of which 18 have been preserved. The "Virgin Martyr," the "Bondman," the "Fatal Dowry," "The City Madam," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are his best known productions. The last alone, from which the above is adapted, retains a place on the stage, for which it is indebted to its effective delineation of the character of Sir Giles Overreach.

[1] **Por tĕnt'**, that which stretches out before or foreshows; especially, that which foretokens evil; an omen of ill.

[2] **Blăs' phe mous**, given to the use of wicked, lying, or reproachful words toward God.

[3] **A' the ĭst' ic al**, relating to, implying, or containing, the disbelief or denial of the existence of God.

[4] **O lўm' pus**, a mountain range of Thessaly, on the border of Macedonia. Its summit, famed by Homer and other poets as the throne of the gods, is estimated to be 9,745 feet high.

[5] **Bō' re as**, the north wind; in *mythology*, a son of Astræus and Eos, a brother of Hesperus, Boreas was worshiped as a god. He was represented with wings, which, as well as his hair and bĕard, were full of flakes of snow: instead of feet he had the tails of serpents, and with the train of his garment he stirred up clouds of dust.

II.

39. THE THREE DOWERS.

Characters: *King* LEAR; *Duke of* CORNWALL *and Duke of* ALBANY, *Sons-in-law to* LEAR; GONERIL, REGAN, *and* CORDELIA, *Daughters of* LEAR; *King of* FRANCE, *and Duke of* BURGUNDY, *Suitors to* CORDELIA.

LEAR. Give me the map, there.—Know that we have dĭvĭded
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.—Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us mŏst?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you mŏre than words can wield the matter:
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyŏnd what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found:
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyŏnd all manner of so much I love you.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy fŏrèsts, and with champaigns riched
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter;
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my vĕry deed of love;
Only she comes too short—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity, and plĕasure,
Than that confirmed on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Bur'gundy,
Strive to be interessed; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nŏthing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I can not heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hĕcate and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, forever.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers dĭgĕst this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,

Preëminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—My Lord of Bûr'gundy,
We first address tōward you, who with this king
Hath rivaled for our daughter:—What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Mōst royal majesty,
Give but that pōrtion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordēliă by the hand,
Duchess of Bur'gundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have swōrn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sŏrry, then, you have so lŏst a father,
That you must lose a husband. [*To* CORDELIA.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fâirest Cordēliă, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful, I take up what's cāst ăwāy.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou losest *here*, a better *where* to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hĕrs again:—Thĕrefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison. SHAKSPEARE.

III.

40. ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

[*Characters:* ST. THOMAS À BECKET; *Archbishop of* SENS; JOHN *of Salisbury;* HERBERT *of Bosham;* IDONEA, *a nun; and attendants.*]

BECKET.[1] [*Standing apart from the rest.*]
The night comes swiftly like a hunted man
Who cloaks his sin. The sea grows black beneath it;

[1] **St. Thomas à Becket**, Archbishop of Canterbury, born in London in 1117; assassinated before the altar of St. Benedict in Canterbury Cathedral, December 29, 1170. This scene is laid on the coast of Bŏulōgne', just before Becket's return to England after his exile, to meet the martyrdom which he had won by his zeal in behălf of the liberties of the Chûrch.

There's not a crest that thunders on these sands
But sounds some seaman's knell.
The wan spume,[1] racing o'er the death-hued waters,
This way and that way writhes a bickering lip.
As many winds as waves o'er-rush the deep,
Warring like fiends whose life is hate. Alâs!
For him, the ship-boy, on the drowning deck!
Heart-sickness and the weariness of life
He never felt: he knew nor sin nor sŏrrōw.—
Not thus I hoped to face my native land.
What means this sinking strange? Till now my worst
Was when I saw my sister in her shroud.
Death, when it comes, will not be stern as this:
Death is the least of that which lies before me.
This is mine hour of darkness, and ill powers
Usurp upon my manlier faculties,
Which in the void within me faint and fail,
Like stōnes that loosen in some high-built arch
Whereof the key-stone crumbles—
I can not stamp my foot upon the earth.
Where art Thou, Power Dĭvīne, my hope till now?
To what obscure and unimagined bōurne
Beyŏnd the infinitudes of mĕasureless distance
Hast Thou withdrawn Thyself? This, this remains;
Seeing no more God's glōry on my păth,
To tread it still as blindfold innocence
Walks 'twixt the burning shares.

John of Salisbury. [*joining* BECKET.]
Beware, my lord! I know King Henry's eye:
Go not to England. He would have you there
Who drave you thence long since.

Becket. Our ends are dĭ'verse;
Not less my way may lie with his.

John. How far?

Becket. It may be to my church of Canterbury;

[1] **Spūme**, frōth; foam.

It may be to the northern transept there;
It may be to that site I honored ever,
The altar of St. Benedict; thus far
Our päthṣ may blend—then part.
John. Go not to England!
I mingled with the sailors of yon ship:
Their cāptaĭn signed to me: then, with both hands
Laid on my shoulder, and wide, stâring eyes,
Thus whispered:—"Lost! undone! Seek ye your deaths?
All men may land in England—nône return."
Becket. Behold, I give you warning in good time,
Lest anger one day pàss the bounds of truṭh:
King Henry never schemed to shed my blood:
Dungeons low-vaulted, and a life-long chain—
That was the royal dream. Return, my friend;
You know your tâsk. [*John of Salisbury departs.*
Thank God, that cloud above my spirit clears!
Danger, when near, hath still a trumpet's sound:
It may be that I have not lived in vain;
Let me stand once within the young king's presence,
And though the traitors should besiege him round,
Close as the birds yon rock——
Archbishop of Sens. [*arriving.*] My lord, God save you!
Becket. One kind act more—you come to say farewell.
My brother, and my lord, four years rush back
And choke my heart! We are bōth too old fŏr weeping.
I am a shade that fleets. May centuries bless
That house so long my hōme!
Archbishop. The see of Sens (soṇ)
Has had you for her guest;—our fair cathedral
And yours are sisters:—be the omen blest!
Perhaps in future ages men may say,
"Thomas of Canterbury, Sens' poor William—
These men, so far apart in gifts of grace,
Were one in mutual love."
Becket. My lord, in heaven,
Not earth alone, that love shall be remembered.
Bear back my homage to your good French king,
That great and joyous Christian gentleman,

Who keeps in age his yṇuth. In strength he walks
The royal rōad—faith, hope, and charity,
To throne more royal and a lordlier kingdom.
Pray him to live with Henry from this hour
In peace.
Archbishop. The king will ask of your intents.
Becket. Tell him we play at heads. Gŏd rṇles o'er all.
Farewell!
Archbishop. Good friend, and gracious lord, farewell!
[*Departs, with attendants.*
Herbert of Bosham. As good to go to heaven by sea as land!
Sail we, my lord, this evening?
Becket. Herbert, Herbert!
Before thou hast trod in England forty days,
All that thou hast right gladly wouldst thou give
To stand where now we stand. What sable shape
Is that which sits on yonder rock alone,
Nor heeds the wild sea-spray?
Herbert. My lord, Idonea;
She, too, makes way to England, and desires
Humbly your Grace's audience.
Becket. Lead her hither.
[*Herbert departs.*
Herbert and John—bōth gŏne—how few are like them!
God made me rich in friends. In Herbert still,
So holy and so infant-like his soul,
I found a mountaĭn-spring of Christian love
Upbûrsting through the rock of fixed resolve—
A spring of healing strength; in John, a mind
That, keener than diplomatists[1] of kings,
Was crâfty only 'gainst the wiles of crâft,
And, stored with this world's wisdom, scorned to use it
Except for virtue's needs.
The end draws nigh. Nor John nor Herbert sees it.
[*His attendants approach with Idonea.*
Earth's tenderest spirit and bravest! Welcome, child!
Soft plant in bitter blâst! Adieṇ, my friends;

[1] **Dĭ plō'ma tist,** one skilled in the art of conducting negotiations between nations, and particularly in securing treaties.

This maid hath tidings for my private ear.
[*Attendants depart.*
My message reached you then, my child, at Rouen?
But what is this? Is that the countenance tûrned
So long to yon dark West?
Idonea. Love reigns o'er all!—
My father, who but you should hear the tale?
I had forsaken that fair Norman hôme,
To seek my English convent, and those shôres
Denied me long. The first night of my journey
There came to me a vision. All alone
I roamed, methought, some fôrest lion-thrônged,
And dinned all night by breakers of a sea
Booming far ôff. In fear I raised my head:—
T'ward me there moved two Forms, female in garb,
In stature and in aspect môre than human:
The lôftier wore a veil.
Becket. You knew the other?
Idonea. The Empress! In that face, so sad of old,
Was sadness more unlike that former sadness
Than earthly joy could be. Within it lived
A peace to earth unknown, and, with that peace,
The hope serene of one whose heaven is sure.
She placed within my hand a shining robe,
And spake:—"For him whom most thou lov'st on earth."
It was a shroud.
Becket. A shroud?
Idonea. And other nône
Than that which, 'mid the snows of Pontigny,
Enswâthed your sister, as in death she lay
Amid the waxlight sheen. It bôre that crôss
I traced in sanguine silk before the burial.
This is, my lord, men say, your day of triumph,
Christ's foes subjected and His rights restored;
Perhaps for that cause she, an empress once,
Knowing that triumph is our chief of dangers,
Sent you that holy warning.
Becket. I accept it.
Spake not that other?

Idonea. Suddenly a glory
Forth burst, that lit huge trunk and gloomiest cave:
That queenlier Presence had upraised her veil.
Becket. You knew her face?
Idonea. And learned what man shall be
When risen to incorrupt. It was your sister!
Becket. Great God! I guessed it.
Idonea. In her hand she held
A crown whose radiance quenched the heavenly signs:
The star-crown of the elect who bôre the Crôss.
With act benign within my hand she placed it,
And spake:—"For him thou lov'st the most on earth."
It was her being spake—her total being—
Body and spirit, not her lips alone.
I heard: I saw. That vision by degrees
Ceased from before me;—long the light remained:
A cloudless sun was rising, pale and dim,
In that great glory lost.
Becket. My daughter, tell me——
Idonea. This storm is nôthing; nor a world in storm!
The rage of nations, and the wrâth of kings!
God sits above the roaring water-floods:
He in our petty tumults hath His peace,
And we our peace in His. Man's life is good;
Death better far.
Becket. Was this a dream or vision?
Idonea. A vision, and from God.
Becket. Bôth dream and vision
Have been His heralds oft——
Idonea. To make us strông
In duteous tâsks, not lull the soul, or sôf*ten*.
That vision pâst, tenfold in me there burned
The craving once again to tread our England,
Where fiercest is the battle of the faith.
Thither this night I sail.
Becket. In three days I.
Ere then a perilous tâsk must be discharged:
The Pope hath pâssed the sentence of suspension
On two schismatic bishops—London and York.

See you these parchments with the leaded seals?
They must be lodged within the offenders' hands—
Chiefly the hands of York—and lodged moreover
While witnesses are by. Llewellen failed:
If this time he succeeds, and yet is captured,
Send tidings in his place.

Idonea. Llewellen's known;
Was late in England;—all your friends are known.
Those prelates both are now, I think, in London:
On Sunday morning this poor hand of mine
Shall lodge that sentence, äÿe, and hold it fast,
Within the hand of York.

Becket. The danger's great:
The habit of a nun might lull suspicion:
Not less, the deed accomplished——

Idonea. Can they find
Dungeon so deep that God will not be there,
And those twain memories which beside me move,
My soul's defence, a mother's and a brother's?
Or death? One fears to die, for life is sin:
One fears not death. Your sister 'mid the snows
Upon this bosom died: she feared not death;
While breath remained she thanked her God, and praised Him.
The Empress on this bosom died;—death near,
She was most humbly sad, most sweetly fearful;
But, closer as it drew, her hope rose high,
And all was peace at last.

Becket. Then go, my child,
You claim a great prize—meet it is you find it.
May He who made, protect you. May His saints,
Fair-flowering and full-fruited in His beam,
Sustain you with their prayers; His angel host
In puissance[1] wäft you to your earthly bourne,
In splendor to your heavenly. Earth, I think,
Hath many a destined work for that small hand;
Sigh not as yet for heaven.

Idonea. I will not, father:
I wait His time.

[1] **Pū'is sance,** power; force; strength.

Becket. The wind has changed to south;
The sea grows smoother, and a crimson light
Shines on the sobbing sands. Beyŏnd the cliff
The sun sets red. This is the mandate, child;
Farewell, and pray for me!

[*Idonea kneels, kisses his hand, and departs.*

Herbert. [*returning with the rest.*] Bad rumors thicken——

Becket. In three days hence I tread my native shŏres.

Llewellen. With what intent?

Becket. To stamp this foot of mine
Upon the bosom of a waiting grave,
And wake a slumbering realm.

Llewellen. May it please your Grace——

Becket. My friends, seven years of exile are enough:
If into that fâir chûrch I served of old
I may not entrance make, a living man,
Let them who loved me o'er its threshold lift
And lay my body dead.

DE VERE.

AUBREY DE VERE was born in Curragh-Chase, Co. Limerick, Ireland, in 1814. He is the son of another poet of no mean ability, Sir Aubrey De Vere, the author of a fine drama entitled "Mary Tudor." His son, a convert to the Catholic faith, has published "The Legends of St. Patrick," "The Infant Bridal, and Other Poems," "May Carols," a volume in honor of our Lady, "Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred." As a lyric poet he ranks very high among his contemporaries, but he has produced nothing in other departments of art equal in excellence to the two dramas, "Alexander the Great," published in 1874, and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," in 1876, which are his latest works. No poet of our day surpasses Aubrey De Vere in beauty and vigor of style, and none approaches him in loftiness of theme and sustained elevation of thought.

DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall crŏss the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

MRS. HEMANS.

SECTION X.

I.

41. THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent!
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavor.
In shade and sun thy race is run
For ever! oh, for ever!
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread Eternity
The dying minutes pass.

2. It was not till thine end
I knew thou wert my friend;
But now, thy worth recalling,
My grief is strŏng, I did thee wrŏng,
And scorned thy trĕasures falling.
But sŏrrōw comes too late;
Another day is born;—
Pass, minutes, pass; may better fate
Attend to-mŏrrōw morn.

3. Oh, birth! oh, death of Time
Oh, mystery sublime!
Ever the rippling ocean
Brings fōrth the wave to smile or rave,
And die of its own motion.
A little wave to strike
The sad responsive shōre,
And be succeeded by its like
Ever and evermōre.

4. Oh change from same to same!
Oh quenched, yĕt burning flame!
Oh new birth, born of dying!
Oh transient ray! oh speck of day!
Approaching and yet flying;—

Pass to Eternity.
Thou day, that came in vain!
A new wave surges on the sea—
The world grows young again.

5. Come in, To-day, come in!
I have confessed my sin
To thee, young promise-bearer!
New Lord of Earth! I hail thy birth—
The crown awaits the wearer.
Child of the agĕs past!
Sire of a mightier line!
On the same deeps our lot is cast!
The world is thine—and mine!

MACKAY.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., a British author, born in Perth in 1812. He was partly educated in Brussels, and after returning to England, published a volume of poems. He became attached to the staff of the "Morning Chronicle" newspaper in 1834, so remaining nine years, and was editor of the "Glasgow Argus" three years. He has written much and well, both in prose and verse, and ranks among the first of the present British authors. Many of his songs have attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is in some cases of his own composition.

II.

42. IT WILL NEVER DO TO BE IDLE.

ONE day, on my return from a long walk, I was driven to take shelter from a rain storm in a little hovel by the road-side—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were upon their work, and after the customary use of greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing that your cobbler is ŏften a man of contemplative faculty—that there is reälly something of mystery in his craft.

2. Befōre I had been with them lŏng, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and fell to work upon them. "For," said he, "it will never do, you know, sir, to be idle—not for me at any rate—I should faint ăwāy."

3. I happened just then to be in an impressible mood, without

occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddnèss of it in the first place, and still mōre the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had hĕard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better; the subject concerned me nearly, it went to the vĕry heart of my happinèss.

4. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idlenèss, others have ōnly their turns and returns of it; I was of the latter class—a reluctant, impatient idler; nevertheless, I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so lŏng, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became, as it were, prĭvy to it; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy; I determined to make much of it, to realize it in use, to act it out.

5. I had heard and read repeatedly that idlenèss is a vĕry great evil; but the censure did not appear to me to come up to the reăl truth. I began to think that it was not ōnly a very great evil, but the greatèst evil—and not only the greatest one, but in fact the ōnly one—the only mental one, I mean; for, of cōurse, as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness.

6. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit: a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound;[1] the ŏrator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulnèss of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant—and see the significancy, the reăility, of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tenancy is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit: but idlenèss is emptinèss; where it is, there the doors are thrown open, and the devĭls troop in.

7. The words of the old cobbler were oracular[2] to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim

[1] **Wound** (wond).

[2] **O răc′ ū lar**, resembling or having the authority of a divine message; positive.

in those of the murderer; my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought fōrth the fruit of satisfaction.

8. It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts[1] and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our mŏral unsoundnèss and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whōle box of the mōst precious ointment; and idlenèss, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listlèss quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whōle day. It is the ăncient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken ŏff so easily.

9. I had a notion of these truths,[2] and I framed my plan after their rules; I resolved that ĕvèry minute should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my ōnly outcast, the scape-goat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind: without it we are as powerlèss as grubs, noisome as ditch-water, vague, loose, and unpredestinate[3] as the clouds above our heads.

10. However, I had sufficient of this energy to serve me for that turn; I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it. I made a point of every thing; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh! how true is that word) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing, and, *presto*, it was done, and much mōre than that into the bargain: my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first găthering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largenèss of a man's hand, it would spread out everywhere, and darken my whōle horĭzon.

11. Oh that this example might be as profitable to others as

[1] **Orts**, fragments; refuse.

[2] **Truths** (trŏths).

[3] **Un′ pre dĕs′ ti nāte**, not decreed or foreordained.

the practice has been to myself! How rich would be the reward of this article, if its readers would but take it to heart—the simple truths that it here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of in'dustry, not from what they may have hēard of it, but because they have themselves felt and tried it! In the first place, its dĭrĕct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps ŏff the evil one by repelling him at the out'pōsts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly, struggle in the citadel; and again its more remote, but no less certain, value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind; and the nursing mother of many more.

12. And if we gain so much by its entertainmènt, how much mōre must we not lose by its neglect! Our vexations are annoying to us, the disappointmènts of life are grievous, its calamities deplōrable, its indulgences and lusts sinful; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more painful, and more hateful, and in the amount of its consequences, if not in its vĕry essence, more sinful than even sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, ōnly do something, and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, spōrt, think, or study—the whōle range is ōpen to you—only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nōthing to fulfil your happinèss.

III.

43. DANGERS OF DELAY.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Use thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails make little cōurse,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught.

2. Hoist up sail while gale dŏth lăst,
Tide and wind stay no man's plĕasure;
Seek not time when time is pāst;
Sober speed is wisdom's lēisure;

After-wit is dearly bought,
Let thy fōre-wit guide thy thought.

3. Time weârs all his locks befōre,
Take thy hold or else bewâre,
When he flies he turns no mōre,
And behind his scalp is bâre.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Lŏng demûrs breed new delays.

4. Seek the sălve while sore is green,
Festered wounds âsk deeper lăncing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, but rarely chăncing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

5. Drops will pierce the stŭbborn flint,
Not by force, but ŏft*e*n falling;
Custom kills by feeble dint,
More by use than strength enthralling.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight. SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, an English Jesuit, was born at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, in 1560, and martyred at Tyburn, Feb. 21, 1595. Educated at Douai, he entered the Society of Jesus at Rome in 1578, and in 1586 was sent to England as a missionary. In 1592 he was sent to the Tower of London, and there tortured ten times, in order to make him disclose a supposed plot against Queen Elizabeth. He was a poet of more than ordinary ability, and a prose writer of excellence. His works have passed through several editions, the latest complete one having been published in 1828; his poems were reprinted so late as 1856. The most important of these are entitled, "St. Peter's Complaint and Other Poems" and "Mœnoniæ, or Certaine Excellent Poems and Spirituall Hymns." Among his prose works are "The Triumph over Death," "Epistle of Comfort to those Catholics who Lie Under Restraint," "One Hundred Meditations on the Love of God," and "Marie Magdalen's Funeral Teares."

LIKE as the waves make tōward the pebbled shōre,
So do our minutes hās*t*en to their end;
Each changing place, with that which goes befōre,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glōry fight,
And Time that gave dŏth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flŏŭrish set on yo̤uth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's tru̇th,
And nŏthing stands but for his scythe to mow.

SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

44. *RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.*

WE are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to us. Is it not a strange thing, that while we mōre or less accept the meaning of that saying, so lŏng as it is considered metaphŏrical,[1] we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us by our Lord under the form of a stōry about money. Money wa̤s given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the e̊arth, and hid his lord's money. Well, we, in our poētical and spiritual application of it, say, that of cōurse money doesn't mean money, it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means ĕvĕrything in the world except itself.

2. And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for mōst of us, in this spiritual application? Of cōurse, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures. But we haven't wit. Of cōurse, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is tru̇e we have a little money, but the parable cān't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

3. I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and mōst literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the stōry does vĕry specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we do n't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit[4] idēå that while thought, wit,

[1] **Mĕt'a phŏr'ic al**, pertaining to or comprising a metaphor—a figure of speech in which a word is used to express what is similar, without the sign of comparison; as, "that man is a *fox*."

[2] **Tăc' it**, implied, but not expressed; silent.

and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, thĕrefōre, to be laid out for the Giver—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the reāl substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

4. And there would be some shadōw of excuse for this, were it not that the vĕry power of making the money is itself ōnly one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is mōre industrious, more persevering, and more sagācious.[1] Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quicknĕss of apprehension, that calmnĕss of judgmĕnt, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talent?—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

5. And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiŏrity of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhe̤sitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strŏng man walk into a theater or a lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellōw thrust himself up to a table where some hungry childrĕn were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

6. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutnĕss of thought and swiftnĕss of capacity, and, instead of being lŏng-armed ōnly, has the much greater gift of being long-

[1] **Sa gā' cious**, of quick perceptions; discerning and judicious; wise.

headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

7. But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict?—Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way?

8. By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness.

9. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near.

10. For you who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the state. It is intrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And, according to the quantity of it that you have in your hands, you are the arbiters of the will and work of the country; and the whole issue, whether the work of the state shall suffice for the state or not, depends upon you.

11. You may stretch out your scepter over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plow these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say to her laborers:

12. "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death, it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.

13. I trust that in a little while, there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying: but wealth well used, is as the net of the sacred fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think even now it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with

them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

14. What else can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of our country, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions—not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power—you can dĭrĕct the acts—command the energies—inform the ignorance—prolŏng the existence, of the whŏle human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not ōnly that her ways are plĕasantnĕss, but that her päths are peace; and that, for all the childrĕn of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and glōry? *Adapted from* RUSKIN.

SECTION XI.

I.

45. THE LAST OF THE NARWHALE.

[*The Story of an Arctic Nip.*]

AY, āy, I'll tell you, shipmates,
If you cāre to hear the tale,
How myself and the royal yard alone
Were left of the old Narwhale.

2. A stouter ship was never läunched
Of all the Clyde-built whalers;
And forty years of a life at sea
Have n't matched her crowd of sailors.
Picked men they were, all young and strŏng,
And used to the wildest seas,
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,
And the rugged Hebrides.
Such men às women cling to, mates,
Like ivy round their lives;
And the day we sailed the quays (kēz) were lined
With weeping mothers and wives.

They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,
In the thoughtless way o' men;
Gŏd help them, shipmates—thirty years
They've waited and prayed since then.

3. We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,
The pity we felt, and pride,
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador
From the sea where Hudson died.
We talked of ships that never came back,
And when the great floes pässed,
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak
Like a great war-frigate's mäst,
'T was said that a ship was frozen up
In the iceberg's awful breast,
The clear ice holding the sailor's face
As he lay in his mortal rest.
And I've thought since then, when the ships came hōme
That sailed for the Franklin[1] band,
A mistake was made in the reckoning
That looked for the crews on land.
"They're floating still," I've said to myself,
"And Sir John has found the goal;
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,
Are icebergs up at the Pole!"

4. We sailed due North, to Baffin's Bay,
And cruised through weeks of light;
'T was always day, and we slept by the bell,
And lŏnged for the dear old night,
And the blessèd darkness left behind,
Like a cûrtain round the bed;
But a month dragged on like an afternoon
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.
We found the whales were farther still,
The farther north we sailed;

[1] **Sir John Franklin**, an English naval officer and Arctic explorer, born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, April 16, 1786; died in the Arctic regions, June 11, 1847. Several expeditions were sent in search of him, but his fate was not certainly known until 1859, when a record of his death was discovered by the McClintock expedition.

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Along the Greenland glāçiēr coast,
The boldest might have quailed,
Such Shapes did keep us company,
No sail in all that sea,
But thick as ships in Mersey's tide
The bergs moved awfully
Within the cŭrrent's northward stream;
But, êre the lŏng day's close,
We found the whales and filled the ship
Amid the friendly flōes.

5. Then came a rest: the day was blown
Like a cloud before the night;
In the south the sun went redly down—
In the north rose another light:
Nēither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,
That silvered our lonely way;
It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,
Upon ēither side, a day;
The north wind smote the sea to death;
The pack-ice closed us round—
The Narwhale stood in the level fields
As fâst as a ship aground.
A weary time it was to wait,
And to wish for spring to come,
With the pleasant breeze and the blessèd sun,
To open the way tōward hōme.

6. Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned
Like living things in pain;
They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,
And the Narwhale sailed again.
With joy the dripping sails were loosed,
And round the vessel swung;
To cheer the crew, full south she drew,
The shattered floes among.
We had no books in those old days
To carry the friendly faces;
But I think the wives and lasses then
Were held in better places.

The face of sweetheart and wife to-day
Is locked in the sailor's chest,
But alŏft on the yard, with the thought of home,
The face in the heart was best.
Well, well—Gŏd knows, mates, when and where
To take the things He gave;
We steered for home—but the chart was His,
And the port ahead—the grave!

7. We cleared the floes: through an open sea
The Narwhale south'ard sailed,
Till a day came round when the white fŏg rose,
And the wind astern had failed.
In front of the Greenland glacier line
And close to its base were we;
Through the misty pall we could see the wall
That beetled above the sea.
A fear like the fog crept over our hearts,
As was heard the hollow rōar
Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice
For leagues along the shōre.

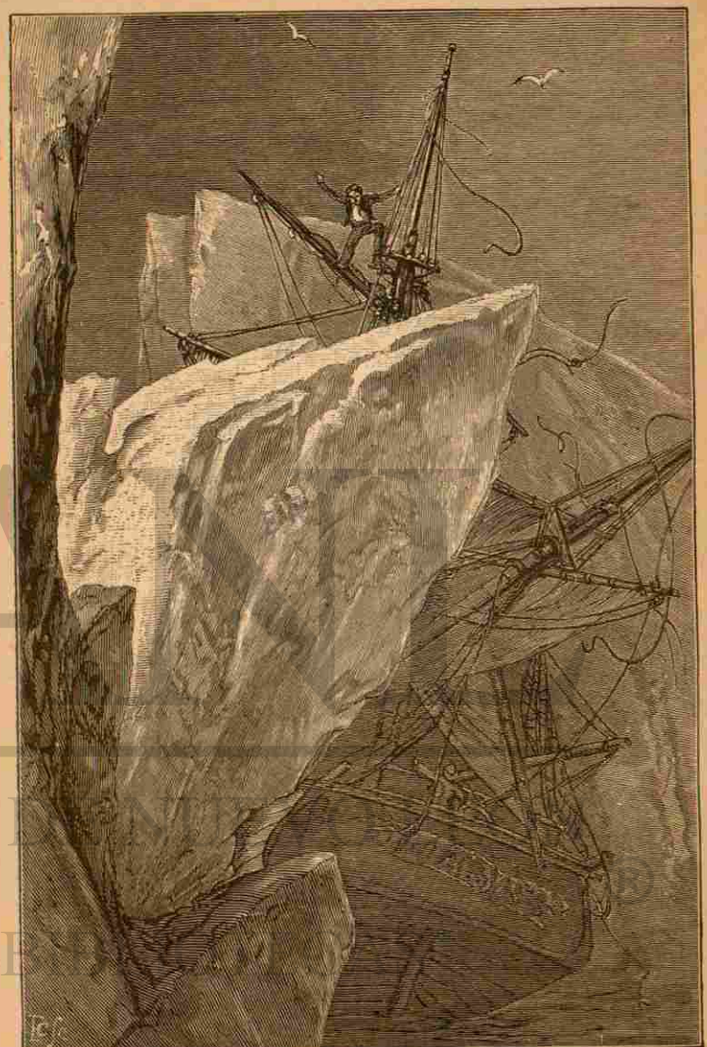
8. The years have come, and the years have gone,
But it never wears away—
The sense I have of the sights and sounds
That marked that woful day.
Flung here and there at the ocean's will,
As it flung the broken floe—
What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea
That sports with a sailor's woe?
The lifeless berg and the lifeful ship
Were the same to the sullen wave,
As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,
Till at last the Narwhale drave
With a crashing rail on the glacier wall,
As sheer as the vessel's mâst—
A crashing rail and a shivered yard:
But the worst, we thought, was pâst.
The brave lads sprang to the fending work,
And the skipper's voice rang hard:

"Alŏft there, one with a ready knife—
Cut loose that royal yard!"
I sprang to the rigging: young I was,
And proud to be first to dare;
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,
At the moving Shape that met my view—
O Christ! what a sight was there!

9. Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,
I saw that an iceberg lay—
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—
Not a cable's length away!
I could not see through the sheet of mist
That covered all below,
But I heard their cheery voices still,
And I screamed to let them know.
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,
But before the word could come,
It died in his throat, and I knew they saw
The Shape of the closing Doom!

10. No sound but that—but the hail that died
Came up through the mist to me;
Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,
And I was not forced to see—
But I heard it, mates: oh, I heard the rush,
And the timbers rend and rive,
As the yard I clung to swayed and fell.
I lay on the ice alive!
Alive! O Lord of Mercy! ship and crew and sea were gŏne!
The hummocked ice and the broken yard,
And a kneeling man—alōne!

11. A kneeling man on a frozen hill,
The sounds of life in the air—
All death and ice—and a minute before
The sea and the ship were there!
I could not think they were dead and gone,



No sound but that—but the hail that died
Came up through the mist to me;
Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,
And I was not forced to see.

And I listened for sound or word:
But the deep sea rōar on the desolate shōre
Was the ōnly sound I hĕard.
O mates, I had no heart to thank
The Lord for the life He gave;
I spread my arms on the ice and cried
Aloud on my shipmates' grave.
The brave, strŏng lads, with their strength all vain,
I called them name by name;
And it seemed to me from the dying hearts
A message upward came—
Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice
From every sailor's breast:
"Go tell our mothers and wives at home
To pray for us here at rest."

12. Yes, that's what it means; 'tis a little word;
But, mates, the strŏngest ship
That ever was built is a baby's toy
When it comes to an Aretic Nip. O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Dowth Castle, Co. Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. He was transported to Australia in 1860 on a charge of high treason to the British crown, but, escaping thence by an open boat, was picked up by a whaling vessel, and came to America in November, 1869. For some years he has been the editor of the Boston "Pilot," and has also written much and well for the various popular magazines. In 1874 Roberts Bros. of Boston published his first volume of poems, "Songs of the Southern Seas," which contained some vigorous and sonorous verse that gave promise of still better work in the future. A second volume, published by D. & J. Sadlier, New York, was issued in 1877.

II.

46. THE LEGEND OF BLESSED EGIDIUS.

THE lamp was burning lŏng and late
Within the student's tower,
And still its flickering ray was seen
Far pāst the midnight hour.
It glimmered from the casement
Of the Spanish stranger's cell,
And there was something strange and sad
In the radiance as it fell.

Nône saw it dimmed, and men had grown
To watch for it with awe;
And there were whispers dark and strange,
And words of evil fame,
Which made them shudder as they hĕard
Egidius' blighted name.
The shadow of some mystery
Around the stranger lay;
Men gazed in wonder on his brow,
And turned aside to pray.
The lines were there of lŏfty thought,
And more than mortal skill;
The light of genius blended there
With the majesty of will.

2. Yĕt its beauty was not beautiful—
Its glōry was not bright—
Something upon the lustre hung
And darkened it to night.
Though from his eye the spirit flashed
In wild and dazzling rays,
A something in the lightning gleamed
Which made you fear to gaze.
And now with stern and thoughtful looks
He sits and ponders o'er his books:
Strange words and characters are thêre;
He reads no psälmody nor prâyer;
The sacred sign has scârce been traced
O'er by those lines defaced;
For holy things can bear no part
In the dark rites of magic art.
Silent the night, and dark the room,
The lamp scarce pierced the midnight gloom,
Dimly and wan its lustre bûrned,
As leaf by leaf the màster tûrned,
And save the rustle as they stĭrred,
No echo through the night was hĕard.

3. Why leaps with strange and sudden glare
The flame within the lamp?

What sound is that upon the stair?
'Tis an armèd horseman's tramp!
Nearer it comes with solemn tread,
And it sounds on the tŭrret floor,
And with a harsh and sudden crash
Bursts wide the chamber door.
Egidius raised his head, and turned:
A giant form was there,
With lance and shield and plumèd helm,
As men in toûrney wear.
A coal-black steed the Phantom rode,
Of vast and awful size,
And through the visor bars there gleamed
The flash of angry eyes.
He shook the lance above his head,
He called the student's name,
And a trembling as of palsy shook
The màster's iron frame.
They rang into his very heart,
Those accents of the grave:
"Change, change thy life!" the echoing vaults
A hollow answer gave.
And the eyeballs of the helmèd head
Shot forth a fearful ray;
Then pàssed the vision from his sight,
And the echoes died away.

4. But human hearts are strangely hard,
And his was used of old
To sights which, seen by other men,
Would tûrn their life-blood cold.
For seven years he had lived a life
It were not good to tell,
And his eyes were used to fiendish forms,
His ears to the sounds of hell:
So when the vision pàssed, he turned
Back to his books again,
Mastering the pulses of his heart
With the grasp of a fierce disdain.

5. Eight days had pâssed—the night was come,
And he was musing there,
And once again that trampling sound
Was hëard upon the stair;
Already twice those clattering feet
Have sounded at his door;
Now ring they louder, and their tread
Shakes the old turret floor.
A blow, as from an iron hand,
Strikes the panels with hideous din;
Hinges and fast'nings have given way,
And the horseman gallops in:
One bound has cleared the pŏrtal wide;
The next he's by Egidius' side:
Curbing his war-horse as it rears,
He thunders in those trembling ears—
"Change, change thy life, unhappy one!
Thy crimes are full, thy race is run;"
Then o'er his prostrate form they dash,
Rider and steed, with one fell crash.

6. The hours of that fearful night
Were rolling sadly by;
He rose from out his deadly swoon—
The dawn was in the sky;
The lamp was broken on the ground;
The mystic books lay scattered round;
They caught his glance—with hasty hands
He casts them on the smouldering brands,
And fans them to a flame;
Wildly it leapt and licked the air,
While sank with every record there
Egidius' magic fame.

7. He staggered to the window,
The breeze blew freshly in,
But oh! he felt within his heart
The gnawing sense of sin—
The clear light of the dawning
Fell full upon his brow;

It touched the flood-gates of his heart—
Oh! where his manhood now?
The world lay all in worship,
Steeped in the morning rays,
And the birds sang loud on every branch
Their matin-song of praise;
He could not bear that calm, clear light,
Nor the touch of the gentle breeze,
And the first rays of the risen sun
Had found him on his knees.

* * * * * *

8. Among the hills of Spain there stands
A fabric reared by holy hands;
True sons of Dominic[1] were they
Who left the world to watch and pray;
And there—the white wool on his breast—
Egidius sought for peace and rest.
He bore a weary penance,
For no rays of comfort fell
To soothe his days, or scare away
The visitants of hell.
They stirred not from his side; they stood
Beside him in his prayer;
Prostrate before the altar-steps—
They gibbered round him there.
They told him of a bloody bond
Which his own hand had given,
And mocked him when he strove to raise
His weary eyes to heaven.

9. 'Tis night within the convent church:
The moonbeams gently shine,
Silv'ring the pavement where he kneels
Before our Lady's shrine.
There was the scene of his nightly watch,
His only resting-place,

[1] **St. Dominic de Guzman**, the founder of the Dominican Order, was born in Calahorra, Old Castile, in 1170; died in Bologna, August 4, 1221. His feast is celebrated on the anniversary of his death.

And he looked up like a tired child
Into a Mother's face.
"O Star of Hope!" he whispers low,
"Turn here those loving eyes,
Whose hue is like the gentle blue
That glows in Southern skies.

10. Say, what more can I give? My blood
And the fall of countless tears
Have flowed in ceaseless torrents
O'er these sins of by-gone years.
Yet still these demons haunt my path,
And claim me for their own;
With bitter gibe and jest they mock
Each deep repentant moan.
They mind me of the written bond
Which signed my soul away;
Oh! would that at thy blessed feet
The bloody paper lay!
Sweet Mother! let the cause be thine,
Then surely were it won;
And let one ray of comfort gleam
On the soul of thy guilty son!"

11. With childlike sobs Egidius lay
Upon the marble ground;
His heart was full of voiceless prayer,
When there came an awful sound;
'Twas the cry of baffled malice,
And it rang through the vaulted aisles,
And the hideous echo seemed to rock
The convent's massive piles.
"*There, take thy cursèd bond,*" it cried,
"*Which never had I given,*
Hadst thou not won her mighty aid
Whom thou callèst Queen of Heaven."

12. He saw it falling through the air,
He knew the ruddy token—

Once more he grasped it in his hand,
And the chains of his life were broken.
He looked—a dusky demon form
Fled howling from the light;
He raised his eyes to his Mother's face,
But the big tears dimmed his sight!
Yet through their veiling mist he gazed,
And the dull cold marble smiled,
And an aureole of glory played
Round the brow of the Royal Child.
The light was piercing to his heart;
But who may his rapture paint?
That hour broke the bonds of hell
And gave the Church a saint.

The Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."

SECTION XII.

I.

47. ATHENIAN PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE Athenian people were never known to live contented in a slavish, though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No; our whōle history is a series of gallant contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our nătional existence has been spent in braving dangers for the sake of glōry and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And justly; for who can think without amazement on the virtue of those men who resigned their possessions, turned their backs upon their city, and embarked in their ships rather than live the vassals of a stranger; choosing Themistoclēs, the adviser of the mĕasure, for their commander; stoning to death Cyr'sillus, for recommending submission to tyranny; and not himself only, but your wives stoning his wife?

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Into a Mother's face.
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2. Athenians of that day went in quest of no ŏrator, no leader through whom they might enjoy a state of prosperous slavery: they chose to reject even life itself unless they might enjoy that life in freedom. Each man of them believed that he was born, not to his parents ōnly, but to his country. What then? He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive resignation the hour of his natural dissolution; but he who feels that he is the child of his country also, will rather die than behold his land enslaved, and will account the insults and the disgrace that await the citizens of a conquered state more terrible than death itself.

3. Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No; it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country lŏng before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration—he who dirĕcts you to treat me with severity, as one who has involved the country in alarms and perils—while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now condemn Ctes'iphon on the ground that my public conduct has been wrong, you condemn yourselves also as wrong-doers, not merely as the victims of the caprice of fortune.

4. But that can not be! No, my countrymen, it can not be that you have done ill in rushing bravely upon danger in order to secure the liberty and safety of all Greece! No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires who rushed upon destruction at Marathon! by those who stood arrayed at Platæa! by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis! by the men of Ar'temis'ium! by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in the sepulchres of the nation!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æs'chinēs; not those ōnly who prevailed, not those alone who were victorious. And with reason. Each of them had performed the part of gallant men. Their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

DEMOSTHENES.

II.

48. PERORATION[1] OF ORATION ON THE CROWN.[2]

TWO qualities, men of Ath'ens, every citizen of ordinary virtue should possess (I shall be able in general terms to speak of myself in the least invidious[3] manner): he should bŏth maintain in ŏffice the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence, and display on all occasions and in all his actions the spirit of pātriotism. This we can do in virtue of our nature; victory and might are under the dominion of another power. These dispositions you will find to have been absolutely inherent in me. For observe: nĕither when my head was demanded, nor when they dragged me before the Amphictyons,[4] nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I abate in any particular my affection for you.

2. This straightforward and honest pāth of policy from the very first I chose; the honor, the power, the glōry of my country to promote—these to augment—in these to have my being. Never was I seen going about the streets elated and exulting when the enemy was victorious, stretching out my hand, and congratulating such as I thought would tell it elsewhere, but hearing with alarm any success of our own armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like these impious men who rail at this country as if they could do so without stigmatizing themselves; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity

[1] **Pĕr' o rā' tion,** the concluding part of an oration.

[2] **Oration on the Crown.** This oration, which has been called the finest specimen of oratorical power ever delivered, was uttered by Demosthenes ostensibly in the defence of Ctesiphon, but really in his own. After the battle of Chæronea, Demosthenes having successfully acquitted himself of the commission assigned him by the Athenians, to repair their damaged walls and fortifications, a golden crown was decreed him by the city at the request of Ctesiphon, an influential citizen. Æschines, a rival orator, attacked the decree as contrary to law, and the case was publicly argued, Demosthenes gaining his cause and Æschines being doomed to exile.

[3] **In vĭd'i ous,** likely to provoke envy or ill-will.

[4] **Am phĭc' ty ons,** an assembly or council of deputies from the different states of Greece.

of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

3. Let not, O gracious God! let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from Thee! Plant rather, even in these men, a better spirit and better feelings! But if they be whōlly incurable, then pursue them, yea, themselves by themselves, to utter and untimely perdition by land and sea, and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our alarms, and an unshaken security! DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest of Grecian orators, was born in Pæania, near Athens, probably in 385 B.C.; died in 322.

III.

49. CATILINE DENOUNCED.

HOW far, O Catiline![1] wilt thou abuse our patience? How lŏng shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nŏthing dāunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembly of the senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of lăst night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

2. Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council—takes part in our deliberations—and, with his mĕasuring eye, marks

[1] **Sergius Catiline**, a Roman senator, who, in the year B.C. 63, plotted the slaughter of the senate, the firing of Rome, and the overthrow of the republic. His enmity was particularly directed against Cicero, his successful rival in the struggle for the consulship. Even after his intrigues had been discovered, and all Rome placed under guard, Catiline had still the boldness to take his place in the senate, where Cicero addressed him in the speech from which this lesson is an extract. Catiline afterward fell in battle against his countrymen.

out each man of us for slaughter! And we all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state if we but *shun* this madman's swōrd and fury!

3. Lŏng since, O Catiline! ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our ārchīves like a sword in its scabbard—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it rather done too late, than any man too cruelly.

4. But for good reasons I will yet defer the blow lŏng since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found so lŏst, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dâres defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream.

5. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt; there is nŏthing thou canst contrive, nothing thou canst propose, nothing thou canst attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and prŏmptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state than thou in plotting its destruction.

CICERO

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, a Roman orator, statesman, philosopher, and poet, was born at Arpinum, Jan. 3, 106, B.C., of an equestrian or knightly family, and was assassinated near Formiæ, Dec. 7, 43, B.C.

IV.

50. CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

MY LORDS:—In presenting myself to your lordships as the advocate of the méasure now proposed to your consideration, I am ōnly indulging in the pleasing tăsk of discharging a debt of gratitude which has lŏng weighed heavily upon me, for, independently of the indis'putable policy of uniting all classes of his Majesty's subjects in a common participation of the blessings of the constitution, and for other reasons which I leave to be argued by other noble lords, I owe too much, as an individual, to the Catholics of this empire, and to those of several fŏreign states, not to avail myself with eagerness of every opportunity of advocating these claims, as a measure of justice to the one, and as a grateful return of liberality to the other.

