

tive influence. Whitehaven, however, we had hoped to see won. It is somewhat of an eccentric constituency, for the majority of 1886 was smaller than the Tory majority of 1885. The majority in the former year was 211; in the latter it was only 116. Now it is 233, or 12 more than in 1885. For once we agree with the *Freeman's Journal*, which says of the result: "Possibly, if we had had a united party, and if the independent alliance of Nationalists and Liberals had been preserved, we might have made an impression upon the constituency. It is just remotely possible; we might. So much was done in that way during the bye-elections which preceded the split in the Irish ranks, that it is not going too far to assume that even the torpidity of staid and stolid Whitehaven would have bent to it." Is our contemporary at last becoming conscious of the evil that has flown from Mr Parnell's adultery, and his attack on the alliance between the two democracies?

Ireland will know how to resent the insult sought to be put upon the Archbishop of Cashel in his own home by the miserable clique whom Mr Parnell has befooled. When one compares the characters and records of the two men, we wonder what spirit has possessed itself of those who would outrage the former for the glorification of the adulterer. The Irish race will sympathise with the patriot prelate, and we have not a doubt that in Greater Ireland no deed of Parnellism will provoke such indignation as this. "Ten years ago, while making my annual visitation," said his Grace, "I was carried in more than regal triumph from one end of this great diocese to the other, cheered to the echo as I went along by the voice, and sustained by the encouragement and approval of a united people. Have I changed in any substantial way since then? Have I dishonoured my high office? Have I done anything unworthy of Tipperary? Have I abjured the aspirations of my youth, or repudiated the principles of my maturer years? Have I besought for place or endowment for myself or others? Have I profited in any respect by the agitation of which I have been a conspicuous, as well as consistent, and fearless supporter? Have I grown cold towards my countrymen, or taken to my heart their enemies and revilers? Have I ever refused to grasp the hand of an honest friend, or to open my purse to those that were in need? No; I have done none of these things. I am still what, long years ago, I was described to be, unchanged and unchangeable, unchanged as truth itself, and unchangeable as the Rock from which, as your Archbishop, I proudly take my title." Would to heaven that the hero of the Parnellite mob were as unchangeable as this. Then we would be spared the scandals which are gradually substituting for the sympathy which the civilised world feels for a noble cause a measureless contempt for the deceit which has broken the National ranks, and the stupidity that has been gulled by the deceiver.

### A HERO'S ACT OF FAITH.

(By WILFRID WILBEFORCE).

\* The facts of the following narrative were related to the writer by Mons. Henri La Serre, the late Vice-President of the Ecole Internationale, an intimate friend of M. l'Abbe Guillemont.

THE storm of war had just abated. The peace which deprived France of her two provinces was signed, and the troops of Germany had once more turned their faces eastward, to enjoy the welcome which awaited them across the Rhine.

The town of St. Germain-en-Laye, lately the fashionable suburb where Parisians of the Second Empire found the brightness and gaiety which they loved in the capital, together with the pure air of the country, was now silent and oppressed with gloom.

The war, indeed, was over. No more was the silent darkness of the night made noisy and brilliant by the canon of Mont Valerien. No longer did the *revet* awaken a hostile garrison to carry on the bitter struggle. No longer did proclamations, signed by a foreign commander, appear on the boarding and blank walls of the town. But the horrors which war leaves in its train were present.

A terrible scourge of pestilence had fallen upon the place. A disease, as deadly as the German bayonet, and less merciful, had seized upon the unhappy town and held its helpless inhabitants in its grip.

The hospital was soon crammed with the sick and the dying.

A man might be walking on the Terrace healthy and strong on Monday, and the following Saturday would see him hastily consigned with maimed rites to a leper's grave. Husbands and fathers whom the war had spared were laid low by a war's ghastly aftermath, and the harvest of death, so abundant during the past winter, was still gathered in, in no gleaner's measure.

