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WHATEVER MAY BETIDE.

Help me, O Lord, to trust in thee. Whatever may betide, I will be true to thee, and to those who love thee. I know that sickness, sorrow, death, lie in the onward way. I know that the new morning, sweetly to rest, since Jesus said, "Strength shall be as thy day." In sickness passed, in dangers o'er, My helper Thou hast been; Then should I for this comfort hour, Childlike believe Thy love and power Support will yield again. Though in that last, that darksome gale; Endeth our earthly view, "Be not afraid," said the deepening shade, Calmly I'll journey through. When this poor heart on Thee I stay, On earth is heaven begun; Then love leads on to heaven's day, In duty's path, and helps me say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Thus would I ever trust in Thee, My Comforter and Guide; For even though fears and sins prevail, Thy hand will never fail. Whatever may betide.

SISTER ALOYSE'S REQUEST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

How delightful it is to sit under the grand old trees of the courtyard on this charming midsummer evening! The light breeze is redolent with the fragrance of the new mown grass, and the leaves, to quiver with joy in an atmosphere heavy with sunshine. The swallows pursue each other in play with short wild cries, and in the foliage of the linden tree that brown bird, the nightingale, tries her brilliant cadences, drowned at times by the shouts of the children at their sports, answering her in the silences, whom with a shrill, merry cry, she attracts and admires. The children, happy as the birds, dance and whirl about, just like those motes one frequently sees rising up in a sunbeam. The nuns, sombre and silent figures, watch them, contemplating life in its flower and carelessness. This courtyard where the children play and the birds sing belonged formerly to a monastery, the cloister built out of its ruins, where the virtue of ancient days flourished under the shelter of modern walls, which are hallowed by the memories of the past.

Some young girls, no less pleased with the gambols of the children, were walking in groups to and fro under the vaulted arches which encircled the court, talking and laughing merrily; but whenever they approached a nun reclining in an easy chair, by an involuntary impulse they lowered their voices. She was a poor invalid, who had been brought out to enjoy the sweet odors and the pleasant warmth of the evening. She appeared to be nearing the end of life, though still young. For the paleness of her cheeks, the emaciation of her body, and the transparent whiteness of her hands, all proclaimed the ravages of a long and inextinguishable illness. There was no more said in the hour glass, no more oil in the lamp, and her heart—like a timepiece about to stop—was slaking its pulsations. One could not help but see that Sister Aloyse retained a very powerful fascination in the beauty which her terrible illness had not been able to efface. Her dark blue eyes had not lost their almost shape or sparkling luster. Her figure was still elegant, seen under the loose robe which wrapped her like a winding-sheet; and her voice was as sweet and agreeable as in former days.

At first she felt a little better upon being brought into the garden; but she still suffered, and neither the pure air nor the mildness of the day had done her good. Her dark eyes were absorbed, perhaps, in those last thoughts which she did not confide even to herself, and which, to one who is about departing, seem to give a glimpse of those unknown shores which are yet so near to her who waits them.

What is she thinking of? Of her past without remorse; of her future without terror? Does she regret anything which she has renounced for her God? Does one last thread hold captive this celestial bird? I cannot say. She appears sad; yet her companions, always so affectionately attentive, do not seem to be surprised. For Sister Aloyse had always been characterized, even in the more beautiful days of her youth, by a kind of melancholy. She resembled an angel of peace, but yet an angel who weeps.

One young girl who was walking under the arches regarded her with great interest; and finally leaving the group by whom she was surrounded, approached the nun, dropped on her knees in the grass before her, and looking in her face, said earnestly: "Well, my sister, are you better this evening?"

Sister Aloyse blushed slightly, just as porcelain is tinged with a faint rose color when a flame is passed behind it, and answered in a voice sweet and low: "Thank you, Camille! I am not well, and I shall never be any better till I come into the presence of our Lord. Look! Does it not seem indeed as if the gates of heaven were opening yonder?"