2. It is already well known to your lordships that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my commánd at various periods during the war—a war undertaken expressly for the purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—that at least one-hălf were Roman Catholics. My lords, when I call your recollections to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the ōnly spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe; and how, by unprecedented ĕffōrts, they at length placed us not only far above danger, but at an elevation of prosperity for which we had hardly dared to hope. These, my lords, are sacred and imperative titles to a nation's gratitude.

3. My lords, it is become quite needless for me to assure you that I have invariably found my Roman Catholic soldiers as patient under privations, as eager for the combat, and as brave and determined in the field as any other portion of his Majesty's troops; and, in point of loyalty and devotion to their king and country, I am quite certain they have never been surpassed. I claim no merit in admitting that others might have guided the storm of battle as skilfully as myself. We have ōnly to

recur to the annals of our military achievements to be convinced that few indeed of our commanders have not known how to dĭrĕct the unconquerable spirit of their troops, and to shed fresh glōries round the British name. But, my lords, while we are free to acknowledge this, we must also confess that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor, no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents in Europe might have been exerted in vain at the head of an army.

4. My lords, if, on the eve of any of those hard-fought days on which I had the honor to command them, I had thus addressed my Roman Catholic troops: "You well know that your country ēither so suspects your loyalty, or so dislikes your religion, that she has not yet thought proper to admit you among the ranks of her citizens; if on that account you deem it an act of injustice on her part to require you to shed your blood in her defence, you are at liberty to withdraw;"—I am quite sure, my lords, that, however bitter the recollections which it awakened, they would have spurned the alternative[1] with indignation, for the hour of danger and glory is the hour in which the gallant, the generous-hearted Irishman best knows his dūty, and is mōst determined to perform it.

5. But if, my lords, it had been otherwise; if they had chosen to desert the cause in which they were embarked, though the remainder of the troops would undoubtedly have maintained the honor of the British arms, yet, as I have just said, no ĕffōrts of theirs could have crowned us with victory. Yes, my lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career, and that I, personally, am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow—for the honors which you have so bountifully lavished on me, and for the fair fame (I prize it above all other rewards) which my country, in its generous kindness, has bestowed upon me. I can not but feel, my lords, that you yourselves have been chiefly instrumental in placing this heavy debt of gratitude upon me, greater, perhaps, than has ever fallen to the lot of any individual; and however flat-

[1] **Al ter'na tive**, a choice between two things, one of which may be taken, and the other left.

tering the circumstance, it ŏf*ten* places me in a very painful situation.

6. Whenever I meet (and it is almost an every-day occurrence) with any of those brave men who, in common with others, are the object of this bill, and who have so often borne me on the tide of victory; when I see them still branded with the imputation of a divided allegiance,[1] still degraded beneath the lowest mēnial, and still proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honors which have been lavished upon me. I feel that, though the merit was theirs, what was so freely given to me was unjustly denied to them; that I had rēaped, though they had sown; that they had bŏrne the heat and burden of the day, but that the wages and repose were mine alone.

7. My lords, it is indeed to me a subject of deep regret, that of the many brave ŏfficers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, some of whom I have had occasion to bring to the notice of the country, in relating the honorable services they have performed, not one has risen to any eminence in his profession. It is not to be supposed that ēither talent or merit is the exclusive privilege of Protestantism. Attached as I am to the Reformed Church, I can not give her that monopoly. No man, my lords, has had more experience to the contrary than myself. Entrusted with the command of two Catholic armies,[2] I soon found that, with similar advântages, they were quite equal to our own. The same hatred of tyranny, the same love of liberty, the same unconquerable spirit, pervaded both the soldier and the peasant of those two Catholic states. I even found amongst them Irishmen whom the intolerance of our laws had driven to shed the lustre of their talents over a fŏreign clime.

8. It now becomes me, my lords, to speak of the liberality which I experienced at their hands. Notwithstanding that I dissented from the religion of the state, it was never made a preliminary that I should abjure my own creed and conform to another; and why should I demand this sacrifice from those

[1] **Al lē′ giance**, the obligation which binds a subject to his prince or government.

[2] **Two Catholic armies**, those of Spain and Portugal.

who are now only petitioning your lordships for similar opportunities of serving my country? My known denial of Catholic doctrines presented not the smallest obstacle to my advâncement; nēither my merit nor my capacity were weighed in the scale of speculative belief in religious tĕnets; it was my country, and not my faith, that was my title to approval. I was an accredited delegate from the British empire, and that was sufficient.

9. I was entrusted with the supreme commând of all their fŏrces; I was admitted to their councils; I was called upon for my opinion in the senate; and for the services which I was fortunately enabled to render them, nŏthing could exceed the prodigality of the reward. The highest honors, the most munificent donations, and, perhaps, the most splendid presents that ever were bestowed upon a subject, were all showered down upon me with the most generous profusion. Every succeeding service was met with a fresh eagerness of reward; and in countries supereminently[1] Catholic, I was loaded with benefits ōnly equalled by those bestowed upon me by our own Protestant legislature. Indeed, there was not a Catholic state in Europe which was not emulous to overpower me with honorable distinctions, and to place me under an imperative obligation to it.

10. I feel it, thĕrefore, my lords, to be an act of the purest justice on the one side, and of ōnly reciprocal liberality on the other, to lend my most fervent and cordial support to the measure now before you—to open to my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen the same rōad to preferment along which I have been so generously borne, and to display to continental Europe our determination to fŏllōw the exămple she has set us, by pŭtting an end to the reign of bigotry and exclusion forever. My lords, it is a great additional gratification to me to advocate these principles in conjunction with a distinguished member of my famĭly, so lately at the head of the government of his native country—a country ever dear to me from the recollections of my infancy, the memory of her wrŏngs, and the bravery of her people. I glory, my lords, in the name of Ire-

[1] **Sū′per ĕm′i nent ly**, in a superior degree of excellence.

land; and it is the highest plĕasure I can ambition [1] to be thus united with the rest of my kindred in the grateful tăsk of closing the wounds which seven centuries of misgovernment have inflicted upon that unfortunate land. WELLESLEY.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, Ireland, on or shortly before May 1, 1769, and died at Walmer Castle, near Deal, England, Sept. 4, 1852. At the head of the combined forces of England, the Netherlands, and Germany, he defeated Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815. From 1828 to 1830 he was the English prime minister, during which period he made the speech from which this lesson is an extract.

V.

51. FUNERAL DISCOURSE ON CONDE.

COME, then, inhabitants of the ĕarth! Come, rather should I say, come, princes and lords! You who rule the earth, and you who ōpen to man the gates of heaven; and you, more than all the rest, princes and princesses, noble scions of so many kings—lights of France—but to-day obscured and covered with sŏrrōw, as with a cloud.

2. Come and see the little that remains to us of so august a birth, of so much grandeur, of so much glōry. Cast your eyes on all sides; behold all that magnificence and piety can give to honor—a hero! Titles, inscriptions, vain marks of that which no lŏnger exists, figures which seem to weep around a tomb, and the frail images of a grief which time carries away with all the rest; columns which seem to wish to elevate even to the heavens the magnificent evidence of our nothingness; in all these honors nothing is wanted—except him to whom they are given.

3. Weep, then, over these feeble remains of human life; weep over this sad immortality which we give to heroes; approach, in particular, O ye who run with so much ardor in the career of glory—warlike and intrepid souls! Who was more worthy to command you? Where have you found so noble a chief? Weep, then, for this great căptain, and say, in sighing: Behold

[1] Am bĭ′tion, to desire with eagerness. The verb "to ambition" is, however, obsolete, as well as inelegant.

him who led us through perils; under whom so many renowned leaders were formed; so many warriors who have been elevated, by his exămple, to the first honors of the camp; even his shadow might yet have gained battles.

4. Behold in his silence his name even animates us, and warns us that if in death we wish to find some repose after our labors, and hope to reach happily our etĕrnal residence, we must, while serving the kings of the earth, also serve the King of Heaven. Serve, then, this Immortal King, so full of mĕrcy, who will reward you for even a cup of cold water given in His name, more than all the others for all the blood you shed for them; and commence to count your services as useful from the day you give yourselves to so generous a Master.

5. And you—will you not come to this sad monument; you, I say, whom he loved to rank among his friends? All together, in whatever degree of confidence he has received you—surround this tomb; give him your tears and your prayers, and, admiring in this prince a friendship so generous, an intercourse so sweet, preserve the memory of a hero whose goodness equaled his coŭrage. May he ever be to you a dear remembrance, and may you profit by his virtues; and may his death, which you deplore, serve, at the same time, as a consolation and an example!

6. For myself, if I am permitted, after all the others, to come and render my last tribute at this tomb, O prince, the worthy object of our praises and our regrets, you will live eternally in my memory; your image will there be impressed, not with that air of triumph which promises victory—no; I wish to see nothing which death can efface—you will have in that image ōnly those traits which are immortal. I shall see you such as you were on that last day, under the hand of Gŏd, when His glory commenced to appear in you.

7. There I shall see you mōre glōrious than at Frĭburg′, or at Rŏcroy′, and, ravished at so beautiful a triumph, I shall exclaim in thanksgiving with the belovèd Apŏstle: "The true victory, that which places under our feet the entire world, is our faith."

8. Enjoy, then, O prince, this victory; enjoy it etĕrnally, by the immortal virtue of this sacrifice. Accept these last ĕfforts

of a voice which was known to you; you will put an end to all these discourses. Instead of deploring the death of others, great prince, I wish henceforward to learn from you how to make my own holy; happy, if warned by these white hairs of the account which I must soon render of my stewardship, I reserve for the flock which I am bound to feed with the Word of Life, the remains of a voice which will soon be hushed, and of an ardor that is growing cold. BOSSUET.

JAMES BENIGNE BOSSUET, Bishop of Meaux, one of the most powerful writers and celebrated preachers of France, was born at Dijon, Sept. 27, 1627, and died in Paris, April 12, 1704. In 1670 Louis XIV. entrusted him with the education of the dauphin, for whose special instruction he wrote his celebrated "Discourse on Universal History," which still ranks as a masterpiece. His most important controversial work was his "History of the Variations of Protestantism." As an orator he particularly excelled in funeral addresses, his panegyrics on Henrietta of England, the great Condé, and on the Duchess of Orleans being still quoted as examples of pure eloquence.

SECTION XIII.

I.

52. GOD.

O THOU etĕrnal One! whose presence bright
All space dŏth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all dĕv'astating flight;
Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom nŏne can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no mōre!

2. In its sublime research, phĭlŏsophy
May mĕasure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rāys—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost, ere thought can sōar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

3. Thou from primeval[1] nŏthingness didst call,
First chaos,[2] then existence: Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprung fōrth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and dŏth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays dĭvīne.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate![3]

4. Thy chains the unmĕasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring fōrth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the păgeantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

6. Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost.

[1] **Prī mē'val**, original; the first.
[2] **Chā'os**, an empty, infinite space; a yawning chasm.
[3] **Pō'tent**ate, one who possesses very great power or sway; an emperor, king, or sovereign.

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What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered hōst,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glōry of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance; weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh, what am I then? Naught!

7. Naught! yĕt the effluence of Thy light dĭvīne,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bŏsom too.
Yes! in my spirit dŏth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! Yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy dĭvĭnity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

8. Thou art! dĭrĕcting, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and ĕarth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their bĭrth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land.

9. The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

10. Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord!

Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its sŏurce—to Thee, its Author, there.

11. O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVIN.

II.

53. ANSWERING LOVE.

'TIS not Thy promised heavenly reward
Attracts me, O my Gŏd! to love of Thee;
Nor am I moved from sin's reproach to flee
By fear of its eternal fierce award.
'Tis Thou who drawĕst me, my loving Lord:
Mangled and nailed to a disgraceful tree,
Thy wounded Body steals my heart from me;
Thy death 'mid scŏffings strikes its deepest chord.

2. Yes; Thy love lifts me to such lŏfty scope,
That I would love Thee were no heaven above,
And, were no hell beneath, would fear to sin.
Naught dŏst Thou owe me, my poor love to win;
For, if I hoped not for what now I hope,
Still, as I love Thee now, I then would love.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

III.

54. ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

TOWARD the end of 1244, or the beginning of 1245, John the Teutonic, fourth mâster-general of the Order of Preachers, came to Colōgne', accompanied by a young Neapŏlitan, whom he presented to Brother Albert as a future disciple. In those days Europe was a land of liberty, and nations held out the hand to each other in the universities. You might go for instruction where you thought proper. The young man whom John the Teutonic had just brought to the school of Albertus Magnus[1] was, on the father's side, great grandson of the Emperor Frederick I., cousin of the Emperor Henry VI., second cousin of the reigning Emperor Frederick II., and by his mother he was descended from the Norman princes who had expelled the Ar'abs and Greeks from Italy and conquered the two Sicilies.

2. He was ōnly seventeen years of age. It was told of him that his parents carried him away and placed him in a strong castle, in order to make him abandon his devotion, but without success. He pursued, it was said, with a brand from the fire a woman who had been introduced into his apartment, and had gained his two sisters to the religious life during the very conversation by which they had hoped to dissuade him from it; and Pope Innocent IV., who had been asked to break the bonds which held him to the Order of St. Dominic, had listened to him with admiration, and offered him the Abbey of Mount Cassino.

3. Preceded by such repōrts, the young Count of Aquinas—now simply Brother Thomas—was in great consideration with his fellow-students. But nŏthing in him met their expectations. He was a plain young man, who spoke little, and whose very eyes seemed dull. At length they came to believe he had nothing exalted about him but his birth, and he was called in mŏckery "the great dull ox of Sicily." His master, Albert

[1] **Albertus Magnus**, or *Albert the Great*, a learned Dominican of the thirteenth century, and the master of St. Thomas. He was a native of Swabia, and died in a German convent of his order in 1280.

himself, not knowing what to think of him, took occasion one day to question him upon some knotty points. The disciple answered with an apprehension and judgment so marvelous, that Albert felt the joy which a superior man alone can feel when he meets another man destined to equal or, perhaps, surpass himself. He turned with emotion to the assembled youth, and said: "We call Brother Thomas a dull ox, but the world will one day re-echo to the bĕllōwing of his doctrine."

4. The fulfilment of this prophecy was not long delayed; Thomas Aquinas became in a short time the most illustrious doctor of the Catholic Church, and his birth itself, royal as it was, disappears in the magnificence of his personal renown.

5. At the age of forty-one years, and when he had nine more to live, St. Thomas thought of the design which was the gōal, as yet unknown, of his destiny. He proposed to himself to bring together the scattered materials of theology; and out of what you might expect to find a mere compilation he constructed a mâsterpiece of which every body speaks, even those who have not read it, as every one speaks of the pyramids, which scarcely any one has seen.

6. Theology is, as we have said, the science of the dĭvīne affirmations. When man simply accepts these affirmations, he is in the state of faith. When he establishes the connection of these affirmations with each other, and with all the internal and external facts of the universe, his faith is of the theological or scientific kind. Consequently, theology results from the combination of the human with a divine element; but if this combination enlightens faith, it is, nevertheless, subject to great danger. For, give yourself a little scope in the order of visible things, and you will soon have reached the extreme limit of certainty belonging to them. And if you go a little farther, the mind brings back from these ill-explored regions little else than opinions, calculated, in some instances, to damage the purity and solidity of its faith.

7. One of the prime qualities, thĕrefore, in a Catholic doctor, is discernment in the use of the human element. Now this tact was found in St. Thomas to an eminent degree. Up to his time, all human science was confined to the writings of Aristŏtle—logic, metaphysics, morality, physics, politics, nat-

ural history. Aristotle taught every thing, and was looked upon as having pronounced the final decree of nature upon every subject. Nevertheless, it was enough to run through one or two of his works to remark how little he had in common with the genius of Christianity. Already the reading of his works had begun to bear fruits of bitterness. In 1277, Stephen II., Archbishop of Paris, found it necessary to censure two hundred and twenty-two articles for errors contained in the writings of Aristotle.

8. Such were the scientific elements with which St. Thomas had to deal; but from these he had to create a psychology,[1] an ontology,[2] a political and mŏral system, worthy of entering into combination with the dogmas of the faith. St. Thomas did all this. Putting aside the chimeras[3] and aberrations[4] of the Stagyrite, he drew from his writings all the truth it was possible to glean, he transformed and sublimed his materials, and without either prostrating or adoring the idol of his age, he opened up a philŏsophy which had still the blood of Aristotle in its veins, but mingled with and purified by his own and that of his great predecessors in doctrine.

9. To this discernment in the use of the human finite element St. Thomas united a penetrating insight into the divine. In contemplating the mysteries of God, he had the steadfast gaze we see in the eagle of St. John; that expression of eye so difficult to define, but which you understand so well when, after having meditated on some truth of Christianity, you meet with a man who has gone deeper than you, or better understood the voice of infinitude. A great theologian has many things in common with a great artist. Bŏth of them see what escapes the vulgar eye; both of them hear what escapes the vulgar ear; and when, with the feeble organs on which men have to rely, they cătch a reflection or a sound of what they

[1] **Psȳ chŏl′ o ġy,** a systematic discourse or treatise on the powers and functions of the human soul as they are made known by consciousness.

[2] **On tŏl′o ġy,** that part of the science of metaphysics which investigates and explains the nature and essential properties and relations of all beings, as such.

[3] **Chī mē′ra,** a vain or foolish fancy; an absurd or fantastic idea.

[4] **Ab′er rā′tion,** the act of wandering, especially from truth or moral rectitude.

have seen or hĕard, they give it to the world with a life and truthfulness that bespeak superior genius.

10. This faculty of exploring the infinite will astonish those who believe a mystery to be an affirmation[1] of which even the terms are not clearly understood; but those who know the incomprehensible to be boundless light, which, even on the day of our seeing God face to face, we shall not be able fully to penetrate, will easily conceive that the more immense the horī′zon, the greater is the scope for the excursive gaze. Theology[2] has this rare advantage, that the divine affirmations which disclose infinitude from time to time are at once a compass and a sea. The Word of God forms in infinitude lines that may be traced, that circumscribe the intellect without confining it, and bear you along with them even while they fly before you. Never shall man, entangled in the meshes and immĕrsed in the darkness of the finite, understand the happiness of the theologian, swimming in the boundless space of truth, and finding in the bounds which keep him in, the immensity by which he is ravished.

11. This union, at one and the same moment, of the most perfect security and the boldest flight, causes the soul an inexpressible joy, which makes him who has once felt it despise all else. To no one are you more ŏften indebted for this feeling than to St. Thomas. After having studied a question, even in the works of great men, recur to him, and you feel that you have traversed worlds in a bound, and thought is no longer a burden.

12. We ought to speak of the force that bound together the divine and the human element in those writings, always keeping the second in subordination to the first. We ought to speak of that powerful spirit of unity which, in the course of so enormous a work, never once fails, but catches up, right and left, all waters of earth and heaven, and drives them onward by a movement as of a mighty spring, increasing their cŭrrent without changing it. We ought, in fine, to give some ide′a of a style which makes truth perceptible in her profoundest depths,

[1] **Af′ fir mā′ tion,** positive, dogmatic assertion of what is true; the act of affirming or asserting as true.

[2] **The ŏl′o ġy,** the science which treats of God, His existence, character, and attributes, His laws, the doctrines we are to believe and the duties we are to practice.

as you see the fish beneath the waters of a limpid lake, or the stars in a pure sky; a style as călm as it is transpâr'ent, in which imagination is as little seen as passion, and which, notwithstanding, charms the understanding.

13. But time passes; and, besides, St. Thomas has no need of praise. Sovereign Pontiffs, councils, religious orders, universities, a thousand writers, in a word, have exalted him beyond the reach of praise from us. When the ambassadors of Naples came to solicit his canonization [1] from John XXII., the Pope, who received them in full consistory,[2] said, "St. Thomas has enlightened the Church more than all the other doctors put together, and you will derive more advantage from his books in one year than from the works of others in a lifetime." And when some one, during the prŏcess of the canonization, observed that he never wrought a mĭracle, the Sovereign Pontiff replied, "He has wrought as many miracles as he has written articles." During the Council of Trent, a table was placed in the middle of the hall, where the Fathers of the Council were in session, and on it lay the Holy Scriptures, the Decrees of the Popes, and the Summa of St. Thomas. After that, God alone could praise this great man in the Council of His Saints.

14. St. Thomas died at Fossa Nuova, a monastery of the order of Citeaux, almost hălf-way between Naples and Rome, the cities of his natural and his spiritual nativity, not far from the Castle of Roccia-Secca, where it is probable he was born, and near Monte Cassino, where he passed a portion of his infancy. Death overtook him there on his rōad to the second general Council of Lyons, in which the reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches was to be negotiated. He had been summoned thither by Gregory X. The religious, crowding around his bed, besought him to give them a short exposition of the Canticle of Canticles, and it was on that song of love he gave his last lesson.

15. He in his turn begged the religious to lay him on the

[1] **Căn'on i zā'tion**, the act of enrolling the name of one of the faithful departed in the catalogue of saints.

[2] **Con sĭst'o ry**, an assembly of prĕlates; the College of Cardinals at Rome.

ashes, that he might there receive the holy Viaticum,[1] and when he saw the Host in the hands of the priest, he said, with tears, "I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true man, only Son of the Eternal Father and of the Virgin Mother, is present in this august săcrament. I receive Thee, O price of the redemption of my soul; I receive Thee, viaticum of her pilgrimage—Thee for whose love I have studied, watched, labored, preached, and taught. Never have I knowingly said anything against Thee; but if ever I have done so without knowing it, I uphold no such opinion, but leave every thing to the correction of the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I depart this life." Thus died St. Thomas, at the age of fifty, March 7, 1274, some hours after midnight, at daybreak.

LACORDAIRE.

JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE, a French Dominican, was born at Recey-sur-Ource, Côte d'Or, May 12, 1802, and died at the college of Sorèze, which he had founded, Nov. 22, 1861. He was educated for the bar, and, after practising law for some time, and with great success, abandoned it for theology, and was ordained in 1827. In 1835 he began a series of Lenten discourses at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, Paris, which were continued for several Lents, and which have since been published, and admirably translated into English by H. Langdon. His "Inner Life," by his religious superior, Père Chocarne, was published in 1867.

IV.

55. BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

TEACH me, O God, the trŭèst adoration;
Give me to know, in Thy mysterious ways,
Shall hymns of joy and fervent aspiration
Or tearful silence best proclaim Thy praise?

2. Whene'er I bow in humble prâyer before Thee—
So great my load of sorrow and of sin—
So great my joy one moment to adore Thee,
Sobs and hosannas strive my heart within.

3. Woe to the soul that can not here discover
Her own Creator and the angels' King—

[1] **Vi ăt' i cum**, provisions for a journey; hence, the name applies to the Holy Eucharist when given to persons dying after illness.

King of the angels—but man's mōre than lover,
Tortured and slain for our vast ransoming.

4. And yet the vilest dust concealèth wonders,
Teems with strange marvels, miracles indeed:
And heaven hath distance, splendor, time, and numbers
The lordliest mind shall never grasp and read.

5. Still man, who sees Thee in the humblest flower,
Who knows so little round him or above,
While he, perforce, admits Thy boundless power,
Presumes to set a limit to Thy love!

6. Had heaven to me a shining sceptre yielded
Of some strŏng angel, whose bright throne may be
O'er many a starry myriad, lightning-shielded,
In glōry marching thrŏugh eternity—
Oh! happier far, in humble adoration,
Were I, to bend my pride, head, heart, and knee,
And feel—no more a discord in creation—
My soul in harmony with her and Thee!

7. Before Thee, then, this world seems cold and nărrōw,
The spirit blossoms like the prophet's rod;
And every sigh becomes a burning ărrōw,
Whose bright point flashes through the heart of God!

8. Thou hast unnumbered seraphim to sing Thee
Adoring canticles from pole to pole;
But we, alas! faint praise, poor offering bring Thee,
Yet Thou hast died for this—the human soul!
Oh! make it Thine by grace and tribulation,
And when life's brief calamity is o'er,
Crown us in love's sublimest adoration,
Where faith is lost in vision evermore.

WILLIAMS.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS was born in Dublin, October 8, 1822, and died at Thibodeaux, La., July 5, 1862. His earlier poems were published in the Dublin "Nation," over the signature "Shamrock." They have never yet been collected in book form, but they evince a delicate and peculiar genius, which will, doubtless, some day secure them that honor.

V.

56. *HYMN TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.*

CLEAR vault of heaven, serenely blue,
How many stars come shining through
Thy ăzure depths?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Săcrament as many times a day!

2. Fair world, the work of God's right hand,
How many are the grains of sand
In all thy frame?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

3. Green mĕadōw, wide as eye can see,
How many ō'er thy swąrd may be
The blades of grăss?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

4. O groves and gardens, rich and fair,
What bounteous harvests do you bear
Of fruits and flowers?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

5. Great ocean, boundless, uncontrolled,
How many do thy waters hold
Of briny drops?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

6. High sun, of all things center bright,
How many are the rays of light
That from thee dart?
"*Beyond all count are they.*"
Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

7. Eternity, O vast sublime!
How many moments of our time
Are in thy length?
"Beyond all count are they."
Praised be the Holy Săcrament as many times a day!

Translated from the German, by M. R., *in the "Irish Monthly."*

SECTION XIV.

I.

57. BETTER MOMENTS.

MY mother's voice! how ŏften creep
Its accents on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forgĕt her melting prâyer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

2. The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea
Give âye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manlinèss hath drank up tears;
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

3. I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—

When bursting leaves, and diămond grăss,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses păss
With wilder fleetnèss, thrŏnged the night—
When all was beauty—then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on wings of Ar'aby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung;

4. And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pōured out low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living păth of light.

5. I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking,
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was fōrth, perchance,
As a wōrn reveler from the dance—
And when the sun sprang glōriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were cătching upon wave and tree
The ărrōws from his subtle quiver—

6. I say a voice has thrilled me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent glen,
Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed

7. Eternity, O vast sublime!
How many moments of our time
Are in thy length?
"Beyond all count are they."
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Hath stricken me, and I have pressed

On the wet grass my fevered brow,
  And pōuring fōrth the earliëst
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
  Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
  And, yielding to the blessèd gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
  Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
  As humble as a vĕry child. WILLIS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, an American poet, essayist, and journalist, was born in Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1807, and died at Idlewild, near Newburgh on the Hudson, Jan. 20, 1867.

II.

58. ABOUT IMPARTIALITY.

PART FIRST.

IMPARTIALITY is one of those cold-blooded virtues the exercise of which seems to give unlimited satisfaction to hard-hearted people. The mere profession of impartiality gives a man a sort of claim to the judicial ermine;[1] and when he improvises[2] a trībūnal, and brings some social delinquent to the bar, scârcely any one is bold enough to question his right to the seat of judgment. But virtues, in proportion as they are admirable and admired, present temptations to the counterfeiter and the cheat; and the man who, in any department of human things, lays claim to the rare merit of impartiality, need not feel himself insulted if his claim be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny.

2. As there is a spurious prudence which, when analyzed, is merely a scientific culture of selfishness; as there is a spurious fortitude that bears with great equanimity the calamities of others; as there is a spurious temperance that condemns all intemperance except intemperance of condemnation; as there

[1] **Er'mine**, a small animal found in northern climates, whose white fur, being used to line the state robes of magistrates, became emblematic of the justice and purity which should characterize their official actions.

[2] **Im pro vis'es**, forms suddenly.

is a spurious justice that concerns itself only with the debts due to it, without any regard to the debts it owes; so of impartiality, which, indeed, is a branch of justice, there is a spurious sort that ŏft*e*n imposes itself upon uncritical people as the gĕnuĭne article.

3. Every man, in his dealings with men, ought to aim at impartiality. But the aim is so difficult of attainment that the impartial mĕn, like the wise man of the Stoics,[1] has hitherto remained, and shall probably remain, among the unrealized ideals of human aspiration. Perfect impartiality would not, I imagine, tend to increase the personal popularity of the man who happened to possess it. Even the imperfect attainment of it, that is, happily, possible, has usually resulted in pleasing nobody.

4. There is, to begin with, a certain exasperation[2] that is excited by the exhibition of it. Most men do not even profess to be impartial. They are unmistakable partisans, keenly eager, and undisguisedly biased on the side of their own personal interests. Indeed, they come to think that such a bias is among the normal accomplishments of right reason; and when some one makes pretension of not having it, society is apt to rise against him as one of those mis'chievous beings who initiate any possible amount of wrŏngdoing by setting up to be better than his neighbors.

5. What can you expect of a man who professes that the merits of a case have for him a fascination that overrides the fascination of his personal interest in its being decided one way rather than another? The world refuses to believe in such profession, and not unnaturally, for the state is abnormal,[3] and abnormal phenomena need better proof than mere words. If, indeed, a man *act* impartially, the world will give him credit for it, even though in doing so, it compassionately classes him with that not very numerous band who are said to be "too good for the world they live in."

[1] **Stō'ics**, an ancient sect, founded by the Grecian philosopher Zeno, which held that men should free themselves from the dominion of their passions, remain unmoved alike by grief or joy, and submit without complaint to whatever befell them.

[2] **Ex as'per ā'tion**, irritation.

[3] **Ab nor'mal**, not conformed to rule; contrary to any law or system; irregular.

6. There is, however, something to be said for the popular instinct that rather dislikes an obtrusive impartiality. High virtues are not to be had without a struggle, and that struggle is ŏf*t*en like an incursion into an enemy's country, to make which a man is often tempted to leave his own fireside unguarded. When he returns victorious, he may find seated by his own heärth certain undesirable guests who will insist on marching with him in his triumph to the capitŏl. These guests may be called little unamiabilities that sometimes accompany great merits.

7. Or, to illustrate in another way: when weeds have got into the field of life, the pulling up of them is not effected without a displacement of good soil, and a certain consequent disfigurement, more or less temporary. If you have ever known a thŏrough convert, a man who, having been bad, was striving with all his might to be good, you will know how unintentionally trying and how unconsciously disagreeable he may occasionally make himself even to sympathetic bystanders.

8. This is the case even when the virtues are reăl. How much more is it the case when they are ōnly mōre or less successful imitations? When a man affects a special virtue, he is in danger of making a hobby of it, and hobbies are generally ridden to death, or at any rate are ridden, without any regard to the law of trespass, over the fields of our neighbors. The virtue begins to be a taste, and our tastes very easily come to be tyrants bōth to ourselves and to others.

9. It is so easy to overstep the limit that fences us from an extreme, that men often overpăss it lŏng before they think they have reached it. How many unvirtuous things have been done in the name of virtue! How often has even genuine virtue been carried out of the medium that was its natural home into an extreme that stamped on it the lĭn′eäments of vice to the eyes of every one except of him who still ruthlessly[1] inflicted it upon the world. These dangers that I have hinted at are at the bottom of the suspicion, not to say the dislike, that ordinary people have for some unquestionably great virtues.

10. The cardinal virtues themselves would scarcely secure full appreciation from a mob. Prudence, justice, fortitude,

[1] Ruth'less ly, without pity.

temperance, exact in their exercise such exemptions from the passions by which average men are swayed, that average men come to believe that those who practice them must be altogether passionless; and the mob feels, and in this feels justly, that the thoroughly passionless man is a mŏral monster, a sort of solvent acid, poured upon all the bonds that keep men together, hand in hand and heart to heart. Poor mob, having experience ōnly of the petty objects that are whirled like straws, and as valueless as straws, in the gusts of its own petty passions, has no notion of the passion for heroic virtue that carries poor human nature to the flood-tide of purpose and achievement.

III.

59. *ABOUT IMPARTIALITY.*

PART SECOND.

BUT, in truth, most of the impartiality that one sees is of the spurious sort, and it will be to good purpose to examine some specimens bōth of impartiality and its opposite, that will let in some light on the great rōot motives.

2. There is, then, the intellectual impartiality that I have sometimes met amongst men intellectually clever, but not intellectually great. They are so impartial that they never decide. Keen enough, and glistening, they are blades that lend themselves to other hands for good or evil, and need other hands to find a use for them. They seem to see every side of every question, every weak place in every argument. The drawback is that there is no argument, *pro* or *con*, without its weak place. A hundred rōads to the desired gōal stretch out before them; but every road is lined with enemies, which duller-sighted men would not have seen, and more courageous men would have despised. They sink into mere expositors, whose sole function it becomes to state a question they can not or dare not answer, for those who are able and not afraid to answer it. These latter suck them like an ŏrange, and throw them aside like the rind.

3. I dare say the life of such an intellectual fribble[1] is not without its plĕasures. The ŏffice of critical expositor of other people's plans has delights of its own. It is amusing, if nŏthing higher, to have, as by universal consent, a free pàss from one camp to another, hälf busybody, half peacemaker. Only, the disadvàntage is, that when real fighting begins, they are hus-tled aside as useless or obstructive; and no matter which side wins the battle, there is for them no laurel wreath, for there is no side of which they did not partly prophesy the failure.

4. Another drawback is that with a wealth of endowment, that to a superficial observer would have given certain earnest[2] of great achievement, they never achieve anything. Intellectually im'potent, they leave behind them no intellectual children for the use or sŏlace of mankind. It is no wonder that such impartiality is not popular. Men have a passion for doing something or seeing something done. Many a folly and many a fault will they forgive to a real worker who has helped on a cause ever so little; but the man who weighs and balances, throws up objection and answer as a juggler throws up balls, such a one the world knows will never make men his debtors for a stroke of reäl work.

5. Just as little wonder that this manner of impartiality should soon cease to be respectable. In most cases it springs rather from a defect of nature than from fulness of intellectual light. It is usually the attribute of men who, having a great deal of what the world calls "head," have, withal, very little "heart," and whose coŭrage is of the sort that "oozes out at the fingers' ends." They can not give a decision on any side because they do not care enough about any side to think it worth while to risk a decision in its favor.

6. It is very much the same in the domain of mŏrals. But impartiality in moral judgments often deserves rather the name of indifference. This indifference is of two sorts—the indifference of easy-going, good-natured people, who tolerate every one and every thing, so long as toleration does not involve any degree of self-sacrifice; and the indifference of the man of

[1] **Frĭb'ble,** a frivolous, trifling, contemptible person.

[2] **Ear'nest,** a pledge given as a token of earnest or serious purpose to fulfil a promise or discharge an obligation.

acrid nature and bilious temperament, who, in every difference between men, has a keen eye for the faults that are proverbially declared to be discoverable on both sides of every dispute. The former praise every one all round; the latter censure all sides indifferently.

7. But, besides, there are two classes of good people, the negatively good and the positively good. There are those who are so scrupulously afraid of doing wrŏng that they seldom venture to do anything, and those who are never satisfied except when engaged in action. The former, disliking intensely to commit themselves, will present at first sight a greater appearance of impartiality than the others; but second sight may not tend to confirm such a conclusion. The others have to live in a keener air and to deal with rougher elements. The roughness gets into their tongues and into their temper, and their moral judgments rarely fail in decisiveness, or lack the definite outline which incisive[1] speech can impart to the raw material of human judgments.

8. The hardest work in the world is done by men whose brains are constructed on so simple a plan that they can house ōnly one idē'à at a time. They are unembarrassed by those large intellectual possessions that in crises[2] of action often turn into incumbrances. Whatever may be said of a long campaign, it is certain that in a riot those are apt to be boldest who have little or nŏthing to lose. Property of all sorts is everywhere prone to timidity. These men of whom I speak have not the slightest hesitation in running their heads against stone walls, logical or other; and the marvel is their heads are so thick that they never seem to feel the shock of the collision. Inconsistency, that is the bugbear of sensitive people, gives them no trouble, for however largely it may appear in their conduct or their opinions, they are quite unaware of its existence.

9. They live in the present, and have very little care and very little memory for what they said or thought yesterday or the day before. And as the world's memory is almost equally short, their ve'hemence about anything this week is not discountenanced by their equal vehemence the week before about

[1] **In cī' sive,** sharp; sarcastic;

[2] **Crises** (krī' sēz), decisive moments; turning points.

something not only different, but incompatible. Assuredly, these men are not impartial, except, perhaps, in the long run. They are always ve'hement partisans[1] of their own present views. But I say "in the long run," because in the summing up of their career, it may be found that practically they have earned a claim to impartiality from the fact that there was scarcely any party to which, at any rate constructively,[2] they did not, from time to time, give their support.

10. Another class, far removed from impartiality, is made up of the hot-headed, who make a personal matter of their opinions. Their opinions are themselves, and these selves they long to impose upon a submissive world, of course for the world's own good. But the world is not submissive, and, their counsels rejected, they lose patience, and pull down the barriers of bitter speech. They are almost invariably well-meaning, but it is by well-meaning men that a great deal of hardship has been inflicted upon their neighbors.

11. Let a man mean well for himself by all means. I for one shall never quarrel with him. But when he begins to mean well for *me*, and to fit, and, if it will not fit, as usually it will not, to force his meaning on my life, then I should wish to get as quickly as possible out of the sphere of his good intentions. Such a man has constant hope of making earth a paradise, and a sort of sub-hope, which he would scarcely acknowledge, that in the middle of that paradise will be erected a huge trŏphy bearing the name and keeping the fame of him—the reformer. But he finds that after all his ĕffŏrts things go on very much the same. Earth refuses to become a paradise, men remain men—not angels yet—and our friend, having lost his pains, loses his temper. His whŏle mental history has been told in the jingle—"little pot, soon hot."

12. I think it is a bad thing when impartiality hardens into a state. True impartiality is shown in single instances and individual judgments; but when the instance has been reviewed, and the judgment formed, a man must cease to be impartial. How can he be impartial with regard to the stan-

[1] **Par' ti san,** one unreasonably devoted to his own party or individual interest.

[2] **Con strŭc'tive ly,** by way of construction or interpretation; by fair inference.

dard of his judgment without forfeiting his self-respect and the respect of others? There is a right and wrŏng in everything, and an ascertainable[1] right and wrong in most things, and once having ascertained, impartiality—the refusing to take a side—is either indifference or cowardice.

13. I find that impartiality is apt to harden into a state amongst a class of men for whom the world has great respect and for whom most people have nŏthing but good words—I mean "the moderate men." A moderate man is constitutionally timid, and consequently looks on conservatism[2] as an essential feature in the right order of things. He will not willingly leave the old pāths; but if a trụculent[3] passer-by threatens to push him into the gutter, he will not fight even for the old path he loves so well. I suppose this timidity is one of those admirable devices by which nature hinders even the most inveterate[4] conservatism from being utterly destructive of prŏgress.

14. The moderate man has no strong opinions, except, indeed (and the exception is an important one), a strong opinion that all other strong opinions are dangerous to the peace of the world; something like moral dynamite, that is, highly undesirable, especially in one's immediate neighborhood. He is usually kind-hearted, for kindness is easier than severity, and benevolence is oil on troubled waters. But in difficult circumstances he fails to exhibit the coŭrage of his friendships. He will not fight for any one. Somehow I think these moderate men are less frequently happy than the world imagines. It is the old story of the old man and his ass. A moderate man finds, after a long lifetime of striving to please everybody, that nobody is in the least pleased, and that the utmost he has to expect, even from his best wishers, is the "charity of silence." Besides, his peace is broken in another way, without mention of which this slight sketch of him would be incomplete. I never met a moderate man who did not seem perpetually

[1] **As cer tāin' a ble,** capable of being known with certainty.

[2] **Con serv'a tism,** the disposition to preserve what is established; opposition to change.

[3] **Tru'cu lent,** of fierce, ferocious aspect.

[4] **In vĕt'e rate,** firmly established by long continuance.

arraigning himself, as it were, before an imaginary tribunal, much more concerned about the justification of his acts than about their quality or consequences. His epitaph may be written by a variation of that witty one of Rochester on Charles the Second: "*Here lies our moderate man, who never did anything foolish, nor anything great.*"

From "Lectures by a Certain Professor."

IV.

60. KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at Vespers proudly sat,
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again,
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learnèd clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

2. When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and hĕard no sound.

He groped toward the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the rōof and walls
As if dead priests were läughing in their stalls.
At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Hälf choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, hälf naked, without hat or clōak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But lēaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

3. Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong, and outrage desperate,
Strode on, and thundered at the palace gate:
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal[1] and page,
And hŭrried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare;
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed·
Voices and cries he hĕard, but did not heed;
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

4. There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

[1] **Sĕn'e schal**, an officer in the houses of princes and dignitaries, who has the superintendence of feasts and domestic ceremonies.

arraigning himself, as it were, before an imaginary tribunal, much more concerned about the justification of his acts than about their quality or consequences. His epitaph may be written by a variation of that witty one of Rochester on Charles the Second: "*Here lies our moderate man, who never did anything foolish, nor anything great.*"

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Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

[1] **Sĕn'e schal**, an officer in the houses of princes and dignitaries, who has the superintendence of feasts and domestic ceremonies.

King Robert's self in feature, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords.
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

5. Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with great alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the king!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in feature, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!

It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

6. Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Satûrnian[1] reign;
Under the angel's governance benign,
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Ençĕl'adus,[2] the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as mŏnks are shōrn,
By courtiers mŏcked, by pages läughed to scorn,
His ōnly friend the ape, his only fōod
What others left—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way,
And hälf in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a *sw*ōrd of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "*I am, I am the king!*"

7. Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rârest kind.

[1] **Sa tur'ni an,** pertaining to Saturn, a mythical character, whose mild and wise reign is known as "the golden age."

[2] **En cĕl'a dŭs,** one of the giants who warred against Jove. Sicily was flung upon him, his motions causing the eruptions of Ætna.

Then he departed with them ō'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

8. And lo! among the mēnials in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pŏmp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace,
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares.

9. Robert, the jester, bûrsting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The emperor, läughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

10. In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose made the city bright,

And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eye the unwŏnted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He hĕard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

11. And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy,
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea,
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall
He heard the Angelus from the convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a ġesture bădе the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed his hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knōwèst best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones which pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

12. The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string,
"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

LONGFELLOW.

SECTION XV.

I.

61. THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

PART FIRST.

LADY MARGARET was busy writing some good-by notes to friends in Paris one morning—it was Tuesday, and she was to leave on Thursday—when the door opened, and Burke announced "The Reverend Mr. Ringwood." It was a welcome meeting on both sides. "Where have you come from, and where are you going?" was Lady Margaret's enquiry, as soon as the glad surprise of the meeting was over.

2. "I have just returned from Rome, and was on my way to Switzerland, but my plans are suddenly changed. I am on the invalid list—the old trouble in my chest—and ordered to spend the winter out of England; my intention was to go to Paris on my return from the mountains, but I have determined now to attach myself to a regiment that is about to start for the north; I shall remain with it as long as my services are wanted, and when the war is over, I shall go south somewhere; unless," he added, laughing, "a Prussian bullet sets me free before then."

3. "And that is what you call coming abroad for your health?" He laughed. "The only thing I am under orders for is the climate; that is good everywhere, just in the seat of war."—"But consider how the service will try your strength; think of the risk to your life," said Lady Margaret. "What better can I do with them both than to lose them in such a

cause?"—"What! the cause of the French against the Germans? Are your political sympathies as strŏng as all that?"

4. "If I have any political bias, it is rather the other way. I was indignant with the French for going to war; and I quite expected—I will not say hoped—that they might get the worst of it at first: since the tide has set so overpoweringly against them, however, I have veered round to their side, though not to the extent of exalting them and vituperating the Germans. No; the cause that I am enlisting in is nēither French nor German; it is the cause of souls: I am going to help the wounded and the dying; I hope to be of use to a good many."

5. "But is there not a chaplain attached to every rĕgiment?"—"Yĕs, but what is one among so many? On a field of battle there may be a hundred dying men, all in want of him; at such a time an extra priest is an immense mercy to the soldiers, and if I am only the means of saving one soul, if I come in time to absolve one poor dying sinner, that will be worth the risk ten times over."

6. There was a quick ring of exultation in Mr. Ringwood's voice as he uttered the last sentence, raising his hand with a sudden movement, and letting it drop quickly. Lady Margaret looked at him in puzzled admiration. They were a singular race, those Catholic priests; here was a refined, studious man, possessed of an independent income, quite sufficient to supply all his moderate wants and comforts, suddenly starting off, of his own accord, to expose his life, and in all probability ruin his health—for what? For the chance of giving absolution to a fellow-creature at his death-hour! What faith he must have in his own priestly power!

