

that, as for himself, he had become a Benedict. "But," he added, "I suppose this is no news, for Milly has no doubt told you all about it."

Then John came home. He put by his disappointed feelings and came home for his dear mother's sake.

"Oh, John," said Milly, when they met, "I'm so glad you have come. I was afraid you might not think it so bad as it really is. And I have been so lonely sometimes, and frightened. But now—now it seems all right, and I feel as if I could rest."

"But Stephen," he asked, looking pityingly into her pale, tired face; "was he not a help and a comfort to you?"

"Stephen?" she said, inquiringly. "Stephen—oh, yes; he is always thoughtful, and so is his wife."

"His wife!" quickly echoed John.

"Yes, his wife. You knew he was married, didn't you? They are very happy. You remember, they were engaged last year, when you were at home."

"Are you sure there's no mistake, Milly?" asked John, like one in a dream.

"Mistake!" said Milly. "How!"

Then she smiled and said; "Wait till you see Mrs. Andrews. She's a dear little creature. She'll give you evidence for your eyes and ears that Stephen has not made a mistake."

When Milly came back from a visit to her patient she found John still buried in thought.

"What is it, brother? You don't look comfortable. Come with me, and I'll give you something to make you feel more at home."

And she took him over to the library, unlocked a drawer in one of the cases, and brought out his pipe.

"There—don't you recognise it?" she said, holding it up before him.

"My pipe!" exclaimed John. "How beautiful it is! How good of you, Milly! When did you have it done?"

John looked as pleased as a child over the restoration of a favourite toy.

"Do you like it? I had it done ages ago—nearly a year. It was for your birthday—now, don't you remember? And you were so wicked, and would go away before it was finished. Stephen had it done for me in Baltimore."

John was again plunged in deep meditation, and Milly filled the pipe; then, putting it in his mouth, she said, playfully:

"There, put all your thoughts in here and smoke them out," and she stood by and lighted it for him, as she had done so often in the past.

"This is delicious," he said, looking at her through the blue smoke. "Do you know, Milly, I don't think I shall ever go away again—that is, if I may stay at home and have you to light my pipe and make me happy."

"Have you read the inscription on the band, John?" she asked timidly, without looking up.

No, he had not; but he did so immediately—"United we stand."

"What about the rest of the motto, Milly—'Divided'?"

"Divided?" repeated Milly. "I don't know about divided, unless it is 'Divided, we fall away and get very thin,'" and she glanced at John's hollow cheeks.

Mrs. Morrison grew daily better after John's return; and in the autumn there was a pretty little wedding in the village church, and Stephen played the wedding march on the organ. John never went away to sea any more, for he found too much happiness in his love for Milly. And, reader, considering the excellent nature and magnitude of such happiness it is hardly worth our while to take into account the auxiliary comfort he derived from uninterrupted devotion to the rehabilitated "Meerschaum Pipe."

[THE END.]

## THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

(The Nation, December 31.)

THE basilica of St. Peter's at Rome is putting on once more an appearance of its old life. The grand ceremonial which it witnesses this week, and which specially signalises the last day of a year not marked by significant events, recalls the memories of those glories that have for a time departed from it; but of which the present may not unlikely presage the return. Not since the disastrous events of 1870 has Rome witnessed a spectacle so truly expressive of its own particular fame among the cities of the world. A generation of Romans has almost grown to manhood since the degradation and imprisonment of old Rome's King was accomplished by the Sardinian. The citizens of the Eternal City have been fed on the pageants of a mimic greatness incomparably inferior to that of which Rome was despoiled by the usurper. They will now, however, have an opportunity of understanding what a noble heritage the strange rulers have been endeavouring to destroy, by interfering with the authority of a Prince whose throne is the most ancient, and whose sway is the widest of any of the world's sovereigns, and they will learn the difference between Rome the capital of a Peninsula and Rome the centre of the Catholic world. The occasion is the celebration, with befitting solemnity, of the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo's sacerdotal ordination; and around no Pope more personally worthy of the honour or more truly fitted to express in his person and history the meaning of the august office, the duties of which he discharges with so much dignity, could the ceremonies centre. His career up to the time of his election to fill the Chair of Peter was that of a most trustworthy and most brilliant servant of the Vatican, and, at the same time, a most zealous pastor. As Provincial Administrator, as Papal Nuncio, and as Archbishop of Perugia, he showed his capacity to meet the varied demands of high ecclesiastical office, and his elevation to the Papacy was a most natural term to a long record of great services. Since his elevation he has more than fulfilled the promise of his earlier years; and the recovery which the last decade has seen in the

apparently ruined power of the Roman Pontiff is not a little due to the personal talent of Pope Leo himself. So remarkable has the recovery been, that the present celebration is as magnificent and of as real import as the celebration of the anniversary of any temporal power.