She pointed to the West, then filled with the glory and splendor of purple and gold and flame colors.



NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1870.

"Yet one cannot go there," answered Camille in a caressing tone. "O, yes! provided the great God will receive us. And something warns me that I shall shortly go to Him." Both now became silent, Camille sadly regarding her companion. Educated in this convent, she had always been accustomed to see Sister Aloyse there, where she was much beloved. She would like to have given her some pleasure; but what could she give, or what could she say to a person so detached from earthly things, and whose aspirations were fixed on joys eternal? The nun, you still thinking, praying perhaps, and after a long silence she said: "Camille, you must come and see me some time before I go away from here. But now good night, dear." Two nuns now came forward to help the sister into the house, while Camille, who had gathered some white roses, carried them to Aloyse, saying, "I will go to my own little garden my sister, which, instead of a number or design, bore some holy image or pious inscription. At the end of this corridor she found the infirmary, a large room, quiet and retired, whose windows opened upon the court and garden below. At this moment it was almost vacant; she found only one bed occupied, that of Sister Aloyse, who, as she had no fever, had been left by the infirmary while she attended respers in the chapel. Camille noiselessly approached the bed, the curtains of which were half drawn, so that Aloyse could see out. She was sitting up supported by her pillows, and her hands were joined before her on the cross of her rosary. She smiled on the young girl, who timidly embraced her; and then Camille, very earnestly, asked her why she had sent for her to come to her bedside instead of any other of the girls, or her friends or companions; for she was afraid, as one naturally dreads what is unknown. The nun fixed upon her those searching eyes which seemed to look through and beyond anything present, and said with much sweetness: "Sit down, Camille; I have something to say to you. He hesitated, but finally said, 'You have never heard any one of your family speak of me?' "Never," answered the child, somewhat surprised. "I have known something of your family—your father," she said with an effort. "But it was a long time ago, a very long time—before you were born. I was related to your grandmother, Madame Reville." "I never saw her, but I have seen her great portrait," said Camille. "Yes, it hangs in the red drawing-room, does it not?" asked Sister Aloyse, with a sad smile. "Ah! well, Madame Reville received me into her family as a lady's companion—a reader—for I was poor, and needed some home. Your father did not live at home with his mother, but he came there very frequently."

CHAPTER II.

"Go, my child," said the old abbess to Camille, "go to the infirmary and see Sister Aloyse; she has something to say to you." "Is she going to die?" asked Camille, with tears in her eyes. "She will go to her eternal home soon, but not today. Have no fear, child, but go and listen carefully to what she tells you." Camille, with agitated heart, (for this poor heart is so quickly stirred at sixteen years) ascended the staircase which led to the cells of the nuns. She passed through a long corridor out of which opened the little doors, all of which, instead of a number or design, bore some holy image or pious inscription. At the end of this corridor she found the infirmary, a large room, quiet and retired, whose windows opened upon the court and garden below. At this moment it was almost vacant; she found only one bed occupied, that of Sister Aloyse, who, as she had no fever, had been left by the infirmary while she attended respers in the chapel. Camille noiselessly approached the bed, the curtains of which were half drawn, so that Aloyse could see out. She was sitting up supported by her pillows, and her hands were joined before her on the cross of her rosary. She smiled on the young girl, who timidly embraced her; and then Camille, very earnestly, asked her why she had sent for her to come to her bedside instead of any other of the girls, or her friends or companions; for she was afraid, as one naturally dreads what is unknown. The nun fixed upon her those searching eyes which seemed to look through and beyond anything present, and said with much sweetness: "Sit down, Camille; I have something to say to you. He hesitated, but finally said, 'You have never heard any one of your family speak of me?' "Never," answered the child, somewhat surprised. "I have known something of your family—your father," she said with an effort. "But it was a long time ago, a very long time—before you were born. I was related to your grandmother, Madame Reville." "I never saw her, but I have seen her great portrait," said Camille. "Yes, it hangs in the red drawing-room, does it not?" asked Sister Aloyse, with a sad smile. "Ah! well, Madame Reville received me into her family as a lady's companion—a reader—for I was poor, and needed some home. Your father did not live at home with his mother, but he came there very frequently."

