

and the Indians in general. The kind-hearted tourist was so taken with the old chief that she got up a petition which was signed by many fellow tourists, begging that he be allowed to go back to the desert to die.

The people of Arizona heard of it, and they immediately counter-petitioned the Government, saying that if Geronimo must come back, the kind-hearted tourist should be sent ahead of him and put on a lonely ranch to welcome the

old chief on his return to his native heath.

The counter-petition was strong enough to keep Geronimo where he was. Down in Oklahoma, where he is living in captivity once more, the people do not waste much sympathy upon him. They have been too dangerously near the borders of Arizona, and that makes quite a difference in the esteem in which Indian chiefs are held by those who know them best.

FLORIDA.

Florida is now the joy of the Anti-quary. There, indeed, are "sermons found in the stones," and, to the Catholic heart, "glory among ruins." An ancient legend tells us that, in time of persecution, a sanctuary lamp was walled up in a castle. The waves of trouble and of time rolled by — friend and foe alike were scattered and gone—the mighty castle was fast crumbling to decay—when one day a part of a thick wall fell, and the light of the other days shone forth with all its weird memories. And so it is with the Church. When the waves of history have rolled and swayed, and ebbed and flowed, the light of Catholicity shines forth from the very ruins of the past.

A striking proof of this we have in those ruins near Ormond, Florida. They were long regarded as merely the remains of a sugar mill, builded by Turnbull, who came here with his Greeks about 1767. But investigations began, and as ever, honest, sincere investigation but gives greater honor to the Church. The light of real science can never but show more beautifully the rare gems in God's order. Every indication now points to show that this was once a large monastery. We can still trace its ground-plan in the form of a large Cross; the arms of the Cross being 150x105 feet, with a center court

or garden at the intersection. This very shape—the plan of the Cross, shows that it was a pious Catholic heart that here builded long years ago. Passing through a ruined archway, one sees yet the traces of a chapel, possibly 40x30 feet, the side-wall still remains, about 20 feet high, with its three beautiful arched windows—the stones thereof being cut and set with a care and a skill that challenges our admiration.

"In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by
Her home these aisles and arches high:
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound I start and see
The ruined sad reality."

Amid these ruins also were found candlesticks, strangely like those used on Catholic altars. Further investigations force the conclusion that these old ruins, once re-echoed the chant of monks, long before the Pilgrim Fathers saw Plymouth Rock. Hither returned the tired Mission-Priest, when worn and wasted by the hardships of life among the Indians. Through this door-way passed the saintly Columbus,