7. "How lŏng do you remain in Paris?" inquired Lady Margaret. "Until my regiment starts; they are a band of raw recruits, mere boys some of them, who are hardly strŏng enough to handle their muskets. I have just been assisting at their drill; it is a very sad spectacle."—"It is abominable! it is butchery! I am glad I am going!" said Lady Margaret, impetuously. "How did you find me out? at the em'bassy?"—"No; I never thought of inquiring; I did not know you were here: it was Crampton who told me. I met him at Galignani's (gā lēn yä'nēz). You are one of his flock, are you not?"

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8. "I suppose so."—"You ōnly suppose so? The sheep should know their shepherd, should they not?" said Mr. Ringwood, smiling. "He spoke of you with great interest, at any rate, and seemed glad that you were going, although he observed it was a pity, as you were so spirited, that you should not stay and see it out." Lady Margaret läughed. "Does he intend to stay and see it out himself?"—"I should think so, from the way he spoke, but we ōnly exchanged a few words in a hŭrry."

9. "Why, the man is mad if he stops, with his wife and ten children, in a besieged city," exclaimed Lady Margaret. "Ten children! Good gracious! is Crampton at the head of such a family as that? He must find it hard enough to provide for them in time of peace, but how he expects to do it during a siege I can not conceive. He is an exceedingly good fellōw; he and I used to be great allies in the old days at Oxford."

10. Just at this moment thêre was a ring at the hall-door, and Mr. Crampton made his appearance in person. "You have come to speed me on my way," said Lady Margaret; "but is it true that you remain here yourself?"—"Certainly; it is my duty to do so," said the clergyman, a slight accent of resentment piercing through the emphatic tone of his reply.—"And your wife and children? Is there no question of a duty to them?"

11. "My first duty is to my flock," he replied. "I am thankful to say that my wife understands that, and is anxious to help instead of hindering me; she remains here to share whatever sufferings or perils may be in stōre for me; the children leave to-morrow for Scotland, where they will stay with some relations of hers."—"Do you expect many English here during the siege, since there is to be a siege?" said Mr. Ringwood. "I thought the whōle colony had taken flight."—"All those who could, have done so; but those who can not are just the ones who will be most in need of me; gôvernèssès, servants, and tradespeople; they are likely to have a cruel time of it, and the least I may do is to stay and help them with what consolation is in my power."

12. "And Mr. Watkins—does he stay?" asked Lady Margaret.—"Yes; I met him yesterday, bringing up biscuits and

macaroni and other provisions."—"It is not so heroic in him as in you; he has nobody but himself to think of; he has no wife and children, I believe?"—"He has a daughter, and he finds it hard work to hold out against her; she is quite wrapped up in him, poor child, and is in a frantic state of mind about his staying; she will not hear of leaving him; and her health is very delicate, so that Watkins is terrified at the risk it will be for her; it is quite pitiable to see them bōth; she cries all day, and I dare say all night, and he looks as if he had not slept for a twelvemonth."—"Well, it is very praiseworthy in both of you," said Lady Margaret. "You see, Mr. Ringwood, *our* priests are capable of self-sacrifice too," she added, with some pride in the conduct of her own pâstors; "and I am not sure if it is not more heroic in them than in you."

13. "It is a great deal more so," replied Mr. Ringwood; "there is no question of hĕroism at all in the matter for us; we are simply doing our duty."—"We would say the same thing," said Mr. Crampton; "we are ōnly doing our duty."—"In a certain sense, yes; but there is no choice left to us, you see," said Mr. Ringwood. "There are no conflicting calls; we have no wives or daughters to consider; the Catholic priest has no ties of any description; his flock are his family. It is easier for us to give ourselves up because we do not belŏng to any one, not even to ourselves; for from the moment we are ordained we have, properly speaking, no hōme: we become cosmopolitan[1] pilgrims," he added, laughing.

14. "I vote you all heroes," said Lady Margaret; "it is merely a question of degree." Mr. Crampton rose to take leave. "Gŏd speed you," he said to Mr. Ringwood; "I hope we may meet before long in better weather, as the sailors say." He shook hands with Lady Margaret and went; Mr. Ringwood was about to follow, but she detained him. "I feel as if *I* were a deserter, going ŏff and leaving all you brave people here behind me. As to you, I confess you bewilder me completely. Mr. Crampton has, after all, a distinct duty to keep him here; but there is not the slightest shadow of an obligation on your side."

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[1] Cŏs mo pŏlĭ tan, having no fixed residence, but being everywhere a stranger; a citizen of the world.

15. "Where there are souls to be saved, the priest—who is *free* to go and suffer and work for them—has no choice but to do it."

II.

62. THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

PART SECOND.

THURSDAY came, and found Mr. Ringwood punctually waiting for the travelers at the station, pushing his way alŏng with the crowd that besieged the ticket-ŏffice; he was still a lŏng way from the wicket, when to his surprise he saw Mr. Crampton hastening back from it with tickets in his hand. "Hallōō, Ringwood!" cried the other; "I had expected to meet you here; of cōurse it was madness to think of staying on âfter the news this morning; my wife packed up what we could in an hour, and here we are. Watkins and his daughter are here too, so we all start in the same bōat. Do you go straight on, or do you make any stay at Bŏulōgne'?"

2. "I am not going at all; I came to see Lady Margaret Blake ŏff; it is for her I am taking tickets."—"What! you persevere in your Quixotic[1] notion of serving as chaplain to the troops?"—"Yes."—"You are mad, Ringwood."—"You thought me sane enough yesterday."—"Because I was a little mad myself; it will be nŏthing short of suicide and mûrder to remain here with my wife through the siege; it is going to be an awful time."—"No doubt; but I have no wife, you see; that alters my view of the matter."—"Just so; well, Gŏd be with you, wherever you are!" said Crampton, waving his hand, and the crowd shoved on, and eventually landed Mr. Ringwood at the wicket.

3. When he emerged from the railed alley with the tickets, he found the place so thronged with travelers and porters, screaming and bustling amid mountains of baggage, that he despaired of ever finding Lady Margaret; children were thrown down, mothers were shrieking, men were vociferating and shouting to them to get out of the way. One scream which

[1] **Quix** ŏt'ic, like Don Quixote; mad; romantic.

shot up from the crowd made Mr. Ringwood start and plunge violently in the dirĕction from which it came.

4. "She is killed!" cried some one, and the crowd swayed suddenly back to make room for whoever it was; a porter seized the opportunity to charge through with a Noe's Ark on his back, and Mr. Ringwood rushed on behind him. "Oh! sir, come, will you? milady is 'urt!" exclaimed Wells, the maid, cătching him by the sleeve in great excitement; "one of them trucks ran against her and threw her down, and she's 'urt her foot dreadfully!" The first thing to be done was to have Lady Margaret carried to the waiting-room and laid on the sofa; the next to send for a doctor. "It is the same foot that I sprained three months ago," she said; "I think this is worse than a sprain: the pain is agonizing. I fear it is out of the question my going to-day."

5. "By this train, certainly," said Mr. Ringwood, "but when the doctor comes, he may do something to relieve you and enable you to go by a later one." The doctor arrived just as the bell was ringing the train out of the station. He pronounced the accident to be of a very serious nature; there could be no question of traveling that day, nor for many days to come. Mr. Ringwood and the medical man bŏth accompanied Lady Margaret hŏme: it was easy to see by the contractions of her face that she was suffering, but [redacted] a moan, not a sigh escaped her. She was carried up-stairs and laid on the sofa; then the doctor took leave, saying he would call again that evening.

6. "He evidently thinks it serious," said Lady Margaret as soon as he was gone: "there is an end of my leaving Paris now; I am condemned to see it out, as Mr. Crampton said, whether I will or not. That reminds me: will you let him know what has happened? He will never think of calling otherwise; we must keep each other company as much as we can. I am so thankful he is staying! He is the ōnly person left whom I know."—"I am sorry to tell you he is not here," said Mr. Ringwood; "I met him just now taking his tickets; he and his wife left by the train you have missed."—"Gŏne!" repeated Lady Margaret, in amazement; then after a pause she added, with a little scornful läugh, "so much for *his* heroics! Are you going too?"

7. "To the frŏntiĕr, yes, or wherever my regiment goes. I am under orders to be ready to march this evening."—"And so my brave shepherd has gone away! I dâre say you are inwardly exulting in the fact, as illustrating the difference between the true shepherd and the hireling," she remarked, with the same little läugh. "God forbid I should exult in any man's weakness!" said the priest, in a tone of pained rebuke. "I see strŏng motives for excusing him, on the contrary; he had a wife and ten children to think of; God, who is more merciful than we are, will take that into account. There must be clergymen of your church still here," he said presently. "I will go to the embassy and make inquiries, and if I can find one out, I will tell him to come and see you."

8. "No; you need not give yourself that trouble: I do not want him. Oh, my Gŏd!" she cried, with a sudden outburst of indignant scorn, "what a pitiful race they are, these parsons! You can not count on them in life or death; they are busy with their wives or their hounds when you want them most." She was thinking of Mr. Wilkinson in his hunting gear while her husband lay dying up-stairs: and now here she lay in a besieged city, and there was not one of the ministers of her church to help her; she might go mad for want of a word of sympathy or advice; she might die like a dŏg without any one to pray beside her. Her pride broke down, and she burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands and sobbing aloud.

9. Mr. Ringwood was greatly moved; he thought he saw deeper than she did into the causes of her emotion; he let her weep on for a few moments undisturbed, and then he said, speaking earnestly, but very quietly: "Lady Margaret, this is a solemn moment for bŏth of us; you are arrested on your way, and by God's will forced to remain here alone, to go through a painful, perhaps a terrible experience, while I am going fŏrth—I humbly trust in obedience to the same Dĭvīne will—to face death, with many chances of meeting it; I may thĕrefore claim the privilege of a dying man, and speak to you boldly and frankly.

10. "This accident has come as a message of mercy to you; take care that you profit by it. God's dispensations always hold a purpose; it is mostly hidden from us, but sometimes it

reveals itself. I see as distinctly as if it were written in a book, that this dispensation is one on which some momentous result to your soul depends: ask for light that you may understand this, and that you may accomplish God's will when it is made clear to you. Say one *Pater noster* every day for this intention; will you promise me?"

11. "I will," she answered, subdued into unwŏnted docility, "and will you do the same for me? You told me once that you prayed for me before you ever saw me."—"And I have continued to do so ever since I have known you."—"What do you âsk for me?"—"The grace to receive the faith."—"You think I am refusing it?"—"God alone can answer that; you do not, perhaps, know yourself whether you are or not; but this I can tell you—you have had immense graces granted to you. Beware of trifling with God."

12. "What can I do? What do you want me to do? You would not have me become a Catholic without conviction?"—"God forbid! But conviction is the work of grace and prayer: it comes to us much ŏftener through the heart than through the head. Ask for it humbly, with simplicity and fervor, and it will come to you."—"I will! I promise I will!" she answered earnestly. "Thank God! that promise will lighten many a dark hour that is before me," he said, and, rising, held out his hand, which Lady Margaret pressed in silence.

13. Mr. Ringwood took out his pocket-book, and wrote something on a card. "If you are in want of a friend, it does not matter in what way, send to this address," he said, giving her the card: it bore the name of a priest whom he knew very intimately. "Thank you. This, then, is good-by? I shall not see you again before you start?" she said.

14. "I fear not; if I can, I will run in for a moment later in the âft'ernoon. But you must cheer up now, and show them here what stuff English women are made of!" he said cheerfully; "after all, the siege may turn out to be a battle of smoke: at this moment there are numbers who think it will. All the same, you had better get in a good supply of provisions immediately. If they turn out not to be wanted, you will have a good laugh over the cowards who ran away."

15. "And who knows," she replied, smiling, "I may find,

like St. Thomas, that the coming late was a greater gain than being in time?"—"God grant it, and God bless you!"

O'MEARA.

KATHLEEN O'MEARA, an Irish writer of the present day. Under the pseudonym "Grace Ramsay," she has published several tales and novelettes of real excellence; among them "The Bells of the Sanctuary," "A Woman's Trials," "Iza's Story," "Mary Benedicta," etc. Recently turning her pen to graver uses, she has written under her own name, and her memoir of Bishop Grant of Southwark and her life of Frederic Ozanam have received high and well-deserved commendation.

III.

63. HERVÉ RIEL.

1.

ON the sea and at the Hogue,[1] sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small, twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard,[2] rocks to port,[3] all the passage scarred and scored,

[1] **Cape La Hogue**, 10 miles N. E. of Valognes, France, off which the united English and Dutch fleets defeated the French naval force, as referred to above, May 19-22, 1692.

[2] **Star'board**, the right-hand side of a ship or boat, to a person looking forward.

[3] **Port**, now used instead of *larboard*, or opposed to *starboard*.

Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside? now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say, while rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4.

Then was called a council straight; brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait! let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

5.

"Give the word!"—But no such word was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

7.

"Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer, get this Formidable clear,

like St. Thomas, that the coming late was a greater gain than being in time?"—"God grant it, and God bless you!"

O'MEARA.

KATHLEEN O'MEARA, an Irish writer of the present day. Under the pseudonym "Grace Ramsay," she has published several tales and novelettes of real excellence; among them "The Bells of the Sanctuary," "A Woman's Trials," "Iza's Story," "Mary Benedicta," etc. Recently turning her pen to graver uses, she has written under her own name, and her memoir of Bishop Grant of Southwark and her life of Frederic Ozanam have received high and well-deserved commendation.

III.

63. HERVÉ RIEL.

1.

ON the sea and at the Hogue,[1] sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small, twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

3.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard,[2] rocks to port,[3] all the passage scarred and scored,

[1] **Cape La Hogue**, 10 miles N. E. of Valognes, France, off which the united English and Dutch fleets defeated the French naval force, as referred to above, May 19-22, 1692.

[2] **Star'board**, the right-hand side of a ship or boat, to a person looking forward.

[3] **Port**, now used instead of *larboard*, or opposed to *starboard*.

Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside? now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say, while rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

4.

Then was called a council straight; brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait! let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

5.

"Give the word!"—But no such word was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

7.

"Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer, get this Formidable clear,

Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève, and there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

8.

Not a minute more to wait, "Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place! he is admiral, in brief.
Still the North wind, by God's grace! see the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound, clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock, how they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past, all are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

9.

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave on the hights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance, let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance, as they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,—"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise in the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

10.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips; you have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

11.

Then a beam of fun outbroke on the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say, since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

12.

Name and deed alike are lost: not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black on a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

IV.

64. RECAPTURE OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

[*During the first term of the Presidency of* THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1803 *to* 1805, *the insolence of the piratical states on the Barbary coast was humbled by the bombardment of Tripoli and the invasion of that state by a land force. The frigate* PHILADELPHIA, *while chasing one of the enemy's vessels, struck on a reef, in the harbor of Tripoli, and in consequence was captured, and her crew sold into slavery. She was soon after recaptured and destroyed, as described below.*]

THE Philadelphia lay not quite a mile within the entrance, riding to the wind, and abreast of the town. Her foremast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had

not yĕt been replaced, her main and mizzen[1] top-masts were housed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales.[2] Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterward ascertained, her guns were lōaded and shotted. Just within her, lay two cor'sairs, with a few gun-bōats and a galley.

2. It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were smooth as in summer; as unlike as possible to the same place a few days previously, when the two vessels had been driven from the enterprise by a tempest. Perceiving that he was likely to get in too soon, when about five miles from the rocks, Mr. Decatur[3] ordered buckets and other drags to be towed astern, in order to lessen the way of the kĕtch[4] without shortening sail, as the latter expedient would have been seen from the pōrt, and must have awakened suspicion. In the meantime the wind gradually fell, until it became so light as to leave the ketch but about two knots' way on her, when the drags were removed.

3. About ten o'clock the Intrepid reached the eastern entrance of the bay, or the passage between the rocks and the shoal. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered dĭrĕctly for the frigate, it was well abaft[5] the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hŏstile pōrt, all around them was tranquil and apparently without distrust. For near an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing, until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

4. Mōst of the ŏfficers and men of the ketch had been ordered to lie on the deck, where they were concealed by low bulwarks, or weather-bōards, and by the different objects that belong to a vessel. As it is the practice of those seas to carry a number of men even in the smallĕst craft, the appearance of ten or twelve

[1] **Mizzen** (mĭz' zn), hindmost; nearest the stern.

[2] **Gunwale** (gŭn' nel), the uppermost wall, or upper edge of a ship's side.

[3] **Stephen Decatur, jr.**, a commodore in the U. S. navy, son of the first commodore of the name, was born at Sinnepuxent, Md., Jan. 5, 1779, and was killed in a duel, March 22, 1820. He was one of the bravest and most highly esteemed of all our naval officers.

[4] **Kĕtch**, a vessel with two masts, usually from 100 to 250 tons burden.

[5] **Abaft** (a bâft'), toward the stern; back of; *abaft the beam*, in an arc of the horizon, between a line that crosses a ship in the direction of her beams, and that point of the compass toward which her stern is directed.

would excite no alarm, and this number was visible. The commanding officer himself stood near the pilot, Mr. Catalano, who was to act as interpreter. The quartermaster at the helm was ordered to stand directly for the frigate's bows, it being the intention to lay the ship aboard in that place, as the mode of attack which would least expose the assailants to her fire.

5. The Intrepid was still at a considerable distance from the Philadelphia, when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belŏnged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked, and had lost her anchors in the late gale, and that her commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them; and the Intrepid gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the Philadelphia, in a minute or two, and at the vĕry spot contemplated.[1]

6. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch aback. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell ŏff, and she got a stern-board; the ship, at the same moment, tending to the new cŭrrent of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch dĭrĕctly under the frigate's broadside, at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becälmed, or, if anything, drifting slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the Philadelphia's larboard[2] guns. Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on bōard the frigate, though several of her people were looking over the rails; and, notwithstanding the moonlight, so completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a bōat, and sent it with a fast.

7. Some of the ketch's men, in the meantime, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's fore-chains. As they returned they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to breast the Intrepid alongside of the Philadelphia, without rising. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered

[1] **Contemplated** (kŏn tĕm'plāt ĕd).

[2] **Lar' bōard**, the left-hand side of a ship, when a person stands with his face to the head.

her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep ŏff, as she had deceived them; preparing, at the same time, to cut the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Amerikanos!" was heard in the ship. The people of the Intrepid, by a strong pull, brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought.

8. Up to this moment not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instructions had been positive to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan. Lieūtenant-commander Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs. Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain-plates, and, while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to bōard. The two midshipmen were at his side, and all the ŏfficers and men of the Intrepid arose and followed. The three gentlemen named were in the chains together, and Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at a pōrt. To the latter would have belŏnged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault; but wearing a boarding-belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter-deck of the Philadelphia. In an instant, Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports, in all directions.

9. The surprise seems to have been as pĕrfect, as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over to the starboard side, as their enemies pōured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they lēaped into the sea. Indeed, the constant plunges into the water gave the assailants the assurance that their enemies were fast lessening in numbers by flight. It took but a minute or two to clear the spar-deck, though there was more of a struggle below. Still, so admirably managed was the attack, and so complete the surprise, that the resistance was but trifling.

10. In less than ten minutes Mr. Decatur was on the quarter-deck again, in undisturbed possession of his prize. There can be

no doubt that this gallant ŏfficer now felt bitter regrets that it was not in his power to bring ăwāy the ship he had so nobly recovered. Not ōnly were his orders on this point pĕr'emptory,[1] however, but the frigate had not a sail bent, nor a yard crŏssed, and she wanted her foremast. It was next to impossible, therefore, to remove her, and the command was given to pass up the combustibles from the ketch. The duty of setting fire to the prize appears to have been executed with as much prŏmptitude and order as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means.

11. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements, that the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after stōre-rooms, befōre the fires were lighted over their heads. When the officer intrusted with the duty last mentioned had got through, he found the after-hatches filled with smoke from the fire in the ward-room and steerage, and he was obligēd to make his escape by the forward ladder. The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pine; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they had reached the deck they found most of their companions in the Intrepid. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast ŏff.

12. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party now ran the greatest risks they had incurred that night. So fierce had the conflagration already become, that the flames began to pōur out of the ports, and the head-fast having been cast ŏff, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom[2] foul. The fire showed itself in the window at this critical moment; and beneath was all the ammunition of the party, covered

[1] **Pĕr' emp to rў**, forbidding debate or remonstrance; positive.

[2] **Boom** (bōm), a long spar or pole, run out from various parts of a vessel for the purpose of extending the bottom of particular sails.

with a tarpau'lin.[1] To increase the risk, the stern-fast was jammed. By using swōrds, however (for there was not time to look for an ax), the hawser[2] was cut, and the Intrepid was extricated from the most imminent danger by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate the flames reached the rigging, up which they went hissing, like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes, which had been saturated with that inflammable matter. Matches could not have kindled with greater quickness.

13. The sweeps[3] were now manned. Up to this moment everything had been done earnestly, though without noise; but as soon as they felt that they had command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes had sent her away from the frigate, the people of the Intrepid ceased rowing, and as one man they gave three cheers for victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, pōured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the Intrepid had eight of a side, and favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

14. The spectacle that followed is described as having been bōth beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the rōar of cannon was constant, and Trĭp'olĭ was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was, in the highest degree, magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated, they began to go ŏff. Owing to the shift of the wind, and the position into which she had tended, she, in some mĕasure, returned the enemy's fire, as one of her own broadsides was discharged in the dĭrĕction of the town, and the other tōward Fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship; for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops, and fell over, giving the whōle the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

15. Under ordinary cir'cumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous; but after the

[1] **Tarpaulin** (tär pa͟w' lĭn), canvas covered with tar, or a composition, to render it water-proof.

[2] **Haws' er**, a large rope.

[3] **Sweep**, a large oar, used in small vessels to impel them during a calm, or to increase their speed during a chase.

exploit they had just performed, her people, elated with success, regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectacle.[1] The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads; but the ōnly sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant *jets d'eau*[2] that they occasioned as they bounded along the water. Only one struck the Intrepid, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time; and that passed through her top-gallant sail.

16. With sixteen sweeps and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the little Intrepid ahead with a velocity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's mouth he met the Siren's boats, sent to cover his retreat; but their services were scarcely necessary. The success of this gallant exploit laid the foundation of the name which Mr. Decatur subsequently acquired in the navy. The country applauded the feat generally; and the commanding officer was raised from the station of a lieutenant to that of a captain. Most of the midshipmen engaged were also promoted. Lieutenant-commander Decatur also received a swōrd.

COOPER.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, the celebrated American novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, born in Pennsylvania, became possessed, in 1785, of a large tract of land near Otsego Lake, in the State of New York, where, in the spring of 1786, he erected the first house in Cooperstown. Here the novelist chiefly passed his boyhood to his thirteenth year, and became perfectly conversant with frontier life. At that early age he entered Yale College, where he remained three years, when he obtained a midshipman's commission and entered the navy. He passed the six following years in that service, and thus became master of the second great field of his future literary career. In 1811 he resigned his commission, married Miss Delancey, a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America, and settled down to a home life in Westchester, near New York, where he resided for a short time before removing to Cooperstown. Here he wrote his first book, "Precaution." This was followed, in 1821, by "The Spy," one of the best of all historical romances. It was almost immediately republished in all parts of Europe. It was followed, two years later, by "The Pioneers." "The Pilot," the first of his sea novels, next appeared. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. In 1826 he visited Europe, where his reputation was already well established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age has produced. He passed several years abroad, and was warmly welcomed in every country he visited. His literary activity was not impaired by his change of scene, as several of his best works were written while traveling. He returned home in 1833. His writings throughout are distinguished by purity and brilliancy of no common merit. He was alike remarkable for his fine commanding person, his manly, resolute, independent nature, and his noble, generous heart. He died at Cooperstown, September 14, 1851.

[1] **Spectacle** (spĕk' ta kl).

[2] **Jets d'eau** (zhā dō'), streams of water spouting upwards from a fountain or pipe, for ornament.

V.

65. COLUMBUS.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
And Ocean on her gently heaving breast
Caught, and flashed back, the varying tints of even;
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts opprest,
Columbus sat; till sudden hope was given:
A ray of gladness shooting from the West.
O what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind;
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius,[1] face to face; and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand:
Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath her wand

2. He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue.
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heartsick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God;
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

3. Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
That hymns thee ever with resounding wave,
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign!
Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave

[1] **Gē'nius**, his guardian angel; in heathen mythology, the genius was supposed to be either a good or evil spirit, appointed to watch over the destinies of a man, a tribe, or a nation.

Thy paths: like giant altars o'er the plain
Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the rave
Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
Like Polyphemus[1] from his Etnean cave.
Joy, joy for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
But where is he—that light whose radiance glows
The load-star of succeeding mariners?
Behold him! crushed beneath o'ermastering woes—
Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to his foes!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

SECTION XVI.

I.

66. THE LITERARY ARTIST.

PART FIRST.

EVERY age is char'acterized by some intellectual trait. It has been already perceived that the prevailing tone of ours is scientific. Progress in in'dustry and the mechanical arts is more highly prized than purely literary ability. True, there is still much written which is labeled literature. But few, very few indeed, of the many thousand volumes that are yearly flooding the reading world bear the im'press that ranks them among the enduring monuments of intellect; very few deserve the title of classics; the greater number are explosive bubbles on the stream of thought. They are so, not through any lack of talent, but rather through its misapplication.

2. The reason of this is to be found in the spirit of trifling that possesses the age. Time is wasted and energies are expended in the endeavor to move over a large surface of attainments; and as slight account is made of profoundness of knowledge, the results are not at all in keeping with the motive

[1] **Pŏl'y phē'mus**, son of Neptune, and one of the Cyclopes in Sicily.

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power applied. Men are too Pilate-like; they ask what the truth is and wait not for an answer; or, with Tennyson, they postpone it to the other life:

"What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

They forget that investigation is a law of our intellects, and that the truth can be found by every earnest searcher before he passes "behind the veil."

3. There is not enough of the steadiness of purpose, profound thought, and diligent preparation that are necessary to achieve permanent success. Writers aim too low; they no longer seek the sublime and the beautiful; they are content with the pretty and the startling; they have found the labor of art-study too irksome, and have thrown off its invigorating discipline as a cramping yoke; in a word, they have ceased to be literary artists. For in the marshalling of words and in the evolution of ideas, the greatest skill is required for the arrangement best calculated to give the desired result, and must be inborn, as in the man of genius, or acquired, as by the man of talent.

4. Glance over one of the Shakesperian masterpieces. In that apparent abandonment to the inspiration of the moment, by which from his magic pen drop some of the loveliest flowers of poesy and the sweetest words in language, which reveal new worlds of thought and sentiment—in that total absorption in the spirit of his play to the seeming neglect of the diction he employs, so that what is apparently a random expression turns out to be most essential; in that entire subserviency of all the parts to the end proposed; in all these traits of that grand whole producing the desired effect upon the reader, playing upon the multitudinous chords of his heart, and calling forth at will notes of pleasure and pain, we have unmistakable evidence of the perfect artist, who possesses the secret of hiding his artistic efforts.

5. And so, on a like examination of one of Pope's poems, in the rounded finish of every expression, in the exquisiteness with which a figure is set, and the apparent solicitude lest any word should be misplaced, we find palpable evidence of effort to have everything tend in the best manner possible to produce a desired effect; the work wears on its face traces of art. So is it with the labored finish of Sallust; with the exquisite expression of Fénélon; with the Attic grace of Xenophon; with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet (bŏs'sa ā'). All point to study, thought, labor, art. For the literary man is it true, as for the mechanic, that he must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow.

6. And genius is no exception to the rule. Carlyle defines it "a capacity for work." Michael Angelo calls it "eternal patience." Augustus Schlegel (shlā' gel) says that though it is "in a certain sense infallible, and has nothing to learn, still art is to be learned, and must be acquired by practice." Therefore, genius is not indolence, nor eccentric'ity, nor a license to dispense with all labor. True, it is a gift from heaven, and, like all heavenly gifts, generally placed in a frail vessel thrown among us apparently at random, but invariably for a purpose and in obedience to a law.

7. We have already defined the char'acteris'tic of gēn'ius to be a power of simplifying, of taking that view of a subject in its rounded completeness that makes it more easily understood, of possessing one ide'a, in the light of which all others are resolvable. Hence a universal genius is never spoken of except by exaggeration. Genius in one department of knowledge excludes genius in another. Thus we have the mathematical genius, the military genius, the philosophic genius; but we never mention a genius in all or any two of these branches together. "But," it may be urged, "the possession of only one idea implies intellectual weakness; the man with many ideas has the superior intelligence." The reverse is true. Contemplate the Supreme Intelligence for a moment. It sees every thing; It possesses all knowledge in the light of an idea, which is Its own essence. Every thing is contained in that idea, that divine essence; and the more perfect created intelligences are, the more they resemble their Creator, the less is the number of their ideas, and the more they see in the light of these ideas.

8. Superior intelligence belongs not to a cav'iller, a disputatious person, a hair-splitter; these classes give indications of narrow-mindedness and weakness of understanding. We make use of argument to supply our deficiency of comprehension. We are discussing some property or relation of a triangle; we

are puzzled over it; we can proceed no further. A mathematical genius comes along; he draws a line or two, and resolves the figure into its simplest elements; in a few words he throws a flood of light upon the subject-matter, so that we are surprised at our own lack of comprehension, and we exclaim: "How simple! Why did we not see it before?" Again, we are perplexed over a proposition in some old author; we see not its bearings; we throw it aside as a dry and barren idē'ā, and we wonder how any man in his sound senses can sit down and seriously write such language. A genius takes up that idea; he makes it the nū'cleŭs of an essay or treatise, in which he traces its relations through all departments of thought; in his hands it becomes the central point whence ĕm'anates an illumination that reveals the secret of a thousand things hitherto incomprehensible. What was barrenness before, becomes the germ of a whōle world of thought.

9. It is ever thus with genius. We all of us bask in its sunshine. Its slightest conjectures become established truṯhs for us. Its proved ideas we take as our first principles. Its views we make the standard of our own. It discovers and invents, and we apply. We add the weight of its assertions to suppōrt the deficiencies of our own weak arguments. "The mâster says so," is ŏf*t*en enough our saving clause and our most convincing proof. Reason is infallible under given circumstances; but the instinct of faith is always strong within us. It is the secret of our prŏg'ress; for were we obliged to refer all truth back to first principles, taking nŏthing for granted but the self-evident, the march of ideas would be slow; we would always be beginning, always making the same discoveries, and much that is now the glory of intelligence would still be buried in the unknown.

II.

67. THE LITERARY ARTIST.

PART SECOND.

WRITERS on genius have much to say about originality. It consists not so much in saying something that nobody ever said before, as in moulding an idē'ā into shape, and giving it a hue that stamps it as characteris'tic. The great genius is not over particular about the materials he uses. He picks up those nearest to hand; he stamps them with the impress of his genius; and, so fashioned, they ever âfter pâss as his, and his alone. The conception of no one of Shakespeare's plays is his. It lived in history and tradition long before he made it the heirloom of humanity.

2. The appearance of an idea in two or more authors proves nŏthing beyond mere coincidence. Two minds may arrive at the same result by entirely different methods of thought. Truth is one, as the Author of truth is one; and ōnly small fragments of it are realized by the most powerful minds. The rill, feebly following the ravine's course, the tŏrrent dashing down the mountain's side, and the expansive river majestically winding along the plain, bearing on its bọsom a nation's treasures—each and all, however distant be their sources, originally came from the same ocean to which they return, and in comparison with which the greatest of them is insignificant. So all truth, all beauty, all excellence, have their creative sōurce in God, the dĭvīne Fountain-head, in whom they will again find a resting-place and a hōme. What wonder, then, that as the same shower replenishes many springs, the same truth should sink into more intellects than one, and flow therefrom tinged by their individual peculiarities (pe kūl yăr' i tĭẹ).

3. The source from which the literary artist draws materials to work upon is as varied and universal as nature. The intellectual, the mŏral, and the physical worlds are alike open to his observation and study. Life, savage and civilized; the pâst and the present; the empirical[1] and the ideal; beauty and deformity; virtue and vice; nobility and baseness; plĕasure and pain, all present themselves to him; from all he must cŭll, and from the clashing of opposites, and the harmony of compatibles, and the influencing agencies in the physical and spiritual orders, weave an artistic whōle that is so connected in parts, and so much the expression of an inspiring principle, that it becomes a thing of undying life for all time. His aim—the aim of all literature—is to solve life's problem. No easy one it is, con-

[1] **Em pĭr'i cal**, depending solely upon experience or observation, without due regard to science and theory.

sidering man's numerous and complex relations with his fellow-man, himself, and his Creator; the thousand passions that alternately roll over his soul and lash it into so many moods; the contradictory influences under which he moves, and the rigid logic with which evèry event works out its result, ēither here or hereafter.

4. The production of a literary artist is the image of himself, masmuch as it possesses a soul and a body. In nature, it is not the body that shapes the soul: it is rather the soul that gives form and activity to the body. We lay stress on the same distinction in a work of art. When Cousin[1] tells us that "method is the genius of a system," he makes method usurp the place of principle. The principle is the soul of the system, and therefore its genius. It determines both system and method. It has been seen that there is no artistic mâsterpiece without expression; there is no expression without unity; and there is no unity without a common bond, in which all the parts unite, and thĕrefore without an animating principle to keep them together. In the construction of a work, then, the first thing the literary artist must do is to determine the principle that gives it unity, and therefore life. He must observe, study, meditate. His subject-matter, when well dĭgĕsted, will determine his method of treatment. And if he has no subject, no aim, no idea to develop, no proposition to prove, if all is random and confusion, he would better wait. It is a lŏss of time to undertake that which pride rather than ability dictates. There is a work for every man; each has his function in life. Let not him destined for hand-work assume to do the labor that belongs to him selected for brain-work. Let each hold to that for which he has natural aptitude; for in that alone lies the secret of his success.

5. Thought, sentiment, enthusiasm unite in giving soul to a work. A great sōurce of labor is the mechanism of construction of the body. Language is the material upon which the literary artist works. He must aim at the accurate wording of his propositions. He must thĕrefore seek to be complete mâster of his language. He must know the fōrce and beâring of

[1] **Cousin** (koo zăn').

every word. He must study the great mâsters. We can not judge of a musical instrument by the grating notes which a beginner draws therefrom; it is only when the consŭm'mate master eliçits sweet and rapturous variations that we appreciate its pōwer. The tyro in literary art should learn from those who have made it the vehicle of profound idē'ăs and happy expressions, the power there is in it, its richness of idiom, the flexibility with which it bends to the humor of the author—now plain and simple, now full-flowing and pathetic, again vigorous and energetic, in all cases variety of style yielding to variety of thought. But nŏthing can take the place of constant practice. It is only that beating and hammering on language—that turning it into a thousand moulds—that correcting and refining of its diction—that can make it bend to every grade of thought, and express every shade of meaning.

6. Above all, the literary artist should guard truth as a sacred trust, and never sacrifice any jot thereof to a smooth turn or a rhetorical figure. There is no beauty without truth. Real art grows sickly, rank, defective, in the unwhōlesome atmosphere of falsehood. Let the artist be so possessed with his subject-matter that he will see in it "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and he will find fit expression for his views.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

Brother Azarias of the Christian Schools, was born at Utica, N. Y., June 29, 1847, and entered the Brotherhood June 29, 1862. He is the author of "An Essay Contributing to the Philosophy of Literature."

III.

68. ACTIVITY OF FAITH.

THE Catholic Church is a puzzle to the world. Men reproach her for her ambition in desiring the first place and brŏoking no rival. Not content with laboring for her own children, she is constantly trying to convert others to her faith, and distûrbing the world in her search after proselytes;[1] thrusting her theology and her disputes under people's noses; distracting men from their business; disturbing the peace and

[1] **Prŏs'e lytes**, converts.

quiet of families; cŏmpromising[1] Christian nations with the heathen by the ĕfforts of her missionaries.

2. Contrast the Catholic Church's perpetual turmoil[2] with the plăcid quiet of the Oriental Churches.[3] Compare her fierce ambition with the modest bearing of the Church of England. And turning from the Church to individuals, the world complains that we Catholics are always at work, intriguing[4]—as they say—disturbing. Look at these Jesuits—you find them everywhere; we are constantly offended by the sight of Catholic priests, Catholic books, Catholic crucifixes, Catholic nuns.

3. Every one received into the Church seems to be suddenly changed and deteriorated,[5] filled with an unquiet spirit, a longing, a thirst to bring in others. Such a man, as a Protestant, was a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, not bothering his own head or his friend's about religion; doing the genteel thing, going to church on Sunday; but he got bitten by those Ritualists,[6] and he's gone over to Rome, and gone regularly mad. He's constantly talking about religion; he goes to Mass at strange hours in the morning; he cän't get on without his priest; men say that he has lost interest in many things, and hint that he is thinking of joining one of the orders, and going to get murdered in the Chinese missions, or to kill himself slaving in the slums and hospitals of some great city.

4. On the other hand, we children of the Church, also, are struck with the amazing energy of our mother. We know her to be the oldest institution in the world, yet we see in her no sign of old age. Old age means and brings with it a cessation of growth, a wasting away, a decline of strength, an apathy[7] and neglect of the purposes of life, a second childhood. But the Church is acknowledged even by her enemies to be as fresh and vigorous as she was two thousand years ago. She still

[1] **Cŏm′ pro mis′ ing,** putting in danger by some act that can not be recalled.

[2] **Tur′ moil,** disturbance; confusion.

[3] **O ri ĕnt′al Churches,** the Greek and Russian Churches which deny the supremacy of the Holy See, and which are also in grave error on other points of faith.

[4] **In trigu′ ing,** forming secret plans.

[5] **De tē′ri o rā′ted,** made worse.

[6] **Rĭt′ u al ists,** a sect in the Church of England which imitates the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

[7] **Ap′a thy,** want of interest.

grows, and the agèd mustard-tree pụts forth leaf and branch, flower and frụit in every land. She questions every comer, examines every doctrine, prescribes for every mŏral diṣeaṣe, denounces and punishes every crime, with as keen an interest and as vital an energy as in the days when the Apostolic Council sat in Jerusalem, when John the Evangelist denounced Cerinthus, when Paul excommunicated the incestuous Corinthian, when Peter preached in Antioch and in Rome,

5. The secret of all this is *faith*, and it is to this that I invite your attention to-day. Friends admire, while enemies decry the activity of the Catholic Church and of her children, but friends and enemies alike admit it. We are accused of many things, but no one dreams of accusing the Church of apathy, of indifference. Nay, our very activity is the foundation for those charges of ambition, of intrigue, of restless zeal, of troublesome intermeddling, which are made against us; and yet, if we reflect upon the nature of divīne faith, we shall find that this very activity is one of its essential attributes, one of the signs whereby it may be known to exist amongst men. For, my brethren, faith, as we have seen, is the image of Gŏd, the reflection in the intelligence of man of that trụth which is God Himself.

6. And consequently faith must not ōnly be one, as we have seen, because God is essentially one, but it must also be active, because God is pure, essential, and eternal action. God is pure action, says St. Thomas, the prince of Catholic theologians. This is a high and mysterious saying. Let us consider. The life of God is one eternal, essential, pure, active intelligence. All that lives, moves, and acts (for life is motion and action) so far participates of the essential life of God. Man is said to live with a most perfect life, because intellectual, and so nearer to God in resemblance. Man again is capable of receiving a far higher degree of intellectual resemblance to the divine life of God by faith, which brings him into closest union of intelligence with his Maker; and so we conclude that if God be pure action, *actus purus*, if approach to God by resemblance of life be action, if the nearer we approach to God the more do we share in the life which is essential action, that virtue which brings us to the highest resemblance with God, the Father of

light and intelligence, must also be an element of the highest activity of man, and that virtue is Faith. BURKE.

THOMAS NICHOLAS BURKE, a priest of the Dominican Order, was born in Galway, Ireland, in the year 1830. He was ordained in 1856. In October, 1871, he came to the United States as visitor-general of his order, and remained until February, 1873, preaching and lecturing almost daily in the principal cities. He is an orator of most magnetic eloquence. His lectures and sermons were collected and published in 1872.

SECTION XVII.

I.

69. *INVISIBLE AND SPIRITUAL ENEMIES.*

IT was manifestly the sense and conviction of those who composed the prayers of the ancient Church that we are living in a perfect atmosphere of invisible and spiritual enemies, who disturb nature, thwart[1] the providential dĭrĕction of things, play foul on our imaginations, trouble our peace, and try to pervert our reasons. They meddle with every thing that is of use to man, and endeavor to mar its purposes. They infest every place in which they can tempt and seduce him, from his own dwelling to the house of Gŏd itself.

2. Earth, and air, and water are equally their element;[2] the first is shaken and convulsed, the second is darkened by thunder-clouds and tortured into whirlwinds, the third is lashed into foaming billows by their permitted but most malicious agency. The doctrine on this head is clearly ăpostŏlical;[3] and that it was apprehended by the early Church in a far more lively manner than by our duller faith, the writings of the fathers clearly prove.

3. Now the Church in all her prayers considers herself appointed to be the antagonist and vanquisher of this hŏstile crew; and while she shows her deep and earnest conviction of the difficulties of the contest, she betrays no uneasiness about its results. She hath power to rule and to quell these spirits of

[1] **Thwart**, to defeat; to frustrate.

[2] **El'e ment**, the state or sphere natural to anything or suitable to its existence.

[3] **Ap os tŏl' ic al**, derived from the Apostles of Christ.

darkness. Moreover, she is not alone in the conflict. Every part of her ŏffices displays her assurance that a bright circle of heavenly spirits is arrayed around her for the protection of herself and her children—spirits who can wrestle upon equal terms with these unsubstantial foes, and whose swōrds are tempered for their subtle natures.

4. There mingle, too, in all her religious actions legions of blessèd saints, who have loved and honored her upon earth, and who now worship and pray, invisible, with her children. These strŏng impressions of the incessant conflict going on between the enemies and the friends of God are clearly and feelingly expressed by the Church in innumerable places. The whōle rite of consecration of a church keeps before our eyes the ĕffŏrts which will be made by our invisible tempters to spoil God's work.

5. The cross is planted at the door, the walls are purified and blessed, prayers are repeatedly poured out to shield the holy place and its worshipers against the fraud and violence of wicked spirits. The blessing of bells, of crŏsses, and of reliquaries has reference to the same idea. No substance is employed in any solemn rite[1] (except the Eucharistic elements, which are deemed holy from their very destination) without a previous exorcism or adjuration of the enemy, that he quit all hold upon them and presume not to misuse them.

6. The water, the salt, and the oil, consecrated for săcrămĕntal unction, are all so prepared, and the blessing upon them and upon other similar objects is, that wherever they are presented, sprinkled, or used, evil spirits may be put to flight, and their malice and wiles be confounded. The solemn application of this feeling in the rite of baptism has been well enforced by Dr. Pusey in his "Tract on Baptism," where he regrets the loss in the Anglican ritual of that portion of the service so calculated to produce strŏng impressions on the faithful.

7. There is surely a mysterious sublimity in the idēā, the effect of which is most striking and almost overpowering in these and other Church offices. The priest or bishop who attentively and devoutly performs them feels himself necessarily as one acting, with power and authority, against a fearful enemy; in

[1] **Rite**, the manner of performing Church ceremonies and functions.

light and intelligence, must also be an element of the highest activity of man, and that virtue is Faith. BURKE.

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[1] **Rite**, the manner of performing Church ceremonies and functions.

the name of the Church he is striving against him for the mâstery; he is wresting[1] from his grasp by a strong hand one of God's creatures, which he has enslaved; or he is beating off legions of dark, gloomy spirits, who flap their unclean wings, and with sullen flight retreat beyond the precincts from which they are driven, and hovering around them, as vultures kept from their prey, dare not violate the seal of Christ's holy cross placed upon its anointed doors.

8. Prayers composed to express and exercise this high authŏrity must have a solemn and most elevated tone; the very idea must fill them with poetry of the highest order. It has ŏften struck us that the "world of spirits" has been far too much forgotten amongst us; that we think more of the two visible powers in the triple confederacy[2] of evil than of the far stronger and subtler of the three—nay, the master of the other two. We seem literally to have renounced "the devil and all his works," by never troubling ourselves about them.