The hospital chaplain was old. His memory could recall many changes in this country. Monarchy, republic and empire had in turn come and gone. But his only politics were to turn the hearts of men to their Father and their God. In peaceful times his work at

the hospital was no sinecure. To be ready at any moment, day or night, to hasten to the bedside of the dying; to listen to the long untold tale of sin from the white lips of some man of whom the near approach of death had brought the desire of reconciliation with God; to comfort, in his closing hours, the Christian who had led a Christian's life; to fortify all for the last awful passage from time to eternity—such was the daily task of this devoted priest.

But now that the hospital—for so many months filled with the wounded, friend or foe—was once more crowded, this time with the victims of pestilence, the strength of the old chaplain was inadequate for the work; and the day came when the doctors warned him that a continuance of his labours would, before long, result in his death. "That must be as God wills," replied the old man simply. "My post is at the bedside of the sick. So long as I have strength to console them, to exhort them, to lift my hand over them in absolution, so long must I stay within call."

And so the days passed.

The Ecole Internationale had for some years been honourably known in the town. As its name implies, its pupils came from all parts of the world. Of this school there is no need to speak at length. For the purpose of this narrative it is only necessary to introduce the chaplain. He was young in years, but in sanctity he might well be called old. In a short space he had fulfilled a long time.

The characters ascribed to men usually differ according to the views and character of the speaker. In this case critics of all schools—Catholics Protestants, Atheists, Voltairians, Freethinkers, differing in all else, agreed when they spoke of M. l'Abbe Guillemont in describing him as a saint.

There was no one who, knowing this man, did not love him. His soul, pure as when it came from God, seemed to look out from his calm and steadfast eyes. "His face is like an angel's," was an expression often used about him. The poor, of course, were his warmest admirers, for it was among them that he spent the time that was not given to his duties as chaplain at the school. In the Ecole Internationale his classes were really enjoyed by the pupils. In the very rare art of catechism giving his skill was great. He accomplished the double difficulty of chaining the attention of the boys by interesting their minds and of leading them to God by touching their hearts.

The rich whom he edified, the poor whom he tended, the boys whom he taught, all loved and venerated the young priest.

In the midst of his labours M. Guillemont heard of the warning which the doctor had given to the hospital chaplain and the reply which the old man had made.

"He must have rest," said M. Guillemont to himself, "and I must take his place."

That very afternoon he called and offered his services. But the task of inducing the old chaplain to leave his field of labour was no easy one. At first he refused to listen to the proposal. But M. Guillemont was in earnest, and with all his eloquence he pleaded with his fellow priest to allow himself some rest, if only for the sake of being able, later on, to return to his work strengthened and refreshed. "You will not leave your patients uncared for. I am young and strong. While you are away, I promise to do all that in me lies to supply your place. At all hours of the day and night I will be at the call of the sick and dying, and, if it depends on me, God helping me, not one soul shall pass unabsolved to its Judge."

"I do not doubt your zeal," replied the old man, "and since indeed I feel myself to be all but worn out, I take it to be God's will that I should leave his vineyard for a time, seeing that He has sent so excellent a priest to take up my work. After to-morrow, then," he added, when the details of the change had been settled, "consider yourself the chaplain at the hospital instead of at the school, and may Our Lord bless and prosper your work."

Then two priests parted, never again to meet on earth.

As the epidemic was of an extremely contagious nature, it was impossible for one who had to spend several hours each day within the hospital to mix with the boys at the Ecole Internationale. M. Guillemont's duties at that institution had therefore to be regretfully resigned into other hands.

From what has been said above as to the character of this priest and of his mode of life, it will be readily understood that he was no stranger among the patients in the hospital. Sickness indeed spares neither rich nor poor; but in an epidemic it almost necessarily happens that the poor are chief sufferers; and the poor were M. Guillemont's dearest friends.

At no time surely is a friend more welcome than when he stands at our sick bed, and many a heart weighed down with the oppression and horror of this hideous disease, must have beat with something like hope when M. Guillemont's bright and holy face appeared in the hospital ward.

But there was one patient who received the chaplain's frequent visit with quite other feelings. His was one case too common, alas! a pious childhood followed by a life of indifference and sin. His faith, so long unfed by the grace of the sacraments and by prayer,