

YVES' PENANCE.

TEN LIVES FOR ONE.

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

"You may spare your sermon, M. le Curé. The long and short of the matter is this: Armelle is not of age, and I am her father. She either marries Yves Patriarcho or comes back to me."

"Daniel, be merciful. Yves is a bad fellow, and Aubin and Armelle love one another. Have you never loved anyone yourself—not your mother, nor Annette?"

"No," thundered the miserable man; "my mother cursed me, and Annette—"
"Forgave you?"

"All I know is this: I want wine and I want money. Yves will pay Macheouil and secure my credit. There!" and he turned his back on the priest and went into the house.

Very slowly and sadly the Abbe Kerdrec returned to the presbytery. As he passed the Mayor's house, he saw him at the window, and the thought struck him that he would ask his advice. He told the whole story to the worthy man, who reflected for a minute, and then said:
"Don't despair yet, M. l'Abbe. Daniel's bad life is notorious. If Annette's death had been inquired into closely, things would have looked ugly for him, but nothing was said for the child's sake. Now, however, we can put a spoke in his wheel. We can't force him to give his daughter to Aubin; but neither can he force her to marry Yves. There remains the question of his threat to take Armelle back. That's not to be thought of—here we step in. That innocent child shall not live with La Gervaise; the law will not help Daniel there. We deprive him of his paternal rights, hold a meeting, and make Patriarcho Armelle's guardian. She lives at the farm till she is twenty-one, and then marries Aubin."

On his way home the Abbe Kerdrec met poor Aubin, told him the sad story, and consoled him as best he could. He shrank from letting him know that his brother was his rival; and he advised him to go to the farm and say nothing of all this trouble.

Patriarcho was full of glee; he whistled as he walked, raised Pierrot's wages, gave Baptiste a pair of shoes, and Joseph a neckerchief; Louison was presented with two jackets of russet cloth, and every beggar who came to the door received a hunch of bread and a mug of cider.

Meanwhile, Daniel was on his way to the farm. Jean Patriarcho was in the garden; the straw-cutter went up to him and said that it was his intention to take his daughter back.

"Your reasons?" asked the farmer.

"I have no reasons to give; she is my daughter, and I have the law on my side."

"And I have all honest men on mine; so, until you are armed with a legal authority, I forbid you to enter my house."

Daniel went straight to M. Gorju, the mayor, who told him that the life he was leading deprived him of his natural rights, and that his daughter was perfectly justified in refusing to live with him. The man was furious; he entered Macheouil's tavern, where he found Yves, whom he told of Aubin's proposal to Armelle, and of his own interview with M. Gorju. Yves remained lost in thought for some time when he said:
"You must marry La Gervaise."
"Anything but that."
"Send her away then."
"I dare not; she would kill me."
"Look here; I will give you four thousand francs instead of three the day you and you can take away Arday."

"Linger over the hateful gutterably base that they felt ashamed upon as possible. Yves' bans were the Abbe Kerdrec but he had Gervaise, for them straight prevent claim were and the of her ing of and the mid-day had when the straw-cutter entered.

Armelie trembled, Yves turned livid. Patriarcho remained calm and dignified. "What do you want here?" he asked.

"I want to speak to you elsewhere," said Daniel. "Let us go into that room—is it not there that family affairs are arranged?"

The farmer and his wife entered the inner room. Jean signed to Armelle to follow.

"The matter is this," said the straw-cutter, "both your sons have asked my daughter's hand. I refuse it to Aubin; I give it to Yves."

"I shall not permit Yves to marry Armelle," answered the farmer; "he is not worthy of her."

"And I refuse my consent to her marriage with Aubin. The child is under age, and I am come to take her with me."

The poor girl fell on her knees, weeping convulsively.

"You are doing a wicked thing," said Patriarcho. "You have never thought about your daughter till now, and you mean to break her heart. But I know her well: she would die rather than murmur, die—like her mother—with a prayer on her lips, and forgiveness in her eyes. I will take her myself to your house; but you must give her time for her tears and farewells; and now go, Daniel."

The straw-cutter obeyed in silence. Then poor Armelle abandoned herself to an agony of grief. In heartrending accents she implored Marthe not to send her away to La Gervaise—to the house where her mother had died of misery. Patriarcho raised her tenderly. "My daughter, he said, 'my heart's own child, do not give way so terribly. When the rain falls the sun raises it again. God and His angels will be with you. There is an end to everything on earth. You will be eighteen in August, then there will be three years to wait. Take courage; they will soon pass. And there will be the Sundays—you shall always have your old place on the old bench."