CHAPTER III.

Many years have passed away. The grass grows thick and green upon the bed of clay where sleeps Aloyse. Camille, grown into a fine young woman, keeps house for her father. She has traveled with him, she has seen the world, its balls and its routs, but she has never forgotten the promise made to Sister Aloyse. This promise has banished the strength of her limbs and of her youth. She has become serious all at once. She has given to her life but one aim, and that sublime and difficult; and that aim, and with it, she has sacrificed all other aims, all other pleasures, all other ambitions. Her father would laugh at her, and she would cry; she would persist, however, until he became so angry that she was frightened. Finally she decided to be more quiet in the future, and to leave to the conduct of her cause. But with what vigils, with what prayers, with what agonies of heart, and with what fervent desires, she sought God for that precious soul! And what vows did she make to the precious Mother! What flowers she offered upon her altar! What prayers, in which she thanked God for the kindness that had given mortals this all-powerful Mediator! Her father's guardian angel, what careful conversation did she hold with him! How she bowed and prayed for that of which he never thought!

CHAPTER IV.

As years pass, Camille's piety becomes more rigid; self-denial joins itself to acts of earnest charity, in their turn supplemented by generous alms. One would naturally ask why Camille, rich and young, charming and admired, should rise so early in the morning, should spend so many hours upon her knees in church? Why she went with the Sisters of Charity to visit the sick, why her attire was so plain and simple, why her room was so little ornamented; why she labored without any relaxation, and finally, why with so interesting an appearance and conversation she preferred so severe a life. No one, except the guardian angel who writes down these noble acts to the account of their forgetful subject, her unrepentant father. Her father accomplished nothing, although the rigors were not for herself, though she maintained, for her father, this piety united with a tenderness which only made her more sweet and affectionate. His hard heart did not open to the rays of divine grace, nor to the timid smiles of his child. The taste for amusement, born of a desire for forgetfulness, had chased from his heart, at the same time with a pure love, the belief in holy things. The heavenly flame had been quickly extinguished beneath the ashes of pleasure; and, like many other children of his age, he had neglected to believe through fear, being compelled to believe. Bad society and bad literature had completed the work of headlong dissipation; and neither marriage nor paternity had reclaimed him. His birth, fortune, and indisputable talents raised him to public offices. And, to be consistent with his principles, and congenial to the tastes of his friends, he had to be intimate to all reformed. The seminaries, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the Sisters, hospitaliers or teachers; the free establishments; the Carmelites, who ask nothing of a person; the Clariers, who ask only a piece of bread; the Little Sisters of the Poor, who gathered food for their old men; the foreign missions; the sermons in Lent in the parish; the Cardinals in the Segretariat and the Capuchins who went barefooted—were all equally the objects of his strong aversion. He read continually the *Journal des Debats*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the liberal journal of his department—of that department in which he played a prominent part. He had never been tried by adversity; and that he had found the world so delightful that he had wished to live for ever in it! In youth he had lived in the midst of noisy pleasures. In more advanced life he lived for comfort, for his house—cool in summer, warm in winter, splendid at all times—for his grand dinners, his good wine, his fine horses, and elegant equipage. He enjoyed, exquisitely those excellent things which the public gener-

