as people do in the presence of those who can wake no more:—

'In our own ground, Jacob,—by the church?'

'As you like.'

'And, Jacob—I must go always now, even if you say "No." But—promise me you won't make me miserable, if—if I try to do right. Say it now—here!'

'As you like,' said Jacob again. He stooped and kissed her; and, locking her hands behind his neck, she kissed his rough cheek passionately in return. Those two loved each other now far more than when first he put a ring on her hand. 'Poor little woman!' he said, stroking her hair tenderly. And henceforth it would have been agony to the wife even to think of a time when she might be in a lonely world without Jacob.

* * * * *

Norah's soul had been faithful so long that it had come very near to being like the soul of a little child. Her religion was her whole knowledge. The greatest Roman of the first century would have commended her; for he said in his Epistles that nothing else was worth knowing. She had the detachment of poverty, the loneliness that makes common life a cloister. If you had ever seen (and heard) her praying, when she thought herself to be alone in the church at Barford, you would have perceived in her faith a quality that made it almost vision. She prayed as if she saw.

Many a time she looks in there, with her red kerchief and her apron of sacking. But she is the last away on a Saturday night, and the first in on Sunday morning, wearing a little beady bonnet of generations ago, and a large black cloak in many folds about her shoulders. She sighs aloud before the statue of the Mother of Sorrows, 'O acushla! O mavourneen!'—with human, living love and sympathy. She murmurs before the altar in Gaelic,—that fortunate language that expresses more in two or three words than we in six or eight: 'O the little white Treasure of my heart!' And it is perfectly clear that, as the years are going on, the Veil is becoming thinner between her and Him.

She goes away as the people in the Gospel did, praising and glorifying God. From the depths of her poverty and labor, with darkening eyes, and ears that will soon be dull, and limbs already stiffening, she seems by a familiar habit to adore day and night, like the hermits of the desert, or like those flaming spirits whom St. John saw casting their crowns forever before the Lamb and before Him that sits upon the throne.

This view of the field worker—which, after all, is the true one—must have been the explanation of what happened at the house with the green door. How many evenings, tired out, she stopped to say her beads on the step! If I passed, my head was always uncovered at her word of greeting. I was not only saluting Norah, but her nation and its destiny. 'O happy race, whom God has chosen to be apostles!'

* * * * *

And now what happened at the house with the green door?

The first Sunday after the great sorrow, Jacob Rickards' wife went out almost with the dawn of morning.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'I am going to Mass.' That was all.

The next Sunday, always looking bent and old now, he was in the garden after breakfast, when she went along the tiled path to the green door.

'Where are you going?'

'I am going to Mass.'

Every Sunday the same question was asked. Sometimes, on a rainy day, he would be in the house: sometimes smoking on a frosty morning in the sunshine at the door. There was always the same answer: and nothing more was said between one Sunday and another. It was surprising that rain made no difference: and more surprising still that she was often out so very early. The sleepy Jacob would fling up the window and look down between the curtains.

'Where are you going?'—in surprise.

'I am going to Mass,' and she would disappear by the green door.

Somehow, his wife was dearer to him now than ever. She had really loved him the more when their first sorrow aged him suddenly. And he began to wonder what was all this, that mattered so very much to her.

After a long time, he met her one day at the churchyard gate; and they went in together to see the little grave, now snowed over with daisies.

The next Sunday he asked her:

'Where are you going?'

'I am going to Mass.'

Said Jacob: 'I am going with you.'

—*Ave Maria.*

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO

(For the *N.Z. Tablet* by the REV. J. KELLY, PH.D.)

When the Middle Age ended the new era began with the Renaissance. Nicholas V. wrought wonders during the eight years of his reign (1447-1455). And in the half century that followed the Popes strove to realise the ideal union of Religion and Art which in name alone the Renaissance stands for. The men of the fifteenth century were, however, too much of 'such stuff as dreams are made of' and too lacking in moral earnestness and intellectual virility to bring about the realisation of the dream.

Art did, indeed, advance with wonderful strides. The Sistine Chapel still shows us the work of Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, and Michel Angelo. On its walls we see those immortal triumphs of painting in which the wisdom of the pagan and the prophecy of the Old Testament lead up to the fulfilment of the New Law. The Popes did all that in them lay to make Rome 'the true seat and home of all Latin culture,' and 'the common country of learned men.' The names of Michel Angelo, Ariosto, Da Vinci, and Raphael still shine with undimmed brilliancy. The marble palaces, churches, and fountains of Rome, Florence, and Venice built under the impulse of the Renaissance, have been surpassed in no modern city. Yet the Renaissance was a failure. Greek scholars were made much of, and Greek manuscripts bought up eagerly. Young poets recited musical Greek verses, wealthy princes discussed Plato in the cool shaded walks of the Medici gardens. But it was in the main a pose. And beneath it all there was a laxity of moral and intellectual fibre and a readiness to assimilate Greek vices as well as Greek philosophy. *Auram, vis, Venus imperitabat.* The seven Deadly Sins had their grip on the heart of man.

At the end of the fifteenth century a man arose who had the courage to denounce the corruption of the age. Fra Girolamo Savonarola saw the sword impending over Italy, and his fiery heart was consumed by wrath and grief for the condition of the Church. He was no respecter of persons. He spared neither Pope nor prince. And if his zeal ended in martyrdom it was not till he had opened the eyes of the Florentines to the corruption of morals beneath the show of learning and polished manners.

Savonarola was the prophet of the great Catholic reformation which came after his day. But before it was yet to come about the movement, so falsely called The Reformation, was to convulse Europe. Martin Luther and Henry VIII. came on the stage in the role of reformers. They did not make a pretence of setting their own houses in order; rather did they attempt to pull down every ordinance and law that did not square with their ideas of order. Henry's lusts and Luther's incontinence had to be hallowed somehow. And the Mother of Christ was torn from His side; His Sacraments were trod in the mire; His saints treated with contumely; the virtue dearest to His Heart and those who loved it made a mark for unspeakable obscenity. And Henry murdered wife after wife; and Luther and his boon-companions revelled and swore, and exhausted the German tongue's capabilities for scurrility, by way of reforming the Church of Christ.

Within the Church meanwhile the real Reformation was taking place. In the year 1534 Paul III.