"O how good you are! It is a heavy cross; but I am a Christian, and my father—"

Patriarcho took her in his arms: "My poor daughter, we shall suffer with you; remember that; now dry your eyes. We will go together to the field where Pierrot hid you in the sheaf, and then to your mother's tomb to ask her to bless and watch over you."

As they passed into the hall, he called to Aubin to come with them. Yves rose to follow but he dared not disobey the glance and gesture with which his father stopped him. The parents signed to Aubin and Armelle to walk on together; it was a very sad walk for them both, but Armelle was the braver of the two. When Aubin sobbed uncontrollably as they knelt by Annette's grave, the girl said: "Listen to me, Aubin, and do not make the trouble harder for me; it is like death to me to leave the farm; but I have tried to look up to the Cross, and our Lord's Sacred Wounds. We will be true to each other, and wait. And O, Aubin, you will have Marthe; but I shall have no one. Don't make me weaker than I am; remember, the first thing is to do our duty everywhere, always, and before all things."

Then she bent across the grave towards him, and said in a low voice: "There is another sorrow in store for you. Remember one thing; whatever happens, however hard, however terrible, you must forgive—God commands you to do so, and I entreat you."

"Armelle, what do you mean?"

"I can say no more; remember my words when you are tempted to revenge."

Then she laid her hand on his forehead, as though she blessed him; and without another word left the churchyard, holding Jean's arm. When she reached Daniel's gate Armelle gave one long embrace to him and his wife, and went in; while they returned to the farm, silent and heartbroken. Armelle laid her little bundle on a stool, and said good evening to her father. Presently she asked where was she to sleep. In Blanche's stable. Blanche was the goat which had been her nurse. She undid her bundle, took out some sheets, went to the stable, made an impromptu broom of some bunches of heath that lay about, swept the place, arranged a straw bed, covered it with her sheet, and went back to the house without a trace of ill-temper.

She had to do everything; her step-mother spent her time gossiping in the village, whilst Armelle washed, cooked, and cleaned the house, with the utmost diligence and care. Only, when Sunday came, no matter what orders were given to her, she went to Mass. Her place was always kept by Marthe. After Mass she went to Annette's grave. A black cross marked it now, and at the foot, every Sunday, she found fresh flowers which Aubin had laid there during the night. And so they days went by, and every Sunday told that another week had gone. After a time, Armelle was forbidden by her father to join the Patriarcho family at Mass; she saw them at church, and that was all. Her chief comfort was her old

friend Chateaufort; she persisted in coming to see Armelle in spite of the rudeness and insolence of La Gervaise; she brought her loving messages from Marthe and tried to cheer her as much as possible.

Yves became more gloomy and irritable as the time of Armelle's majority approached—sometimes he was half mad, and felt ready to crush her under his feet. Her father, too, was furious with her; he had conquered Annette, but it seemed as if he could not conquer her daughter. He had insulted, beaten her—all in vain.

Never once had Yves dared to speak to his brother of the rivalry between them; he felt that everything was in Aubin's favor—his high character, his parents' affection, Armelle's love; while he himself had nothing but her unnatural father's favor. And his heart told him that Armelle would never yield.

CHAPTER V.
TEN LIVES FOR ONE.

One evening the two brothers walked together to a neighboring village; their father wanted a tool repaired at the ploughwright's, and a new knife bought. It was a sweet soft evening; only every now and then heavy masses of cloud hid the moon. Aubin's step was light, his heart glad; for in a few months Armelle would be free, and his wife.

"There's no need to hurry so," said Yves; "it's a fine night."

Aubin slackened his pace. Then they began talking of the old tailor who was making a wedding suit for a neighbor of theirs, of another neighbor who had taken a farm, of the fair which was just over, of the crops, and the village girls.

"The rose of Saint Aubin du Cormaier is in no hurry to marry, it seems."

"Time enough," answered Aubin.

"You think so, do you?"

"Certainly I do."

"She has a reason for waiting, perhaps?"

Aubin made no answer.

The spade was set to rights, the knife bought, and the brothers left the shop.

"It seems strange for us to be walking together; it does not happen often," said Yves.

"Whose fault is that? I heartily wish we were more together. I have always loved you, Yves, in spite of everything."

"As much as Labrie or Louison?"

"Yes, you are not just; you know very well that you have estranged yourself from us without reason."
(To be continued.)

THE FORTHCOMING ENCYCICAL
Kind Words About the Pope from the Pen of a Protestant.