9. This commerce, then, between the visible and the invisible worlds, bŏth for weal and for woe, we would gladly see brought far more hŏme to our every-day thoughts and to our habitual feelings in prayer than is done in modern compilations. The weakening of our faith upon one side makes it faint upon the other; and the less we are impressed with the reality of our conflict with an unseen host, the less vivid will our thoughts be regarding our no less invisible allies. On this score, too, we think ourselves deficient.

10. Our prayers to them—we mean such as enter our daily exercises—seem like a formal request for intercession addressed to beings far removed from us, not the cheerful and confident conversation of friends close at hand, praying at our sides, and habitually interceding for us. Our sense of angelic presence and of saintly communion would be judged exceedingly dull if estimated by our prayer-books. How different from the joyous, the friendly, and affectionate intercourse with those serene and kindly creatures of God which exists in the ancient liturgies of ĕvĕry country and in the Pontifical Ritual and other ŏffices of our own Church!

11. How surely their favorable hearing is counted on! how confidently their protecting might is expected! or, rather, how warmly are they addressed as present, and how boldly dŏes the Church take up their own sŏng as hers; and, joining in choir with them, singing the praises of God, seem to bind them to join her, supplicating mercy for herself! CARDINAL WISEMAN.

[1] **Wrĕst'ing**, taking by force.

[2] **Con fĕd' er a cy**, a league or union between two or more persons or bodies of men; the "triple confederacy" alluded to in the line above is that existing between the world, the flesh, and the devil.

II.

70. THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE, from this western shŏre, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, which threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yŏn gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the fŏrest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

2. And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in the sŏft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white thrŏng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

3. Then, all his youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland lay,
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strŏng tornādo broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark fŏrest smiled.

4. There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with many an ōar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank;—as the light gale flew ō'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shōre;
And while that spot, so wild and lone and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wōre,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

5. Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-ax with blood;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of light that scăthed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the daybeam played;
No mōre the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moored the light canoe.

6. Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze,
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies fōrth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame, among the autumnal trees.

7. Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters ŏff; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untraveled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace—
Afar, the brightening glōry of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lŏst to human sight.

W. C. BRYANT.

III.

71. BIRTH OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI, who was anxious to get his affairs brought to a termination, got himself introduced to the Pope by an ŏfficer of his acquaintance. The Pope, who was walking at the time in a place called the Mirror, and deeply engaged respecting some difficult affairs of the Church, would not so much as listen to him, but repulsed him rudely as a stranger of no very respectable appearance. The servant of Gŏd humbly withdrew; and it is recorded that he then restored to sight a blind man who had had his eyes tŏrn out. The Holy Father saw in his sleep a pălm-tree grow slowly at his feet and become a fine large tree. Pleased with what he saw, but not understanding its meaning, he learnt by a dĭvīne inspiration that the palm-tree represented the poor man whom he had ungraciously repulsed the day before. As soon as it was day, he gave dĭrĕctions that the poor man should be sought for. He was found in the hospital of St. Anthony, and came to the feet of the Pope, and laid before him the rule of life he fŏllōwed, with energetic though humble solicitations for the approval of his Holiness.

2. Innocent III., a Pontiff of great wisdom, acknowledged the candor and the ad'mirable coŭrage and zeal of the servant of God. He received him into his favor as one truly poor in Jesus Christ, and he was inclined to comply with his request; however, he postponed doing so, because his mode of life appeared novel to some of the Cardinals, and too much beyond what human strength could endūre; the evil times, and the coldness of charity, making them think it very difficult and almost impossible for an order to subsist without possessing any effects[1] whatever.

3. Cardinal John of St. Paul was indignant at these obstacles, and he expressed himself with great warmth to the other Cardinals in presence of the Pope: "If we reject the prayers of this poor man, on the pretence that his rule is novel and too austēre, let us take care that we do not reject the Gŏspel itself; since the rule of which he solicits the approval is in conformity

[1] **Ef fĕcts'**, goods; personal property.

with what the Gospel teaches; for to say that evangelical perfection, or the vow to practice it, contains anything unreasonable and impossible, is to blaspheme against Jesus Christ, the Author of the Gospel." The Pope, struck with this reasoning, said to Francis: "My son, pray to Jesus Christ that He may make known His will to us, that so we may favor your wishes." The servant of God retired to pray, and soon after returned and set fōrth this parable:

4. "Most Holy Father, there was a beautiful young girl, who was very poor, and who lived in a wilderness. The King of the country, who saw her, was so charmed with her beauty that he took her for his wife. He lived some years with her, and had children, who all resembled their father, and had, nevertheless, the beauty of their mother; he then went back to his court. The mother brought up her children with great care, and after some time said to them: 'My children, you are born of a great King; go and find him, tell him who you are, and he will give you all that is befitting your birth. As to myself, I will not leave this desert, and I even can not.' The children went to the King's court, who, seeing their resemblance to himself, and that they had the beauty of their mother, received them with pleasure, and said to them: 'Yes, you are my true children, and I will suppōrt you as the children of a king; for if I have strangers in my pay, if I maintain my ŏfficers with what is served at my table, how much more care should I not have for my own children, the ŏffspring of so beautiful a mother? As I love the mother extremely, I will keep her children by me at my court, and I will feed them at my table.'

5. "This King, Most Holy Father," continued Francis, "is our Lord Jesus Christ. This beautiful girl is Poverty, which, being evèrywhere despised and cast ŏff, was found in this world as in a desert. The King of kings, coming down from Heaven, was so enăm'ored of her, that He married her in the manger. He has had several children by her in the desert of this world, apostles,[1] anchorites,[2] çĕnobites,[3] and many others who have

[1] **A pŏs'tles**, those specially sent to preach the Gospel; specifically, the twelve sent by our Lord.

[2] **Anch' or ites**, religious who live, each by themselves, in entire solitude.

[3] **Cĕn'o bītes**, religious living in communities.

voluntarily embraced poverty. Their good mother sent them to their Father with the marks of royal poverty, as well as of her humility and obedience. This great King received them kindly, promising to maintain them, and saying to them: 'I who cause My sun to shine on the just and on sinners, who give My table and My treasures to pagans and to heretics, food, clothing, and many other things, how much more willingly shall I give to you what is necessary for you—for you and all those who are born in the poverty of My much-cherished spouse.'

6. "It is to this celestial King, Most Holy Father, that this lady, His spouse, sends her children, whom you see here, who are not of a lower condition than those who came long before them. They do not degenerate; they have the cŏmelinèss bŏth of their Father and their mother, since they make profession of the most perfect poverty. There is, thĕre'fōre, no fear of their dying of poverty, being the children and heirs of the immortal King, born of a poor mother, in the image of Jesus Christ, by the virtue of the Holy Ghost; and being so brought up in the spirit of poverty in a very poor order. If the King of Heaven promises that such as imitate Him shall reign with Him eternally, with how much more confidence ought we not to believe that He will give them what He usually gives, and with so much liberality, to the good and to the bad?"

7. The Pope listened attentively to the parable and to its application. He was greatly pleased with it, and had no doubt but that Jesus Christ spoke by the mouth of Francis. He was also convinced by an interior light of the Holy Spirit that in him a celestial vision which he had had some days before would be accomplished. While he slept, he saw that the Lateran church was on the point of falling, when a poor and miserable man suppōrted it on his shoulders. On which he exclaimed: "Yes, truly, it is that man who will support the Church of Jesus Christ by his works and by his doctrine." He thus foretold the great service which Francis and his children would render to the universal Church, which, indeed, they have rendered, and for the last six centuries have not ceased to render: this was what was prefigured by the vision; although it has been remarked as something very singular, that the Lateran church has been repaired, improved, and ornamented by three

Popes, the children of the blessèd Francis, to wit, Nicholas IV., Sixtus IV., and Sixtus V.

8. The illustrious Bossuet (bŏs'sȩ ā′) says that it was to give the Church true Poor, more detached and humble than the false Poor of Lyons, that Pope Innocent III. approved the institution of the Friars Minor assembled under Francis, who was a model of humility and the wonder of the age. The false poor, who are also known by the name of Vaudois (vō dwä′), or Waldenses, assumed the exterior of poverty and humility, although they had nŏne of its interior spirit. They were filled with hatred of the Church and its ministers, whom they reviled in their secret assemblies. In 1212 they feigned submission, and had the daring to go to Rome to solicit the approbation of the Holy See for their sect, but they were rejected by the Pope, and from that time were considered as obstinate and incŏrrigible heretics.

9. Conrad, abbot of Ursperg, who was at Rome when they came there in 1212 with Bernard, their măster, remarks that the Friars Minor were very different from the false poor, practiced poverty with sincerity, and were free from all errors; that they went barefooted in winter as well as in summer; that they received no money, and lived whŏlly on ä/ms, and were in evèrything obedient to the Holy Apostolic See; an obedience which will ever be a mark by which true virtue may be distinguished from false. Moreover, the strongest ties must always invariably attach the Order of Friars Minor to the Holy See, which is the centre of all the faithful. The order was born there; is in immediate dependence on it; has received innumerable benefits from it; and its blessèd founder engaged solemnly to obey Pope Innocent III. and his successors.

10. Francis, finding himself protected by the Almighty, and authorized by the Pope, acquired great confidence. He placed his most apostolical order under the immediate protection of the holy Apostle St. Peter, whose tomb he visited. He took leave of the Cardinals, John of St. Paul and Ugolini, whom he made acquainted with his intentions, and to whom he expressed his great grătitūde; then he took his departure from Rome with his twelve companions, and bent his steps to the Valley of Spoleto, there to practice and to preach the Gŏspel.

Abridged from Rev. Candide Chalippe.

IV.

72. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Do not expect that a bishop should admire war and the army as a soldier loves his charger and his ammunition. No! In the presence of the God who shed His blood for the reconciliation of men, I proclaim that I deplore the sad mystery of war, and daily ŏffer my supplications that it may be avoided, and, if possible, even suppressed. But who is there that, while deploring war, does not admire the army? The valor of the soldier, the sagacity of the leader, the justice and magnificence of the struggle—all this we admire. Do not speak to me of the sublime hŏrror of the cannonade, and of the prodigies of vi′olence pụt in arms; I have no approbation for carnage.

2. But say to me that a humble French peasant has given his son without a murmur; that the son has forsaken his cabin and crŏssed the seas; that, day by day and night after night, he has marched obediently, silently, cheerfully, onward to attack an enemy's strŏnghold; and that there, amid the rolling of cannon, and in order to save a piece of drapery stamped with the năational colors, called the flag of France, he has allowed himself to be cut down in the intrenchment; or that he has escaped death, and has returned unrewarded to resume the plŏw and the spade on the paternal farm—that I admire.

3. Yes, that is indeed hĕr′oism; if not, I know not what is. Say to me that, in the heat of the clash of arms, the general has with coolness and self-possession led his men to the charge, and with the keen and penetrating glance which wins battles, has unfolded the resources of a great, unshackled mind, and a dăuntless chăr′acter, face to face with death; tell me that the armies do not pillage, do not glut hatred and revenge, but that they respect the enemy, the wọunded, and the stranger's land!

4. Tell me that this war does not put Christian nation against Christian nation, but that it extends civilization, and that it fŏrces barbarism into and beyond its stronghold. Oh! then I confidently invoke the God of armies! Go, French battalions! go then and plant the standard of the Cross in Hippo, sing the *Te Deum* in Pekin, free Syria, and give back Constan-

tinople to Jesus Christ. My enthusiastic pā′triotism gladly greets this obscure peasant, this great general, this just war, this model army. DUPANLOUP.

RIGHT REV. FELIX ANTOINE DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, France, was born at St. Felix, Savoy, January 3, 1802. In 1825 he was ordained priest, and in 1834 delivered a course of dogmatic lectures in the Cathedral of Paris, which attracted much attention. He was appointed vicar-general of that see in 1837, and in 1849 consecrated Bishop of Orleans. He is an original and powerful writer, and has done much to promote Catholic education both by his pen and by his labors as a practical educator.

V.

73. ST. PIUS V.

THE career of St. Pius V., in some respects, bears a likeness to that of the Angelical:[1] he was virtuous from his infancy; at fifteen he took the habit of St. Dominic; in 1528 he was ordained priest, and for sixteen years he taught with great ĕclăt'[2] in the schools; like the Angelical, he loved prayer, solitude, and to be unknown; like the Angelical, his tears used to flow during the Holy Sacrifice; like the Angelical, it was ōnly with tears and under a species of compulsion that he could be brought to take ŏffice in the Order—but unlike St. Thomas, his tears were not attended to.

2. He was consecrated bishop in 1556, made cardinal in 1557, and Pope, finally, in 1566. He was a firm, tender, loving man. He could resist the highest and mightiest when the voice of duty urged. He could gracefully stoop to the lowest act of humiliation. A bûrly Englishman was converted at once on seeing that loving saint bending graciously over the outcast, and kissing his burning, ulcered feet with loving transport. During his time, Baius was condemned and the battle of Lepanto won. Clement X. (1672) beatified him. Clement XI. (1712) canonized him. One can see him now in imagination, with his sweet ascetic face and Greek profile, with his blue eyes and their tender depths full of the love of God and of good-will to men.

3. His head is bald; he has a flowing bēard; he seems to stand before the mind's eye a cālm and heavenly picture. See

[1] **The Angelical**, St. Thomas Aquinas. [2] **Eclat** (ĕ klă′), brilliancy

him declaring to the world that heresy must be crushed, and that truth must be maintained! With his foot on the dark teachings of Baius, and with his finger pointing to the open *Summa*,[1] he seems to say: "Here is the conquering power, and the light of heavenly truth."

4. Nor is this all imaginary. He had not taught in the schools for sixteen years without learning how great a power in the world had been, and still was, and still should be, the great Angelical. He had witnessed how the force of principles contained in the teaching of St. Thomas had been dĭrĕcted against error, and had ground it into powder. He had watched error after error, one heresy and then another, advance boldly against the truth; and one by one he had seen them all ēither slain outright, or creeping away, maimed and wounded, with a broken life—struck by the sharp wĕapons drawn out of the vast armory of the Angel of the Schools. How could he best encourage the champions of the Church to use those weapons? By holding up to their admiration, and placing on the pinnacle of fame, him who forged them, and knew in his day how best they could be wielded.

5. For this end, St. Pius V. solemnly decreed, in an instrument signed by six-and-thirty members of the Sacred College, that henceforth the Angel of the Schools should rank as a Doctor of the Universal Church. To the four great Latin pillars of the mighty House of Gŏd he had the privilege of adding a fifth pillar. Oh, of what splendid workmanship are they! how massive their construction! how towering their height! how grandly they seem to support the vast fabric, the spreading dome of the Holy Ark—the house not built with hands, rōoted deep down in the everlasting hills!

6. Taking them in their order: in the midst there stands the sublime Pontiff, St. Gregory the Great—a Benedictine Pope, if ever there was one—with his frank, venerable, patriarchal face, representing the supreme governing power of the Church; on the right hand is the stern St. Jĕr′ome, ascetical, deep in thought, meditating on the Sacred Word; on the left, the majestic St. Ambrose, pattern of bishops—of bishops who have to

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live in stormy days and to control them; next to him comes the royal Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine, with the sympathy of a St. Paul, with the love of a St. John, and with the fire of a Bōanĕr′gēs. How mighty is he! He seems to guard them all.

7. But see that princely form approaching. He is being conducted by one wearing the triple crown, a man looking like a priest-king, with his blue, loving eyes and flowing beard. The aureole floats around the head of either—it is St. Pius V. placing the great Angelical among the Latin Doctors of the Church. St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, St. Jerome and St. Thomas, stand round St. Gregory and guard the See of Peter, and defend, with the "Shield of Faith" and the "Breastplate of Justice," the Ark of the Lord, whilst they attack and put to flight the hosts of the enemy with the swift "Swōrd of the Spirit." VAUGHAN.

MOST REV. ROGER BEDE VAUGHAN, O.S.B., Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, was born in England in 1833. In 1872 he was consecrated coadjutor-bishop of the English see of Newport and Menevia, having for eight years previously been prior of the Benedictine monastery of St. Michael's, Hereford. He was afterward made Archbishop of Nazianzum, *in partibus infidelium*, and transferred to Sydney as coadjutor to Archbishop Polding, whom he succeeded in that see in 1877. He is the author of an admirable life of St. Thomas Aquinas.

VI.

74. SECRET OF LACORDAIRE'S GREATNESS.

THE obstacle to all greatness is Pride; it is man stopping short in himself; held captive there by the pursuit of riches, power, or glōry, and seeking in himself the principle of an elevation as false as it is ephemeral.[1] The honor of man consists not in commanding, but in serving. Now it is the virtue of humility that reveals to him the meaning of this dĭvīne phĭlŏsophy: it is she who delivers him from the passion of making himself talked about, and substitutes for it the passion for doing good and of rendering justice to all; it is humility that delivers him from an exaggerated attachment to his own opinion, the sōurce of so many errors, and which crowns him with glory by enveloping him with obedience.

[1] **E phĕm′e ral**, beginning and ending in a day; short-lived.

2. We will not inquire where the proud genius of Father Lacordaire might have led him had it not been for the salutary chain of obedience; but there can be no doubt that it would have been very difficult for him to contain himself within bounds, to stop at the right moment, and to avoid those shoals which are the ruin of even less impetuous natures. By taking refuge under the hand of God, and binding his life to Him, he not ōnly enfranchised it, and preserved it from the rock on which he would otherwise have made shipwreck, namely, the desire of being talked about; but more than this, he marked it forever with the seal of true greatness.

3. He learned at the foot of the crucifix how, whilst serving God, to attain to the noblest of all royalties—empire over himself, devotion to his brethren, and sanctity. Herein lies all solid greatness: "To serve God is to reign." When this royal service of God is united to talent, to eloquence, to an upright and powerful character, and to heroic virtue, it imprints on a man's life such a reflection of divine majesty, that all mere human pre-eminence is effaced by its splendor. Now the whōle ambition of Father Lacordaire was to serve and obey God. His whole life was resumed in one word—duty! Duty was to him not that stoical virtue in which there ŏft*e*n enters more pride than true cŏurage; but it was the voice of God, His justice, His truth, His law. He made it his ambition and his virtue to render himself at all costs the slave of every sacrifice, even to his last sigh. "I have never looked anywhere save to heaven to read my duty there," he writes. "Duty is above all things. No calculation, no fear, no skill, no desire, ought to prevail over it, and I have long known from experience that it is the sure way to succeed, even though appearances may seem to preclude success."

4. This fidĕlity to duty inspired him with a great self-respect. He honored in himself the gift of God, and cherished it with scrupulous care. None knew better than he how to keep his plighted word. Nŏne felt a more instinctive horror of every violation of it. Had he not passed his word to God, and henceforth would not the slightest breach of faith have seemed to him a treason? Thus his nobility of soul contributed, as well as his intellectual conviction, to preserve the tranquil

purity of his religious belief. He did not understand such things in a Christian as seductions of the will, or weakness and division of the heart. From the time that he began to love God he knew not how to care for anything else, and his ōnly solicitude was to ascend in his soul the mysterious degrees of that love. The unity of his life in this respect was truly admirable. He had been converted when very young, and no one is ignorant that the most terrible struggles, the lingering glances cast backward on a world forgotten, yet still alive, do not belong to the age of generous enthusiasm, but to that colder period when a man turns back on himself and begins to get a footing in life.

5. If Father Lacordaire knew anything of these later combats, they at least left no traces behind them; and those who enjoyed his closest confidence can only testify to the fact of his perfect indifference to the most seductive fascinations, his constant ardor to keep his soul pure from every stain, and his care to render it more and more worthy of the Divine caresses. He hardly understood in others those combats which are, unhappily, so ŏft*e*n followed by sad defeats. He wrote thus to a young friend: "I am always astonished at the empire which the sight of external beauty exercises over you, and of the little power you possess of shutting your eyes. I pity your weakness and wonder at it, as at a phenomenon of which I do not possess the secret. Never, since I have known Jesus Christ, has anything appeared beautiful enough to be beheld with desire. . . It is so contemptible a thing to a soul that has once seen and enjoyed God!"

6. He preserved the same fidelity through life to the idea and opinions which made up his political faith. He respected them in himself as a part of the Divine Truth, and would no more have pardoned himself an infidelity in this respect than he would have done in regard to religious truth. His religious and political creed was all of a piece, and the relinquishment of any principle of conduct, once admitted as such, was as incomprehensible to him as the abandonment of some truth of a higher order. "We must have convictions," he said; "we must reflect long before adhering to them; and once having adopted them, we must never change them."

7. With him this fidelity to his standard was a sort of religion. He attached the honor of his life to it. "I hold above every thing," he writes, "to integrity of character. The more I see men fail in this, and at the same time fail in the religion which they represent, the more I am determined, by the grace of Him who holds all hearts in His hand, to keep myself pure from anything which may compromise or weaken my honor as a Christian. Were there but one soul in the world that took any notice of my soul, it would be my duty not to grieve that soul; but since it has providentially fallen out that I am linked to many souls, who look to me for strength and consolation, there is nŏthing I ought not to do in order to spare them the weakness and bitterness of doubt." CHOCARNE.

VII.

75. DE LA SALLE[1] AND JAMES II.

SOON after the disastrous battle of the Boyne, which was fought on the 12th of July, 1690, James II. of England, in utter despair of recovering his crown, secretly embarked in

[1] **The Venerable John Baptist de la Salle,** founder of the order of Brothers of the Christian Schools, was born at Rheims in the year of our Lord 1651. Shortly after his elevation to the priesthood he devoted himself with untiring energy to the religious and secular education of the youth of France. In order the more effectually to accomplish this purpose, he founded a normal school near Paris, the first of modern times, and united the inmates in a holy brotherhood. This was the origin of the order of the Christian Brothers, whose services to the cause of education and religion were speedily recognized by the Church and the State, and whose numbers henceforth extended with marvelous rapidity through every quarter of the globe. Divine Providence favored the great undertaking of the pious de la Salle, and, as the incident above related proves, blessed the labors of the Brothers from the outset. The Order at present numbers two thousand servant and over nine thousand teaching Brothers, having under their charge upwards of a million pupils in the different countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. There are one thousand members of the Order in the United States and the Canadas, giving instruction to some seventy thousand pupils in one hundred and twenty parochial schools, fifteen academies, and ten colleges. De la Salle died at Rouen on Good Friday, 1719, and was declared Venerable by Pope Gregory XVI. on the 5th of May, 1841. Pope Benedict XIII. approved the Order by his Bull of Approbation granted in 1725.

an ordinary fishing smack, and sought refuge in France. Louis XIV., surnamed the Great, who was monarch of France at the time, received his unfortunate brother king with open arms, and surrounded him with every attention which a generous heart and a delicate sensibility could devise. The conduct of the French king on this occasion won for him golden opinions, and even those historians who have given the least favorable view of his character admit that the thoughtful and courteous manner in which Louis XIV. extended hospitality to the last of the Stuarts will reflect no less credit on his reputation than the splendid victories with which his name is inseparably entwined.

2. The misfortunes of the fallen monarch of England involved in their wake the best and most loyal of his adherents. During many years, every out-bound ship bore from the shores of Ireland and England faithful and devoted followers of the dethroned prince, who were as eager to share his exile as they had been to draw their swords in defence of his crown. Among these was a band of distinguished young Irishmen, to the number of fifty, who could not brook the tyrannical and bigoted rule which the new king, William III., Prince of Orange, exercised over their ill-fated country. Attached as they were to the waning fortunes of the Stuart family, and passionately fond of their native land, neither loyalty nor patriotism could induce them to tarry long in a country where the commonest rights of humanity were denied them, and where, especially, their holy religion had been rigorously proscribed.

3. Accordingly, in the year 1698, these fifty young gentlemen bade farewell to their beloved homes and sailed for the shores of France. On their arrival they repaired to Paris, and, in the palace of St. Germains, where James held court, renewed the expression of their undying fealty and attachment to the fortunes of the Stuart family. Pleased as James II. was to receive these assurances of devotion from fifty young men of gallant bearing and gentle birth, he felt that a new burden had been placed upon his shoulders. Bereft of crown and patrimony himself, and dependent in all things on the generous bounty of a foreign prince, who had befriended him in his hour of bitter need, he felt he had no means of procuring for

them the education which befitted their rank and prospects. The heroic services their father had rendered in his cause, the numerous sacrifices they had made for him, the unflinching courage they had exhibited on many a hard-fought field, and their steadfast adherence to his adverse fortunes, were so many considerations impelling the exiled king to strain every nerve in the interests of his youthful companions in misfortune.

4. When Louis XIV. perceived the embarrassment of his royal guest, he hastened to his relief, and took upon himself the charge of providing for the support and education of the youthful strangers, couching the favor in such shape that the fugitive king felt that no additional obligation had been placed upon him. Louis assured his guest that the opportunity of educating for the service of the state and the army, young gentlemen whose fathers had so often distinguished themselves by their heroism and their exalted sense of duty and honor, was a privilege of which he was proud and for which the country would one day thank him. Thus truly great souls, when conferring favors, try to enhance their effect by diminishing the sense of obligation in those who are the recipients of them.

5. Louis communicated to the Archbishop of Paris the design he had conceived of making suitable provision for the young Irishmen, and besought him to adopt the measures requisite for that end. His Grace M. de Noailles,[1] anxious to divide the responsibility of the task, summoned to his counsel M. de la Chetardie,[2] a man of great learning, discretion, and piety.

[1] **M. de Noailles.** After the death of Archbishop François de Harlay in 1695, Louis XIV. nominated as his successor the Rt. Rev. Louis Antoine de Noailles, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne. After many years spent in the successful administration of his extensive and important archdiocese, he died, respected by all for his manifold virtues.

[2] **M. Trotti de la Chetardie** succeeded M. Baudrand as Curé of St. Sulpice toward the close of the 17th century. He was known as a priest in whom shone every virtue pertaining to the ecclesiastical state. He was a zealous educator, and before coming to Paris had established at Puy a society of young girls for the religious instruction of peasant children. This laudable zeal for the education of the young did not abandon him in his new field of labor. When informed of the astonishing success which attended the very first efforts of the Ven. de la Salle in the same direc-

At once M. de la Chetardie suggested the Ven. de la Salle as the fittest person to be entrusted with the fulfilment of a service bŏth difficult and delicate, in a manner which would prove satisfactory to the king. The choice was highly pleasing to the archbishop, who had already learned to set the greatest value on the piety and wisdom of this venerable man. In courtesy, however, to the Ven. de la Salle, and fearing lest his manifold engagements would prevent him from undertaking fresh obligations, the archbishop, after having stated to him the wishes of the king, told him what M. de la Chetardie had suggested.

6. The communication was like a beam of light direct from heaven, and the holy man was thankful that Providence had deigned to afford him the opportunity of giving emphatic expression to the scope and purport of the undertaking to which he had lent the labor of his life. Though the abounding charity of his heart had inclined him from the outset to the education of the poorer classes and to the establishment of charity schools, it was far from his purpose to confine his labors within those limits; he had determined that the benefits of a Christian education should, so far as he could accomplish it, be enjoyed by all classes; and he was convinced that in many cases the children of the wealthy and distinguished in life stood fully as much in need of his benevolent ministrations as those of the daily toiler in the field and on the highway. He had already given proof of his intention in these respects by the establishment of normal schools throughout France, and hailed the present opportunity as a Providential sanction of his design.

7. University education in France still retained the defects of medieval times; for although it had produced many profound scholars, it was, nevertheless, characterized by a certain incompleteness of method. It was the desire and aim of the

tion, he bent all his energies to assist him. His first service was to aid the venerable founder of the Brothers in transferring the novitiate from Vaugirard, where the buildings were small and dilapidated, to the spacious and comfortable house of Our Lady of the Ten Virtues. He never failed to visit the Brothers' schools daily, and by word and deed to encourage the good work of the Ven. de la Salle, from which France was already beginning to reap substantial advantages.

Ven. de la Salle to introduce this much-needed method into the details of education, and to sys'tematīze its general workings. Rigid adherence to approved method, alike in elementary instruction and in the regions of mathematics, the physical sciences, and philosophy, became the distinguishing feature of the educational system which originated in the normal schools of the Christian Brothers, and ensured its speedy and permanent success. Thus it is evident that the purpose of bestowing on all clăsses of society the inestimable blessings of education, based upon religion and morality, is a distinguishing feature of the Christian Brotherhood, having its rōōt in the example and oft-expressed wish of the Ven. de la Salle himself.

8. When, thĕrefore, the project of Louis XIV. was mentioned, the Brothers did not hesitate to lend their co-operation, and a newly-acquired house was set apart for the accommodation of the young Irishmen. The French monarch had taken so lively an interest in the welfare of his fŏreign wards that he recommended them over his own signature to the venerable founder, and felt entirely satisfied that his magnanimous conduct toward the gallant young friends of a crownless monarch would find its highest expression in the zealous conduct of the Christian Brothers.

9. The Ven. de la Salle and his Brothers spared no ĕfforts in advancing the spiritual and intellectual prŏgress of the young men who had been thus unexpectedly confided to their charge, and sought to do justice to the confidence which his Majesty Louis XIV. had reposed in them by educating those sons of a sorrowing land as Christians and gentlemen, loyal alike to their Gŏd, their country, and to honor. M. de la Chetardie often visited the distinguished exiles, and conferred with the Ven. de la Salle on all matters pertaining to their moral and mental advancement. Nor did James II. forget those whose fathers, having staked all their worldly possessions in defence of his rights, were now reaping the reward of their noble and disinterested services in the Christian education of their sons. He watched over their daily progress in letters and religion with the fond solicitude of a father, and missed no opportunity of contributing to their comfort and welfare.

10. The particulars of one visit which he paid to his little

Irish colony, in company with the Archbishop of Paris and several distinguished French and Irish ŏfficers, have reached us, and afford gratifying evidence of the gĕnuĭne goodness of heart which had made James II. beloved by all the poor of the realm when he was simply Duke of York. He addressed to each one of those young men whose sires had been his faithful retainers in dark and stormy days, words of encouragement and thanks, pointed out to them the grand prospect which the munificence of Louis XIV. and the enlightened zeal of the Christian Brothers had opened to them, and expressed the hope that at a future day they might have the opportunity of redressing the wrŏngs of their country and shaking off the yoke of a crŭel oppression. The Ven. John Baptist de la Salle was warmly complimented by the king for the perfect character of the work in which he was engaged, viz., that of cementing worldly learning with true religion and sound morality. The young exiles from Erin were deeply moved by the tender words of encouragement addressed to them by their sovereign, and resolved to become worthy of the high hopes which were centred in them.

11. Years went by. James II. died in the land of his adoption; the hopes of the Stuarts had perished; Ireland still groaned beneath the rod of the oppressor; but that visit and those words of the exiled king were destined not to be ineffective. Field and cabinet alike have felt the influence of the descendants of those Irish exiles. The pulpit of France has rung with their eloquence; the embattled hosts of England reeled before their shock on the hillsides of Fontenoy; Spain has felt the benefit of their counsels; Austria has inscribed their names in her roll-call of honor; South American republics count them among their deliverers; and the foremost nation of Europe did not disdain in her hour of peril and sorrow to confide to one of them the duty of guiding her fortunes and maintaining her honor.

C. M. O'LEARY.

Dr. C. M. O'Leary, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., was born in the county Cork, Ireland, in 1833. He came to this country in 1852, and spent many years in Montreal, Canada, where he completed his studies with the Sulpitians. He graduated from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, and received his other degrees from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. He is at present professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Manhattan College, and lecturer on English literature at the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent on the Hudson. He has contributed various articles to the leading magazines of the country.

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VIII.

76. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

[*From a speech delivered at a public dinner in Washington, D. C., in honor of the Centennial*[1] *Birthday of* GEORGE WASHINGTON, *February* 22, 1832.]

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honor of whose character and sĕrvices, we are here assembled. We are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belŏngs mōst essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation in the hour of thick-thrŏnging public disasters and calamities; that name shōne, amid the storm of war, a beacon-light to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes.

2. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whōle people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect. That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whōle earth, and uttered in all the languages belŏnging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by ĕvĕry one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

3. We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place, so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name. All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly influenced by associations.[2] The recurrence of anniversaries, after long periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression, of events with which they are historically connected.

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[1] **Cen tĕn′ni al**, belonging to the hundredth anniversary; happening only once in a hundred years.

[2] **As sō′ci ā tion**, the act of mentally connecting one thing or event with another, so that when one is brought to mind, the other habitually recurs also.

4. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken a feeling, which all acknowledge. No Amĕrican can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belŏnged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

5. But nēither of these sōurces of emotion equals the power with which great mŏral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of pātriotism delights to contemplate its purèst modèls; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to sōar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lŏst and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated or too refined to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors.

6. All this is unnatural. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry, as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Cicero and Chatham;[1] or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, propōrtion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael[2] and Michael Angelo[3] with coldnèss or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finèst exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors,

[1] **William Pitt**, first earl of Chatham, one of the greatest of English orators and statesmen, was born Nov. 15, 1708, and died May 11, 1778.

[2] **Răph′ a el**, the eminent Italian artist whose paintings are the admiration of the world, was born in Urbino, March 28, 1483, and died in Rome April 6, 1520. He belonged to a family of artists, and his father was his first instructor.

[3] **Michael Angelo Buonarotti** (bo ō′ nä rōt′ tē), one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all artists, leading architect of St. Peter's, was born in Tuscany, March 6, 1474, and died in Rome, Feb. 17, 1563. He applied himself to every branch of knowledge connected with painting and sculpture. Many of his works were left unfinished; but even his fragments have educated eminent men.

and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpōuring of the public feeling, made to-day, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, proves this sentiment to be bōth just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his Country.

7. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of Amĕrica will hold up to themselves the bright modèl of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them formed into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

8. Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its cōurse, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence and human freedom, mōre than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of bōth he is the chief.

9. It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne,

without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy, existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to extend over a vast country, of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith.

10. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed ōnly by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glōry. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full of interest indeed to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Dĕstĭned for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by pātriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man tōward man. In entering on the untried scenes, early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

11. The principles of Washington's administration are not left doubtful. They are to be found in the constitution itself, in the great mĕasures recommended and approved by him, in his speeches to Congress, and in that mōst interesting paper, his Farewell Address to the People of the United States. The success of the government under his administration is the highest proof of the soundnĕss of these principles. In the first place, all his measures were right in their intent. He stated the whōle basis of his own great character, when he told the country, in the homely phrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. One of the most striking things ever said of him is, that *he changed mankind's idēās of political greatness.*

12. To commanding talents, and to success, the common elements of such greatness, he added a disregard of self, a spotlĕssnĕss of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw far into the shade the whōle crowd of

vulgar great. The object of his regard was the whole country. No part of it was enough to fill his enlarged pātriotism. His love of glōry, so far as that may be supposed to have influenced him at all, spurned ĕvĕry thing short of general approbation. It would have been nŏthing to him, that his partisans or his fāvorites outnumbered, or outvoted, or outmanaged, or outclamored those of other leaders. He had no favorites; he rejected all partisanship; and, acting honestly for the universal good, he deserved, what he had so richly enjoyed, the universal love.

13. The maxims upon which Washington conducted our fŏreign relations were few and simple. The first was an entire and indis′putable impartiality towards foreign states. He adhered to this rule of public conduct against vĕry strŏng inducements to depart from it, and when the popularity of the moment seemed to favor such a departure. In the next place, he maintained true dignity and unsullied honor in all communications with foreign states. It was among the high duties devolved upon him, to introduce our new government into the circle of civilized states and powerful nations. Not arrogant or assuming, with no unbecoming or supercilious bearing, he yet exacted for it from all others entire and punctilious respect. He demanded, and he obtained at once, a standing of perfect equality for his country in the society of nations; nor was there a prince or pōtentate of his day, whose personal character carried with it, into the intercourse of other states, a greater degree of respect and veneration.

14. His own singlenĕss of purpose, his disin′terested pātriotism, were evinced by the selection of his first cabinet, and by the manner in which he filled the seats of justice, and other places of high trust. He sought for men fit for ŏffice; not for offices which might suit men. Above personal considerations, above local considerations, above party considerations, he felt that he could ōnly discharge the sacred trust which the country had placed in his hands, by a diligent inquĭ′ry after reāl merit, and a conscientious preference of virtue and talent. The whōle country was the field of his selection. He explored that whole field, looking only for whatever it contained most worthy and distinguished. He was, indeed, most successful, and he deserved

success for the purity of his motives, the liberality of his sentiments, and his enlarged and manly policy.

15. Washington's administration established the nătional credit, made provision for the public debt, and for that pātriotic army whose interests and welfare were always so dear to him; and, by laws wisely framed, and of admirable effect, raised the commerce and navigation of the country, almost at once, from depression and ruin to a state of prosperity. Nor were his eyes open to these interests ălōne. He viewed with equal concern its agriculture and manufactures, and, so far as they came within the regular exercise of the powers of this government, they experienced regard and favor.

16. It should not be omitted, even in this slight reference to the general mĕasures and general principles of the first president, that he saw and felt the full value and importance of the judicial department of the government. An upright and able administration of the laws, he held to be alike indispensable to private happiness and public liberty. The temple of justice, in his opinion, was a sacred place, and he would profane and pollute it who should call any to minister in it not spotless in character, not incorruptible in integrity, not competent by talent and learning, not a fit object of unhesitating trust.

17. Finally, gentlemen, there was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly ŭppermōst, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. He regarded the union of these States less as one of blessing, than as the great trĕasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as ĕvèry true Amĕrican still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government on the one hand, nor by surrendering them on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly nătional, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

18. Full of gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of the century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horĭ′zon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on tōward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his cōurse visit no land mōre free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country! *Adapted from* DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. At the age of fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in due course, exhibiting remarkable faculties of mind. When in his nineteenth year, he delivered a Fourth of July oration, at the request of the citizens of Hanover, which, energetic and well stored with historical matter, proved him, at that early age, something more than a sounder of empty words. Upon graduating, in 1801, he assumed the charge of an academy for a year; then commenced the study of law in his native village, which he completed in Boston, in 1805. He first practiced his profession near his early home; but, not long after, feeling the necessity of a wider sphere of action, he removed to Portsmouth, where he soon gained a prominent position. In 1812 he was elected to a seat in the National Congress, where he displayed remarkable powers both as a debater and an orator. In 1817 he removed to Boston, and resumed the practice of his profession with the highest distinction. In 1822 he was elected to a seat in Congress from the city of Boston; and in 1827 was chosen senator of the United States from Massachusetts. From that period he was seldom out of public life, having been twice Secretary of State, in which office he died. In 1839 he visited England and France, and was received with the greatest distinction in both countries. His works, arranged by his friend, Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, at Boston, in 1851. They bear the impress of a comprehensive intellect and exalted patriotism. He died at Marshfield, surrounded by his friends, October 24, 1852.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

77. THE SCRIPTURAL ACCOUNT OF CREATION.

WHATEVER may have been the various theories by which cosmologists[1] have tried to explain the formation of our globe, and the first functions of the immense atmosphere which from the beginning enveloped it, the general opinion of the greatest philosophers, beginning with Thā′lēs,[2] has been

[1] **Cos mŏl′ o gist**, one who describes the universe.

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conformable to the inspired text of the Christian Scriptures. The earth, after its first condensation, is supposed by nearly all the great thinkers to have been surrounded by a vast ĕn'velōpe of aqueous[1] vapor, a part of which was ŭl'timately condensed to form our ocean and the rivers it receives, the other part remaining suspended in the air and undistinguishable from it.

2. This primitive prŏç'ess of "the separation of the waters" must have been one of the grandest phenŏm'enă accompanying the birth of our globe. The Book of Genesis devotes two or three lines to it, with the simplicity of an ordinary chronicle. And this very way of treating such a stupendous subject is, to every thinking man, a sufficient proof that Gŏd Himself dictated the narrative. What was, for His power, the pōuring down of the liquid sea from the ocean of the air? Exactly what is, for man, the cooling of a few drops of water into a glass receiver from the heated coils of a cubic foot alembic.[2] A simple word or two expresses sufficiently the wonderful fact.

3. But, to please all minds, the splendor of inspired poetry was to be thrown over the same creative act; and, in his terrible affliction, Job, the prophet of the land of Hus, was to hear from the lips of God, and to preserve for all time to come, the follŏwing words: "Who shut up the sea with doors, when it broke fŏrth as issuing from the womb? when I made a cloud the garment thereof, and wrapped it in a mist as in swaddling bands? I set My bounds around it, and made it bars and doors; and I said: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and thou shalt go no further; and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves.'"

4. The ocean here is individ'ualized. It is a new-born infant. It issues forth from the womb of the all-surrounding atmosphere. It breaks forth, having a cloud for its garment, and a mist instead of swaddling bands. Could the physical process be better expressed, or a more gracious image represent more truthfully the passage of invisible vapor to liquid through the intervēning state of cloud or mist? Uninspired poets have

He is said to have computed the sun's orbit, to have fixed the length of the year at 365 days, and to have been the first among the Greeks to predict eclipses. He taught that all things are instinct with life and originate from water.

[1] **A'que oŭs**, partaking of the nature of water, or abounding with it.

[2] **A lĕm'bic**, a chemical vessel used in distillation, usually made of glass or metal.

often expressed physical truths under graceful imagery. But how ŏften have they not failed, either in the metaphorical[1] expression or in the exact statement of the truth? Here bŏth were ad'mirably rendered, many ages before Lavoisier,[2] by the invention of his gas-receiving tub, first rendered the process visible to the eye of man; for it is here the same phenomenon on a scale comměn'surate with the globe.

5. After all this magnificence of language, a yet greater height of sublimity is reached by the last words, which soar to the utmost height possible to human speech: "I set My bounds around it, and made it bars and doors; and I said: 'Hitherto thou shalt come, and thou shalt go no further; and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves.'"

6. We could indefinitely enlarge on this theme, and show how correctly Holy Scripture speaks, not only of the great features of the earth, but likewise of the beings which fill the air, the sea, and the land. Humboldt[3] calls it an "individualizing accuracy." Compare its language in the description of the horse, or the crocodile, with that of the great naturalists of past ages, Pliny the Elder[4] for instance, and the most renowned philosophers of Greece, not excepting Aristotle, and men may see on which side is true science. We can not, however, dispatch this branch of our subject without insisting on a particular reflection of a general character.

7. The whole hubbub which is now raised, not only among "scientists,"[5] but among almost all classes of readers—since

[1] **Mĕt' a phŏr' ic al**, figurative; not literal.

[2] **Antoine Laurent Lavoisier**, a French chemist, born in Paris in August, 1743, was guillotined during the "reign of terror," May 8, 1794.

[3] **Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt**, one of the most distinguished of naturalists, was born in Berlin, Sept. 14, 1769, and died there, May 6, 1859. His great work, the "Cosmos," a philosophical description of the physical universe, has been translated into almost all modern languages.

[4] **Pliny the Elder**, a Roman author, whose only extant work is a treatise on Natural History, in thirty-seven books. He was born in the year of our Lord 23, and died in 79, during an eruption of Vesuvius, which he had approached in order to study it closely.

[5] **Sci'en tist**, one learned in science; the word is usually applied to those versed in the natural sciences, and sometimes as a term of reproach to those who pretend to find the facts of science opposed to the truths of divine revelation.

"science" is now popularized—is reduced in our days, to a great extent at least, to the theory of evolution as explanatory of the existence of all material substances, of the mind itself, and of its most intricate operations. We know what consequences are drawn from the theory by some "leaders of thought" in our age, to explain the formation of every species of beings from an original protoplasm,[1] by the action of laws independent, in their opinion, of any creative act.

8. There is undoubtedly some truth in the theory of evolution. But as the belief in the essential distinction of species has not been overthrown by all the arguments and facts adduced by the supporters of the system; since many learnèd naturalists are not ōnly not convinced, but appear more persuaded than ever of the solidity of the doctrine opposed to the modern theories, it is probable that the only fragment of truth that the "new science" can rely upon, consists in the fact that the production of material beings has begun by the simplest forms, and proceeded gradually to more complex organizations, until the highest and noblest work of nature appeared in our humanity.

