

## A SEQUEL TO THE DREAM.

JOHN O'CONNELL having read in the TABLET the reverie of Pat O'Dwyer thinks that he, too, could dream. Accordingly he sits down and thus addresses his youthful schoolmate, Charlie O'Malley:—

South Dunedin, May 14, 1895.

Dear Charlie,—Last Saturday being a free-day with me, I went out for a ramble towards the Taieri Plain. I was accompanied by Tom Maguire, Frank Byrne and Ned Burke, three of as gay and sprightly lads as you could wish to have for a day's outing. When we got out a little beyond the Silver Stream we took to the bush to hunt rabbits, and as Tom and Frank had each a good dog with him, we were not long in finding plenty of sport. We ran and chased, chased and ran, leaping over fallen trees, tumbling over broken branches, until we were breathless. Tom and Frank then called up the dogs and down we all sat to have a little rest and take a mouthful or two of lunch, which we much needed, as we were by this time tired and hungry.

Having satisfied the cravings of the inner man, we kept chatting together for some time, when suddenly a fine large hare started up out of a clump of brushwood not far from where we sat. The two dogs immediately gave chase, and up we all jumped to follow them. We had not run many yards when I found one of my legs quite stiff and so I was unable to keep pace with my companions. I called out to them to go ahead with the dogs and that I would wait their return under the tree. Whether they heard me or not I could not say, but on they went at a break-neck pace, which, to me with my stiff leg, seemed quite astounding. I returned to the tree, stretched myself at full length on the grass, put Tom's overcoat under my head, threw my own over my legs, and was very soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

The body was tired enough with the long walk and all the running I had, but the mind in one way at least, seemed as active as ever. Off I sped in the realms of fancy over many fair regions bright with the tropical sunshine, decorated with the gayest foliage, adorned with the loveliest of Nature's flowers, and enriched with a profusion of the choicest fruits. Everything seemed charming. The birds themselves that inhabited this fairy-like scene of loveliness appeared as if enchanted with its beauties, and poured forth joyfully their most melodious strains as if in their own humble way they were thus returning thanks to their bountiful Creator. For hours together I sat, and looked, and listened; now delighted with the flowers, now pleased with the balmy odour of the air, and now charmed with the soft sweet music of the birds. The vantage ground on which I had taken my station commanded a view of the beautiful forest lying near, and of a fine expanse of country that stretched for many miles beyond. I kept gazing in wonder on all that lay before me trying to make out in detail the various excellencies of all that met my eye, when suddenly I perceived something which had at first quite escaped my observation. In the centre of the open plain a number of white-winged angels were arranging a lofty throne covered with purple and adorned with gold and diamonds. The tapestry and richly-embroidered hangings that surrounded the throne far surpassed in beauty and magnificence anything that could be seen in the palaces of earthly royalty. When everything about the throne had been fully arranged in the most admirable order, I saw, descending from the skies and taking her seat thereon, a queen of peerless beauty. She was greeted by the angels with hymns of sweetest praise, accompanied by strains of heavenly music. Indeed, such was her majesty that no one could behold her without feelings of reverential awe, whilst the tender love and pity that beamed forth from her eyes would fill the heart with devotion and confidence.

When the concert of celestial music that greeted the arrival of this fair queen had ceased, I saw trooping in crowds from all parts of the forest a number of bears, wolves, lions, and tigers, and all these made up in admirable order to the foot of the grand throne. They crouched down quietly when they approached the queen, and she, with a most benignant smile, opened wide her mantle, extending it so as to cover them all. What the whole thing meant was to me a complete mystery. Suddenly turning I noticed an angel standing on my right, and from his kind look and gracious manner, I thought he would not be offended if I asked him for an explanation of the wonderful scene I had just witnessed on the plain. Accordingly, I did so, and he seemed quite pleased that I had put the question to him. "I am," said he, "your angel-guardian. Over you I watch with loving care night and day. Nothing that concerns your happiness and welfare can fail to be of interest to me. I shall, therefore, unfold to you the meaning of the wonderful sight you have just seen. The Celestial being that you saw seated on the throne is none other than the Queen of Angels, the august Mother of God. The dense forest around the plain signifies the world where men, alas! try to conceal themselves from God, their Father, as did their first parents in the shades of Eden. The heavenly music that broke upon your ear represented the sweet calls of God's grace, with which, ever and anon, he seeks the poor sinner. The bears, lions, and tigers that you saw crowding forth in numbers were those poor sinners who