The following kind words regarding the Holy Father's forthcoming encyclical of the Social problem is taken from "The Churchman":

For a year past it has been known that the Pope is preparing an encyclical letter which is meant to be the great work of his personal and of official life. He has been requested to do it by eminent prelates of different countries, and not least influentially by Americans. For many months he has been gathering information from students of social science and consulting eminent theologians. He is a careful writer, and commits nothing to cold type until it has been touched and retouched and assumes a form which he considers perfect. When his encyclical is issued, which is now expected to be about Easter, it will lack nothing that long study and careful elaboration can give it.

It is no doubt for the purpose of preparing the public mind for what it may expect, that advices are being sent from Rome giving some hints of the contents of the forthcoming encyclical. It is said that it will deal with the general principles upon which social economy is founded, and will set forth the dominant idea "of distributive justice" which ought to regulate the intercourse of men and the spread of wealth. It will condemn "capitalism" as now organized, and advocate a more equitable distribution of wealth, and it will further maintain the duty of the State to intervene within certain limits for the assertion and maintenance of "distributive justice." This important document will be awaited with profound interest by all sorts and conditions of men within and without the Roman Church.

ANCIENT AMERICAN POTTERY.
An Interesting Lecture by Chevalier Reynolds at the Catholic University.

At the Catholic University in Washington, Chevalier Elmer E. Reynolds delivered an interesting lecture on "Aboriginal Pottery and Its Manufacture." Upon the subject of "American pottery" Dr. Reynolds said that the ancient forms of Mexican pottery were still reproduced by the aboriginal potteries of modern Anahuac. It was as all sizes and shapes. It was probably the very finest ever made by a purely aboriginal people. Its strength and durability were so unusual, and likewise so characteristic, that all modern writers united in calling it

"DARKEST ENGLAND."

Cardinal Manning on the Scheme of General Booth.

The Great Ecclesiastic Reviews the Enterprise from the Standpoint of a Work of Human Benevolence—Nothing to Say About it as a Religious Movement.

If you ask me how I regard General Booth's enterprise described in "Darkest England," I answer by asking, do you mean as a religious movement, or as a work of simple humanity? If you mean as a religious movement I have nothing to say, and have no duty, here and now, to sit in judgment upon it. If you mean what do I think of it as a work of human benevolence I will try to answer.

General Booth's project, as I understand it from his book and public declarations, is as follows:

1. It is separate altogether from the religious action of the Salvation Army.
2. It is directed to the finding and raising the lost, the worthless, the vicious, and the criminal, for whom at this moment no legal provision exists, and no voluntary efforts are adequate.
3. It will be administered by the organization of the Salvation Army, not as religious ministers, but as agents and officers.
4. It will adhere strictly to the law. "If any man will not work neither let him eat." Food on the condition of work will be the inflexible rule for all who are capable of work.

The effort thus defined appears to me worthy of sympathy and support.

1.—First, because it is a work of what is called "corporal mercy," distinct from all spiritual works. It is directed to the relief of the natural needs of man by giving food, clothing, housing, instruction in work and skill, by which bread may be earned. These needs are universal. They have no respect of persons, or characters, or creeds. They must be met by us under pain of sin, for we shall have to answer at the last day for the hungry we have not fed, the naked we have not clothed, and the homeless we have not housed.

2.—There are at this time three agencies for the relief of the poor. The first is the Poor law, the administration of which is at this day narrowed to the relief of those who are willing to go into the workhouse; the amount of relief given outside of the house is little or none. The Poor Law of Elizabeth was larger in its scope. It provided for two classes: first for the aged and impotent who cannot work, secondly for the able-bodied who could find no work, that is for the unemployed. It also explicitly aimed at preventing crime and reclaiming the criminal. This large and wide scope reflected the mind of England down to that date. It embodied the natural law that the poor have a right to relief, either by way of work or of food. The very name of workhouse is witness of this natural law. This scope of the Poor law is now narrowed to the support of those who either have no home, or are willing to break it up and to come as paupers into the workhouse. The Poor law, therefore, does not touch the hundreds of thousands who had rather starve than break up their home and go into the workhouse.

The second agency is the Charity Organization Society. It does great good to many worth cases. But it avowedly rejects the unworthy. It is precisely the unworthy that General Booth aims at. This second agency is therefore by its own limitations inadequate.

The third agency for the relief of the poor is the vast amount of alms given every year by private hands. Under this head may be classed the parochial system of the Church of England, its clergy, and a large body of its charitable laity. Without a doubt much is done by the zeal and self-denial of those who live in the midst of the suffering people of the East End of London. But they would be the first to acknowledge that all their efforts fall short of the relief of the sufferings by which they are surrounded. This, again, though a very valuable agency, is visibly inadequate.