The sovereigns and sovereign peoples of almost every land will be represented there. The Emperor of Germany and the Queen of England, the heads of that Teutonic race which was supposed to have not alone separated itself for ever from both the spiritual and the temporal influence of Rome, but to have raised itself in everlasting enmity to it, will both be present by deputy. Austria and Spain, among the faithless faithful, will not alone be represented by the delegates of the Courts, but by embassies of the Catholic peoples. The President of the Great Republic of the West, in the healthy heart of which Ireland has planted the fruitful seed of its faith, will testify by his own hand to the reverence with which a great democracy regards a sovereign who is the embodiment of moral law alone. And from the Southern half of the American Continent will come messages even more spontaneous, if not more significant, the expression of the sympathy of the young republics of the South. Even the son of Victor Emmanuel will be there to do, willingly or unwillingly, necessary homage to the sovereign in whose plundered palace he keeps his Court. Neither princes nor peoples are holding back their reverence from the successor of Pius IX., whose claim to a sovereignty, his by immemorial enjoyment and acknowledgment, the world almost treated as a joke. Pope Leo is king of no territory, commander of no armed forces. He has neither the wealth to purchase homage, nor the strength to enforce it. He can give no return for all this sympathy and homage. He is the mere treasurer of a moral tradition, the head of a spiritual kingdom. His office is to interpret the one truly, and to rule the other as independently as may be, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The letter of the Divine law cannot be changed to suit the presumptions of either the monarchs or their subjects. The Church organisation has but one law; it cannot be made to serve two. Yet here we have the Statesman and the States whose armies are counted by millions, whose State maxims are the codification of the doctrine of force, whose years are spent in intrigue, greedy of expansion, and only coerced into right-doing by the spectacle or the experience of equal or greater force opposed to their own, coming to this landless, unarmed, penniless, king with testimonials of respect such as they lavish on the most puissant of sovereigns.

What is the meaning of this? Have the great Powers of Europe begun to mistrust their armed millions? Have they discovered at last the truth that, not alone does might not make right, but that there is a might in right sufficiently coercive in itself to make it prevail? Is there no security in physical force unless there be moral force behind it? We can find no other meaning in this display of homage to a physically powerless monarchy, whose only claim on the world is as much of its power as will leave him free to discharge the Divine mission, unthreatened and unawed. The nations pressed down by the oppressive burthen of armed battalions which the modern faith in force has made their only security, and kept ever in unrest by the dreadful expectation of the day which shall summon these hosts to their brute work, turn with a natural eagerness to the one sovereign on earth, who, to justify all his claims, and to arraign all his wrongs, appeals to one code, the law which God proclaimed to his people. There would be hope for a reign of peace if this homage were rendered freely and from the heart, without any *arrière pensee*. We fear, however, that in more than one instance the spirit of the diplomatic gambler is mixed with the spirit of respect for a spiritual sovereignty. Not all this homage is rendered as freely as that of the President of the Republic of the United States, or that of the popular assemblies of the young Republics of Ecuador and Columbia. We fear that more than one statesman who has found the rights of nations and of peoples fragile things, may be under the delusion that the moral law which Pope Leo preaches is flexible to his needs, and that he can purchase the influence of it by a lip service and a knee worship. If that be so, he is destined to a rude awakening. That law can buttress no tyranny and consecrate no wrong. The tyrant and the wrongdoer, wherever he arises or whatsoever he deserves, can expect nothing from Catholicity but its enmity and its curse. Nevertheless, even if a large proportion of those who are bent in reverence to Pope Leo are rendering him a homage which is the reverse of honest, the necessity that compels them there will remain. Should they lift themselves once more in enmity against the authority which they must find to be both unpurchaseable and not to be terrified, it will still be a consolation to people who yet dream of the rule of right, that the hypocrites will not thereby escape the force that has brought them in all their strength to the Court of Pope Leo. To the peoples who in their complete freedom and out of no selfishness have sent their message of sympathy to the prisoner of the Vatican, he can wish no greater blessing than that they may be always as free to pay untainted and untarnished respect to the Vicar of Christ.

King Humbert of Italy, one day, in speaking of the best form of monarchy, said: "Gentlemen, the best of all monarchies is the one where the king is felt everywhere without being observed." "And the best form of a Republic?" asked a certain ambassador. "It is that one," was the reply "where, as in America, the genius of the people has so deeply penetrated every fibre of the social fabric, that no place remains for a king."

One of the chief difficulties experienced by missionaries among the Indians is the want of books. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., turned his talents to the supplying of this want, and after 25 years' labour, with no materials but the sounds of the words as he had heard them spoken, he composed the first dictionary and grammar of the Cree language. The same zealous missionary is now at Manitoba, preparing a dictionary of the Blackfoot dialect, — *Ave Maria*.

The other day five leading Indians of the Cosur d'Alena tribe left Spokane for their reservation with the latest improved threshing machine and a handsome buggy. Each has seventy acres of grain which by this time is harvested, and they were well dressed, and drove well-fed ponies. It is said that most of the tribe are thus prosperous.