9. Now it is remarkable that the strŏngest proof, after all, that this is true as to the succession of material beings is contained in the first chapter of the first book of the Bible. For so it is. How could Moses begin his narrative by speaking first of the creation of mere inorganic elements: earth, light, ether, by him called firm'ament, and water, either in the form of vapor suspended in the atmosphere, or visible and gathered in the seas; next of vegetable forms, before reptiles and birds are introduced; to be followed by aquatic[2] mammalia[3] first, and later on by tame and untamed quadrupeds; the whole of it to be crowned finally by the creation of man?

10. How could he do so, unless apprised of it by the Author Himself? His narrative reaches at once the most scientific form that any book on natural history can take. Modern naturalists, even now that the more proper and natural order is known, generally begin their descriptions with the *bimana*[4]—

[1] **Prō to plasm'**, that which is first formed; the original.

[2] **A quăt'ic**, pertaining to or inhabiting water.

[3] **Mam mā'li a**, all orders of animals which suckle their young.

[4] **Bī mā'na**, animals having two hands.

man; then the quadrumana[1]—apes; afterward other mammāliă, before they speak of inferior organizations; thus unaccountably reversing the natural order. Moses was the first, lŏng before "science" was invented, to give the proper classification of material beings, commencing with the most simple elements, and ending with the most complex being—man, whom some Fathers of the Church called, on that very account, a mīcrocosm.[2]

11. Let it be understood that this was the rĕăl evolution of mundane[3] things, and science will be reconciled with truth; and the first chapter of Genesis will be placed at the head of all scientific treatises on natural history, as it surely deserves to be for its accuracy and completeness. THÉBAUD.

AUGUSTUS J. THEBAUD, S. J., was born in Nantes, Brittany, Nov. 28, 1807. He entered the Society of Jesus at Rome, Nov. 27, 1835, and was sent to America three years later, landing in New York Dec. 18, 1838. Until April, 1846, he lived at St. Mary's College, Marion county, Ky., whence he was transferred to St. John's College, Fordham, where he remained for ten years. At present he is attached to St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city. In 1873 he published his first volume, an ĕloquent panegyric of "The Irish Race." It was followed in 1876 by "Gentilism," an elaborate and learned study of the religious aspect of the Gentile world prior to the Incarnation. A third work by Father Thébaud, "The Church and the Gentile World," is now in course of publication.

II.

78. AGE OF THE WORLD AND AGE OF MAN.

PART FIRST.

IN the earliest age to which geologists can trace back the history of the Aqueous Rocks[4]—for they do not profess to trace it back to the beginning—this globe of ours was, as it is now, partly covered with water, and partly dry land. The formation of strătified rocks went on in that age, as it is still going on, chiefly over those ā'rēăs that were under water—not, indeed, throughout the entire extent of such areas, but over

[1] **Quad ru'ma na**, animals having four feet that correspond to the hands of a man.

[2] **Mī' cro cosm**, a little world; that which sums up and comprehends all lower forms.

[3] **Mŭn'dane**, belonging to this world; earthly.

[4] **A'que oŭs Rocks**, those which are deposited from water and lie in strātă, or layers.

certain pōrtions of them to which mineral matter happened to be carried by the action of natural causes. And the earth was peopled then as now, though with animals and plants very different from those by which we are surrounded at the present day.

2. Some of these happened to escape destruction, and to be embedded in the deposits of that far distant age, and have thus been preserved even to our time. And these strata, with their fossils,[1] are the same that we now group together under the title of the Laurentian Formation; which, being the oldest group of stratified rocks we can recognize in the depths of the earth's crust, occupies the lowest position in our table of chronology. Ages rolled on; and the crust of the earth was moved from within by some giant force, the bed of the ocean was lifted up in one place, islands and continents were submerged in another, and so the outlines of land and water were changed.

3. With this change the old forms of life pàssed awāy; a new creation came in; and the Laurentian[2] period gave place to the Cambrian.[2] But the order of nature was still the same as before. The deposition of stratified rocks still continued, though the areas of deposition were, in many cases, shifted from one locality to another. And the organic life that flourished in the Cambrian times left its memorials behind it buried in the Cambrian rocks. Then that age too came to an end, and gave place in its turn to the Silurian;[2] and this was, again, followed by the Devonian.[2]

4. As we advance upward in the series of formations, we soon perceive that the fossil remains, which in the earlier groups were scanty enough, become profusely abundant, until even the unpracticed eye can not fail to mark the peculiar character of each successive period; the exū'berant vegetation of the Carboniferous, with its luxuriant herbage and its tangled

[1] **Fŏs'sils,** the remains of plants and animals embedded in the earth and there preserved by natural causes.

[2] **Lau rĕn' ti an, Cām' bri an, Si lur'i an, De vō'ni an,** are arbitrary names given by common consent to the different formations of stratified rock belonging to what is called the Primary Period, which have been investigated by geologists. The rocks of the Secondary Period are known as the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous; those of the Tertiary Period as Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene.

fŏrests, its huge pines, its tall tree-ferns, and its stately araucarias;[1] the enormous creeping monsters of the Jurăs'sic, the ieh'thyosaurs,[2] the mĕg'alosaurs,[2] the ĭguă'nodons,[2] which filled its seas, or crowded its plains, or hăunted its rivers; and higher up in the scale, the colossal quadrupeds of the Miocene and the Pliocene, the mammoths, the măs'todons, the mĕg'athē'riums, which begin to approximate more closely to the organic types of our own age.

5. But amid these various forms of life the eye looks in vain for any relic of human kind. No bone of man, no trace of human intelligence, is to be found in any bed of rock that belongs to the Primary, Secondary, or Tertiary formations. It is ōnly when we have pàssed all these, and come to the latest formation of the whōle series, nay, it is only in the uppermost beds of this formation, that we meet for the first time with human bones and the works of human art.

6. Thus it appears pretty plain, even from the testimony of geology, that man was the làst work of the creation; and that, if the world is old, the human race is comparatively young. These broken and imperfect records, which have been so curiously preserved in the crust of the earth, carry us back to an antiquity which may not be mĕasured by years and centuries, and then set before us, as in a palpable form, how the tender herbage appeared, and the frŭit tree yielding fruit according to its kind; and how the earth was afterwards peopled with great creeping things, and wingèd fowl, and the cattle, and the beasts of the field; and then at length they disclose to us how, last of all, man appeared, to whom all these things seem to tend, and who was to have dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth. We do not mean to dwell just now upon this view of the history of creation, so clearly displayed in the records of geology. But we shall return to it hereafter, when we come in the sequel to consider how admirably the genuine[3] trŭths of this science fit in with the inspired narrative of Moses.

[1] **Ar au cā' ri as,** cone-bearing plants of the pine species.

[2] **Ich'thy o saur, Mĕg'a lo saur, I gua' no dons,** extinct species of lizards of enormous size, whose fossil remains have been found in various countries.

[3] **Genuine** (jĕn'u ĭn).

III.

79. AGE OF THE WORLD AND AGE OF MAN.

PART SECOND.

THE Bible, then, dŏes determine, though with some vagueness and uncertainty, the present age of the human race to lie between six and eight thousand years. We have now to consider whether, in fixing the age of the human race, it fixes likewise the age of the world itself. For this purpose we must turn our attention to the first chapter of Genesis, in which is briefly set fōrth the ŏrigin and early history of our globe from the creation of the heavens and the earth in the beginning to the creation of man at the close of the Sixth Day.

2. If it should appear that these two events were comprised within a very nărrōw limit of time, as is not unfrequently supposed, then, indeed, the age of the world must agree pretty nearly with the age of the human race. But if, on the other hand, between these two events the Sacred Record allows us to suppose an interval of indefinite length, then it plainly fŏllōws that the age of the human race, as set forth in the Bible genealogies, can afford no evidence against the antiquity of the earth.

3. The question is thus brought within very narrow limits. We have simply to take up the first chapter of Genesis, and inquire whether or no it is there conveyed that the creation of man, which is described toward the close of the chapter, followed after the lapse of ōnly a few days upon the creation of the heavens and the earth, which is recorded in the first verse.

4. For many centuries this question received but little attention from the readers of the Bible. It was commonly assumed that, as the various events of the creation are traced out in rapid succession by the Inspired Writer, and strung together in one continuous narrative, so did they follow one another in reality, with a corresponding rapidity, and in the same unbroken continū′ity. The prŏgress of physical science had not yet shown any necessity for supposing a lengthened period of time to have elapsed between the creation of the world and the creation of man; nor was there anything in the narrative itself to sūggest such an idea.

5. Thus it was generally taken for grânted, almost without discussion, that when Gŏd had created the heavens and the earth in the beginning, He *at once* set about the work of arranging and furnishing the universe, and fitting it up for the use of man; that He distributed this work over a period of six ordinary days, and at the close of the sixth day introduced our first parents upon the scene; and that, thĕrefore, the beginning of the human race was but six days later than the beginning of the world.

6. These notions about the history of the creation continued to prevail almost down to our own time. It is to be observed, however, that they were not founded on a close and scientific examination of the Sacred Text. The hypothesis[1] of a long and eventful state of existence prior to the creation of man may be said rather to have been overlooked than to have been rejected by our commentators.[2] There was no good reason for entertaining such a speculation, and so they said nŏthing about it.

7. But now that the world is ringing with the wonderful discoveries of geology, which seem to point more and more clearly every day to the extreme antiquity of the earth, it becomes an imperative duty to examine once again, with all diligence and care, the Inspired Narrative of the creation, and to consider well the relation in which it stands with this new dogma of physical science.

8. We are not the first to enter upon the inquī′ry. Already it has engaged the attention and stimulated the in′dustry of theological writers for more than hălf a century. Many eminent men, distinguished alike for their extensive acquirements and for their religious zeal, have protested warmly against the opinion of geologists concerning the antiquity of the earth, as one that can not be reconciled with the historical accuracy of the Bible. But, on the other hand, there are writers no less illustrious, and no less sincerely attached to the cause of religion, who contend that there is nothing in the Sacred Text to exclude the supposition of a long and indefinite interval—an

[1] **Hy pŏth′e sis**, a supposition; a proposition or principle taken for granted, or assumed for the purpose of argument.

[2] **Cŏm′men tā′tor**, one who comments upon, explains, or criticises the writings of others.

interval, if necessary, of many millions of years—between the first creation of matter and the creation of man.

9. Thirty years ago this opinion was defended by Cardinal Wiseman with great learning and with great felicity of illustration, in his famous Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion. The eminent Roman Jesuit, Father Perrone, has followed the same line of argument in his Lectures on Theology, which, as every one knows, has long since become a classic work in schools of theology. It has been yĕt mōre fully discussed, and supportĕd by more elaborate reasoning, in a work entitled Natural Cosmogony compared with that of Genesis, lately published at Rome by another distinguished Jesuit, John Baptist Pianciani (pē an che ä ne).

10. Among Protestant writers, too, this view of the Mosaic narrative has found no inconsiderable number of able advocates. It is defended by Doctor Buckland, the eminent geologist, in his celebrated Bridgewater Treatise; by Doctor Chalmers in his Evidences of the Christian Revelation; by Doctor Pye Smith in his dissertations on Geology and Scripture; by the eloquent and original Hugh Miller in his interesting work on the Testimony of the Rocks; and by a host of others scarcely less distinguished than these.

11. But these learnèd writers are not altogether of one accord as to the precise point in the first chapter of Genesis at which we may suppose a long interval of time to have intervened. Some, with Doctor Buckland, Doctor Pye Smith, and Doctor Chalmers, consider that this interval may best be introduced between the beginning of all time, when God created the heavens and the earth, and the beginning of the First Day, when He set about preparing the world as a dwelling-place for man. Sacred Scripture, they say, simply records these two events, (1) that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and (2) that at some subsequent time "God said: Let there be light: and light was made." But Sacred Scripture does not tell us what length of time elapsed between these two great acts of Dĭvīne Omnipotence. For aught we know from Revelation, it may have been but a single day, or it may have been a million of years.

12. Others again, as for instance Pianciani, prefer to suppose

that each one of the Six Days may have been itself a period of indefinite, nay, of almost inconceivable duration. So that between the beginning of the world and the creation of man six great ages of the earth's history may have rolled by, each one distinguished by a new manifestation of God's power and the introduction of new forms of life. These writers even fancy that they can discover a close analogy between the successive acts of creation recorded in Genesis and the gradual development of organic life exhibited in the great ĕpochs[1] of geology.

13. To us it seems that ēither one or the other of these two systems, or bōth together, may be fairly admitted without any undue violence to the text of the Inspired Narrative; and this, we would observe in passing, is the opinion to which Cardinal Wiseman appears to have inclined thirty years ago in his Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion. We maintain, then, in the first place, that there is nŏthing in the Mosaic narrative, when carefully examined, at variance with the hypothesis of an indefinite interval between the creation of the world and the work of the Six Days. And, in the second place, we contend that it is quite consistent with the usage of Sacred Scripture to explain these Days of Creation as long periods of time. *Abridged from* MOLLOY.

REV. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., was born in Dublin about the year 1832, and received his preliminary education in St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, Dublin. Entering the ecclesiastical college of St. Patrick, Maynooth, he pursued the usual course with uncommon distinction, and while a student of the Dunboyne or post-graduate establishment, he won, after a severe concursus, one of the chairs of dogmatic and moral theology, which he filled for more than ten years. On visiting Rome, he was made a doctor of theology by Pope Pius IX. Subsequently he was appointed to the vice-rectorship of the Catholic University by the Irish bishops. His work on "Geology and Revelation" was the result of the studies necessary to explain the Catholic doctrine in reference to the creation. It has met with general approval, and shows great scientific and theological knowledge. It has been translated into many languages, and republished by a Protestant firm in America.

[1] **Ep′och**, a period in the progress of events when some important occurrence takes place, or from which some great change is dated.

SECTION XIX.

I.

80. SCENE FROM WALLENSTEIN.

Characters; OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieut. General;* MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his son, Colonel; and* VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*

MAX. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Oct. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor,
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.
Max. [*drily*]. Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our headquarters.
Ques. [*seizing his hand*]. Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nóthing common will I say therewith.
[*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini
O savior names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessèd influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hósts.
Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegýric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us.
I must not be beforehand with my cómrades.
Oct. [*To* MAX.]. He comes from cóurt, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone dóth understand?

Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he cän't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whóle, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
The pause, the central point of thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the cóurt—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.
Ques. The army? Doubtless!
Oct. [*To* QUESTENBERG]. Hush! Suppress it, friend
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.
Max. [*Continuing*]. In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
Móre than the ills for which they called him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chiéftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The óracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Nor ordinances, not mold-rotted papers.
Oct. My son! of those old nărrow ordinances

Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the vŏlatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ăncient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's păth, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Dirĕct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the rōad the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's cōurse, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Ques. Oh hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The călm, the blissful, and th' enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whōle scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills! the rōads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hŭrries!
But on some mŏrrōw morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the hōrde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. Oh let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first vīōlet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!
Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld?—I *have* beheld it.
From thence I am come hither: oh! that sight,
It glimmers still befōre me, like some landscape
Left in the distance—some delicious landscape!
My rōad conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren cōasts,
Like some poor, ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and nărrōw ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.
Oct. [*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*].
——And so your journey has revealed this to you?
Max. 'Twas the first lēisure of my life. Oh! tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This can not be the sole felicity,
This can not be man's best and ōnly plĕasure!
Oct. Much hast thou learned, my son, in this short journey.

Max. Oh! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life, when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the sŏft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the pētard' to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
Oh! happy man, oh, fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Ques. [*Apparently much affected*]. Oh! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-mŏrrōw, not of this to-day.

Max. [*Turning round to him, quick and vehement*].
Where lies the fault but on you in Vīenna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must fŏrce it from you,
Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the ōnly way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.

And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spûrt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain ŏff drop by drop ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee ō'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

COLERIDGE'S TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

II.

81. GRANT'S STORY.

"MY father belŏnged to what you in England would call a good family. We don't know much of those distinctions in the bush,[1] but he was a gentleman by birth, a university man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged him to leave England. I don't need to say anything mōre about these affairs just now, except that they had nŏthing to do with character. Bayard[2] himself was not more unstained in reputation than my dear father.

2. "He went to India first of all, but could not stand the climate, and removed to Australia. He had his wife's little fortune, about ten thousand pounds, and with it he bought a large tract of land in Queensland, and stocked it with sheep. A very different sort of place from Oakham, Miss Aubrey—grassy hills and valleys, no trees, open downs, and a good broad stream or two, but none of your English woods and gardens.

3. "There was ōnly one thing to do, and that was to make wool; and in a year or two he got on, took more land and more sheep, and made more wool—that was his business. When a man has a good many thousand sheep to feed, he wants shepherds; and then there's the killing, and skinning and packing the wool. So by degrees he got a good many fellows into his employment, for he paid them well and was a kind măster. The men respected him; they knew he could be bold as well as kind. More than once he captured a party of

[1] **The bush**, a phrase used in Australia to describe settlements made in thickly-wooded places.

[2] **Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard**, a famous French soldier, born at the Chateau de Bayard, Dauphiny, in 1475; died in Italy, on the field of battle, April 30, 1524. His loyalty, purity, and scrupulous honor gained him the titles of "the good knight" and the "chevalier without fear and without reproach."

bushrangers and saved his stock from their depredations; and our rough settlers felt him to be more than a good neighbor or a good master—they gathered round him as a protector.

4. "I have said that my father was a university man and something of a fine scholar. He had brought with him a fair stock of books, and as time allowed him, he did his best to carry on my education. At twelve years old, I fancy I had mastered about as much Latin and Greek as I should have learnt in the same time at Hărrōw;[1] and besides that, I had gained a good many morsels of useful knowledge, better acquired in the bush. But my father could only teach me what he knew himself, and of some things he was ignorant. You see, my dear lady," said Grant, addressing my mother, "I shouldn't like to say anything that would give you pain, or seem, as it were, bumptious,[2] and for a fellow like me to be talking about such things would just be nonsense; but still, you know, it isn't always piety and that sort of thing that a man gets at the university.

5. "My father never got into any awkward scrapes; he became a good hand at the classics and a famous rower. He spent as much money as became his rank, and a good deal more than suited his father's pocket; but as to religion, I fancy he shared it with Sŏe'ratēs. His standard was honor; to speak the truth, because it was the truth; to be brave, and courteous, and just, and merciful, and to be all that because nothing else was worthy of a gentleman. Of course I learnt my catechism; my mother taught me that; and she read me stories out of the Bible in which I delighted; all about Jacob, and the pā'triarchs, and the flocks of sheep; it seemed just like our own life in the bush, and I fancied every bushman was an Edomite.

6. "Well, one day, as we were sitting down to supper, there came word that old Mike, the shepherd, was dying, and that Biddy, his wife, was at the door, and would not go till she had seen the master. My father got up and went to her. 'Oh, that I should see the day!' she said; 'there's Mike dyin' and askin' for the priest, and not a priest is there within sixty miles,

[1] **Hăr'rōw**, one of the famous public schools of England, where boys are fitted for the university.

[2] **Bŭmp'tious**, self-conceited; forward; pushing.

and him at Ballarat!'—'A priest, Biddy!' said my father; 'what good would he do your husband if he could see him? More to the purpose if he could see a doctor.'—'What good is it, your honor? Why he'd get the rites of the Church, the creature, and not be dyin' like a heathen or a Jew.'"

7. "To make a long story short, Biddy so moved my father's kind heart that he sent off a man and horse to Ballarat to fetch a priest, and the priest came in time to give poor Mike all he wanted, so that he died like a Christian. My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and when it was all over, Father Daly said he would like to ride the country round, and see if there were others that might chance to want him.

8. "Well, it was wonderful the number he found who were, and would be, or ought to have been, Catholics; for three days, as poor Biddy said, 'he was baptizin' and marryin' and buryin' people for the bare life,' and at the end of the third day he came to my father. 'Mr. Grant,' said he, 'I've a great favor to ask of you, which I'm sure, for these poor fellows' sake, you wōn't refuse.'—'Anything in reason,' said my father; 'what is it you wish for?'—'Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say Mass to-morrow morning.'

9. "Well, a barn was found, and Father Daly was at work half the night knocking and hammering, till he had got up what did for an altar. He had brought all he wanted with him; poor enough it all was; but next day he said Mass, and all the settlers within twenty miles, Catholics and Protestants, were present at it. For it was seldom enough they got a good word from priest or parson, and so, poor fellōws, they cared for it when they got it; and get it they did.

10. "Just after the Gospel, Father Daly turned round and addressed us. It was simple enough, nothing eloquent, nothing of fine preaching; just a few plain words, telling us that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our souls—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and serve God, and get to heaven—very plain doctrine indeed, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a strŏng Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's genteel voice, that sounds for all the world like the flute-stop of an

organ; and I'm hălf afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, thick-set man, with a face for all the world like a potato.

11. "But that is what he told us, and, my word, but it went hōme to the fellows' hearts; and as to my father, he laid his head on his arm, and sobbed like a baby. After Mass was over he went to him; I don't know how it all came about, but Father Daly stayed two days longer, and they had some longish talks together; and a week or two later my father went down to Brisbane, and when he came back he told us he was a Catholic.

12. "We soon saw the change, though it did not come all at once. As brave and true and just as ever, but the pride was gōne; and after a bit he got a priest, a Spanish Benedictine, to come and settle at Glenleven, as our place was called. He took charge of my education, and rode about looking up the settlers, and every morning when he was with us I served his Mass. Well, I've seen some of your fine churches, and they get up all that sort of thing now in tremendous style, but St. Peter's itself would never be to me what that little wooden barn was, which we called our chapel. The Mass, the daily Mass in the wilderness there, with a dozen or so of rough shepherds and cattle-drivers only, kneeling there in the early morning, all so still, so humble—I tell you it was the cave of Bethlehem!

13. "Father Jerome did a great work among the settlers. Gradually they got to love him and trust him, and he did what he liked among them; and my father, too, had a grip on them all; with all their free, unshackled ways, they felt his power, and it ruled them. Many of them till then had lived like dogs, and he and Father Jerome just made men of them. It can be done, sir," said Grant, looking fixedly at me, "and there is only one way of doing it. It was not law that made the change at Glenleven, but two men with loving hearts, who lived in the fear of God, and spent themselves for their brethren.

14. "When I was nineteen my dear mother died, and my father was obliged to revisit Europe. There was some bother about the Irish estates—well, it don't matter; he came back to Europe, and brought me with him; he did not care to stay in England, so we just passed through, and crossed by Holyhead, and the three months, which were all we stayed, were mostly

spent in the county Mayo. Before we sailed again we came up to Dublin, and a thing happened to me there which I shall carry in memory to my grave.

15. "There was a lad about my own age, young Harry Gibson, whom my father had agreed to take out with him, and let him learn sheep-farming. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we two were coming home after a longish walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door of which was open. 'Come in here,' said Harry, 'and may be you'll see the strangest sight in Dublin.' We entered—an ugly little place enough, with an aisle divided ŏff the whōle length of the church by iron bars, behind which some old women were kneeling. They were not nuns, but, as I afterward heard, single ladies who lived here by way of a home, in St. Joseph's Retreat, as it was called.

16. "We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see, when there came in from the little săe'risty a figure such as I had never seen before—such as in this world I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest's cassock, so worn it was and threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human was gone out of them—the flesh, the body, and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nŏthing left but the stamp of an unutterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar and knelt there—such a worship in the bend of his head! And after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy, and as he passed us, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the soul.

17. "I was still full of the thought of it all, when the sacristy door opened again, and a little serving boy came up to me, and whispered that 'the Father wanted to speak to me.' I went in wonder, and there he sat in an old broken arm-chair, with a little kneeling-place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak. 'My child,' he said, 'do you want to save your soul?'—'I do indeed, Father.'

18. "'Well, then, you'll mind my words, will you?' I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.

'You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss Mass on Sundays if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits; and here now, that you'll guard your eyes;' and as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?' —'I do indeed,' I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

19. "'Well, then, if you do,' he said, 'I'll promise *you* something'—and he spoke slow and distinct—'*I promise you, you'll save your soul.* And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: *If riches increase, set not your heart on them;* and mind this word, too: *We must lay down our lives for the brethren.*' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel. 'Who is he?' was all I could say. 'A saint,' was his reply, 'if there ever was one on this earth; that was *Father Henry Young.*'[1]

20. "I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a sŏfter bed than a bare bōard, and how, penniless as he was as to private means, thousands passed through his hands, the ālms entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labor. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, läughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

From "The New Utopia."

[1] **Henry Young** was born in Dublin in 1786. He was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Young, a wealthy merchant, four of whose sons became priests and three of his daughters religious. The eldest of these, an Ursuline nun in the convent at Cork, composed the well-known Ursuline Manual. Father Henry Young was distinguished from early childhood by that eminent spirit of mortification and prayer which marked him throughout the long career which ended in Dublin Nov. 11, 1869. An admirable sketch of his life, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was published in the "Irish Monthly" of 1873–74.

III.

82. CHARACTER AS EXHIBITED IN FURNITURE.

[*A Conversation between a Rich Country Gentleman,* MR. PLIMPTON, MR. MANTLEY, MR. BURLEY, *and an Artist.*]

MR. PLIMPTON. My new house in London is just finished, and I am going to furnish it. I am in much perplexity about it. I should be happy to leave it all to my wife, but she is as much puzzled as myself. What am I to do?

Mr. Burley. You country gentlemen make difficulties out of every thing. It is the simplest thing in the world to furnish a house when you've money enough. I furnished mine in a week, and very cheaply too. I said to myself, "If I give up my own time to it for a day or two, I shall save as much as will pay me about a hundred pounds a day for my trouble; so it is worth my while." I took a quantity of notes and sovereigns, and went about to a good many upholsterers and furniture dealers that I knew were in difficulties, offering generally about half as much as they asked for the things, but always in ready money. By this means I furnished my house very handsomely indeed for about fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Plimpton. You managed very cleverly; but my great difficulty is the question of taste. The old house here is provided with an immense quantity of miscellaneous furniture, and somehow does not look so bad after all, though the things, judged severely, are, no doubt, incongruous; but my superfluous things here would not do in the new London house, which I must furnish newly, because it is a new building. It is a most embarrassing question.

The Artist. It is a splendid opportunity.

Mr. Plimpton. Perhaps so, if I knew how to seize it. An opportunity, I suppose you mean, for the exercise of good taste. But I have no confidence in my own judgment in these matters. I have sense enough to be aware that my æsthetic faculty is exceedingly small.

Mr. Burley. My way of buying would not suit you, because you want the things all to be in the fashion, I suppose. But as for taste, you can buy that for money like every thing else.

'You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss Mass on Sundays if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits; and here now, that you'll guard your eyes;' and as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?' —'I do indeed,' I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

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Go to a good upholsterer—a respectable man, mind. It is his trade to understand the rules of taste, and he will give you the benefit of his knowledge, ōnly he will make you pay handsomely for it.

Mr. Mantley. That would scârcely be safe. A man may be a respectable tradesman, and still have vulgar tastes. Upholsterers usually provide things to suit the majority; but you would scarcely furnish in a manner creditable to your taste by so easy a prŏcess as putting the whŏle matter into the hands of an upholsterer. Furniture is very expressive of mŏral qualities. However you furnish your house, Mr. Plimpton, it will in the end only be an expression of yourself, or of those sentiments and ideas which may happen to be predominant when you furnish.

Mr. Plimpton. I should feel obliged to you, Mr. Mantley, if you would develop your theory a little. Your īdē'â that all men express themselves in furniture seems worth dwelling upon.

Mr. Mantley. The habits and feelings of whŏle classes imprint themselves on their furniture. The English aristocracy, for example, has certain ways of its own which other classes do not imitate successfully. A gentleman's house is always, evidently, a gentleman's house, though the owner may be quite poor. I do not say that it is always in good taste, for our gentry do *not* always distinguish themselves in the artistic department of furnishing; but still the objects, however ugly, and even shabby, all bear witness together that their owner is a gentleman. And a rich tradesman has another standard to which all his furnishing tends, so that you may know him at once by it. One difference is, that a gentleman safely leaves many things with a frank aspect of age and wear on them—a habit brought on by living in old houses and constantly using old things; whereas every thing in a thriving tradesman's house is either quite new or at least in perfect repair. Another difference is, that a gentleman's furnishing, though it be shabby and disorderly, is pretty sure to have some poetry about it—something of antiquity or culture, some tint of history, either belŏnging to his own family or to the state; whereas a rich tradesman's house is generally comfortable, but very prosaic. But it is easier to feel these differences than to describe them.

A gentleman safely leaves many things with a frank aspect of age and wear on them—a habit brought on by living in old houses.

Mr. Plimpton. It is very amusing to study character in fûrniture. What vĕry great virtue can be shown in very poor things! I have a neighbor, an old maiden lady, whose furniture is not what our friend Mr. Burley would call handsome, and it is certainly not artistic; nevertheless it inspires in me the utmost respect and esteem for its possessor, for it is so simple and unpretending, and yet so useful and orderly and comfortable. Probably at an auction the whōle household of furniture would not fetch fifty pounds, and yet it is so well arranged, and harmonizes so well with the quiet, unaffected, and somewhat methodical habits of the lady of the house, that every bit of it has, in my eyes, a value far beyond that of the best new furniture in a cabinet-maker's shop. Indeed, I have hĕard the old lady declare that she would not on any account admit a piece of new furniture into her house, because it would spoil her old things by contrast; and once, when she wanted a sideboard, instead of ordering one at the cabinet-maker's, she hunted about for months to find something that would go with her other things. At last she hit upon a quaint old structure of dark mahogany, of a form at least thirty years out of fashion. This exactly suited her, and it now looks as if it had always been in the house. Proofs of the same good taste and right judgment may be found in every thing about her.

Mr. Mantley. I have as great a dislike to new furniture as your friend. New furniture is as bad as a new house—it has no associations. Still, even new furniture may express character.

Mr. Plimpton. Well, I want to furnish my house in London, and beg you all to give me the benefit of your advice. Let us begin with the dining-room.

Mr. Burley. Mahŏgany of cōurse. It is warm and comfortable looking. Have dark red cushions and a green flock paper. I hate a chilly dining-room.

The Artist. I recommend carved oak, but not such rude work as you have here. In London it should be modern, graceful, and artistic, not Elizabethan[1] and grotesque. Mr. Plimpton should employ the best artist-carvers, and have exquisite modern furniture in solid oak left of its natural color.

[1] **E liz′a bĕth′an,** belonging to the age of Queen Elizabeth; that is, to the latter hălf of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Plimpton. Nēither stained nor varnished?

The Artist. Neither. It is right to stain and varnish rude work, because that adds richness and hides defects, but the glitter of the varnish and the darkness of the stain are an injury to rēally delicate work, because they prevent it from being seen.

Mr. Plimpton. Well, and about the walls?

The Artist. The best thing with new carved oak is dark green velvet. Have your walls divided into panels, with frames of ex'quisitely carved new oak, and fill these panels with green velvet. The cornice all round the top should be of carved oak too.

Mr. Plimpton. Any pictures?

The Artist. Of cōurse. I want the dark green velvet in the panels for the pictures. You ought to have a series of pictures connected with each other by their subject, and, if possible, painted by the same hand.

Mr. Mantley. Old pōrtraits from here would do very well.

The Artist. No. They would be incongruous. They are better where they are in the old house. Modern portraits, on the other hand, would be hideous. A series of illustrations of some place, if landscapes, or of some poet, if figure subjects, would do better. For example: a set of illustrations of Mr. Plimpton's most picturesque estate, or a series of subjects from Tennyson. I would not have many pictures. Three very large ones would look more majestic than a crowd of little ones. One great picture on each wall is my ideal, and nōne, of cōurse, near the windows. The dislike to large pictures is very general, and quite groundless. People who have plenty of room for large pictures tell you they have no room, with great blank spaces of wall everywhere. For such a dining-room as yours I would have three pictures, twelve feet long each. Your velvet paneling must, of course, be arranged expressly to receive them. The pictures must be warm in coloring on account of the green wall.

Mr. Plimpton. But the chairs and carpet?

The Artist. The chairs green velvet like the walls, the oak carved richly, yet not to interfere with comfort; the carpet ultramarine blue with a broad border of green oak leaves, and

the cûrtaĭns ultramarine velvet with a border embroidered in green silk.

Mr. Plimpton. Blue and green together! Mrs. Plimpton will never hear of such a violation of good taste.

Mr. Mantley. Where did you ever see such an unnatural combination?

Mr. Burley. You artists sneer at upholsterers; why, any upholsterer knows better than to pŭt two such discordant colors as blue and green together.

The Artist. I am sorry to have irritated you all; but you asked my advice and I gave it. Shall I go on, or not? If I go on, I shall be sure to offend you. I would better have held my tongue.

Mr. Plimpton. Go on, go on; we want to hear what you have to say for yourself. We have him now, Mantley. Blue and green together! I wonder how he will reason us into such a strange theory as that.

The Artist. I will answer you one by one. If Mrs. Plimpton dislikes blue and green together, it is merely because her milliner told her to do so, and she, out of pure humility, obeys. But her own feelings are right, because her senses are sound. Only this morning, as we were looking at the humming-birds in her little room, she particularly called my attention to one colored exactly on the principle of my carpet—dark ăzure, with touches of intense green; and she liked that the best of all of them. In answer to Mr. Mantley's question, where did I ever see such an unnatural combination, I may say, everywhere in nature. Green hills and blue sky, green leaves against the intense azure overhead, green shores of lakes and blue water, green transparence and blue reflections on sea-waves, green shallows and blue deep water in the sea, blue plumage of birds with green gleaming in it, blue flowers amongst their own green leaves, blue-bells in the green grass, green and blue both at their brightest on the wings of a butterfly, green and blue on a thousand insects, green and blue wedded together by God Himself all over this colored world. There, Mr. Mantley, there have I seen what you please to call an unnatural combination. And you, Mr. Burley, how can you possibly think that artists, who own no law but that of the Dĭvīne example,

can concern themselves with the dĭctà of tradesmen, who refer nŏthing to nature? If you want to color well, ēither in furniture or anything else, go and study color in Gŏd's works, not in tailors' fashion-books and upholsterers' windows.

HAMERTON.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, an English author and landscape painter, was born in Manchester, Sept. 10, 1834. He has published several volumes: "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art," in 1862; "Contemporary French Painters," 1867; "Chapters on Animals," 1873; and "The Intellectual Life," in the same year.

IV.

83. THE SCHOLAR AND THE WORLD.

[*From a poem delivered at Bowdoin College on the fiftieth anniversary of the Class Commencement of* 1821.]

IN medieval[1] Rome, I know not whêre,
There stood an image with its arm in âir,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "*Strike here!*"
Greatly the people wondered, though nŏne guessed
The meaning that these words but hälf expressed,
Until a lĕarnèd clerk, who at noon-day,
With downcast eyes, was pàssing on his way,
Paused and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And coming back at midnight, delved and found
A secret stairway leading underground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood,
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its fŏre*hĕad* like a cŏronet
Were these mysterious words of menace set,
"*That which I am, I am; my fatal aim*
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"

2. Midway the hall wąs a fair table placed,
With clŏth of gold, and golden cups enchased

[1] **Mē'di ē'val**, of or pertaining to the middle ages.

With rụbies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone,
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

3. Lŏng at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang;
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his ărrōw at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

4. The writer of this lēgend thus records
The ghostly application in these words:—
The image is the Adversary old
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a dĭvīner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

5. The Scholar and the World! The ĕndlèss strife!
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nōōks,
And all the sweet serenity of bŏŏks;
The market-place, the eager love of gain
Whose aim is vanity and whose end is pain.

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

6. Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sŏphoclēs
Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simŏn'idēs
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his "Characters of Men";
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales";
Goethe[1] at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust"[2] when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

7. As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us as old age draws near
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood from artery or vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age;
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

[1] Goethe (gĕr'tĕ). [2] Faust (foust).

8. What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Adapted from LONGFELLOW.

SECTION XX.

I.

84. THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

PART FIRST.

THE glăc'iērs of the Alps have a wide and many-sided interest. While they are objects of fond devotion to those who dwell habitually among them, they attract from distant countries, with a sort of fascination, men of the most opposite pursuits in life. The poet loves to haunt those lonely solitudes of ice, and there, gazing on the wild and changeful face of Nature, "feed on thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers." The daring mountain climber, lured by the love of adventure, scales their glittering slopes, nor rests till he has reached their highest summits, crowned with a canopy of perpetual snow. The philosopher, again, finds in the glaciers of the Alps a key to the past history of our globe, and recognizes, in those ponderous masses of moving ice, a

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

6. Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sŏphoclēs
Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simŏn'idēs
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his "Characters of Men";
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales";
Goethe[1] at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust"[2] when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

7. As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us as old age draws near
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood from artery or vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age;
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
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mighty ĕngĭne by which the rough and fŭrrōwed form of many a mountaĭn chain was sculptured out in ages lŏng gŏne by.

2. I shall not now attempt to picture to you the singular and attractive beauty of those păthless regions of ice and snow, lifting up their lŏfty summits against the clear blue sky above, and stretching away to the green mĕadōws and picturesque hamlets of the valleys below. This tăsk more fitly belŏngs to the artist and the poet. Nēither do I mean to entertain you with a stōry of perilous adventure and hair-breadth escapes. Mine shall be the humbler task of setting before you some account of the ŏrigin and nature of glaciers, and of briefly sketching the functions they fulfil in the physical history of our globe.

3. I need hardly tell you that the higher we ascend in mountain regions the colder the air becomes. But this fact, though familiar, is well deserving of careful consideration, for it is closely bound up with some of the most interesting and important principles of physical science. Why is it that the air gets colder the nearer we go to the sun, the great sōurce of heat? There are two principal reasons, and I trust I shall not weary you if I dwell for a few moments upon each.

4. First, the air is not heated dīrĕctly by the sun, but by the earth. The bright, luminous rays of the sun pass through our atmosphere without imparting to it any very sensible amount of heat. This you may easily prove for yourselves by a very simple experiment. Stand in the bright sunshine of a clear, cold day, and realize for a few minutes the genial heat which the sun's rays are carrying through the air around you. Then step aside into the shade, a few feet off, and you will at once feel convinced of how little of that heat has been imparted to the air itself, though it has been streaming through it, perhaps, for hours. The earth, however, like your body, is warmed by these same rays; and when the earth grows warm it becomes, in its turn, a source of heat, and sends fōrth rays of its own back into the atmosphere again. Now, these rays that come back from the earth are not luminous like those of the sun: they are dark or obscure rays of heat. And the air, which could imbibe little heat from the bright rays of the sun, imbibes it largely from the dark rays of the earth. Thus it is

that while the air is indebted for its warmth to the sun, it receives that warmth not dīrĕctly from the sun itself, but from the earth, which is heated by the sun.

5. This is a wise and beneficent provision of Nature. Suppose, for a moment, that the atmosphere were so constituted that it could absorb heat from the luminous rays of the sun. The prŏcess would begin when the rays first enter our atmosphere at a height, say, of a hundred miles; it would continue throughout their whōle cōurse; and thus the heat of these rays would be almost wholly exhausted before they could reach the surface of the earth. The consequence would be that the whole earth would be far colder than the arctic regions now are, and would be, thĕrefore, utterly unfit for human habitation. But in the present dispensation of Nature the atmosphere, in a manner, entraps the sun's heat for our use and benefit, allowing it to pass in freely from without, but not allowing it to pass freely back into space.

6. Bearing in mind, then, that the air receives its heat directly from the earth, let us consider what is the consequence of this fact on its temperature at high altitudes. In the first place, the radiant heat coming from the earth must, as a rule, pass through the lower strātă of the atmosphere before it reaches the higher. As it ascends, it suffers lŏss at every moment by absorption, and, therefore, the higher it rises the feebler it becomes. Further, the air of the higher regions being much more rarefied[1] than the air below, its power of absorbing heat is proportionately dĭminished. Thus you see one clear reason why the upper strata of the atmosphere are colder than the lower; the radiant heat that reaches them is less, and their power of absorbing that heat is also less.

7. The second reason will not detain us long. When air expands, heat disappears; when air is compressed, heat is developed. I will ask you to take these statements on trust for the present, because a discussion of them would lead us too far from the subject in hand. But I will ŏffer, in pâssing, one brief word of explanation, which may, perhaps, serve to stimulate, though it can not quite satisfy, intelligent curiosity. When air expands, heat disappears; because, in fact, heat is the

[1] **Răr′e fied,** made less dense.

agent that produces the effect. It expends its own energy in the act of fōrcing the particles of âir asunder; and the energy so expended ceases to exist as heat. Hence, after expansion has taken place, the total quantity of heat present in the air is less than it was before. On the other hand, when air is compressed, some kind of energy from without must be expended in compressing it. The energy so expended vanishes, and heat appears in its stead. In other words, the energy expended has been converted into heat. Thus, after compression, the total quantity of heat present is greater than before.

8. Now, picture to your minds the great chain of the Alps, with an average height, let us say, of eleven thousand feet; and, to fix our ĭdē'ăs, let us suppose that the wind is blowing from the south. The air, charged with the moisture of the Mediterranean, strikes against the base of this mountain barrier; it is tilted up, and begins to ascend the slopes; as it rises it expands; heat is consumed by the fact of expansion; and long before the highest peaks are reached, the warm atmosphere of Italy has, by its own inhēr'ent action, been reduced to freezing temperature. Meanwhile, the vapor that it bears along has been condensed into water; and when the freezing point is reached, each tiny particle of water passes into the solid form of ice.

9. Then begins that wonderful and mysterious prŏcess by which the infinitesimally minute molecules[1] of ice are built up into tender crystals of snow; and these crystals, clinging together, form flakes; and the flakes fall thick and heavy, covering the slopes and summits of the mountains with a mantle of dazzling white. And now the air, having swept over the towering crests of the mountain rampart, is borne downwards into the valleys of Switzerland. As it descends it is gradually condensed by the increasing pressure of the atmosphere above it; condensation develops heat; and by the time it has reached the cities of the plain, it is genial and pleasant once again. Thus we learn how the same current of air which is warm when it leaves the plains of Italy, and warm again when it reaches the valleys of Switzerland, becomes in the interval so

[1] **Mŏl'e cūle**, a very minute particle of matter, or of a mass or body.

cold, from the very nature of the journey it makes, as to leave a thick covering of snow on the intervening mountain chain.

10. We have now, I hope, mâstered one important phenŏm'enon to which the existence of glăç'iērs is due, and we have traced that phenomenon to its cause. The phenomenon is simple and familiar: that the higher we ascend in mountain regions the colder the air becomes. The cause is twofold: first, the air of the higher regions receives less heat from the earth; and, secondly, the air that comes up from the plains expands as it rises, and is chilled by the fact of expansion.

II.

85. THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

PART SECOND.

BUT a cold atmosphere, though a necessary condition for the production of glaciers, is not in itself sufficient. There must be also an abundant supply of snow, which we may regard as the raw material of which glaciers are made. When the yearly fall of snow is inconsiderable, it is melted away by the summer's sun, and no permanent glacier can be established. But when the snowfall of the year is great and the cold of the air intense, then the snow can bid defiance to the powers of the sun. Hence, in the higher regions of lŏfty mountain chains the ground is covered with snow the whōle year round, except where the projecting crags and peaks are too steep for the snow to lie on them. These are the regions of perpetual snow; and the imaginary line that bounds them is called the limit of perpetual snow, or, more simply, the snowline.

2. The position of this line, that is to say, its height above the level of the sea, is very different in different countries. It depends, as you will easily understand, not on the temperature ōnly, but also on the quantity of snow that falls. In the Alps the snowfall is great owing to the moisture of the climate. The snowline on the southern side is, speaking roughly, about nine thousand feet, and on the northern side about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond these limits the snows of winter are piled up from year to year, and consti-

tute, as it were, the vast storehouse of a system of glaciers which, for number and extent, are unequaled by those of any other country in Europe.