Next come the various ministers of religion, and a number of charities under the care of laymen, such as refuges, shelters, asylums, and the like. No men know better than they how vast a desolation of human misery there still remains beyond their reach.

We need not dwell upon the generous aims-giving of individuals, for great as it is it does not cover the wilderness of human want which lies beyond the limits of all who are striving to help their fellow creatures.

In London alone there are hundreds of thousands to whose miseries all these agencies combined can never reach. When the Royal Commission on the "Housing of the Working Classes" were sitting, efforts were made, without success, to calculate the number of families and persons crowded in dwellings unfit for human life. It was thought to be at least a million. Gen. Booth also believes the destitute population of London to be about a million. Be this as it may, all the agencies now at work with

all their numberless and excellent institutions, are inadequate to cover the vast field of want and misery and crime that exists in London; and not only exists, but is multiplying beyond our reach.

3.—This being so, who that cares for human misery and human ruin can forbid others to do what they cannot do themselves? General Booth has at his command a vast organization of devoted men and women ready to go and wade in the midst of this dead sea of human suffering. And it is only by human sympathy and human voices appealing, face to face, with these outcast and ruined souls that they can be won back again to human life and to the peace of God. If General Booth can gather under human influence and guidance those whom all our other agencies for good have not yet reached, who shall forbid him? If his zeal shall rebuke the indolence of some, and shall restore those whom others have rejected, and recall to order and rectitude those who have been passed by as hopeless and worthless, it is a salutary lesson to be thankfully learned. If sheep are lost it is the shepherd's fault. He may have been sleeping or dreaming in a fool's paradise, or sounding his pastoral music in a refined life of blameless morality without a shadow of the cross; or to come nearest to the reality he may have inherited a work which the neglect of his forefathers has put beyond his reach. How could East London have ever existed if authorities—religions, civil, municipal, parochial, social, domestic and personal—had not been asleep, or, if awake, culpably neglectful of duty? If General Booth can reclaim this no man's land where the name of God is unknown, will we wish him in reward the fullness of all grace and truth.

Lastly, Gen. Booth's work is both like and unlike all that has hitherto been attempted. It is irrelevant to point out how much has been already done, and is doing by others. But they have outdone all, and they cannot do all; and they have not the means to cover the whole instant and urgent need. In providing for those whom others cannot reach, he will not clash with any existing work. Moreover, he has a trained body of agents ready for the work. The man-power and woman-power of others is neither sufficient in numbers nor trained to a life of exceptional hardness. Let him try his hand, and if he fail let others do better. Above all it is intolerable to hinder Gen. Booth in feeding the starving and reclaiming the criminal of this day, because in the next generation a normal state of capital and labor may provide employment for posterity.

Again, it is a feeble criticism to say that in all his proposed work there is nothing new. Old needs can be met by old remedies; bread will stay hunger, clothing keep out the cold, and work earn wages. If the scale of the application be adequate the work is done. And for means to make these remedies adequate he is now appealing.

Lastly, we may hope that his effort will quicken the zeal of all who are now working for the same motives and for the same ends. Their hands are already full, and their means are always running out. If a good Providence did not work with them and for them they would soon be unable to go on. But help comes with the day. If they are not able to unite in the work of others, if the dictates of faith and conscience compel them to work alone on their own lines, or within their own spheres, they can nevertheless bid goodspeed to all who in good faith are toiling for at least the temporal good of our outcast people.

HENRY EDWARD,
Card. Archbishop.

A Pathetic Incident.

A friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly gives an account of a pathetic incident during their common captivity on board the prison ship, says the Ave Maria. It was Christmas Eve; still, except among the prisoners, no heart seemed to be stirred by the approach of the Nativity. The night wore on in silence, but at the first stroke of twelve a tuneful voice came from one in chains and floated out into the night. It was John Boyle O'Reilly singing the "Adeste Fideles," and his comrades were quick to join him. Solemnly the hallowed words rang out from the prisoners' throats in a great, swelling harmony; and more than one of the crew, instead of interfering, was seen to wipe away a furtive tear. The hymn was sung to its close, and the captives were strengthened in soul by their brave welcoming of the holy Christmas morning.

Good Friday Collections in 1890.

Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O. S. F. Commissary of the Holy Land, has just published a report of the collections taken up in the churches of the American diocese on Good Friday, 1890, for the preservation of the Holy Places in Palestine. The total amount received was \$32,056.25.

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