ally esteem, but in which divine grace does not much appear. The memories of youth he did not often recall. He now scarcely recollect the name of that poor cousin whom he had loved so passionately, but who had never forgotten him, who, even in the arms of death, had displayed an angelic love. One day Camille spoke of Sister Aloyse, and added: "Was she not related to us, father?" "Yes, yes—a romantic affair! She threw herself into a convent; she became weary even there!" He took several turns through the room with a preoccupied air, and finally stopping before the picture of his mother—a withered and haughty figure—he said, "My mother did not love this poor Aloyse much! Poor girl! What a charming voice she had! A voice which ought to astonish the convent when she chants the *Miserere*. She will sing no more; she has a pain in her chest! Zounds! The discipline of the convent! What a pity for this pretty Aloyse to be buried alive! On the stage she would equal Malibran!" And this was all! The remembrance of Aloyse was only that of a young girl who could sing charmingly, and who, perhaps, might have commanded a situation in a theatre! He loved his daughter; but, for all that, she troubled him, and he was anxious that she should marry, so that he might be relieved from the care and responsibility. She did not oppose his wishes, for she did not feel that God had not appointed her to lead the life of a nun; but she wished her husband to be a Christian, and said so to her father. He only shrugged his shoulders, and cried: "Still these absurd ideas!"

The Christian, however, presented himself, and at twenty-two Camille Reville became Madame de Laval.

CHAPTER V.

Camille is now no longer twenty. Her youth has passed on swift wings, and white is beginning to streak her dark hair; but her pleasant face preserves the repose of former days. She has been blessed with mixed and imperfect happiness, such as every one tastes in this world, and in our day especially, accompanies never far distant from the white ones; and in its tangled skein dark threads are woven in by the side of brighter colors. She had lived most happily with her husband. Together they had laughed over their little children's gambols, and together wept over them in sickness. They had brought them up with the labor and care which an pious school, and their youngest, Maurice, was pursuing his Latin studies in his native village.

Through the disappointments and joy of her life, through days of rain and days of sunshine, Camille had pursued one thought faithfully—the grand aim which she had proposed to herself in early life, and which she never forgot, for his heart beat in unison with hers. As a young mother, she had taught her children to pray with her. And now, having reached the autumn of life, she still prayed—prayed constantly; but as yet her prayers had received no answer.

The old man lived with her; and every moment she surrounded him with care and tenderness. She watched him, and brooded over him more like a mother than like a daughter. And it was hard indeed for her, that this old man of sixty-six years would not listen to any serious conversation, would only rail at holy things, and would learn no lesson from either life or death. And she was ever obliged to turn his words from their real meaning, and interpret his jeers and sarcasms, so that they would not shock her innocent little children. At this moment we find Camille in the drawing-room, with her father, who is half asleep before a great fire, with the *Debats* at his feet. She is sewing on some linen for the coming baby; but twice stops to read two short letters, received that morning from two of her absent children. After a thousand details about boarding, upon the compositions in history, upon the new piece of tapestry which Clothilde had just begun, upon the sermons delivered by a new father whose name she did not know, she went on to say: "I never forget, dear mother, to pray with you—you know why! It seems to me that the moment is approaching when the gentle God will answer us—as if grandpapa was going to be astonished that he had been able to live so long without thinking of God!"

"I do not know; only the sudden ringing frightened me." She jumped up and ran into the hall, and at the same instant her husband entered from the street. She moved towards him, but suddenly stopped, frozen with an inexplicable horror. M. de Laval's face was of an ashy paleness—he tried to speak, he stammered, the words died upon his lips, and his wife, in one of those quick transitions which thought makes, believed he was going to fall dead at her feet. "What ails you?" she cried, reaching out her arms towards him. "Do not be frightened, Camille," said he; "but Maurice—" "He was unable to finish. 'Where is he? Why does he not come home? O great God! he is dead—he is drowned!' M. de Laval had now somewhat recovered himself, and he explained: 'He rescued a child who was drowning, and was wounded in the head. They are bringing him home. My dear Camille, keep up heart! He lives! God will restore him to us!'" She staggered and looked at her husband with fixed eyes. "Have courage," he cried. The servants, already called together by the sad news, had opened the gates to the relatives and friends who were coming in every direction, and also to those who were bringing Maurice. They bore him on a litter, covered with a mat, and his head, as he lay, with eyes wide open, rested on a pillow made of the coats of the brave men; while behind the litter walked a man all covered with blood. He was the father of the child whom Maurice had saved at the price of his own life.