3. Since a new strā'tum of snow is spread out each winter over the whōle surface of the higher Alps, and each succeeding summer melts away but a part of it, you might suppose, perhaps, that the height of the mountains must increase from year to year and from age to age. But it is not so. As the vast pile grows up, the weight of the mass above presses down, with enormous force, on the strata underneath, which at length are, in a manner, squeezed out from below, and begin to move slowly down in all dirĕctions, over the slopes and valleys of the mountain chain. These moving masses are the glaciers of the Alps. We have sought them out, at their sōurce, in the eternal fields of snow; we have now to follōw them in their downward cōurse, and learn something of their history.

4. As the glăçier moves down into the valley it passes from snow into ice by a prŏcess not unlike to that by which a schoolboy makes a snowball. He takes a mass of snow and presses it firmly together, while, at the same time, the surface is partially melted by the heat of his hand. In a few moments the mass becomes much harder and more compact than ordinary snow, but is yet far from having the hardness and density of ice; and with this most schoolboys are content. But, if mis'chievoŭsly inclined, these practical philosophers may be seen taking special means to increase the pressure more and more; and, adding fresh snow as the mass is reduced in size, they produce in time a ball which differs little in quality from pure ice. Now, the snow of a glacier is subjected, as we have seen, to enormous pressure; and as it moves on, under the influence of this pressure, it is exposed to the heat of the sun, which melts it at the surface. Thus we find in the glacier, on a colossal scale, the two conditions of the schoolboy's snowball; and accordingly, in the glacier, as in the snowball, the loose, incohēr'ent snow is gradually converted into dense and massive ice.

5. A glacier, then, is a massive stream of ice, which is ever moving slowly down, from the snowfields of the higher Alps to the warmer atmosphere of the valley, where it gradually melts away and disappears. Like a river, it follōws the windings and assumes the form of the channel through which it moves, spreading out into an expansive plain in the wider basins of the valley, and crushing itself between the projecting rocks in the nărrōw pàsses. This unceasing, onward motion is one of the most wonderful phenomena of Nature. To the căs'ual observer the glacier seems not ōnly at rest, but it seems as fixed and immovable as the giant mountaĭns by its side. Nevertheless the poet's words are rigorously true—

"The glacier's cold and restless mâss
Moves onward day by day;"

and the proof of this fact is overwhelming.

6. In the year 1788 the famous Swiss naturalist, De Saussure, with a large party of guides, pàssed a fôrtnĭght on a lŏfty shoulder of the Alps, called the Col du Géant, just below the summit of Mōnt Blanc. On coming down, they left a ladder fixed in the glacier at a well-known point of the descent. Fragments of this ladder were found by Forbes in the year 1832, about three miles further down the valley. Thus it would seem that this part of the glacier had moved three miles in forty-four years, or at the rate of from three to four hundred feet a year. Again, in 1827, Hugi, another Swiss philosopher, erected for himself a hut on the lower Aar Glacier, near the Grimsel. He came back in 1830, and again in 1836, and on each occasion he found that the hut had moved further down the valley. Finally, at the end of fourteen years, in 1841, it was found to have moved altogether about four thousand nine hundred feet from its first position. This would represent an average yearly motion of three hundred and fifty feet.

7. Still more exact are the observations of Ag'assĭz on the same glacier. In the summer of 1841, having provided himself with iron boring rods, he pierced the ice at six places to a depth of ten feet, in a straight line right across the glacier, and at each boring he drove in a wooden stake. The position of this line of stakes he then determined accurately, in reference to fixed points on the mountains at either side. When he returned, in the month of July of the following year, he found that the whole line of stakes had moved sensibly down from between the two fixed points. Some had moved more, others

less. By careful measurement he ascertained that the greatest advance was two hundred and sixty-nine feet; the least, one hundred and twenty-five.

8. But it is to James David Forbes, formerly professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, that we are mainly indebted for the varied and accurate knowledge we now possess regarding the motion of glaciers. He was the first to show, in 1842, that by means of a theŏd'olīte, the motion of a glacier may be made sensible to the eye from day to day, and even from hour to hour. The scene which he chose for his lăbors, and which still continues a fāvorīte spot for the study of glacier phenomena, was the well-known Mer de Glace, so called from its resemblance to a frozen sea. This is an enormous glacier which descends from a noble amphitheatre of mountains belonging to the group of Mont Blanc, and, after a course of many miles, forces its way through a narrow gorge, close to the beautiful village of Chamouni.[1] Here the professor remained for several weeks, and by accurate mĕasurement determined the exact rate of advance of evèry part of the glacier, thus placing the question of glacier motion, for the first time, on a sound basis of facts.

9. A theodolite, as I dare say you know, is practically a telescope mounted on a stand; and for the purpose of exact observation the eye-piece of the telescope is provided with two fine spider threads, which crŏss one another at right angles. Planting the instrument on the mountain side, and looking through the telescope, straight acrŏss the glacier, it is not difficult to get some well-defined peak of ice to cōincīde' with the intersection of these two cross-threads. This done, the instrument may be left fixed in its position for three or four hours. On looking through the telescope at the end of that time, it will be seen that the peak of ice no longer coincides with the intersection of the threads, but has advanced sensibly across the field of view. From careful observations made in this way, and ŏften repeated, it has been shown that the maximum[2] motion of the Mer de Glace, in passing through the gorge, is about three feet a day in summer, and about hălf that distance in winter.

[1] **Chamouni** (shă'mo nē').

[2] **Măx'i mum**, the greatest.

III.

86. THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

PART THIRD.

THOUGH the glăç'iërs of the Alps take their origin from snowfields of dazzling whiteness, they do not lŏng preserve unsullied this spotless purity of color. The fōrces of nature are unceasingly at work on the mountains that flank them at ēither side. Mighty rocks are rent asunder by the frŏst; lŏfty cliffs are shattered by the lightning; loose shingle[1] and mud are washed down by the tŏrrent; and all this ruin is heaped up, from day to day and from year to year, on the surface of the glacier. The lighter materials are scattered about in all directions by the wind, and envelop the glacier in a vesture of dingy brown. But the larger masses of rock remain, for the most part, near the foot of the mountains, and form, at each side of the glacier, a long and lofty pile, which is bōrne slowly down tōward the plain below. These ramparts of rock are called Lateral Morāines'; and I know hardly any object of more striking interest in the natural history of our globe.

2. Standing in the lonely recess'es of a glacier, the traveler hears, at intervals, the rattle of the loose shingle down the mountain side, and he sees the fragments, sometimes one by one, sometimes in a cluster, like a shower of rockets, leap out upon the ice, to begin their long and tēd'iŏŭs, but inevitable journey to the valley below. Now and then a massive rock is let loose which, leaping from crag to crag, comes down at length with a crash to take its place among its fellows on the moraine; or perhaps it is caught on a projecting ledge, and its journey delayed for years. Now, we must realize to our minds that this prŏcess, which we may witness for hălf an hour, once and again, is going on, not for hours only, nor for days, but for years and for centuries; and thus we shall come to form a picture of what Nature is really about in the wild solitudes of the glaciers, unseen and unnoticed, except at rare intervals, by human eye. She is hewing her mountains to pieces, and carrying away the ruins by a machinery of her own, strange and

[1] **Shĭn'gle**, loose gravel and pebbles, worn by the action of water.

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wonderful, to distant sites, where she is minded, no doubt, to use them for other purposes, which may be to us an object of speculation and wonder, but which we can hardly hope fully to comprehend.

3. When two glaciers meet they unite like the tributaries of a river, and move on together down the valley. In such a case it is evident that the two adjacent lateral moraines of the two glaciers will come together at the point of junction, and thĕncefōrth form one united ridge of rock and rubbish. This ridge is called the Medial, or Middle Moraine. When there are three tributary glaciers there will be, of course, two medial moraines—one formed at the junction of the first and second glaciers, the other at the junction of the second and third. And so, in evèry case, each new tributary involves the production of a new medial moraine. These medial moraines, which may be readily distinguished when we look up the valley from below, constitute a very characteristic feature of glacier phenŏmenà. They appear as long barriers of rock, roughly parallel to the sides of the valley, and marking out definitely the several tributaries of which a great trunk glacier is composed.

4. Every glacier wastes away at its lower end by the melting of the ice; and as it wastes away it deposits on the floor of the valley the mâss of rock and shingle and mud which it has bōrne down from the higher mountains. The waste, however, is, for the most part, made good by the advânce of the ice from behind; and thus the actual position of the end of the glacier may remain unchanged for many years together. Meanwhile, the pōrtion that disappears each year adds a fresh contribution to the pile of rock and ruins, which thus grows up into a great barrier stretching across the valley. This barrier is called the Terminal Moraine of the glacier.

5. Sometimes, however, the yearly waste of the glacier is greater than the compensation made by its onward march; and then the glacier diminishes in size and shrinks backward up the valley, leaving its terminal moraine behind. Many such terminal moraines may be seen at the present day in Switzerland, covered with vegetation, and separated sometimes by pasture fields, and even by villages, from the glaciers by which they were deposited. On the other hand, when the snowfall for a

number of years has been unusually great, and the summers unusually cold, then the compensation exceeds the waste; the glacier moves farther down the valley, carrying before it human dwellings, tearing up fŏrest trees, and even pushing along, with gentle but resistless force, the mountain-like pile of its own terminal moraine.

6. Another in'teresting feature of the glacier consists in those deep clefts or fissures by which it is intersected in all dĭrĕctions, and which are generally known by the French name of crevasses. The crevasse first appears as a minute crack in the surface of a glacier, into which you could with difficulty introduce the blade of a penknife. In a few days this crack is, perhaps, an inch wide; later on, it is a foot across; and so it continues to increase, until it becomes at length a yawning chasm of unknown depth, several feet in width, and, it may be, a hundred yards or more in length.

7. Chasms of this kind constitute one of the difficulties and dangers of glacier excursions. In summer, below the snow-line, the surface of the glacier is usually free from snow, and you can see the chasm as you approach. It is then little more than an obstacle in your way, and involves no real danger. If it is narrow, you can step across; if too wide for leaping, you will ŏft*e*n find a colossal mass of rock caught in the jaws of the crevasse, which affords a convenient bridge over which you may pass in safety. At the worst, you can follow the edge of the chasm, which must come to an end somewhere, and thus get round it at the loss of a little time and trouble. But in the higher regions, where the glacier is covered with snow, the crevasse is a great source of danger, and has proved the grave of many a bold, perhaps I should say reckless, mountaineer. The whōle surface is here an unbroken field of snow; and the treacherous chasm is concealed from the traveler's eye until he steps into it and is lost.

8. Nevertheless, a remedy has been found for this danger, and we are assured by the most experienced guides that nône need suffer except from their own neglect. A single traveler has, indeed, no security. But a party of four or five, with a rope passing from one to the other, firmly secured to each, leaving an interval of ten or twelve feet between, are held to be

perfectly safe. One of the party may step into a hidden crevasse, and disappear for a moment, but his companions, who have firm footing on the solid glacier, are at hand to pull him out. No doubt there are many who might not like even this temporary acquaintance with the interior of a crevasse; and I suppose the best security for them is to keep carefully, in their excursions, below the limits of perpetual snow.

9. You will, perhaps, be interested to hear an authentic stŏry of Al′pine adventure, which at once illustrates the danger of crevasses and brings hŏme to the mind, in a practical way, the reality of glacier motion. In the month of August, 1820, Dr. Hamel, a Russian traveler, with two English companions and a party of seven guides, attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc. They had reached in safety that magnificent expanse of snow known as the Grand Plateau, not far from the highest summit of the mountain, when they were caught in an ăv′a-lănçhe′, which swept three of the guides into a yawning crevasse. Forty years passed away, and no tidings were ever hĕard of them; but on the fifteenth of August, 1861, far away in the valley, many miles from the scene of the catăs′trophe, their remains were given up, by the melting of the ice, at the end of the Glacier des Bossons. Arms, legs, and skulls were successively brought fŏrth to the light of day, the flesh being still quite white and adhering firmly to the bones. Near them were found fragments of clothes, the straw hat of one of the guides, the gauze veil of Dr. Hamel, a broken alpenstock,[1] and, perhaps most curious of all, a roast leg of mutton still in a good state of preservation. These and many other similar records of the sad catastrophe, having been gathered together, were carried to the ŏffice of the mayor of Chämǫunī′, and became the subject of judicial investigation.

10. The chief witness was Marie Couttet, one of the guides who had escaped, and who was now seventy-two years of age. The old man identified, without difficulty, all the various fragments spread out before him, and was deeply affected as each, in turn, brought vividly to his mind some incident of the perilous expedition. "This is the hat," he said, "of Auguste

[1] Al′pen stock, a long staff, pointed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps.

Tairraz; it was he who carried the pigeons which we were to let fly from the summit; and see, here is the wing of one of them. This stick, shod with iron, is the remnant of my alpenstock; I made it myself for my excursions on the glaciers. And it saved my life; for when my companions were swallōwed up I was suppōrted on my staff, and remained suspended over the crevasse. It broke at last; but I was able to free myself from the snow, and I was saved. What joy to see it again! This is the hand of Balmat; I know it well." And kissing it tenderly, he added: "I could not have believed that before leaving the world it would have been granted me to press once again the hand of my brave cŏmrāde, my good friend Balmat." Another surviving guide of the expedition, Julien Devouassoux, was also present at this strange scene. But he was upward of eighty years of age; memory and intelligence were gone; and he looked on at the sad spectacle without emotion or appâr′ent interest.

11. But it is time to return to the history of the glacier, and follow it out to the end. We have seen that the glacier is fed from the snowfields, and the snowfields are the product of the clouds that sweep across the Alps; and the clouds are ōnly the vapor of the atmosphere, first condensed into water, and then crystallized into snow; and the vapor of the atmosphere has been drawn ŏff from the ocean by the action of the sun's heat: and now it remains for me only to tell you how the glacier itself returns to its pârent ocean, and thus completes the cycle[1] of its history. The lower end of every glacier is the source of a river, which rushes out from beneath a massive vault of ice. This river is fed partly by the melting of the ice at the end of the glacier, partly by the melting that goes on over its surface the whŏle summer through. Evèry traveler knows that a glacier is traversed in summer with numerous rills, which make for themselves little fŭrrōws in the ice, often uniting so as to form considerable streams, and flowing down over the surface until they come to the edge of a crevasse, into which they plunge and disappear. All these rills and streams find their

[1] Cȳ′cle, an interval of time in which a certain succession of events or phenomena is completed, and then returns again, uniformly and continually in the same order.

way through the ice to the floor of the valley, and then continuing their course underneath the glacier, issue at length from the vaulted arch at the end.

12. The river thus brought into existence is, therefore, nothing less than the glacier itself, under a new form, and entering on a new career. It is saturated with fine mud, produced by the grinding action of the glacier against its valley-bed; and when first we see the turbid, muddy stream into which the exquisite blue ice of the glacier has been converted, we can hardly suppress a feeling of disappointment and regret. But the beauty of the glacier has not been wholly effaced; it has only been veiled for a time. If we follow the stream in its course, we shall find that it throws down its muddy garb in the first great lake through which it flows; and we shall recognize once again the beautiful tints of the glacier ice in the blue waters of Geneva, Constance, Lucerne, Garda, and Como.

13. After a brief interval of repose in these great basins, the glacier streams set out once more on their long journey, and under the familiar names of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po, the Adige, the Inn, stretch away in all directions, for hundreds of miles, across the continent of Europe, never halting on the way till they pour back the melted snowfields of the Alps into the Northern Ocean, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. Thus we learn that the glaciers of the Alps represent but one particular stage in a long series of changes, which go on unceasingly from age to age. The glaciers of to-day are the clouds of yesterday and the rivers of to-morrow. They spring from the ocean, and to the ocean they return.

14. I have sought only, in this hurried sketch, to put before you the leading features of a great natural phenomenon, and to give you some idea of the harmony and beauty of those laws that are concerned in its history. Of the majestic aspect which the glaciers of the Alps present to the eye, and of the glorious scenery that surrounds them, I have attempted no description. But I venture to hope that in sketching out the laws to which these stupendous works of Nature owe their existence, their action, and their decay, I have suggested to you some new thoughts, and furnished, perhaps, a new source of enjoyment. For I believe that scenery the most beautiful and sublime

receives a new charm when we are able not merely to contemplate the face of Nature, but to reach the intelligence behind; not merely to discern in her works that external beauty which strikes the eye and kindles the imagination, but to trace out the evidence of wisdom, forethought, power, which leads the mind from the admiration of the material world to the knowledge and worship of Him who is the great Invisible Creator and Ruler of the universe.

Abridged from REV. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D.

IV.

87. HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, oh, sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but *thou,* most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
Oh, dread and silent Mount! I gazed on thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

2. Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy.
Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest! Not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

3. Thou first and chief, sole sŏvereĭgn of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars—
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself ĕarth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?

4. And yŏu, ye five wild tŏrrents, fiercely glad,
Who called you fŏrth from night and utter death?
From dark and icy caverns called you fŏrth,
Down those preçĭp'itous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invul'nerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest?"

5. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountaĭn's brow
Adown enormous răv'ines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that hĕard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
Gŏd! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
God! sing ye meadŏw streams with gladsome voice,
And pine-groves with your sŏft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the etĕrnal frŏst!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread ărrŏws of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter fŏrth God! and fill the hills with praise!

6. Thou too, hŏar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalançhe, unhĕard,
Shoots downward, glittering thrŏugh the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me. Rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierärch,[1] tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, one of the most imaginative and original of poets, was born at St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire, England, in October, 1772, and died at Highgate in July, 1834. He was the author of "Christabel," the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," and other poems which have an enduring reputation, and of various prose works which exhibit a profound and subtle but not a thoroughly well-balanced intellect.

SECTION XXI.

I.

88. *FALSE JUDGMENTS OF THE UNJUST*

[*A Selection from the Inspired Book of Wisdom.*]

LOVE justice, you that are the judges of the earth. Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in simplicity of heart: for He is found by them that tempt Him not; and He showeth Himself to them that have faith in Him.

2. For perverse thoughts separate from God; and His power,

[1] Hĭ' e rarch, a leader or ruler, especially one who has authority in sacred things.

3. Thou first and chief, sole sŏvereĭgn of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars—
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself ĕarth's rosy star, and of the dawn
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2. For perverse thoughts separate from God; and His power,

[1] Hĭ' e rarch, a leader or ruler, especially one who has authority in sacred things.

when it is tried, reproveth the unwise; for wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins.

3. For the Holy Spirit of discipline will flee from the deceitful, and will withdraw Himself from thoughts that are without understanding, and He shall not abide where iniquity cometh in.

4. For the spirit of wisdom is benevolent, and will not acquit the evil speaker of his lips; for God is witness of his reins, and He is a true searcher of his heart, and a hearer of his tongue.

5. For the Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whōle world; and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice. Thērefore he that speaketh unjust things can not be hid, nēither shall the chastising judgment pāss him by.

6. For inquisition shall be made into the thoughts of the ungŏdly; and the hearing of his words shall come to God, to the chastising of his iniquities; for the ear of jealousy heareth all things, and the tumult of mûrmuring shall not be hid.

7. Keep yourselves, therefore, from murmuring, which profiteth nŏthing, and refrain your tongue from detraction, for an obscure speech shall not go for naught; and the mouth that belī'eth, killeth the soul.

8. Seek not death in the error of your life, nēither procure ye destruction by the works of your hands. For God made not death, neither hath He plĕasure in the destruction of the living. For He created all things that they might be; and He made the nations of the earth for health; and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor kingdom of hell upon the earth. For justice is perpetual and immortal.

9. But the wicked with works and words have called it[1] to them, and esteeming it a friend have fallen away, and have made a covenant with it; because they are worthy to be of the part thereof. For they have said, reasoning with themselves, but not right: "The time of our life is short and tedious, and in the end of man there is no remedy, and no man hath been known to have returned from hell.

10. "For we are born of nothing, and after this we shall be as if we had not been; for the breath of our nostrils is smoke, and speech a spark to move our heart; which being pụt out,

[1] **Have called it,** that is, have called injustice or wickedness, which leads to eternal death.

our body shall be ashes, and our spirit shall be poured abroad as sŏft air, and our life shall pāss away as the trace of a cloud, and shall be dispersed as a mist, which is driven away by the beams of the sun and overpowered with the heat thereof. And our name in time shall be forgotten, and no man shall have any remembrance of our works. For our time is as the passing of a shadōw, and there is no going back of our end; for it is fast sealed, and no man returneth.

11. "Come, thērefore, and let us enjoy the good things that are present, and let us speedily use the creatures as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with cŏstly wine, and ointments, and let not the flower of the time pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with roses before they be withered; let no meadōw escape our riot. Let nōne of us go without his part in luxury; let us evèrywhere leave tokens of joy; for this is our pōrtion, and this our lot.

12. "Let us oppress the poor just man, and not spare the widōw, nor honor the ancient gray hairs of the agèd. But let our strength be the law of justice; for that which is feeble is found to be nŏthing worth. Let us, therefore, lie in wait for the just, because he is not for our turn, and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law, and divŭl'ġeth against us the sins of our way of life.

13. "He boasteth that he hath the knowledge of Gŏd, and calleth himself the son of God. He hath become the çen'surer of our thoughts; he is grievous unto us, even to behold, for his life is not like other men's and his ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness, and he preferreth the latter end of the just, and glorieth that he hath God for his Father.

14. "Let us see, then, if his words be true, and let us prove what shall happen to him, and we shall know what his end shall be. For if he be the true son of God, He will defend him, and will deliver him from the hands of his enemies. Let us examine him by outrages and tortures, that we may know his meekness and try his patience: let us condemn him to a most shameful death; for there shall be respect had unto him by his words."

15. These things they thought, and were deceived; for their own malice blinded them. And they knew not the secrets of

God, nor hoped for the wages of justice, nor esteemed the honor of holy souls. For God created man incorruptible, and to the image of His own likeness He made him. But by the envy of the devil, death came into the world; and they follow him that are of his side.

16. But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery, and their going away from us for utter destruction; but they are in peace. And though in the sight of men they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality. Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be well rewarded; because God hath tried them, and found them worthy of Himself. As gold in the furnace He hath proved them, and as a victim of a holocaust He hath received them, and in time there shall be respect had to them.

17. The just shall shine, and shall run to and fro like sparks among the reeds: they shall judge nations and rule over peoples, and their Lord shall reign forever. They that trust in Him shall understand the truth; and they that are faithful in love shall rest in Him; for grace and peace is to His elect.

18. But the wicked shall be punished according to their own devices, who have neglected the just and have revōlted from the Lord. For he that rejecteth wisdom and discipline is unhappy; and their hope is vain, and their labors without fruit, and their works unprofitable.

II.

89. THE APOLOGY[1] OF SOCRATES.

"IF you should say to me, 'O Socrates, we will not believe An'ytus. We will let you ŏff; but on this condition—that you no lŏnger go on with this questioning and philos'o-

[1] **A pŏl'o gy**, something said or written in excuse or justification of what appears wrong to others. Socrates was accused by Melē'tus and An'ytus of corrupting the youth of Ath'ens by philosophical paradoxes, and of introducing new gods, or of denying all gods, and was condemned to death on these charges by his fellow-citizens. He defended himself in the noble Apology which has been handed down to posterity by Plato, his most famous disciple.

phizing; and if you should be caught again doing this, you shall die;'—if, as I said, you should acquit me on these conditions, I should say to you, O men of Athens, I reverence you and I love you, but I shall obey Gŏd rather than you. As long as I breathe, and am able, I shall not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you, and to demon'strate the truth to whomsoever among you I may light upon, saying, in my accustomed words, 'How is it, O best of men, that you, being an Athenian, and of a city the greatest and noblest for wisdom and power, are not ashamed to be careful of money, studying how you can make the most of it, and of glory also, and of honor; but of prudence, and truth, and the soul, how you may make the best of these, have neither care nor thought?'

2. "And this I will do, to young and old, whomsoever I may meet, bŏth to alien[1] and citizen, and, above all, to the men of this city, inasmuch as you are nearer to me in kindred. For this is the command of God, as you well know, and I think that no greater good ever yet came to the State than this service which I render to God. For I go about doing nŏthing else than to persuade you, both young and old, to be careful in the first place nēither of the body nor of money, nor of anything so earnestly as the soul, how you may make it as perfect as possible. I tell you that virtue does not spring from money, but that from virtue money springs, and all other goods of man, both to the individual and the commonwealth. If, then, to teach these things be to destroy our young men, that would be mis'chievous in me indeed. But if any one should say I teach anything other than these truths, he speaks falsely. Moreover, I say, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, and whether you let me go or not, I shall never do anything else, even though I were to die many times.

3. Do not clamor, O Athenians, but abide by the request I made to you—that is, not to clamor at what I am saying, but to hear me. For you will be benefited, I believe, by hearing me. I am about to say to you some things at which, perhaps, you will cry out; but I pray you not to do so. For you know well, if you should kill me, being such a one as I say I am, you will not hurt me so much as you will hurt yourselves. Neither

[1] **Alien** (āl'yen), a foreigner.

Melē'tus nor An'ytus can any way hurt me. This can not be. For I do not think that it is ever permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse. Perhaps, indeed, he may kill him, or drive him into exile, or disfranchise[1] him; and these things, perhaps, he and others may think to be great evils. But I do not think so; much rather the doing of that which Meletus is now about—the laying hands on a man to kill him unjustly—is a great evil.

4. "But, O Athenians, I am far from making now a defence for myself, as some may think; I am making it in your behälf; lest by condemning me you should in anything offend in the matter of this gift which God has given you. For if you should kill me, you will not easily find another man like me, who, to speak in a comic way, is so precisely adapted by God to the state, which is like a horse, large and well-bred, but from its very size sluggish, and needing to be roused by a gadfly. For so it seems to me, that God has applied me, such as I am, to the state, that I may never cease to rouse you, and persuade and shame every one, fastening upon you everywhere all day long. Such another will not easily come to you, O men of Ath'ens; and if you will listen to me, you will spare me. But perhaps, as those who awake in anger when they are stung, you will, at the instigation of Anytus, kill me at once with a slap; then you will end the rest of your life in sleep, unless God shall send some other gadfly to be mindful of you.

5. "But that I am such a one, given by God to the state, you may know from this fact: it is not like the way of men that I, now for so many years, should have disregarded all my own concerns, and should have endūred the neglect of my own domestic affairs, and should have been ever busied about your interests; going about to each of you privately, as a father or an elder brother, persuading you to be careful of virtue. If, indeed, I had derived any enjoyment from these things, and for these exhortations had received any reward, there would have been some reason in it. But now you yourselves see that the accusers, charging me as they do, without shame, of other things, of this at least have not been able to bring a witness

[1] **Dis frăn'chise**, to dispossess of the rights of a citizen, as, for instance, of that of voting or holding office.

against me; as if I had ever either exacted or asked any reward. I think, moreover, that I adduce a sufficient witness that I speak the truth—I mean my poverty.

6. "It may, perhaps, appear strange that I should go to and fro, giving advice, and busying myself about these things in private, but that in public I should not venture to go up to give counsel to the state before your assembly. But the cause of this is what you have hēard me say often and in many places: that a voice is present with me—a certain agency of God, somewhat dīvine—which, indeed, Meletus has caricatured[1] and put in the indict'ment. Now this began with me from my childhood: a certain voice, which always, when it comes, turns me aside from that which I am about to do, but never impels me to do anything. It is this which opposed my mixing in politics, and I think very wisely. For you well know, O Athenians, that if I had been hitherto mixed in political matters, I should have perished long ago, and should have done no good, either to you or to myself. Do not be angry with me for speaking the truth; for there is no man who will save his life if he shall courageously oppose either you or any other populace, by striving to hinder the multitude of unjust and lawless things which are done in the state. It is necessary, thērefore, that any one who really combats for the sake of justice, if he would survive even for a little while, should live a private and not a public life."

7. When Socrates had ended his defence, the votes were taken: first he was condemned as guilty of the charges laid against him; and, secondly, he was sentenced to die. He then once more addressed the court: "I would wish to speak kindly with those who have voted for me, in respect to what has now happened, while the ăr'chons[2] are occupied, and before I go to the place where I must die. Bear with me, therefore, O Athenians, for such time as we have. While it is so permitted, nothing forbids our conversing together. I wish to show you, as my friends, what is the meaning of that which has now befallen me.

[1] **Căr' i ca tūred**, represented with ridiculous exaggeration; burlesqued.

[2] **Ar'chon**, one of the nine chief judges who had charge of civil and religious concerns in ancient Athens.

8. "O my judges—for in calling you judges I should call you rightly—something marvellous has happened to me. Hitherto, the Oracle of the Dĭvĭnity, which is familiarly about me, with great frequency has opposed itself, even in very little things, if I were about to act in any way not rightly. But now there has befallen me, as you yourselves see, that which men may think, and most men do account, to be the greatest of evils. And yet this morning, nēither when I came from home did the sign from the god oppose itself, nor when I came up hither to the court of judgment, nor anywhere dūring the defence I was about to make; although in other speeches it has ŏft*e*n restrained me in the very midst of speaking. But now in this affair it has not anywhere opposed me, either in any deed or word. What, then, do I suppose to be the cause? I will tell you. That which has happened to me seems to be a good thing; and if we think death to be an evil, we are in error. Of this I have a sure evidence; for it can not be that the accustomed sign would not have opposed itself to me if I were not about to do something which is good.

9. "Whĕrefore, O my judges, you ought to be of good hope about death, and to know this to be true—that no evil can happen to a good man, whether in life or in death; nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. Nor are my affairs at this time the result of chance. But this is clear to me—that it were better for me now to die, and to be set free from troubles. Wherefore the sign has in nothing opposed me. I am, therefore, in no way angry with those who have condemned me, nor with those who have accused me; though they have condemned and accused me with no good will, but rather with the thought to hurt me. This, indeed, in them is worthy of blame."

III.

90. THE INTERIOR MONITOR.

THE Supreme Being is of a certain character, which, expressed in human language, we call ethical. He has the attributes of justice, truth, wisdom, sanctity, benevolence, and mercy, as eternal chăracteris'tics in His nature, the very Law of His being, identical with Himself; and when He

became Creator, He implanted this Law, which is Himself, in the intelligence of all His răt̆ional creatures. The Divine Law, then, is the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrŏng, a sŏvereign, irreversible, absolute authŏrity in the presence of men and angels. "The eternal law," says St. Augustine, "is the Divine Reason or Will of God, commanding the observance, forbidding the disturbance, of the natural order of things."—"The natural law," says St. Thomas, "is an impression of the Divine Light in us, a participation of the eternal law in the rational creature."

2. This law, as apprehended in the minds of individual men, is called "conscience"; and though it may suffer refraction in passing into the intellectual medium of each, it is not thereby so affected as to lose its character of being the Divine Law, but still has, as such, the prerogative of commanding obedience. "The Divine Law," says Cardinal Gousset, "is the supreme rule of actions; our thoughts, desires, words, acts, all that man is, is subject to the domain of the law of God; and this law is the rule of our conduct by means of our conscience. Hence it is never lawful to go against our conscience; as the Fourth Lateran Council[1] says, 'Whatever goes against conscience builds up toward hell.'"

3. This, I know, is very different from the view ordinarily taken of it, bŏth by the science and literature and by the public opinion of this day. It is founded on the doctrine that conscience is the voice of God, whereas it is fashionable ŏn all hands now to consider it in one way or another a creation of man. Of course there are great and broad exceptions to this statement. It is not true of many or most religious bodies of men; especially not of their teachers and ministers. When Anglicans, Wesleyans, the various Presbyterian sects in Scotland, and other denominations among us speak of conscience, they mean what we mean, the voice of God in the nature and heart of man, as distinct from the voice of Revelation.

4. They speak of a principle planted within us before we

[1] **The Fourth Lateran Council**, so called on account of having been held at the Lateran basilica, Rome, was convened by Pope Innocent III., opened its sessions November 11 1215, and closed November 30, although sessions were held in January, 1216.

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have had any training, though such training and experience is necessary for its strength, growth, and due formation. They consider it a constituent element of the mind, as our perception of other ideas may be, as our powers of reasoning, as our sense of order and the beautiful, and our other intellectual endowments. They consider it, as Catholics consider it, to be the internal witness of both the existence and the law of God. They think it holds [1] of God, and not of man, as an angel walking on the earth would be no citizen or dependent of the civil power. They would not allow, any more than we do, that it could be resolved into any combination of principles in our nature more elementary than itself; nay, though it may be called, and is, a law of the mind, they would not grant that it is nothing more; I mean, that it was not a dictate, nor conveyed the notion of responsibility, of duty, of a threat and a promise, with a vividness which discriminated it from all other constituents of our nature.

5. This, at least, is how I read the doctrine of Protestants as well as of Catholics. The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor state convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*.[2] Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with one's self, but it is a message from Him who, in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal [3] Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its pĕr′emptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anăth′emas,[4] and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal [5] principle would remain and would have a sway.

6. Words such as these are idle, empty verbiage [6] to the great world of philosophy now. All through my day there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the

[1] **Hōlds**, derives right or title.
[2] **Pŭl′chrum**, the beautiful.
[3] **Ab o rĭg′i nal**, first; original; primitive.
[4] **A năth′ e ma**, a ban or curse pronounced with religious solemnity by ecclesiastical authority.
[5] **Săc′ er dō′ tal**, relating to the priesthood; priestly.
[6] **Ver′ bi age**, the use of many words without necessity; profusion of expression without much sense.

rights of conscience, as I have described it. Literature and science have been embodied in great institutions in order to put it down. Noble buildings have been reared as fortresses against that spiritual, invisible influence which is too subtle for science and too profound for literature. Chairs in universities have been made the seats of an antagonist tradition. Public writers, day after day, have indoctrinated the minds of innumerable writers with theories subversive of its claims.

7. As in Roman times, and in the middle age, its supremacy was assailed by the arm of physical force, so now the intellect is put in operation to sap the foundations of a power which the sword could not destroy. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man; that its dictate is an imagination; that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect in which we helplessly lie? and what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil?

8. So much for philosophers; now let us see what is the notion of conscience in this day in the popular mind. There, no more than in the intellectual world, does "conscience" retain the old, true, Catholic meaning of the word. There, too, the idea, the presence, of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting, according to their judgment or their humor, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any mŏral rule, but they demand what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, to be his own master in all things, and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent, who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way.

9. Conscience has rights because it has duties; but in this age, with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a

Lawgiver and Judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. It becomes a license to take up any or no religion, to take up this or that and let it go again, to go to church, to go to chapel, to boast of being above all religions, and to be an impartial critic of each of them. Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never hĕard of, and could not have mistaken for it, if they had. It is the right of self-will.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

IV.

91. CONSCIENCE.

AS we have come upon conscience and its rights, I will say a few words on this subject, which has been already so ably and eloquently dealt with by Dr. Newman. There is no need of repeating his statements, unless where this may be unavoidable on account of their connection with what I am going to add. What, then, is conscience? It is a practical judgment concerning the lawfulness, or unlawfulness, or obligation, of doing an act which is in one's power, and of doing or not doing which there is question at the time. Under the name of *an act* I include an *omission*, which, in moral matters, is equivalent to an act. The act may be internal ōnly—for thoughts are acts—or external also, and *speaking* is, of course, comprised.

2. Conscience, I have said, is a judgment. It is, thĕrefore, itself an act, an act of the mind, and lăsts only while it is being produced. This is, strictly speaking, the case. Yet conscience is spoken of as a permanent thing, and this not without reason. For these judgments are formed by an endūring faculty; they belong to a special department of the understanding. Then there is a continuous series of them; they are, besides, remembered, recorded, and reproduced on the recurrence of similar circumstances. Still, in rigorous philosophical and theological language, conscience means a judgment, a dictate, a passing act of the mind.

3. This, however, does not detract in the least from its authŏrity, or influence, or efficiency; for if it were conceived as something permanent, its whōle force would be in its operation,

its actual exercise. It is a *practical* judgment, practical in the last degree. It does not regard general rules, categories of cases, abstract questions. It views each action as clothed with all circumstances of time, place, and the rest. It is each one's own, and nobody else's. My conscience is confined to myself. It is concerned about my own actions alone; it regulates my actions alone. I may have duties with regard to others and with regard to *their* duties, but my conscience exclusively governs *my* duties, taking in, of cōurse, those duties of mine about others and their duties. My conscience tells me, on each given occasion, that I may do this, or that I may not do that, or that I am bound to do one thing or abstain from another, always in the present circumstances. My conscience does not pronounce on what is generally allowed, or forbidden, or required, because that is not its business, but on what is allowed, or forbidden, or required in my regard at this time.

4. This conscience, this judgment, is ēither côrrect or incorrect, either in conformity with the truth or not—in theological language, *right* or *erroneous*. My conscience may tell me that I am justified in doing what in reality is prohibited and in itself wrŏng. In this my conscience errs. The error is perhaps one which I have at present no meăns of correcting; I am not in a position to find out the mistake. If so, my conscience is said to be invincibly[1] erroneous; not because there is nowhere in this world a good reason to confute and overcome it, but because there is no good reason at this moment within my reach, because I have no doubt or suspicion which, being properly attended to, would lead to the correction of my judgment. An invincibly erroneous conscience holds, to all intents and purposes, the place of a right conscience. It affects a person and his conduct precisely in the same way, and if any conscience can be safely followed, so far as mŏral rectitude is concerned, *it* can.

5. Where the error admits of correction, not ōnly in itself—which is very little to the purpose—but on the part of the person, when he has the practical opportunity and power of understanding the real condition of things and substituting a true dictate for the false one, the case is altogether different.

[1] **In vĭn'ci bly**, not to be conquered or overcome.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that one is justified in doing whatever he *in some kind of way* thinks is proper. There are undoubtedly those who do what they well know to be wrŏng, and here there is no delusion. But men ŏften, too, take for granted, or persuade themselves, that they may act in a way they are not warranted to act. They may say with truth, "I think this is lawful," and yet they have no business to think so. Their conscience is *vincibly*—culpably[1]—*erroneous*. No one is ever justified in *acting against* his conscience; neither is a man always justified in *following* it, but may be bound to *correct* it. Where the conscience is *right*, or else *invincibly erroneous*—and therefore for practical purposes *right*—it is a safe guide; not, if it be *vincibly* erroneous.

6. All that I have been saying is true and certain, and held in substance by all Catholic theologians. But why is it so? Let us look to the reason of the thing. Evèry moral agent must have a rule to go by in every thing he does: he must have an immēdiate rule, a proximate[2] rule, a rule that comes quite down to himself and his action. No number of distant, remote rules will do. They may be sound and good in themselves, but they are of no use except as they are applied. Now this application can only be made by the understanding of the man concerned. It is by each one's understanding that his will is to be directed, and conscience is the dictate of the understanding as to what is just now right or wrong for the man's will to choose. If he had no knowledge he would not be responsible, and he is not responsible beyond the limits of his knowledge. Whatever is outside of that is to him as if it were not. He is responsible to the extent of his practical knowledge of dūty, and this practical knowledge of duty comes to him from his conscience. This is why conscience can not be lawfully gainsaid. This is why a right conscience must be follōwed; and the same is true of an invincibly erroneous conscience, because, like that which is every way right, it is the lâst resource he has. Not so with a vincibly erroneous conscience, because there is yet another conscience—a right one—which tells him he must reform the mistaken one.

[1] **Cŭl'pa bly**, in a manner to merit censure; blamably.

[2] **Prŏx'i mate**, nearest; next immediately preceding or following.

7. Conscience is not a legislator nor a law. It is a judgment—not an arbitrary judgment, but a judgment according to law and to evidence, as the decisions of judges and juries are supposed to be. And, in truth, forensic[1] judgments afford a very good illustration of the ŏffice of conscience in every man. It is the business of the practical reason—the practical department of the understanding—to ponder the law, Dīvīne and human, which bears on each particular detail of conduct, to observe well the facts of the case, and apply the law to them; and the resulting determination as to what may, or ought, or ought not to be done, is precisely the conscience of which we have been speaking. The more important the matter is, the greater care should be bestowed on the prŏcess—the deliberation premised[2] to this judgment. The knowledge of the principles on which such judgments depend is permanent, more perfect in some than in others, according to their ability and education; but all are bound to keep themselves informed proportionally to their condition and circumstances, and, in particular instances of special moment, care ought to be taken to learn more, and counsel sought from those who are qualified to give it. Conscience dictates that all this should be done. Conscience is ever at work pronouncing on our proposed acts or opinions, and, among the rest, telling us what we must do to have our conscience what it ought to be. To put the thing in correct but unusual terms, which I have already employed, one conscience prescribes how we are to form another.

8. Conscience is not a universal instinct which intuitively[3] discerns right from wrŏng. There is no universal instinct of this kind. There are some things manifestly right and others manifestly wrong. There is also, in many particular instances, a rapid and almost imperceptible process of reasoning which brings hōme to a man the duty of doing or avoiding certain acts, and the result is a strŏng dictate of conscience. There is, besides, a moral sense which, especially when it is properly cultivated, helps us to discern good from evil, and this is closely

[1] **Fo rĕn'sic**, belonging to courts of justice; used in courts or legal proceedings.

[2] **Pre mīsed'**, set forth beforehand in order to make plain what follows.

[3] **In tū'i tĭve ly**, in an intuitive manner, or without reasoning.

connected, and more or less identified, with conscience. There is often, also, a rectitude of purpose, a love of virtue and hatred of vice, that serves to guard against serious mistakes in mŏral matters, but this is for the most part the effect of grace and of a good use of it. The regular working of conscience is of a business-like character. It is a deliberate sentence pronounced in a cause sufficiently hĕard and weighed. The hearing and the weighing often take but a short time, and do not need more, because we are familiar with the principles and their application, and with the facts too. But in obscure and complicated questions of conduct, especially where the issue is momentous,[1] we may not go so quickly. Even in easier instances it would be dangerons to rely on certain inclinations of the mind which may in reality come from prejudice, or passion, or self-love and self-seeking, or from false principles that have been unwarily adopted. We are familiar with the saying that the wish is father to the thought. It is equally true that the wish is not unfrequently father to the conscience.

REV. EDMUND O'REILLY, S. J.

SECTION XXII.

I.

92. ETERNAL ROME.

PART FIRST.

[*From a discourse delivered before the Accademia of the Quiriti, in Rome, on the 2615th anniversary of that city, April* 21, 1863.]

THOUGH Aristotle, in his *Rhetorica*, tells us that it is an easy tâsk to praise Ath'ens among the Athenians, I find it no easy task to celebrate Rome in the hearing of Romans. Of what shall I speak? Among the constellation of its glories, ăncient, medieval, and modern, bŏth in the natural and the supernatural order, which shall I choose as my theme? and how shall I speak of it? How will the delicate Roman ear of

[1] **Mo mĕnt'ous**, of consequence; important; weighty.

such an auditory as I see before me, endure the strangeness of our accents and of our thoughts in speaking of that which is so dear and so intimate to your hearts? Nevertheless, I must adventure as I may, confiding ōnly in the largeness of your clemency.

2. I dare say we can all remember how, in our boyhood, the title "the Etĕrnal City" inspired us with awe and wonder; but how in âfter years, when the first antĭp'athies of criticism began to work in us, we resented the use of such an epithet as a pagan apotheosis[1] of the *Dea Roma*.[2] And yet, as time goes on, and reflection becomes mature, we can perceive under it a truth so singular in its kind and so vast in its proportions as to render this great title, not a literal definition indeed, but a symbol of the greatest history the world has ever seen. It would be to say little if I were to compare the duration of Rome with the duration of any other city. It would not be to say too much if I were to affirm that the ōnly city which has not only overpassed the duration of all others, but has alone borne any proportion to the destinies of the whōle human race, is the city of Rome.

3. In order to express this truth, I shall not need to clear away the sands which hide from the eyes of men the very sites of Nĭn'evĕ and of Babylon, nor to point to the cities of Central America, the outlines of which are as marked to this day as the extinct craters which denote the volcanic activity of the past along the line of your Apennines. I shall not attempt to play the antiquary, nor to inquire into the date of Vaticanum or Saturnia, of Tarquinium or Romuria, or of the nine Romes which, we are told, crowned the seven hills before Rome was. It will not help my theme to affirm, "Rome existed before Romulus; from her Romulus derived his name." I am not now speaking of a mere duration of time—of an antiquity numbered by years—but of a duration of power and dominion, of beneficence and sovereignty, which, in the history of mankind, Rome has possessed and wielded beyond all other cities of the world. Let me, then, say a few words on this great title—the Eternity of Rome.

