

Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, and England.

The Italian province has eight houses, all in Italy; the French has also eight houses, including the Priory of Sacred Heart Mission; the English has one; the Belgium three; and the Spanish four, with St. Benedict's in New-Zealand.

In 1889 the Congregation numbered 2 Bishops; 7 Abbots; 1 Prefect-Apostolic; 202 Fathers; 94 Clerics; 125 Lay-brothers; 3 Oblates: Total 434.

On October 22, the abbots and visitors, or provincials of the said congregation were admitted to a private audience by Leo XIII.

Right Rev. R. Flugi, the Abbot-General, read an address to the Holy Father, in the name of the whole congregation, and the Vicar of Christ showed them great kindness. He inquired of the state and condition of the monasteries in the different nations, of the difficulties that the religious vocations encounter nowadays, and of the number of monks. He spoke with enthusiasm of the golden age of the great order, wishing we might see those days again. He exhorted the Fathers to the faithful practice of the Rule, telling them how much He depended for the present and the future, on the prayers and works of the sons of St. Benedict. The audience lasted three quarters of an hour, and the Holy Father seemed pleased and would willingly have prolonged the interview.

Monitor of Rome.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

Thoreau.

THE PRIEST.

A babe on the breast of his mother
Reclines in the valley of love,
And smiles like a beautiful lily
Caressed by the rays above.

A child at the knee of his mother,
Who is counting her decades of prayer,
Discovers the cross of her chaplet,
And kisses the Sufferer there.

A boy with a rosary kneeling
Alone in the temple of God,
And begging the wonderful favor
To walk where the Crucified trod.

A student alone in his study,
With pallid and innocent face;
He raises his head from the pages,
And lists to the murmur of grace.

A cleric with mortified features,
Studios, humble and still,
In every motion a meaning,
In every action a will.

A man at the foot of an altar—
A Christ at the foot of the cross,
Where every loss is a profit,
And every gain is a loss.

A *Deified Man* on a mountain,
His arms uplifted and spread—
With one He is raising the living,
With one He is loosing the dead.

Irish Monthly.

JULIUS HENGUENET

OF ZUDANSQUES, FRANCE.

MARTYRED WHILE IN THE SERVICE OF THE POPE.

I present here to your view a portrait which will occupy a place of honor in that gallery of those illustrious heroes, who went forth from St. Bertin's, in France; a picture which seems to bring into full light the distinctive character of his French ancestors, viz: of faith, of patriotism, and of devotedness. A hero not lost in the obscurity of remote times; for we must go back only thirty years to find at college, Julius Henguenet, of Zudanzques.

Julius was of sanguine nature, a generous soul, and ambitious. At seventeen he felt the necessity of devoting himself to the service of others: "When