The boy was quickly placed upon the bed, and the physicians were soon by his side, followed by the parish priest. Camille, kneeling beside him, saw, as in an evil dream, the surgeon dress the wound which Maurice had in the temple, and afterwards talk in a serious manner to the other physicians behind the curtain. She saw the priest go up to Maurice, and, after talking to him in a low voice, bend over him and raise his hands in the benediction of the dying, and immediately after give him the holy oils. As in a dream she heard her husband's voice, saying, "Dear wife, the good God wants him! Look at our Maurice!"

She then looked at him, Maurice, aroused by the words of the priest, had regained complete consciousness, and knew that he was lying. He seemed more than tranquil—happy; and, looking around on all present, said: "Good-bye, papa! I only did what you taught me."

He then discovered the father of the rescued child, who had concealed himself behind M. de Laval. "Give my love to your little boy," said he.

His eyes then sought for his mother. She got up, and, bending over him, took him in her arms. "Dear mamma, make me an offering for grandpapa's conversion. Say to him—'He stopped. His mother saw the light fade from his eyes, and knew that his breath was hushed in death. For a long time she remained holding him in her arms, like the most desolate of mothers, bathing him with her tears, and unable to listen to the comforting words of either husband or father, both of whom were overwhelmed with grief. At last her piety, those religious sentiments which had always animated her life, prevailed, and she said aloud: 'Yes, my God! I accept the sacrifice, and I sacrifice him for my father. Save him, Lord, save him!'"

Two days later they buried poor Maurice, the whole village attending his funeral.

The same evening the priest, who had been with him in his last moments, presented himself to Madame de Laval, and said: "Your prayers are heard. Divine grace has pursued your father, and this very morning, when the body of your child was yet in the house, he called me to him and made his confession. He could hold out no longer, he said to me. Rejoice, then, madam, in the midst of your grief." "She indeed rejoiced, though she still wept." "O Aloyse," said she, "and my dear Maurice! They are then taken away, but at what a price!" "Thank God!" cried the priest. "He separates a family here only to reunite them in eternity!"

REGINALD CARDINAL POLE.

(Continued.)

From this time until the death of Edward VI., the career of Cardinal Pole became comparatively unimportant to the student of history, except that he was nearly elected Pope, in acknowledgment of his ability and attainments. The accession of Queen Mary in 1553 made the Cardinal a very important personage, for, no doubt, moved by considerations of relationship to the Queen and personal popularity with many in England, the Pope at once appointed him legate to England. But his appearance in this capacity too suddenly was, by Mary and her advisers, considered to be fraught with danger, and he was requested to take up his abode at Dillington till public opinion could be sounded and steps taken to make opposition harmless. By judicious steps which he took to disarm opposition, especially by publishing the Pope's acquiescence in the sales of ecclesiastical property that had taken place, he gradually overcame all opposition, received a perfect ovation on his landing as Papal legate, and received from Queen and Parliament their submission to the Holy See. We quote Dr. Hook's account of this proceeding, because the Catholic reader will know how to make the necessary allowances for Protestant prejudice:

REGINALD CARDINAL POLE.

(Continued.)

"Of the provocation received too from the 'reformers,' the candid dean leaves a very valuable record, following in that the able and exhaustive work of the late librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Maitland, in his Reformation: 'Tolerant as we are said to have become in the 19th century, we must admit that things were done by the severe reformers of the sixteenth century which no Government could tolerate, if it be the duty of a government to protect the weak against the strong. Whether toleration ought to be extended to a mob hired to insult and maltreat the clergy of a royal chapel, might, if we appeal to our experience, admit of a question; but every one will consent to interfere when, at St. Paul's, a Queen's chaplain was shot at; and when one, who had been clerk of the council in the late King's reign, attempted himself, and urged others to—'

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Approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our Diocese. J. M. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ORLEANS. December 12, 1867.

Terms—Four Dollars Per Annum, in Advance.