[1] **Ap o thē'o sis**, the act of deifying, or raising a mortal to the rank of the gods.

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[1] **Ap o thē'o sis**, the act of deifying, or raising a mortal to the rank of the gods.

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4. I know of ōnly one other city which can compâre with it. Jerusalem of the Old Law—the city of the Prophets, the cradle of the Messias who was yet to come—for a thousand years grew and expanded, diffusing its light and its influence by the dispersion of its children, first among the nations of the East, and next among the nations of this world. But now for another thousand years it has been dethroned and in bondage. The glories of the city of David have passed to the Jerusalem of the New Law, the city of the Apostles and the Messias already come, who by His Vicar reigns in it, and by it governs the supernatural order of the world. How much more emphatically fulfilled in our mouths are the words of the Prophet:[1]

5. "How dŏth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is the mistress of nations become as a widŏw! The princess of provinces is made tributary." It is as if Jerusalem had said, in the words of the Baptist, to the city which should take up the crown fallen from its head: "She must increase, but I must decrease." And to these two, the queens of the human race, the words of St. Paul[2] may in very truth be applied: "Jerusalem, which is in bondage with her children; but the Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our Mother."

6. I am well aware that in using this language I am speaking in a tongue which the men of the nineteenth century deride; but I know that it is the language of faith and of Rome. With the august example of our Holy Father shining as a light above us and around us, who will not be thankful and joyful to be allowed to share in the opposition which is his inheritance and his chalice?

7. I would affirm, then, that Rome would have been as transient as other cities built by man, if a higher life and a supernatural perpetuity had not descended upon it; that there is nŏthing great in Rome which is not derived from the Incarnation, nor anything little in Rome except that which is opposed to this supernatural greatness.

8. It took of old five hundred years to subdue the south of Italy to the sway of regal and republican Rome. And before another five hundred years had pâssed, Rome had subdued the

[1] **The Prophet Jeremias**, Book of Lamentations, ch. i., v. 1.

[2] **St. Paul**, Epistle to the Galatians, ch. iv., vs. 25, 26.

world, mapped out its surface, traversed it by rōads, organized it by legislation, taught it to speak its one language and to obey its one will. And yet already the seeds of dissolution were sown in it, and it was doomed to die. As St. Augustine says, "If the Spirit of God departs, the spirit of man returns to flesh." This mightiest structure of the human intelligence and of the human will, which summed up in itself the accumulated traditions of civilization and philosophy, of science and government, was no sooner ripe than it began to rot. It had its root in the powers of nature, and its stature, though lofty and majestic, did not rise above the natural order.

9. If the Dīvīne will had not interposed, Rome would have waned and passed away as Tyre and Sidon. The foxes would have barked upon the Aventine as when Belisarius rode through its desolation, and shepherds would have folded their flocks upon the Seven Hills as they do at this day upon the gardens of its mighty suburbs. Its natural life was well-nigh spent, and its hour to return into the dust was near at hand, when a Divine interposition came.

10. Rome was destined to receive a supernatural grâft, and by this to live again, with a new and inextinguishable life. And yet before this it was doomed to die. The words of our Divine Master were to be fulfilled in it: "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone."[1] It was a perplexing and an irritating spectacle for the Roman people to behold the city which had ruled the world desolate, forsaken by its imperial mâsters, spoiled for the adornment of a trading town upon the shores of the Bŏs'phorus. Every day its splendor grew more dim, and the action of its will upon the provinces and the nations grew more feeble. No wonder the pagans accused Christianity of the downfall of Rome. No wonder St. Augustine had to labor, to write a work in two-and-twenty books, to show that Rome was perishing through its inbred corruptions in religion, in philosophy, in politics, and in mŏrals, and could be saved ōnly by accepting its vocation to be the Jerusalem of the New Law.

11. Rome had already governed the nations of the world by the power of natural prudence, and by the command of the

[1] **St. John's Gospel**, ch xii., v. 24.

natural will. It had subdued and controlled the strŏng by a strength greater than their own. It had endured for a longer time in the splendor of its sway than any other empire. Yet all this was mortal and transient. To live on, it must needs be elevated to another order in the works of God, in which alone perpetuity can be found. And that is no other than the new creation, the order of the Incarnation. But like as Jerusalem little knew the presence of its Redeemer while He taught in its streets, and at evening withdrew from its inhospitable thresholds to pass the night in prayer upon the Mount of Olives, so Rome for centuries was unconscious of the supernatural Presence which was to redeem it from the law of death.

12. St. Leo [1] has said: "This city, ignorant of the author of its increase when she was reigning over all nations, became enslaved to the errors of all nations." It had become the seat of the Word made Flesh, the center of His Kingdom, the throne of His power. While the frontiers of its former sway were giving way to the invasion of new and irresistible hordes, and its provinces were falling from their fidelity, and the conquered nations were rising against their queen, and all the bonds which the wisdom and power of a thousand years had created were dissolving, new virtues were going out from it, powers not new alone, but of an order transcending all its former consciousness. Rome had been lifted to the supernatural order. It had become the sŏurce and the center of influences,

[1] **St. Leo the Great,** the first Pope who assumed the name of Leo, was born at Rome about 390, and died there in November, 461. In the year 440 he became Pope, on the death of Sixtus III. He presided, by his legates, at the Ecumenical Council of Chalce'don, in 451. In 452 the Huns under Attila invaded Italy, and carried ruin and devastation everywhere in their train. The imperial armies of Valentinian having failed to repel them, St. Leo, accompanied by only two senators, went out to meet Attila near Mantua, and prevailed upon him to retire beyond the Danube without entering Rome. He was less successful when the Vandals under Genseric threatened the city in 455. Nevertheless it was his mediation which prevailed upon the conqueror to spare the lives of the citizens and to set apart three of the churches as places of refuge for them while the rest of the city was sacked. Many of the sermons of St. Leo are still extant, and nearly two hundred letters on ecclesiastical matters, addressed to various contemporary sovereigns, bishops, and councils.

creative and divine. It was no longer a mere material architect of human civilization, but a teacher and a guide, a legislator and an arbiter in the spiritual world.

13. St. Leo defines this change with the majestic precision of his eloquence: "These are the men through whom the Gŏspel of Christ shōne at Rome, and she who was the teacher of error became a learner of the truth."—"These are those who raised thee to this glory, so that thou, a holy nation, a chosen people, a priestly and royal city, wast made, by the holy See of Blessèd Peter, the capital of the world, obtaining wider sway by the power of religion than by earthly sŏvereignty."

14. It was but a small thing to impose its laws, and even its langŭage, upon the nations subject to its sway. This was an exterior work which mere power might accomplish. A greater work was yet to be done. The nations of the world were to be inwardly changed and assimilated to the mind and will of Rome. It was to become the type and the standard of the intellectual, mŏral, spiritual, and social perfection of mankind.

15. And this could be effected by a spiritual power alone. It would be greatly out of time and place if I were to detain you by descanting upon the spiritual mission of Rome in converting the nations of the world. What all the power of Imperial Rome could not do Christian Rome accomplished. It illuminated its provinces with the knowledge of the true God, and cleansed them by the purities of His kingdom of grace. The apostolic mission grew and bound the races and people of all lands to the Apostolic See, and thereby to Rome. A new centrĭpetal law redressed the centrifugal forces which were rapidly dissolving its imperial unity. What Rome of the kings, of the consuls, of the emperors, could not do, Rome of the Pontiffs accomplished. They could not win the will of those they subdued, or make them rejoice in their subjection. The name of Rome was detested by the very races who loved the Pontiffs as their Fathers in Christ. The love of Christian Rome prevailed over the traditional hatreds of mankind.

II.

93. ETERNAL ROME.

PART SECOND.

SUCH was the action of the faith illuminating the intelligence of the nations with the ēquable and steadfast light of the knowledge of God, and binding them in one family by the Săcraments of grace. Under the higher action of this spiritual influence, an intellectual culture and an intellectual unity has been propagated among the races of the Christian family. As all the scattered lights of what may be called the theology of nature were gathered and purified in the illumination of the one true faith, so that all religions passed away before the religion of Jesus Christ, in like manner all philŏsophies were harmonized and absorbed into the one intellectual science of the Church, by which the revelation of supernatural truth was justified, illŭs'trated, and defended. The human reason, which had fallen into innumerable and interminable errors by playing the critic, was elevated, strengthened, and enlarged by becoming the disciple of a Divine Teacher. The intellect of Christendom has ascended to a sphere of light and of philosophy unattainable without a revelation and a perpetual Divine authority. It is Rome which has presided over this intellectual development, and has sat as an arbiter of its discussions, and has given unity and perpetuity to its scientific traditions.

2. An inevitable consequence of the intellectual superiŏrity in the order of mŏral truth is what we call civilization. I know of no point of view in which the glory of Rome is more conspicuous than in its civil mission to the races of the world. When the seat of empire was translated from Rome to Constantinople, all the culture and civilization of Italy seemed to be carried away to enrich and to adorn the East. It seemed as if Gŏd had decreed to reveal to the world what His Church could do without the world, and what the world could not do without the Church. A more měl'ancholy history than that of the Byzantine Empire is nowhere to be read. It is one long narrative of the usurpation and insolent dominion of the world over the Church, which, becoming *schi*ṣmatical and isolated,

fell easily under its imperial masters. With all its barbaric splendor and its imperial power, what has Constantinople accomplished for the civilization or the Christianity of the East? If the salt had kept its savor, it would not have been cast out and trodden under the feet of the Eastern Antichrist.

3. While this was accomplishing in the East, in the West a new world was rising, in order, unity, and fruitfulness, under the action of the Pontiffs. Even the hordes which inundated Italy were changed by them from the wildness of nature to the life of Christian civilization. From St. Leo to St. Gregory the Great, Christian Europe may be said not to exist. Rome stood alone under the rule of its Pontiffs, while as yet empires and kingdoms had no existence. Thus, little by little and one by one, the nations which now make up the unity of Chris*ten*dŏm were created, trained, and formed to political societies. First Lombardy, then Gaul, then Spain, then Germany, then Saxon England; then the first germs of lesser states began to appear. But to whom did they owe the laws, the principles, and the influences which made their existence possible, coherent, and mature? It was to the Roman Pontiffs that they owed the first rudiments of their social and political order. It was the exposition of the Divine law by the lips of the Vĭcar of Jesus Christ that founded the Christian polity of the world.

4. This the Church has been able to do without the world, and even in spite of it. Nŏthing can be conceived more isolated, more feeble, or more encompassed with peril than the line of the Roman Pontiffs; nevertheless they have maintained inviolate their independence, with their sacred deposit of faith and of jurisdiction, through all ages and through all conflicts, from the beginning to this hour. It seemed as if Gŏd willed to remove the first Christian emperor from Rome in the early fervor of his conversion, lest it should seem as if the sovereignty of the Church were in any way the creation of his power. God is jealous of His own kingdom, and will not suffer any unconsecrated hand to be laid upon His ark, even for its stay and support.

5. The "stone cut out without hands," which became a great mountaĭn and filled the whōle earth, is tўpical not ōnly of the expansion and universality of the Church, but of its mysterious

and supernatural character. No human hand has accomplished its greatness. The hand of God alone could bring it to pass. What is there in the history of the world parallel to the Rome of the Christians? The most warlike and imperial people of the world gave place to a people unarmed and without power. The pacific people arose from the Cătacōmbs, and entered upon the possession of Rome as their inheritance. The existence of Christian Rome, both in its first formation, and next in its perpetuity, is a mĭracle of Dĭvĭne power. God alone could give it to His people; God alone could preserve it to them, and them in it.

6. What more wonderful sight than to see a Franciscan mŏnk leading the *Via Crucis* [1] in the Flavian Amphitheatre, or the Passionist missionaries conversing peacefully among the ilexes and the vaults where the wild beasts from Africa thirsted for the blood of Christians? Who has prevailed upon the world for fifteen hundred years to fall back as Attila did from Christian Rome? Who has persuaded its will and paralyzed its ambitions and conflicting interests? Such were my thoughts the other day when the Sŏvereĭgn Pontiff, surrounded by the Princes and the Pastors of the Church, was celebrating the Festival of the Resurrection over the Confession of St. Peter. I thought of the ages past, when in the amphitheatre of Nero, within which we stood, thousands of martyrs fell beneath the arms of the heathen.

7. And now the *Rex Pacificus*,[2] the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, there holds his cōurt, and offers over the tomb of the Apostle the unbloody Sacrifice of our redemption. The legions of Rome have given way before a people who have never lifted a hand in war. They have taken the city of the Cæsars, and hold it to this day. The more than imperial court which surrounded the Vicar of Jesus Christ surpassed the glōries of the empire. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith." The noblest spectacle on earth is an unarmed man whom all the world can not bend by favor or by fear. Such a man is essentially above all worldly powers. And such, eminent among the inflexible is he, the Pontiff and King who, in the midst of the confusions and rebellions of the

[1] Vī'a Cru'cis, the Way of the Cross. [2] Rex Pacĭficus, King of Peace.

whōle earth, bestowed that day his benediction upon the city and the world.

8. It is no wonder to me that Italians should believe in the Primacy of Italy. Italy has indeed a Primacy, but not that of which some have dreamed. The Primacy of Italy is the presence of Rome; and the Primacy of Rome is in its apostleship to the whole human race, in the science of God with which it has illuminated mankind, in its supreme and world-wide jurisdiction over souls, in its high tribunal of appeal from all the authorities on earth, in its inflexible exposition of the moral law, in its sacred diplomacy, by which it binds the nations of Christendom into a confederacy of order and of justice—these are its true, supreme, and—because God has so willed—its ināl'ienable and incommū'nicable primacy among the nations of the earth. Take these away, and Rome becomes less than Jerusalem, and Italy one among the nations, and not among the first.

9. The world does not return upon its păth, nor reproduce its pâst. Time was when Rome wielded an irresistible power by its legions and its armies throughout the world. The nations of Europe and of the East were then barbarous, or unorganized, without cohesion, and without unity of will or power. Those uncivilized and dependent provinces are now kingdoms and empires, wielding each a power, in peace and in war, mature and massive as the power of Rome in its ripest season. It is a delirium of the memory for Italy to dream now of empire and supremacy in the order of nature, that is, of war and conquest. The Primacy of Italy is Christian and Catholic, or it has nŏne. Alas for your fair land and for your noble race, if, forgetting its true greatness, it covet false glory which is not its own. In that hour it abdicates its mission—the greatest a people ever had—and descends from its primacy among the nations of the world. A vocation lost is prĕl'ude to a fall. This is not to increase, but to decrease before God and man.

MANNING.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING, Archbishop of Westminster, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, July 15, 1808. He was educated for the ministry of the English Church at Harrow, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford; and after his graduation, in 1830, was appointed one of the select preachers in the university. He attained rapid promotion and distinction in that sect, but in 1851 gave up his preferments and

sought admission into the Catholic Church. He went to Rome, where he remained until 1854, and in 1857 he was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman, and appointed rector of a church at Bayswater, England, where he established a house of Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. About the same time he was created a doctor in theology by Pope Pius IX., with the office of provost of the diocese of Westminster and the rank of protho notary apostolic. On the death of Cardinal Wiseman, he was called to the see of Westminster, his consecration taking place June 8, 1865. He was created Cardinal in 1875. Cardinal Manning has taken an exceedingly active part in Catholic controversy, in the cause of Catholic education, and in ameliorating and elevating the condition of the Catholic poor in England. His principal works are "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," 1865; "The Temporal Power of the Pope in its Political Aspect," 1866; "The Fourfold Sovereignty of God," 1871; "The Four Great Evils of the Day," 1872; "Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects," 1872; "The Glories of the Sacred Heart," 1875; "The Interior Mission of the Holy Ghost," 1875. He contributed in 1877 a series of articles, entitled "The True Story of the Vatican Council," to an English magazine, "The Nineteenth Century," and a volume of his collected miscellanies was published in the same year.

III.

94. THE SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN ROME.

PART FIRST.

THE old and lŏng-standing calumny against the Catholic Church is that she hates, because she dreads, the light; and that darkness being her congenial element, and indeed essential to her safety, it has been, as it ever will be, her policy to discourage the prŏgress of education, and thus retain the human mind in a convenient state of intellectual twilight. This is no worn-out and ŏb'solēte accusation, which one has to search for in some musty volume, or dig out of some mŏth-eaten record of a pâst age. On the contrary, it is the one most frequently made at this very day by those who desire to misrepresent the Church; and it is the one, of all others, most readily credited by the Protestant public.

2. Now if this accusation—that the Church is the friend of ignorance and the enemy of education—be at all true, to no better place within the wide circle of Christendom could we look for the exemplification of this barbarous and benighting policy than to Rome; as not ōnly has the Pope to maintain his spiritual supremacy by the force and power of ignorance, but his temporal authŏrity has also to be upheld by the same potent agency. Thērefore schools ought to be very râre in Rome, and systematically discoŭraged by its rŭler and his government. Or, if they exist in any number, they should be

such ōnly as were intended for the training of ecclesiastics, whose chief object should be the perpetuation of the same state of popular debasement, which, according to the calumny, is the very foundation and strength of the influence and authority of the Church over the darkened mind of man.

3. If London, Liverpool, or Manchester swarmed with schools and seminaries of every kind, suited to every want and necessity of the population; and if these schools were flung open gratuitously to the children of the poor, so that there ought not to be an ignorant child left in ēither of those great communities, it might be said with justice that London, Liverpool, and Manchester were marching on the hīgh-rōad of cīvilĭzātion, and were entitled to the respect and admiration of all other communities. And if the same can be said of Rome, is not Rome equally entitled to the same admiration and the same respect? Let us see if Rome really merits praise on this account.

4. It may be said of Rome that she possesses, even at this day, and notwithstanding the rŭin of many of the magnificent aqueducts of the olden time, a greater number of public fountaĭns, from which her population may draw an abundant and unfailing supply of the purest water, than any other city in the world. And yet her schools are more numerous than her fountains, and quite as accessible to all classes, from the youth of her nobility to the ŏffspring of the pōrter and the wood-cutter; and not more pure and unpolluted is the spring from which the young intellect draws its first noŭrishment in the seminaries of the "modern Babylon" than are those streams which bring health and daily comfort to the poorest of her people. Pâss thrŏugh its streets, and at every tûrn you hear the plash, plash of water, falling gratefully on the ear; and so may be hēard the hum and buzz of the regional and the parish schools. But these, great in number as I shall show them to be, form but a small pōrtion of the educational institutions of calumniated Rome.

5. First, of elementary education: Until the year 1597, when an illustrious saint, Joseph Calasanzio,[1] opened the first gratui-

[1] **St. Joseph Calasanzio** was born in Petralto, Arragon, in 1556, and died at Rome, Aug. 25, 1648. He founded the Congregation of the Pious Schools of the Mother of God. His feast is celebrated Aug. 27.

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tous school for the poor, which he did in the neglected district of Trăstę′vĕrę, elementary education in Rome was entirely in the hands of the măsters of the regionary or district schools, who were then partly paid by the state, and partly by a small weekly stī′pend from their pupils. Miserable, however, as the payment of the regionary teachers was, they stoutly resisted the benevolent ĕffōrts of the saint in favor of gratuitous education; nor could he have overcome the many difficulties which were placed in his păth, and which were attributable to various causes, had he been animated by a less ardent zeal, or endowed with a less energetic spirit. In the course of his charitable ministrations to the poor, he saw that which we all see at the present day—namely, that ignorance was the fruitful sōurce of misery and vice; and, Catholic priest though he was, he resolutely encountered that evil of intellectual darkness which he believed to be the worst enemy of the Church. His efforts were attended with the success they merited; and to those efforts, followed as they have been to this hour by the exertions and sacrifices of numberless successive benefactors of youth, is due that noble system of gratuitous instruction, which forms one of the most striking features of modern Roman civilization.

6. Leo XII.[1] placed the elementary schools under the control and jurisdiction of the Cardinal Vĭcar; and by his bull of 1825, the private schools, otherwise the regionary schools, were subjected to a strict system of supervision. These latter are held in the private houses of the masters, who, if the number of their pupils happen to be sixty—beyond which number no one school can consist—must employ the services of an assistant; the calculation being that one teacher can not properly attend to mōre than thirty scholars. The course of education varies in different schools, according to the age, condition, or necessities of the pupils. In general, besides the usual system of reading, writing, arithmetic, and catechism, are included the elements of the Italian and French languages, Latin grammar, geography, sacred and profane history, etc. The religious education of the child is never overlooked in these schools, though under

[1] **Leo XII.**, whose family name was Annibale Della Genga, was born in Spoleto, Aug. 2, 1760, and died Feb. 10, 1829. He ascended the Papal throne, Sept. 28, 1823.

the management of laymen; for not ōnly do the pupils attend Măss every morning, but there are various religious practices observed during the day. Punishment, which is strictly limited to beating on the hand with a small rod, is rarely administered, and in many schools is absolutely dispensed with.

7. The masters must submit themselves to an examination, in order to test their cŏm′petency; and the duty of making this examination is entrusted to a committee of ecclesiastics, delegated by the Cardinal Vicar. The same committee exercise a general superintendence over the schools, their discipline, and their system of education. In case of the illness of a master, a substitute, paid by the state, attends in his place; and the state also contributes an annual sum to provide rewards for deserving pupils. The number of the regionary schools is rather on the decrease than otherwise; but this decrease is owing to the increase of gratuitous schools. The average for some time past[1] has been somewhere about fifty schools for boys of the private and paying class, with eighty masters and assistants, and less than two thousand scholars. The exact number of the regionary schools in 1858 was forty-nine.

8. There are, also, the parish schools, one at least of which is to be found in every parish of Rome. These schools are under the immediate control and dirĕction of the rector, or parish priest, who uses his best influence to induce the attendance of pupils. These schools alone afford a good education to a large number of the children of the poorer class. Besides these, there are several schools in the care of societies of various kinds, but whose chief object is the education of youth. Of these may be mentioned the Infant Asylum Society, which has two asylums, or educational establishments, for boys. Also, the Society of Private Benefactors, who have an admirable institution entirely maintained at their own charge. The Roman Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul had, in 1858, a flourishing school for the education of boys; and it has since then extended the sphere of its operations.

9. The Christian Brothers, or Brothers of the Christian Schools, have taken strong rōot in Rome, and are there, as in

[1] This account describes the condition of the Roman schools between 1856 and 1873.

all other countries where they have been established, amongst the most zealous and successful of the teachers of youth. To Catholic readers of all countries their wonderful success in elevating the tone and character of the working classes is well known; and in Rome their reputation for all those attributes which constitute zealous and conscientious teachers is as high as it is elsewhere. These men are the very chivalry of the intellectual army of modern times; and yet their order is one of the many educational institutions which have sprung from the bosom of the Catholic Church—the reputed friend of darkness and the champion of ignorance!

10. Passing over a number of day schools, to which allusion might profitably be made, we come to a class of schools which, owing their ŏrigin to the charity of a humane and religious mechanic, are increasing yearly in number and usefulness. These are the night schools, which are specially intended for, and devoted to, the education of young artisans and others engaged in various laborious pursuits, and who, from their constant employment during the day, are deprived of the ordinary means of intellectual and mŏral instruction. In fact, no class of pupils can obtain admission to them save those circumstanced as I describe. In 1858 these schools were thirteen in number, eleven being under one institution, and two under separate institutions. Every school consists of four classes, the number of pupils attending each school being, at the lowest estimate, about one hundred and thirty, which would thus give their total attendance of pupils at one thousand seven hundred and thirty. These schools are sustained by various means and resources—by private contributions, grants through the commissioner of supplies, and certain ecclesiastical funds temporarily conceded to them by the present Pope. Amongst the benefactors of these valuable institutions, His Holiness is the principal; he gives them one hundred and twenty scudi[1] annually out of his *private* purse. The example of the Pope is imitated by the cardinals, the nobility, the clergy, and other classes of the community.

11. The ordinary teaching comprises reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a knowledge of the principles of design and

[1] Scu'do (plural, scu'dī), a Roman coin, equivalent to $1.003.

practical geometry, which are applied to the ornamental, useful, and mechanical arts. Eight years is the earliest period at which a boy can enter the school, but he may attend it until he is established in life. In their mere educational character and results, these schools may be favorably compared with schools of a somewhat similar but more ambitious character in France and Belgium; in one respect—the mŏral and religious training of the young workman—the Roman night school stands by itself. In most of the schools elsewhere, religion is not even thought of; in Rome, it is made a primary consideration; and the most efficacious means are adopted, especially through religious societies or congregations, under the guidance of clergymen, not only to insure to the night scholar a thorough knowledge of the principles of his religion, but to induce him to the fulfilment of its obligations. The cost of each school is about twenty scudi per month, or two hundred and forty scudi a year. This sum serves to pay for the lamps, and supply paper, ink, and books, all of which are given gratuitously to the scholars. The principal items of expense are the rent, the furniture, and the salary of the guardian.

IV.

95. THE SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN ROME.

PART SECOND.

THE first of these schools was established, in the year 1819, by a poor artisan, James Casoglio, a carver in wood, who gathered together a few idle boys that were playing on the banks of the Tiber, and whom he induced, by kind words and trifling presents, to follŏw him to his hŏme. There he communicated to them what little he himself knew of the rudiments of secular knowledge, and also instructed them in the truths of religion. He was aided in his ĕffŏrts by some good ecclesiastics, who threw themselves with ardor into the work; and ere long the humble artisan had many imitators, who excelled him in knowledge and influence, though they could not in charity.

2. In 1841, the number of schools was eight, and of scholars one thousand; in 1856, the schools had increased to thirteen,

and the scholars to one thousand six hundred; and in 1858, the number of scholars was close upon two thousand. From the first year of his pontificate, Pius IX. has evinced the greatest anxiety for the spread and prŏgress of these schools, the number of which he has personally assisted to extend. Not ōnly does he contribute liberally to their support, but he has visited them several times, without having given any previous notice of his intention. On those occasions he minutely inquired into their system of education, their discipline, and their operation, and examined the pupils, the best of whom he distinguished by rewards given with his own hand.

3. Examinations are held every year, with a public distribution of prizes by the hands of eminent persons; and the prizes are always of a useful character, so as to assist the humble pârents of the pupils. The elder boys are conducted to the public hospitals, and there encouraged in the pious duty of ministering to and comforting the sick. In fine, every effort is made by those who are intrusted with the management of these schools—as teachers, dĭrĕctors, or superintendents—to fit the pupil for a life of in′dustry, honesty, piety, and active benevolence.

4. I was anxious to see a night school in active operation; and, much to my satisfaction, the school I had first the opportunity of visiting was that established in the same house in which their founder had gathered round him a few idle boys, and there taught them all that he himself knew. There, on the ground floor, was the very room—small and mean in appearance, but sacred in its associations—in which the night schools of Rome, then counting nearly two thousand pupils, had their humble ŏrigin. A marble slab, inserted in the wall, commemorates the fact. The first floor is divided into several class-rooms; and in one of these may be seen another marble slab, on which are carved these words: "Honor and gratitude to the memory of James Casoglio! a poor Roman workman, who, early in the night, in this room, was in the habit of receiving the rude little artisans, occupying them in the art of reading, and instructing them lovingly in the mysteries of our holy faith. Youths! remember in your prayers your father and your beneficent founder."

5. The number of boys belonging to this school was one hundred and thirty, not less than one hundred and ten being present on the occasion of my visit. Many of them were not more than eight or nine years of age, while others were just springing into manhood; but all, of whatever age, were engaged during the day in some industrial occupation—in the ordinary trades, or in one of those branches of ornamental and decorative art peculiar to Rome. It was a pleasing sight to see them clad in their working dress, and so quick, intelligent, and eager in their pursuit of knowledge—either reading, writing, making out sums in arithmetic, learning the principles of design, for which several appeared to have considerable aptitude, or listening with respectful attention to the clergymen who were instructing them in their religion. Amongst those whom I found actively engaged in the education of these boys, was Monsignor Ricci, one of the Pope's chamberlains; and had I gŏne through the entire of the thirteen night schools of Rome, I might have seen several men of high standing in the Church zealously engaged in this work of charity.

6. The boys assemble in their schools a quarter of an hour after sunset, and remain for two hours. Each class has different work for each night. One night, reading; another, arithmetic; another, practical geometry; another, catechism; another, drawing; and on Saturday night they are prepared for the Sunday by religious instruction. On the morning of Sunday they are obliged to assemble in the oratory attached to their school, where they recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin, after which they receive an explanation of the Gŏspel of the day. They then hear Mass, and perhaps approach the Holy Communion. They then breakfast. And in the course of the day they proceed to the garden which is provided for each school, and there enjoy themselves in all kinds of boyish games. Many of the boys, mostly those advanced in years, communicate every fôrtnight; but on one grand day in the year, within the octave of St. Aloysius Gonzaga,[1] they all make their communion at the altar of that saint.

[1] **St. Aloysius Gonzaga**, Marquis of Castiglione, a native of Italy, was born March 9, 1568. Having renounced earthly possessions and honors, he entered the Society of Jesus in his eighteenth year, and closed a short life, which had never been stained by grievous sin, on the

7. Besides the clergymen who had charge of the school of which I write, there were a number of lay teachers, one of whom, a venerable-looking old gentleman, attended every night from motives of charity. The others were respectable young men, who, having themselves received the advântages of the school in their youth, devoted their lēisure hours to teaching its pupils, out of gratitude to an institution which had so materially assisted them in life.

8. Amongst the different trades represented in the mōst jūvenile class, consisting of nearly thirty boys, whose ages ranged from eight to twelve, I was amused to see three sōoty little fellows, who, with no small air of professional pride, announced themselves as chimney-sweeps. From the state of their garments, and the rich ebony hue of their complexions, it would not have been difficult to pronounce as to their occupation; but I must say I never saw mĕrrier or happier little sweeps before. One of them, amidst the hearty läughter of his class-fellows, assured the gentleman by whom I was accompanied that he never washed his face more than once a week; and from the pleasant chuckle with which he followed up his announcement of the fact, and the twinkle of his bright eyes, he evidently appeared to think it a capital joke.

9. I waited until the hour for the breaking up of the school, and did not leave the house until the entire troop of boys had tramped down the stairs and out into the street—the youngest in front, the oldest, with the teachers, bringing up the rear. On going out, I found them drawn up like a company of soldiers, and ready to march at the word of command. That was soon given, and instantly the troop was in motion; while at the same time the little fellows in front commenced, in their shrill, but not unpleasing voices, a sacred hymn, which acquired volume and richness as it was caught up by the older boys, and swelled by the full deep tones of the teachers. Taken, as I was, completely by surprise, the effect was no doubt much enhanced; but the harmony was in reality admirable. They thus proceeded until they arrived at a square, or open place, from which several streets branched ŏff; and here they

21st of June, 1591. He was beatified by Gregory XV. in 1621, and canonized by Benedict XIII. in 1726. His feast is celebrated June 21.

separated into small parties, each under the care of a clergyman or teacher, who did not abandon his charge until he had seen them all safe in their respective homes.

Adapted from MAGUIRE.

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, an Irish journalist, for many years editor and proprietor of the "Cork Examiner," was born in Cork in 1815, and died there, October 31, 1872. He was a member of Parliament for Dungarvon from 1852 to 1865, and afterward for Cork until his death. In 1853 he published a volume entitled "The Industrial Movement in Ireland in 1852," and in 1857 "Rome and its Ruler." This latter work was twice enlarged and revised—a third edition, under the new title, "The Pontificate of Pius IX.," appearing in 1870. He was also the author of "The Irish in America," 1858; "Life of Father Matthew," 1863; and of a political novel, "The Next Generation," 1871.

V.

96. THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.

EMBOLDENED by his success at Mon'tę Rotondo, Garibaldi determined to advânce on Rome; and finding no obstacle in his păth, he pushed his advanced posts to within a short distance of its walls. The chief strength of the bands lay at Mentăna and Monte Rotondo, between which there is but a short distance. Their numbers had increased to between twelve and fifteen thousand; the recent victory—if it could really be called such, when taking the opposing forces into account—having inspired them with confidence and dâring.

2. As every moment rendered the position of the capital more critical, General Kanzler resolved on striking a decisive blow, and thus bringing matters to a crisis. The enemy having announced that they were about to march to the conquest of Rome, the general prepared to meet them in their chief position, and there give them battle. The French general agreed in the policy of the aggressive movement, and expressed his willingness to join in the expedition, and support the Roman troops with a column under his commând.

3. At three o'clock on the 3d of November, 1867—about six weeks after the first actual invasion of the Pontifical territory by the enemy—the combined force, consisting of five thousand men in all—three thousand Roman and two thousand French—mustered near the Por'tà Pī'à. The fitful light of torches revealed the serried ranks of the soldiery, and flung into darker shadow the huge măsses of ruin that backed the impressive picture, filled in by groups of friends and sympathizers who

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wēre thêre to grâsp a hand or whisper a parting prâyer. Of the Pontifical troops, one-hälf, or fifteen hundred, were Zouäves, the mōst Catholic military organization in the world. Baron de Polhés commânded the French brigade, which formed the reserve.

4. The morning was raw, cold, and rainy, as the little army marched from the Eternal City, which had witnessed so many warlike expeditions defile through its gates. It were needless to say what blessings followed its banners, around which centered the hopes of a people who for several weeks pâst had been a prey to incessant alarm. The French soldiers had ōnly reached Civita Vecchia (chee've tä vek'ke ä) on the 29th of October, and were fresh for the tâsk before them; while the Papal troops were well-nigh worn out by fatigue, through forced marches, watching, fighting, and want of sleep. But nône marched with a prouder carriage or a lighter step than those who were now about to crown an arduous campaign by a victory which was to drive Revolution, broken and discomfited, acrŏss the Roman frŏn'tiēr, and make ridiculous the idle väuntings of Garibaldi and his chief supporters.

5. General Kanzler claimed the honor of leading the expedition, and dirécting the attack on the enemy's chief position, which was not more than five or six hours' march from Rome. Monte Rotondo, the headquarters and strŏng position of the enemy, was the principal object aimed at by the movement. It had been taken, after a fight of twenty-seven hours' duration, from a small garrison of three hundred and fifty Legionaries, by an overwhelming force commanded by Garibaldi in person. That was on the 26th; but since then it had been considerably strengthened by barricades, earthworks, and other means of defence.

6. Mentänä, which has the honor of giving its name to the battle and victory of the day, stands as it were in the way to Monte Rotondo, and presents itself as the first object of attack. This little town was strengthened by walls and an old castle, which could not withstand heavy siege ordnance, but were quite capable of resisting the fire of the light guns that accompanied the expedition, and which, during the day, had to be removed to new positions, from one rough eminence to the other.

7. Mentana, now the advânced position, presented the appear-

ance of a formidable outpōst; and much had been done to add to its natural strength. Not ōnly was it supported by Monte Rotondo, whence it derived constant reinforcements, but the position was rendered more formidable by the nature of the country, which is hilly, wooded, and rough, with occasional farm-buildings, hedges, walls, and ruins. For more than two miles in front of Mentana the hills commanding the rōads from Rome were filled with Garibaldians, led and commânded by ŏfficers of the Italian army.

8. With a really able leader, and a good cause to fight for, a small army of resolute men might have easily held it against a much larger fŏrce than that which marched on the morning of the 3d of November through the Porta Pia. But the leader, though brave, was not really able; and the cause was not one to make heroes of those that followed the standard of a chief whose motive of action seemed to be, not an enlightened love of Italy, but a furious hatred of the Church.

9. About one o'clock in the day the advânced guard of the Papal army, consisting of some companies of Zouaves,[1] came into conflicts with the enemy, who occupied the wooded eminences at both sides of the road leading to Mentana. The presence of the foe was first indicated by a brisk fire, and in a moment after every hill was alive with Red-shirts.[2] The Zouaves, who had the honor of receiving the first fire on this memorable day, advanced gallantly on the enemy, and carried the heights at the point of the bayonet. The French general bears the warmest testimony to their conduct on this occasion. "These thickets," he says in his official repōrt, "were rapidly and brilliantly carried by the Zouaves, who established themselves on the heights which dominate Mentana."

10. Tremendoŭs resistance was offered at one point in the onward movement. Next to Mentana itself, it was the strŏngest of the enemy's positions. Driven before the bayonets of the Zouaves, the Garibaldians mâssed in great strength behind the walls and in the buildings of a farm known as the Vigna di Santucci,[3] before and round which for a time a fierce and des-

[1] **Zouaves** (zwävz).

[2] **Red'-shirts**, so called on account of the Garibaldians' uniform.

[3] **Vigna di Santucci** (vĭn'ya de sân tut'chee).

perate struggle took place. From wall and wĭndōw a storm of bullets rained on the advancing Zouaves, in whose ranks death was now making găps. But led on by Charette, who displayed at this critical moment all the splendid coŭrage of his race, the soldiers of the Pope surmounted every obstacle, and carrying the place by assault, drove the enemy headlong from the position.

11. The infantry pushed on eagerly for Mentana, against which, when they had attained a favorable position, small batteries of Roman and French artillery opened fire, which was briskly responded to by the artillery and sharp-shooters of the enemy. From hill to hill, from vineyard to vineyard, the Papal troops drove the foe, pushing steadily on to Mentana, round which the battle raged with fury. Their aim was to gain ground bōth to the right and the left of this formidable position; but the enemy, perceiving the movement, deployed two strong columns to take them in flank on both sides at once, and his maneūver succeeded, especially on the right. The battalion of Carbineers, which had advanced far into a plantation of olive trees, at a very short distance from the houses, soon found itself between two fires, and in spite of sensible lŏsses, held its ground.

12. At hălf-pāst three o'clock the Roman reserves were almost exhausted, and General Kanzler appealed for the first time to the French general for support. The French soldiers, who until that moment had impatiently watched the Zouaves, dashed fôrward, with their habitual valor, on the enemy's lines. Colonel Frémont of the first of the line, with his battalion, supported by three companies of chasseurs à pied, not only checked the enemy's column, but on reaching the extreme left of the Garibaldians, opened on them a fire so heavy and murderous that he forced them to fly precipitately. The brave colonel was so venturous as to move round Mentana itself, to a short distance from Monte Rotondo, which he would, perhaps, have entered with his column before the Garibaldians, if he had not judged that he was altogether too isolated from the rest of the Papal troops.

13. Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier of the twenty-ninth of the line executed an analogous movement on the Roman left. Having fallen in with a column of the enemy, fifteen hundred

strŏng, occupying the heights of Monte Rotondo, he took up a position so advantageous that, in spite of his inferiority in numbers, he succeeded in first checking, and finally in repulsing them.

14. The short November day was rapidly drawing to its close; but the Roman general determined, if possible, to bring the fight to an end before the night fell. He gave orders accordingly, and informed the French general of his intention. The attacking column drove the enemy from the vineyards still in their possession, but, in spite of the most heroic ĕffôrts, could not penetrate into the village, which was defended with determined bravery by the foe, now literally at bay. From castle, and wall, and detached houses that flanked and defended the position, a furious fire was kept up. It was the last desperate effort, but for the moment it was successful.

15. Night now began to throw its mantle over the combatants; thĕrefore the final attack was deferred to the following day. The allied troops encamped on the battle-field, within hălf rifle-range of the object of strife; precautions being taken that the enemy should not take advantage of the darkness to effect a retreat. General Kanzler calculated on the surrender of the Garibaldians, to whom it would be more favorable than a second and certainly successful attack. This anticipation was fully justified; for the next morning Mentana surrendered, and Monte Rotondo was also found to have been evacuated during the night.

16. Thus ended the march on Rome, which was to have accomplished so many wonderful things; among others, given to Italy its capital—but not before it had been thoroughly sacked by the scamps and cut-throats who formed no small element in the army of Italian regeneration. For this final exploit these gentlemen had been preparing themselves at every stage of their prŏgress. We have referred to the conduct of the Garibaldians in other places. General Kanzler thus describes their concluding achievement: "The town of Monte Rotondo afforded our troops a mōurnful spectacle. The churches had been plundered and defiled. The inhabitants had been terrified by the outrages and exactions of which they had been the victims." The same scoundrels would have defiled St. Peter's—nay, the Tomb of the Apostles—and destroyed what they could

not plunder from the Vatican. Happily for religion and civilization, the progress of these modern Goths and Vandals was arrested, and their boastful march turned into shameful flight.

17. The noble men and women who were inspired by charity to follow the army to the battle-field, that they might afford succor to the wounded and consolation to the dying, made no distinction in their holy ministrations. The disguised soldiers of Victor Emmanuel and the fierce Garibaldian were as tenderly treated by them as the heroic youths who had quitted home and family in the spirit of Crusaders. And the same Catholic soldiers, whom the anti-papal press of Europe stigmatized as "mercenaries" and "janissaries of the Pope," displayed the utmost compassion to the fallen foe, and even insisted that they should be the first care of the surgeons and Sisters of Charity. A lady who earned honorable distinction for her courage and humanity in attendance on the wounded of Mentana tells of a poor Breton Zouave, to whom she was giving the last orange in the ambulance, and whose sufferings from thirst were dreadful to witness, insisting on dividing it between two of his fellow-wounded, both of them Garibaldians! It was, she says, his last act of heroic charity, for he went to receive his reward before daybreak.

Adapted from J. F. MAGUIRE.

VI.

97. *MENTANA.*

LIGHT through the thunder-cloud,
Breaking in glory,
Falls on a battle-field
Trampled and gory;
Falls on the happy dead,
Rests on those faces,
Beautiful still
With youth's innocent graces.

2. Well they lived—well they died—
Who could weep o'er them,
As on the soldier's bier
Homeward he bore them?

Gaze on those boyish brows
Looking to heaven;
Well have they earned their crown,
Well have they striven.

3. Bright was their path and brief,
Martyrs of duty;
Over their life there hung
Visions of beauty:
Dreams of a higher love
Floated around them;
When the call came at last,
Ready it found them.

4. It found them in many lands,
Strangers and parted;
It knit them as brothers,
The brave, the true-hearted;
They heard in low whispers
How gently it drew them!
The voice was their Master's,
He called them, He knew them.

5. He called and they answered;
That voice, how it rallies,
From Canada's woods,
And from England's green valleys,
From the rocks of Bretagne,
From the banks of the Ebro,
The sons of Crusaders,
Each young heart a hero!

6. On, then, to victory!
Angels watch o'er them!
The deep gulf below,
And the grim foe before them!
Rises their battle-cry
Nearer and nearer
"*Evviva Gesu!*[1]
Evviva Maria!"[2]

[1] **Evviva Gesu** (ev vē'vȧ zhā-zu'), Live Jesus!

[2] **Evviva Maria** (ma rē'a), Live Mary!

7. Hark! through the Red ranks
Those echoes are ringing,
And down from the gray rocks
The foemen are springing:
"What! yield to the traitors?
No, welcome death rather;
We'll die for our Pontiff,
We'll die for our Father!"

8. There—it is over now,
God's be the glōry;
Ye who have heard it
Forget not their stōry;
Lay them to rest
In the lonely Campagna (cam pan'ya),
But first kneel and kiss
The red soil of Mentana!

Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."

VII.

98. THE PERSECUTION OF THE HOLY SEE.

[*An Allocution addressed to the Cardinals in the Consistory of March* 12*th*, 1877, *by His Holiness*, Pope Pius the Ninth.]

PART FIRST.

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—We have many times in the sorrowful years of our troubled Pontificate assembled you here around us, to deplōre with you the evils by which the Church has been undeservedly afflicted, and to protest against the ĕfforts made in Italy and elsewhere for the ruin of the Church and of the Apostolic See. But in these last years We have had to witness new and more violent attacks and outrages, which the Church of God has suffered in various parts of the Catholic world, from enemies who thought that in our calamitous position, left as We were without human aid, there was a fit opportunity for assailing the Spouse of Jesus Christ. We should indeed have wished, Venerable Brethren, to describe to you to-day the cruel and widespread persecution to which the

Church is subjected in many parts of Europe; but, reserving this description for another time, We will speak to you now of the daily increasing hardships and sufferings of the Church in Italy, and of the dangers with which We and this Apostolic See are more and more threatened.