heard and obeyed the voice of God speaking to their hearts, and who went in numbers to Mary's throne beseeching her to shelter them from the wrath of God and obtain the pardon of their sins.

(To be concluded.)

## MGR. SATOLLI ON THE POPE.

THE Pontificate of Pope Leo must now be numbered among the longest in the history of the Church, and has been marked each year by some luminous act of profound wisdom and untiring solicitude for the good, not only of Catholicity, but of mankind at large.

No one in modern times has understood better than Pope Leo the needs of society in all branches of knowledge and fields of action.

It would seem as if, from the time when he succeeded Pope Pius, he had formed a grand plan, in which he took cognizance of all the needs of humanity and determined on the provisions he would make for those needs during the whole course of his Pontificate.

We can best distinguish this design of the Pope in three particular directions:—

Firstly, in the Holy Father's ardent zeal for the development of studies.

Secondly, in the continued interest which he has shown in social science.

And thirdly, in his untiring efforts to bring peace into the Christian countries by the spread of civilisation, the teaching of religion and the promotion of concord between Church and State.

With regard to studies, Pope Leo has already reared a monument of imperishable fame by the successive acts of his Pontificate.

Early in his reign he turned his attention to the encouragement of the study of classical literature, of philosophy and the natural sciences, of theology and the various branches of sacred sciences, such as Biblical knowledge and ecclesiastical history, and of judicial sciences, especially of Roman law and comparative civil law.

To accomplish his aim he founded new chairs and new institutions in Rome for those various departments of literary and encyclopaedic knowledge, and called to his assistance some of the most eminent and learned professors.

With regard to sociology, it is another of the Holy Father's glories that at this latter end of the nineteenth century his encyclicals are regarded as so many admirable parts of a grand doctrinal system, comprehensive and universal, embracing all social sciences, beginning with the fundamental theorems of natural law and going on to the consideration of the political constitution of States and of every economic question.

The whole world knows how well the Pope's encyclicals have carried out his plan, and how, for this reason, they have their own peculiar character by which they are distinguished from the pontifical utterances of other Popes, even those of his immediate predecessor, Pius IX.

Turning again to his policy of pacification, the ecclesiastical history of his pontificate, the civil history of Europe, the universal history of the human race will in the future have to give up pages of the highest praise to Leo XIII.

Germany, Belgium, France and Spain profess their boundless gratitude for the peace-giving interventions of Leo XIII, in many grave and critical emergencies, and for acts which have been of the greatest moment to those nations.

Asia, too, and Africa will be found joining in the chorus and lauding Leo, who so often and so resolutely laboured to reawaken those old and fossilized portions of the earth to a new life of Christian civilisation.

Nor will America throughout its length and breadth withhold its tribute of loyal and generous esteem, veneration and gratitude to Pope Leo for those acts of his pontificate which have at various times been promulgated, and by which he has shown his confidence and hope in the grand future of this mighty nation.

During the memorable seventeen years of his pontifical rule nothing has been more remarkable or plain than the incessant growth of his benignant moral influence.

To-day the Holy Father's words are listened to with deference by every court, by every government, by every people.

On every question touching universal human interest his counsel is sought eagerly and welcomed gratefully.

Despite, then, all the adverse trend of mundane circumstances, despite the loss of the external symbols of its high authority, the Papacy has gained in power and splendour since the accession of the present glorious Pontiff. As Macaulay says in one of his most noble essays:

"The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour."

FR. ARCHP. SATOLLI,  
Deleg. Apost.

Washington, March 2, 1895.