2. It is now the seventh year since the usurpers of our Civil Power, trampling under foot ĕvĕry dīvīne and human right, and in violation of solemn treaties, took advântage of the misfortunes of an illustrious Catholic nation[1] to seize by force of arms what remained of our provinces, and, storming this Holy City, filled the whōle Church with sŏrrōw for so great a crime. In spite of the hypocritical and false promises which the usurpers then made to fŏreign governments, declaring that they would respect and honor the liberty of the Church, and give full and perfect freedom to the Roman Pontiff, We did not fail to foresee what would be our condition under their rule. Knowing well the designs of men whom the spirit of revolution and iniquitous ties have bound together, We publicly declared that the object of the sacrilegious invasion was not merely to destroy our Civil Power, but, by its destruction, to destroy afterward more easily the institutions of the Church, to subvert the authority of the Holy See, and to overthrow the power which, notwithstanding our unworthiness, We hold as Vicar of Christ on ĕarth.

3. This destruction and overthrow of whatever belŏngs to the structure and organization of the Church may be said to be almost complete; if not to the extent desired by our persecutors, at least so far as to have brought about great ruin: for We have ōnly to look at the laws and decrees that have been made since the beginning of the usurpation, to see clearly that, one by one, and day after day, the means and safeguards which are needed for the proper administration and government of the Church have been withdrawn.

4. The suppression of Religious Orders[2] has, in fact, deprived

[1] **An illustrious Catholic nation**, France, then engaged in its disastrous struggle with Prussia.

[2] **Religious Orders.** Four thousand religious houses, belonging to various Orders, have been suppressed by the Italian government since the seizure of Rome in 1870, and fifty thousand Religious, men and women, turned out of their own doors, robbed of their dowries, and left without means of support.

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Those echoes are ringing,
And down from the gray rocks
The foemen are springing:
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Church is subjected in many parts of Europe; but, reserving this description for another time, We will speak to you now of the daily increasing hardships and sufferings of the Church in Italy, and of the dangers with which We and this Apostolic See are more and more threatened.

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3. This destruction and overthrow of whatever belŏngs to the structure and organization of the Church may be said to be almost complete; if not to the extent desired by our persecutors, at least so far as to have brought about great ruin: for We have ōnly to look at the laws and decrees that have been made since the beginning of the usurpation, to see clearly that, one by one, and day after day, the means and safeguards which are needed for the proper administration and government of the Church have been withdrawn.

4. The suppression of Religious Orders[2] has, in fact, deprived

[1] **An illustrious Catholic nation**, France, then engaged in its disastrous struggle with Prussia.

[2] **Religious Orders.** Four thousand religious houses, belonging to various Orders, have been suppressed by the Italian government since the seizure of Rome in 1870, and fifty thousand Religious, men and women, turned out of their own doors, robbed of their dowries, and left without means of support.

us of strenuous and useful fellow-laborers, whose work in carrying on the business of the ecclesiastical congregations was necessary for many parts of our ministry; it has also closed many houses in which the religious men were received who came here at stated times from fŏreign countries, to recrŭit their spiritual strength or to give an account of their ŏffice; and it has uprōōted many frŭitful plants from which blessings and peace were borne to all parts of the earth. The same act of suppression, affecting the colleges established in this City for the training of worthy missionaries to carry the light of the Gŏspel into distant and also barbarous lands, has deprived many peoples of pious and charitable help; and has hindered even the civilization and culture which result from the teaching and practice of our holy religion. And to these laws, severe in themselves, and adverse to religion and society, still greater severity has been added by the ministerial regulations which, under heavy penalties, forbid Religious to live together in common or to receive new subjects.

5. After the breaking up of the Religious Orders, the destruction of the secular clergy was next attempted; and the law was pâssed which has caused us and the pâstors of the Italian people to see with grief many young ecclesiastics, who were the hope of the Church, torn from the sănctuary, and, at the age when they were about to consecrate themselves to God, forced to take up arms, and to lead a life at variance with their training and with the spirit of their sacred calling.

6. Then came other unjust laws, which seized upon a great part of the patrimony that the Church had lŏng held by sacred and inviolable right; and substituted for it a partial and scanty income, subject to the eventualities of the times and to the will and caprice of the government. We have had also to deplōre the seizure of a large number of buildings, erected at great cŏst by the piety of the faithful, and worthy of the Christian days of Rome, where religious communities or virgins consecrated to God had a happy abode, but which have been taken from their rightful owners and turned to worldly uses.

7. Again, many pious works and institutions of charity and beneficence, of which some were founded by the munificence of our predecessors or by the pious liberality of foreign nations, for

the relief of poverty and of other miseries and necessities, have been withdrawn from our control and from the management of sacred ministers; and, although a few of these works of public charity are still left under the care of the Church, it is said that a law will soon be proposed either for their suppression or to exclude us from their government. Moreover, and with great sorrow We speak of it, We have seen both public and private education withdrawn from the authority and dĭrĕction of the Church, and the office of teacher entrusted to men of doubtful orthodoxy, and even to declared enemies of the Church who had made public profession of atheism.

8. But the seizure and overthrow of so many important religious institutions, it was thought, would not suffice, unless also the ministers of the sanctuary could be prevented from freely exercising their spiritual office. This is the object of the law, lately passed in the Chamber of Deputies, entitled "On the Abuses of the Clergy," [1] by which all acts that may be brought under the vague term of disturbance of the public conscience, or of the peace of families, are, both in bishops and in priests, declared criminal and to be severely punished. According to this law, all words and writings of whatsoever kind, by which ministers of religion may feel it their duty to censure or disapprove any decrees, laws, or other acts of the civil power, as being adverse either to sacred authority or to the laws of God or of the Church, are liable to prosecution and punishment; and so are all persons who publish or circulate any such writings, of whatsoever ecclesiastical rank they may be, or from whatsoever place such writings may be issued.

9. When this law is in force, it will be in the power of a lay tribunal to determine whether and how a priest, in administering the săcraments or in preaching the word of God, has disturbed the public conscience or the peace of families, and the voice of both bishops and priests will be silenced; nay, even the very voice of the Vĭcar of Jesus Christ, who, although for political reasons he is said not to be personally liable to prosecution, will nevertheless be regarded as punished in the person of

[1] This bill, after passing the Chamber of Deputies, as stated in the text, was afterward rejected by a small majority in the Italian Senate, and thĕrefore failed to become a law.

his accomplices; and this has been stated in Parliament by one of the ministers, who declared that it was nēither new nor unfrequent, nor opposed to the theory or practice of criminal law, to punish accomplices when the author of a crime was beyond reach. From this it is seen that, in the intention of our rulers, the said law strikes at ourself; so that, when our words or acts offend against the law, the bishops and priests who publish our words or give effect to our injunctions will bear the punishment of the alleged crime, but to us will be attributed its guilt.

10. Behold, Venerable Brethren, how the safeguards and institutions which had been strengthened by ages and had withstood every storm, and which are necessary for the administration of the Church, have now been overturned; how even the office which the Church has received from her Divīne Founder, to teach, and to guard, and to provide for the salvation of souls, is wickedly obstructed; how the mouths of her ministers are closed by threat of heavy punishment: and yet, when they teach their people to observe all things that Christ has commanded, and are instant in season and out of season, ar'gūing, beseeching, and reproving in all patience and doctrine, they do only that which Divine and Apostolic authority has enjoined. Other secret designs there are against the Church, of which We will not now speak; designs in which the counsels and instigations of certain public officials have not been wanting, and which have for their object to bring days of greater tribulation upon the Church, ēither by causing a schism at the election of the next Pontiff, or by obstructing the bishops of Italy in the exercise of their spiritual power. To meet this last difficulty We have lately permitted the acts of canonical institution of bishops to be presented to the civil authority, in order thereby to provide for a state of things in which there is no longer a question as to the possession of temporalities, but in which the consciences of the faithful, their peace, and the care and salvation of their souls are manifestly in danger. But in doing this for the removal of most grave perils, We wish it to be clearly understood that We disapprove and condemn the unjust law of the *regium placitum*,[1] as it is called, and declare it to be a violation of the Divine authority and liberty of the Church.

[1] **Regium Placitum** (rē'ji um plăs'it um), royal permission.

VIII.

99. THE PERSECUTION OF THE HOLY SEE.

PART SECOND.

AFTER what We have shown, and omitting many other evils of which We might speak, how, We ask, can We govern the Church under the rule of a power which deprives us of all means and safeguards for the exercise of our Apostolate, which interferes with us in every way, which daily interposes fresh obstacles and difficulties, and tries more and more to put restraint upon us? We can not understand how there can be men who, in the public papers, in pamphlets, or at public meetings, should endeavor, ēither thoughtlessly or in malice, to persuade people that the present condition of the Sovereign Pontiff in Rome is such that though living under another's rule, he enjoys complete liberty, and is able peacefully and fully to discharge the duties of his spiritual primacy. In support of this assertion, when the bishops or faithful of other countries come to visit us, and We admit them into our presence, and speak to them of the attacks upon the Church, these men neglect no opportūnity of insinuating that We have full power and liberty both to receive the faithful and to address them, and to govern the whōle Church: as if the exercise of these acts were fully and completely within our power, or as if in these things the whole duty of governing the Church consisted.

2. Who is ignorant that, not in our own power, but under the control of our rulers, are those very acts of liberty of which they so much boast; and that these acts can be exercised ōnly so far and so long as our rulers permit? What liberty of action We have, and to what extent We are controlled by our rulers, is sufficiently shown, even if there were no other proofs, by the last act of legislation which We have described to you, and in which the free exercise of our spiritual power and ecclesiastical ministry is subjected to a new and intolerable ŏppressĭon. If they permit us to perform certain acts because it is for their interest that We should be thought to be free under their rule, how many weighty and necessary and important matters are

there belŏnging to the grave duties of our ministry, for which, as long as We are subject to them, We have neither liberty nor power? Would that they who speak or write these things would look at what is happening around us; and, judging for a moment impartially, would say whether the duty that Gŏd has laid upon us of governing the Church can really be discharged in the condition to which We have been reduced by our invaders.

3. Would that they could hear the reproaches, outrages, and insults that are uttered in Parliament against us; and which, while We pardon the men who utter them, are nevertheless most offensive to the faithful whose common Father is outraged, and tend to lessen the esteem, authŏrity, and veneration which are due to the holy and high office of Vicar of Christ. Would that they could be witnesses of the insults and calumnies by which the Sacred College [1] and other high dignitaries of the Church are in every way assailed, to the great injury of their authority. Would that they could see how the august rites and institutions of the Catholic Church are derided and ridiculed; the most sacred mysteries of religion profaned; impiety and atheism honored with public demonstrations and processions, while religious processions, which the good Catholics of Italy have always been accustomed to hold on solemn festivals, are forbidden. Would that they were aware of the blas'phemies which, with perfect impunity and without any protest on the part of the authorities, are uttered against the Church in Parliament; where the Church herself is accused as subversive and aggressive—her liberty called a wicked and fatal principle—her teaching perverse and hŏstile to society and morality—and her power and authority assailed as hurtful to civil life.

4. Even those who boast of our liberty would be unable to deny the manifold, constant, and grave occasions that are prepared for the demoralization and corruption of incautious yŏuth, and for uprōōting Catholic faith from their minds. And if they walked through the streets of this city, which, as being the See of Blessèd Peter, is the seat and center of religion, they could easily judge whether the temples of heretical worship, the schools of error everywhere established, the infamous houses set up in many places, and the obscene and loathsome

[1] The Sacred College, the College of Cardinals.

sights presented to the eyes of the people, constitute a state of things tolerable for him whose duty and wish it is, by reason of his Apostolic ŏffice, to destroy these many evils, but who is unable to apply a remedy to even one of them, or to help the souls that are perishing. Such, Venerable Brethren, is the condition to which We are reduced by the government that rules in this city; this is the so-called liberty and power which they impudently assert that We enjoy: the liberty, forsooth, of witnessing the gradual destruction of the order and constitution of the Church, ând of seeing souls perish, while We are unable in any way to repair these evils.

5. After all this, is it not mŏckery to say, as it is ŏften said, that We ought to come to a reconciliation and agreement with our new masters? Such a reconciliation would on our side be a betrayal of the highest rights of the Holy See, which We have received as a sacred and inviolable trust to guard and to defend; it would, above all, be a betrayal of the sacred ministry which We have received from God for the salvation of souls, and a surrender of the inheritance of Christ into the hands of an authority whose ĕffōrts are dirĕcted to the destruction, if it were possible, of the very name of the Catholic religion. Now, indeed, the world may clearly see the value and sincerity of the concessions or guarantees by which our enemies pretended to guard the liberty and dignity of the Roman Pontiff: guarantees which rest on no other foundation than the arbitrary and hostile will of a government in whose power it is to apply them, to interpret them, and to carry them into effect as it may choose, and solely for its own purposes and interests. In no way, certainly, in no way does the Roman Pontiff possess, nor can he ever possess, full liberty, or exercise his full authority, as long as he is subject to others ruling in his city. In Rome he must be either a sŏvereign or a captive; and never will there be peace, security, and tranquillity throughout the Catholic Church, so long as the exercise of the supreme Apostolic ministry is left exposed to the agitation of parties, the arbitrary power of rulers, the vicissitudes of political elections, and the designs and actions of men who prefer their own interest to what is just.

6. But do not think, Venerable Brethren, that in these hardships and sufferings our coŭrage is broken, or that We have lost

confidence in the decrees of the Eternal and Almighty God. Ever since, on the seizure of our territory,[1] We resolved to keep guard at the tomb of Blessèd Peter over the interests of the Catholic Church, and thĕrefore to stay in Rome rather than to seek a quiet resting-place in other lands, We have ceased not, with God's help, to strive for the defence of His cause; and still We persevere, defending, step by step, against the usurpation of the Revolution, the little that remains. When all other help has failed us, for the protection of the Church and of religion, We have raised our voice in expostulation, as you who have shared our danger and our grief bear witness; for We have often publicly addressed you, ĕither in condemnation of fresh outrages and in protest against the increasing violence of our enemies, or to warn the faithful against the seductions and pretended goodness of the wicked, and against the noxious teaching of false brethren. Would that those would listen to our words whose duty and interest it is to support our authority, and stoutly to defend a cause than which there is nŏne more just and more holy. How can it escape their notice that in vain will they look for solid and true prosperity among nations, for tranquillity and order among the people, and for firmness of power in those who hold the sceptre, if the authority of the Church, which unites all rightly formed societies in the bond of religion, is despised and violated with impunity; and if its supreme Head, instead of having full liberty for the exercise of his ministry, is subject to the arbitrary will of another?

7. We rejoice, indeed, that the whōle Catholic people have, with filial piety, so readily and fruitfully received our words. Their earnest and repeated proofs of affection are an honor to themselves and to the Church, and encourage us to hope for more joyful days for the Church and for this Apostolic See. We can not, in fact, adequately describe our joy and consolation, when, having no powerful help on any side, We see, even in distant countries, noble and generous hearts become more and more earnest in taking up our cause and in defending the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The liberal aid which reaches

[1] On the 20th of September, 1870, Rome was sacrilegiously seized by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who subsequently assumed the title of King of Italy.

us from all parts of the world to supply the urgent needs of the Holy See, and the visits of our children of all nations, who come to testify their devotion to the visible Head of the Church, are pledges of affection for which We can never sufficiently thank the Dĭvīne goodness. We would wish, however—and it would be a useful lesson—that all should understand the real value and true significance of the pilgrimages which have been so frequent during the war that has been waged against the Roman Pontificate. They are valuable, not merely as a demonstration of the love and reverence of the faithful for our humble person, but as a proof of the solĭc′itūde and anxiety they feel at the abnormal and incongruous condition of their common Father—an anxiety that will not cease, but will go on increasing, until the Pastor of the Universal Church shall be restored to the possession of his full and re′al liberty.

8. There is nŏthing, Venerable Brethren, that We mōre desire than that our words should go fōrth from these walls to the ends of the earth, in testimony to all the faithful of our gratitude for their continual proofs of affection and reverence: for We wish to thank them for the pious generosity they have shown in helping us, forgetful at times of their own needs, and remembering that to God is given what is given to the Church; We wish also to congratulate them upon the magnanimity and coŭrage with which they have met the anger and scorn of the wicked; and lastly, We wish to express our gratitude for the alacrity with which they are preparing to ŏffer us fresh tokens of their love in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of our Episcopal consecration.

9. No less do We wish that all the pastors of the Church throughout the world should, on receiving these words, point out to the faithful the dangers, and assaults, and daily increasing troubles to which We are exposed; and should make known to them that, whatever may be the end, We will never cease from denouncing the crimes that are perpetrated before us—although, by reason of the laws already passed, and of other and severer laws in preparation, it may happen after a time that our words will reach them less frequently and not without much difficulty. Meanwhile We urge all pastors to see that their flocks are not misled by the crafty artifices of those who

endeavor to misrepresent our real condition, ēither by concealing its gravity, by extŏlling our liberty, or by affirming that our authŏrity is subject to no one; for, to sum up all in a few words, the Church of God in Italy is suffering violence and persecution, and the Vicar of Christ has nēither liberty nor the free and full use of his power.

10. We thĕrefore think it opportune′, and We greatly desire, that the bishops, who in many ways have constantly shown their union in the defence of the rights of the Church, and their devotedness to this Apostolic See, should call upon the faithful under their jurisdiction to make every ĕffŏrt, as far as the laws of each country may permit, to induce their governments not ōnly to examine carefully the serious condition of the Head of the Catholic Church, but also to take such mĕasures as may ensure the removal of the obstacles which restrict his true and perfect *independence*. But as Almighty Gŏd alone can enlighten the minds and move the hearts of men, We beseech you, Venerable Brethren, to pray to Him fervently at this time; and We earnestly exhŏrt the pastors of all Catholic peoples to assemble the faithful in the sacred temples, there to pray humbly and fervently for the safety of the Church, for the conversion of our enemies, and for the cessation of such great and widespread evils. And God, who is well pleased with those who fear Him and hope in His mercy, will, We firmly believe, hear the prayer of His people when they cry to Him.

11. Let us, Venerable Brethren, be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of His power; and putting on the armor of God, the breastplate of justice, and the shield of faith, let us fight strenuously and bravely against the power of darkness and the wickedness of this world. Already the spirit of disturbance and disorder threatens, like a tŏrrent, to carry every thing bĕfōre it; and not a few of the authors or promoters of the Revolution look back with terror on the effects of their work. God is with us, and will be with us till the end of the world. Let those fear of whom it is written: "I have seen those who work iniquity, and sow sorrows and reap them, perishing by the blast of God, and consumed by the spirit of His wräth."[1] But

[1] Job, ch. iv, vs. 8, 9.

the mercy and the help of God are with those who fear Him, and who fight in His name, and hope in His power; and it is not to be doubted that, when the cause is His and the battle is His, He will lead the cŏm′batants to victory.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

100. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when mĕadōw, grove, and stream,
The ĕarth, and every common sight,
To me did seem appareled in celestial light—
The glōry and the frĕshnèss of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yōre;
Tûrn whêresoé'er I may, by night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no mōre.

2. The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;
The moon dŏth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bâre;
Wąters on a starry night are beautiful and fâir;
The sunshine is a glōrious bĭrth;
But yĕt I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pâssed away a glōry from the earth.

3. Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous sŏng,
And while the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound,
To me ălōne there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strŏng.
The cataracts blōw their trumpets from the steep—
No mōre shall grief of mine the season wrŏng.
I hear the echoes through the mountaĭns thrŏng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea give themselves up to jollity;

endeavor to misrepresent our real condition, ēither by concealing its gravity, by extŏlling our liberty, or by affirming that our authŏrity is subject to no one; for, to sum up all in a few words, the Church of God in Italy is suffering violence and persecution, and the Vicar of Christ has nēither liberty nor the free and full use of his power.

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No mōre shall grief of mine the season wrŏng.
I hear the echoes through the mountaĭns thrŏng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea give themselves up to jollity;

And with the heart of May dŏth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

4. Ye blessèd creatures! I have hĕard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens lăugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival, my head hath its cŏronal—
The fullnèss of your bliss I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning, this sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side, in a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon—
Bŏth of them speak of something that is gŏne;
The pansy at my feet doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glŏry and the dream?

5. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And comèth from afar.
Not in entire forgĕtfulnèss, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glŏry, do we come
From Gŏd, who is our hŏme.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid is on his way attended:

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6. Earth fills her lap with plĕasures of her own.
Yĕarnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nûrse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forgĕt the glŏries he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7. Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—
A wedding or a festival, a mŏurning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his sŏng.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her ĕquipage;
As if his whŏle vocation were endless imitation.

8. Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best phĭlŏsopher, who yĕt dŏst keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, dĕaf and silent, rĕad'st the eternal deep
Häunted for ever by the eternal mind—

Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darknèss lŏst, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a mâster ō'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yĕt glōrious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dŏst thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frŏst, and deep almost as life!

9. O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live,
That nature yĕt remembers what was so fugitive!
The thought of our pâst years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—

10. But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never—
Which nēither listlèssnèss, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy, nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of călm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children spōrt upon the shōre,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermōre.

11. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous sŏng!
And let the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your thrŏng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the rādiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nŏthing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grâss, of glōry in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

12. And O ye fountains, mĕadōws, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yĕt in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I ōnly have relinquished one delight
To live benēath your mōre habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even mōre than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gäther round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch ō'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other pälms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanèst flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do ŏften lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the greatest of modern English poets, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland county, England, April 7, 1770. He read much in boyhood, and wrote some verses. He received his early education at the endowed school of Hawkshead; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, and graduated in 1791. He died April 23, 1850. He was for some years poet-laureate of England—an office since held by Alfred Tennyson.

II.

101. AT THE GRAVE.

AND do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their rōot and pụt fōrth buds,
And their sŏft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech
And make it send fōrth winning harmonies—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no mōre?—
To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
Like the bûrnt taper's flame?

2 O, lis*t*en, man,
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"*Man, thou shalt never die!*" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound fōrth still

The sŏng of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

3. O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glōries; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of ĕarth
Grow dull and distant, wake their pàssing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

4. Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest,
In these shaped stones and lettered tablets, figures
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with Gŏd
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these
Of thine eternity.

5. I thank Thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.

R. H. DANA.

III.

102. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

PART FIRST.

GERONTIUS. Jesu,[1] Marĭa—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow—
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou, my sole Refuge, Thou,)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out this universal frame
Into that shapeless, hopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came:
This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

Assistants. Kyr'ĭe ele'ison, Chris'te eleison, Kyrie eleison,
Holy Mary, pray for him.
All holy Angels, pray for him.

[1] **Jesu** (yā'zu).

Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
Holy Abraham, pray for him.
St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.
St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
All holy Martyrs, all holy Con'fessors,
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

Geron. Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere[1] afresh the ruin on thee fall,
Use well the interval.

Assist. Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;

[1] **Ere** (âr), before.

By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

Geron. Sänc'tus for'tis, sanctus De'us,
De profŭn'dis oro te,
Miserē're, Judex (yu'dex) me'us,
Pär'çe mi'hĭ, Dóm'ĭne.[1]
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong.
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.

And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration ăye be given,
With and through the angelic host,

[1] Holy Strong, holy God,
From the depths I pray Thee,
Have Thou mercy, O my Judge,
Spare Thou me, O Lord.

To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrĭm'ine.[1]

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That másterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I went
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, cruller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and läughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with terror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
In Thine own agony.—Mary, pray for me.
Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

Assist. Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power—(Amen.)
Enoch and Elias from the common doom—(Amen.)
Nō'e from the waters in a saving home—(Amen.)
Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse—(Amen.)
Job from all his multiform and fell distress—(Amen.)
Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay—(Amen.)
Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment day—(Amen.)

[1] At the point of death.

Moses from the land of bondage and despâir—(Amen.)
Daniel from the hungry lions in their lâir—(Amen.)
And the children Three amid the furnace-flame—(Amen.)
Chaste Susănnâ from the slander and the shame—(Amen.)
David from Golī'â and the wräth of Saul—(Amen.)
And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall—(Amen.)
Thĕc'la from her torments—(Amen.)
—So, to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

Geron. Novīs'simâ hō'ra est;[1] and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

The Priest. Profiçīs'çēre, ăn'imâ Christiā'nâ, de hoc mŭn'do![2]
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of Gŏd,
The omnipotent Father who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the Living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been pōured out on thee! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go fōrth!
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
Of holy Mŏnks and Hermits; in the name
Of holy Vīrgins; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go! Go on thy cōurse;
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the holy Mount
Of Sion:—through the Name of Christ, our Lord.

[1] It is the last hour. [2] Depart, O Christian soul, from this world!

IV.

103. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

PART SECOND.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.
I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes: some one softly said,
"He's gone"; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely hĕard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvĕnī'te";[1] and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion,[2] and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,

[1] Come to his aid. [2] In tro ver'sion, turning inward upon one's self.

Moses from the land of bondage and despâir—(Amen.)
Daniel from the hungry lions in their lâir—(Amen.)
And the children Three amid the furnace-flame—(Amen.)
Chaste Susănnâ from the slander and the shame—(Amen.)
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But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,

[1] Come to his aid. [2] In tro ver'sion, turning inward upon one's self.

Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I can not to my sense bring hōme,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I can not stir a hand or foot,
I can not make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet, . . . is this per'emptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening mĕasurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I trăv'ersing infinity
By endless subdivision, hŭrrying back
From finite toward infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world ?

Another marvel: some one has me fâst
Within his ample pălm; 'tis not a grâsp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self moving, but bōrne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I can not of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tone.
Oh what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel. My work is done,
My tâsk is o'er,

And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of ĕarth
E'en from its bĭrth
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the nărrōw way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

Soul. It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God :—he never has known sin;
But through those cycles all but infinite,
Has had a strŏng and pure celestial life,
And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God,
And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
Hark! he begins again.

Angel. O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what sŏft persuasive might
Victorious ō'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale[1] complete of saints Thou dôst provide,
To fill the throne which angels lŏst by pride!

[1] **Tale**, a number counted off.

He lay a grŏveling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whōle essence shattered and unsound,
And, coiled around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lŏst,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cŏst.

Oh what a shifting parti-colored scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!
And oh the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange com'pŏsite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name,

How should ethē'real natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

Soul. Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am

So whōle of heart, so cālm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clāsped by such a saintliness.

Angel. All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are cast;
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

V.

104. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

PART THIRD.

SOUL. I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

Angel. All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldst thou?

Soul. I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

Angel. You can not now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

Soul. Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, fōrthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its Gŏd,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets[1] me now from going to my Lord?

[1] **Lets**, hinders; prevents; impedes as by obstacles. This use of the verb *to let* is almost obsolete, except in poetry.

Angel. Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hŭrrying to the Just and Holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.
For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are mĕasured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasped
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology,
And memory lacks its natural resting-points
Of years and centuries and periods.
It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

Soul. Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear of meeting Him?
Along my ĕarthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it ā*ye* before me, and I saw
The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,

Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

Angel. It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dŏst not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is pāst.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world—
That solemn consummation for all flesh,
Is, in the case of each, anticipate
Upon his death; and, as the lăst great day
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
So now too, ere thou comest to the throne,
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That călm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is fĭrst-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

Soul. But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
Could I be frighted.

Angel. We are now arrived
Close on the judgment court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.
It is the middle region, where of old
Satan appeared among the sons of God,
To cast his gibes and scŏffs at holy Job.
So now his legions thrŏng the vestibule,
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry!

Soul. How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

Angel. It is the restless pănting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous pûrring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

Soul. How im'potent they are! and yet on earth
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;
And books describe how that the very face
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
Of him who saw it.

Angel. In thy trial-state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at hōme,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
And thĕrefore is it, in respect of man,
Those fallen ones show so majestical.
But when some child of grace, angel or saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
They scud away as cowards from the fight.
Nay, ŏft hath holy hermit in his cell,
Not yet disburdened of mortality,
Mŏcked at their threats and warlike overtures;
Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

Soul. I see not those false spirits; shall I see
My dearest Māster when I reach His throne?
Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
With personal intonation, as I now
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto
All has been darkness since I left the earth;
Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through
My penance-time? if so, how comes it then
That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
Which binds ide'as in one, and makes them live?

Angel. Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The prĕsentā'tion of most holy truths,
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.

A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
No converse with aught else beside thyself;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower mĕasures of perception,
Which seem to thee as though through channels brought,
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
And thou art wrapped and swāthed around in dreams,
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;
For the belongings of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.
And thus thou tell'st of space and time and size,
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire;
As (let me use similitude of earth,
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dŏst āsk)—
As ice, which blisters, may be said to burn.
Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
Corrĕl'ative—long habit cŏzens[1] thee—
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not hĕard of those who, after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.
So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.
How, even now, the consummated Saints
See God in heaven, I may not explicate;
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess
Such means of converse as are granted thee,
Though till that Beatific Vision thou art blind;
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
Is fire without its light.

Soul. His will be done!
I am not worthy e'er to see again

[1] **Coz'ens**, cheats; deludes.

The face of day; far less His countenance,
Who is the very sun. Năth'less,[1] in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my sŏlace to believe,
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

Angel. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
Yes—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be: what time thou art arraigned
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is cast forever, should it be to sit
On His right hand, among His pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach—
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul. Thou speakest darkly, Angel; and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel. There was a mortal,[2] who is now above
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified—
Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn, ere it transform.

[1] **Năth'less**, nevertheless.

[2] **Mortal**, St. Francis of Assisi. The feast of his Stigmata, which commemorates the fact that the marks of the five wounds of our Lord were miraculously imprinted on his flesh, is celebrated by the Church on the 17th of August.

VI.

105. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

PART FOURTH.

ANGEL. We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

Soul. The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstatic odors.

Angel. They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of:
It is the face of the Incarnate God
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain;
And yet the memory which it leaves will be
A sovereign fĕb'rifūge[1] to heal the wound;
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

Soul. Thou speakest mysteries; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words:
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

[1] **Fĕb'ri fūge**, a medicine used to relieve fever.

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Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

[1] **Fĕb'ri fūge**, a medicine used to relieve fever.

Angel. When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him.
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight;
And yet wilt have a lŏnging āye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

Soul. My soul is in my hand: I have no fear—
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
But hark! a grand, mysterious harmony:
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

Angel. We have gained the stairs
Which rise toward the Presence-chamber; there
A band of mighty Angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

Angels of the Sacred Stair.
Father, whose goodness nŏne can know but they
Who see Thee face to face,
By man hath come the infinite display
Of Thine all-loving grace;
But fallen man—the creature of a day—
Skills not that love to trace.
It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,
Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness saw,
Soothed by a creature's aid,
And agonized, as victim of the law
Which He Himself had made;
For who can praise Him in his depth and height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

Angel. Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veilèd presence of our God.

Soul. I hear the voices that I left on earth.

Angel. It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "*Subvenite*" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the Agony.
Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

Soul. I go before my Judge. Ah! . . . .

Angel. . . . . Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;

But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shriveled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

Soul. Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love;
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Angel. Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
Upon its ready hinge. And ye, great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

Souls in Purgatory.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was: from age to age Thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.

4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday: and as a watch of the night which is come and gŏne.
5. The grass springs up in the morning: at evening-tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wräth are we troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord! how long: and be entreated for Thy servants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy: we shall rejoice and be in plĕasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation: and the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work: and dĭrĕct their children.
12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Angel. Sŏftly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, ō'er the penal waters as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dŏst through the flood thy rapid pàssage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing tàsk is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee as thou liest;
And Mässes on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pàss thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Abridged from Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.

VII.

106. THE HOLY SOULS.

THERE is no peace to be compared with that of the souls in Purgatory, save that of the saints in Paradise; and this peace is ever augmented by the inflowing of Gŏd into these souls, which increases in proportion as the impediments to it are removed. The rust of sin is the impediment, and this the fire continually consumes, so that the soul in this state is continually opening itself to admit the Dĭvīne communication. As a covered surface can never reflect the sun, not through any defect in that orb, but simply from the resistance offered by the covering, so, if the covering be gradually removed, the surface will by little and little be opened to the sun, and will more and more reflect his rays.

2. So is it with the rust of sin, which is the covering of the soul. In Purgatory the flames incessantly consume it, and, as it disappears, the soul reflects more and more perfectly the true sun, who is God. Its contentment increases as this rust wears away, and the soul is laid bare to the Divine ray, and thus one increases and the other decreases until the time is accomplished. The pain never diminishes, although the time does; but as to the will, so united is it to God by pure charity, and so satisfied to be under His Divine appointment, that these souls can never say their pains are pains.

3. On the other hand, it is true that they suffer torments which no tongue can describe nor any intelligence comprehend, unless it be revealed by such a special grace as that which God has vouchsafed to me, but which I am unable to explain. And this vision which God revealed to me has never departed from my memory. I will describe it as far as I am able, and they whose intellects our Lord will deign to open will understand me.

4. The source of all suffering is either original or actual sin. God created the soul pure, simple, free from every stain, and with a certain beatific instinct toward Himself. It is drawn aside from Him by original sin, and when actual sin is afterwards added, this withdraws it still farther, and ever as it removes from Him its sinfulness increases, because its communication with God grows less and less.

5. And because there is no good except by participation with God, who to the irrătional creatures imparts Himself as He wills, and in accordance with His Divine decree, and never withdraws from them, but to the răttional soul imparts Himself more or less, according as He finds her more or less freed from the hindrances of sin; it follows that, when He finds a soul returning to the purity and simplicity in which she was created, He increases in her the beatific instinct, and kindles in her a fire of charity so powerful and ve'hement. that it is insupportable to the soul to find any obstacle between her and her final end; and the clearer vision she has of these obstacles the greater is her pain.

6. Since the souls in Purgatory are freed from the guilt of sin, there is no barrier between them and Gŏd save ōnly the pains they suffer, which delay the satisfaction of their desire. And when they see how serious is even the slightest hindrance which the necessity of justice causes to check them, a vehement flame kindles within them which is like that of hell. They feel no guilt, however, and it is guilt which is the cause of the malignant will of the condemned in hell, to whom God does not communicate His goodness—so that they remain in despair, and with a will forever opposed to the good will of God.

7. It is evident that the revōlt of man's will from that of God constitutes sin, and so long as that revolt continues, man's guilt remains. Those, thĕrefōre, that are in hell have passed from this life with perverse wills, and their guilt is not remitted, nor can it be, since they are no lŏnger capable of change. When this life is ended, the soul remains forever confirmed ēither in good or evil, according as she has here determined. As it is written: *Where I shall find thee,* that is, at the hour of death, with the will either fixed on sin or repenting of it, *there I will judge thee.*

8. From this judgment there is no appeal, for after death the freedom of the will can never return, but the will is confirmed in that state in which it is found at death. The souls in hell, having been found at that hour with the will to sin, have the guilt and the punishment always with them, and although this punishment is not so great as they deserve, yet it is etĕrnal. Those in Purgatory, on the other hand, suffer the penalty ōnly,

for their guilt was canceled at death, when they were found hating their sins and penitent for having offended the Divine goodness. And this penalty has an end, and the term of it is ever approaching. O misery beyond all misery, and the greater because man in his blindness regards it not!

9. The punishment of the damned is not, it is true, infinite in degree, for the all-lovely goodness of God shines even into hell. He who dies in mortal sin merits infinite woe for an infinite duration; but the mercy of God has made only the time infinite, and mitigated the intensity of the pain. In justice He might have inflicted much greater punishment than He has done. Oh, what peril attaches to sin wilfully committed! For it is very difficult for man to bring himself to penance, and without penitence guilt remains and will ever remain, so long as man retains unchanged the will to sin, or is intent upon committing it.

10. The souls in Purgatory are entirely conformed to the will of God; therefore they correspond with His goodness, are contented with all that He ordains, and are entirely purified from the guilt of their sins. They are pure from sins, because they have in this life abhorred them and confessed them with true contrition, and for this reason God remits their guilt, so that only the stains of sin remain, and these must be devoured by fire. Thus freed from guilt, and united to the will of God, they see Him clearly according to that degree of light which He allows them, and comprehend how great a good is the fruition of God for which all souls were created. Moreover, these souls are in such close conformity to God, and are drawn so powerfully toward Him by reason of the natural attraction between Him and the soul, that no illustration or comparison could make this impetuosity understood in the way my spirit conceives it by its interior sense. Nevertheless, I will use one which occurs to me.

11. Let us suppose that in the whole world there were but one loaf to appease the hunger of every creature, and that the bare sight of it would satisfy them. Now man, when in health, has by nature the instinct for food; but if we can suppose him to abstain from it, and neither die nor yet lose health and strength, his hunger would clearly become increasingly urgent.

In this case, if he knew that nothing but this loaf would satisfy him, and that until he reached it his hunger could not be appeased, he would suffer intolerable pains, which would increase as his distance from the loaf diminished; but if he were sure that he would never see it, his hell would be as complete as that of the lost souls, who, hungering after God, have no hope of ever seeing the Bread of Life. But the souls in Purgatory have an assured hope of seeing Him and of being entirely satisfied; and therefore they endure all hunger and suffer all pain until that moment when they enter into eternal possession of this Bread, which is Jesus Christ, our Lord, our Saviour, and our Love.

ST. CATHARINE OF GENOA.

CATHARINE FIESCHI was born at Genoa of noble parents in 1447. She was married at an early age to Giuliano Adorno, and after a long widowhood, died at Genoa in the city hospital, which she had superintended for many years, on the 14th of September, 1510. Of her writings a competent critic, the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, C. S. P., speaks thus: "Her Spiritual Dialogues and her Treatise on Purgatory have been recognized by those competent to judge in such matters as masterpieces in spiritual literature. Saint Francis of Sales, that great master of spiritual life, was accustomed to read the latter twice a year. Frederic Schlegel, who was the first to translate St. Catharine's dialogues into German, regarded them as seldom if ever equaled in style." The feast of St. Catharine of Genoa falls on September 14.

VIII.

107. PARADISE.

[*From the Paradiso, Canto XIV.*]

FROM center unto rim, from rim to center,
In a round vase the water moves itself,
As from without 'tis struck or from within.
Into my mind upon a sudden dropped
What I am saying, at the moment when
Silent became the glorious life[1] of Thomas,[2]
Because of the resemblance that was born
Of his discourse and that of Beatrice,
Whom after him it pleased thus to begin:

2. "This man has need (and does not tell you so,
Nor with the voice, nor even in his thought)

[1] **Life**, here used in the sense of spirit.

[2] **Thomas**, St. Thomas Aquinas, whom the poet describes as accompanying himself and Beatrice through some of the heavens.

Of going to the rōōt of one truth mōre.
Declare unto him if the light wherewith
Blossoms your substance shall remain with you
Eternally the same that it is now;
And if it do remain, say in what manner,
After ye are again made visible,
It can be that it injures not your sight."

3. As by a greater gladness urged and drawn
They who are dăncing in a ring sometimes
Uplift their voices and their motions quicken;
So, at that orison [1] devout and prompt,
The holy circles a new joy displayed
In their revolving and their wondrous song.
Whoso lamenteth him that here we die
That we may live above, has never there
Seen the refreshment of the eternal rain.

4. The One and Two and Three [2] who ever liveth,
And reigneth ever in Three and Two and One,
Not circumscribed and all things circumscribing,
Three several times was chănted by each one
Among those spirits, with such melody
That for all merit it were just reward;
And, in the luster most dĭvīne of all
The lesser ring, I hĕard a modest voice,
Such as perhaps the Angel's was to Mary,
Answer:

5. "As long as the festivity
Of Paradise shall be, so long our love
Shall radiate round about us such a vesture.
Its brightness is proportioned [3] to the ardor,

[1] **Or'i son**, a prayer or supplication.

[2] **The One and Two and Three**, the Holy Trinity.

[3] **Its brightness is proportioned**, that is, the glory of the saints in heaven varies in proportion to the ardor with which they love God, and this ardor is measured by the clearness of their vision of God, which vision, again, is proportioned to the merits they acquired on earth. But after the resurrection, "when, glorious and sanctified, our flesh is reassumed," their glory will be still more enhanced, for then will increase whatever amount of the light of glory is freely bestowed

The ardor to the vision; and the vision
Equals what grace it has above its worth.
When, glōrious and sanctified, our flesh
Is reassumed, then shall our persons be
More pleasing by their being all complete;
For will increase whate'er bestows on us
Of light gratuitous the Good Supreme,
Light which enables us to look on Him;
Thĕrefōre the vision must perforce increase,
Increase the ardor which from that is kindled,
Increase the radiance which from this proceeds.
But even as a coal that sends forth flame,
And by its vivid whiteness overpowers it
So that its own appearance it maintains,
Thus the effulgence that surrounds us now
Shall be o'erpowered in aspect by the flesh,
Which still to-day the earth dŏth cover up;
Nor can so great a splendor weary us,
For strŏng will be the organs of the body
To every thing which hath the power to please us."

6. So sudden and alert appeared to me
Bŏth one and the other choir to say Amen,
That well they showed desire for their dead bodies;
Nor sole for them perhaps, but for the mothers,
The fathers, and the rest who had been dear
Or ever they became eternal flames.
And lo! all round about of equal brightness
Arose a lustre over what was there,
Like an horizon that is clearing up.
And as at rise of early eve begin
Along the welkin [1] new appearances
So that the sight seems real and unreal,
It seemed to me that new subsistences
Began there to be seen, and make a circle
Outside the other two circumferences.

upon each by God, "the Good Supreme." Still, the body itself, reunited to its soul, will be so strengthened that "so great a splendor" will not weary it.

[1] **Wĕl'kin**, the vault of heaven.

O vĕry sparkling of the Holy Spirit,
How sudden and incandescent [1] it became
Unto mine eyes, that vanquished bōre it not!
But Beatrice so beautiful and smiling
Appeared to me, that with the other sights
That followed not my memory I must leave her.
Then to uplift themselves mine eyes resumed
The power, and I beheld myself translated
To higher salvation with my Lady ōnly.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, perhaps the greatest uninspired poet of the world, was born in Florence, May 14, 1265, and died in Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. His chief work, the *Divina Commedia*, was written at various intervals during the last nineteen years of his life. The literal subject of this poem is described by its author as "the state of the soul after death simply considered. But if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders himself liable to the reward or the punishment of justice." It is divided into three parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Each of these parts consists of thirty-three cantos, in allusion to the years of our Lord's life upon earth; for although there are thirty-four cantos in the Hell, the first is merely introductory. This poem has been the subject of study, comment, and unstinted admiration in every age since its production. Between the invention of printing in 1436 and the year 1500, twenty editions of the *Divina Commedia* were published in Italy. The first translation was into Spanish, and was made in 1428. The first complete English translation was made by Boyd in 1802. Cary's version was published in 1814; Longfellow's between 1867 and 1870. There are also separate translations of the *Inferno*, or Hell; Dr. T. W. Parsons of Boston having issued an excellent one in 1867.

[1] **In can dĕs'cent**, to become of a glittering whiteness.

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To higher salvation with my Lady ōnly.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, perhaps the greatest uninspired poet of the world, was born in Florence, May 14, 1265, and died in Ravenna, Sept. 14, 1321. His chief work, the *Divina Commedia*, was written at various intervals during the last nineteen years of his life. The literal subject of this poem is described by its author as "the state of the soul after death simply considered. But if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders himself liable to the reward or the punishment of justice." It is divided into three parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Each of these parts consists of thirty-three cantos, in allusion to the years of our Lord's life upon earth; for although there are thirty-four cantos in the Hell, the first is merely introductory. This poem has been the subject of study, comment, and unstinted admiration in every age since its production. Between the invention of printing in 1436 and the year 1500, twenty editions of the *Divina Commedia* were published in Italy. The first translation was into Spanish, and was made in 1428. The first complete English translation was made by Boyd in 1802. Cary's version was published in 1814; Longfellow's between 1867 and 1870. There are also separate translations of the *Inferno*, or Hell; Dr. T. W. Parsons of Boston having issued an excellent one in 1867.

[1] **In can dĕs'cent**, to become of a glittering whiteness.

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SANDERS
EXCELSIOR
SERIES