

He dropped the kind hand, and went out again into the garden. The nun watched him out of the gate, and went back to her work. The melody of the hymn covered the sigh she gave.

Pipán went on in the sun. It was getting hot, and his little legs were weary. Unawares, he approached the heart of the town again, and the chimes sounded more clearly, telling him so. Outside an open church door a crowd of beggars were clustered, clamouring alms of the faithful, as they passed in and out. They were a repulsive looking company, but there was a woman's dress here and there among them, and the little seeker pressed into their ranks, passing each with his serious gaze and his strange, single question. Some scowled and pushed him on; others blessed his innocent face and caressed him. But he shrank from their touch and slipped out and away. No sweet-faced new mother was there. The open church door had no charm for him now. He was faint and weary and sad. Inside would be stony, cold madonnas, perhaps pierced with those terrible swords. He was nearly exhausted and utterly discouraged, and sank down in the shade of the houses. Tired out, he shut his eyes and sleep visited him. A beggar woman stopped pityingly, and laid a crust in his hand.

'Thou hast need, poor babe, greater than mine,' she said, and went on, unconscious of a golden deed scored to her account, to invent a new lie at the church door to the first devotee coming out.

When Pipán awoke he ate the crust and felt refreshed and stronger. The zest of his search took hold of him once more, and he journeyed away from the afternoon crowd in the busy town, seeking the suburbs again. The new mother was somewhere. He had seen her, felt her, that morning; he was sure he would find her soon; and of welcome he felt surer still. So he trudged on manfully, despite a dizzy head and a tired, travel-stained body. He was almost on the city limits again before the sun gave signs of setting, when in the deserted street through which he was lagging, he spied the brown frock of a friar, and the sandaled feet beneath it. The Church knew everything. Could it tell him this, his desire. He ran, breathless, and caught the tassel of the cord that girded the friar's gown. The long-bearded, head-shaven man looked down on him kindly.

'Bless thee, son. What wouldst thou with me?' he asked, laying a hand on the boy's golden head.

'My mother!' sobbed Pipán, 'my sweet new mother! She kissed me in the church, and she went, and I look for her everywhere. Find her for me; I am so tired!'

The friar was a man of discernment. Asking no questions, he took the boy up in his strong arms, and went quietly on his way, saying only: 'We will seek her together, my son.'

His even, swinging gait soothed the child, and he rested contentedly, until they came within sight of the Beguinage. It stood with open portal, a perpetual welcome to world-weary women who wished to leave the trials of life for a time behind them, and seek peace in good works and quiet thoughts.

It may be here mentioned that this is the house of a religious Order established in many Belgian towns for the reception of women for terms of one or more years. The Beguine is required to wear a distinctive dress, keep certain simple rules, and busy herself in works of charity and piety. She is not bound by cloister vows, and may leave the Beguinage on the expiration of her term of residence.

The Friar stopped at the door and set Pipán down, saying: 'Yonder, son, are the women who mother the world for us. Seek thine own among them. I may not enter with thee.'

He passed on, and Pipán stood irresolute in the shadow of the gateway, looking through to the grassy, elm-shaded square, surrounded by white walled cottages, and closed by the Beguinage Church. The sun was setting among the western clouds, and enhanced the calm of the scene. Its peace sunk deep on his soul, and, as the Angelus began to ring, he folded his hands as he had been taught, and murmured the words of salutation.

Another was murmuring them too. From the rough wooden bench that stood beneath a crucifix set in the gateway, a black-robed figure arose, and the woman's voice mingled with the child's. At its close Pipán opened his eyes and glanced at her. Then he gave a great glad cry, and sprang into her arms.

'Mother!' he shouted joyously 'My new mother, I've found thee. I've found thee. Kiss me again, new mother.'

But the new mother's arm trembled, and she would have torn herself away. He followed, struggling, with the sudden, impetuous strength of a child, trampling on her dress, and embracing her boisterously. 'Mother! My new mother,' he repeated again and again.

The woman wrung her hands free, and fell on her knees. She covered her eyes and closed her ears. 'Preserve us from baseless visions, and all other wiles of the Evil One,' she prayed breathlessly, while the child's cry pierced through her prayer. His hand plucked at her own, his warm breath was against her face. Half beside herself with terror, she thrust him away and rose, as she saw the form of an aged priest come halting across the green from the church opposite. At sight of the well-known Père Anton, Pipán's reverence loosed his grasp of the woman's gown, and he fell quite beside her. Père Anton regarded them through his spectacles with mild surprise.

'What, daughter!' he said, 'art thou unwiling to receive one such little one into the Beguinage welcome? Our little Pipán, a child of grace, can harm none who love innocence.'

'One, oh yes, but not this! he is too like—be is, as it were, my—Père Anton, I pray thee, come in. There is much I must tell thee, that I never before could say.'

In the small, low-browed room of the Beguine, Pipán listened and wondered, his own passion completely subdued before that he saw in his new mother. Such tears, protestation, excitement, confused and alarmed him, and, from cowering at her knees, he shrunk farther and farther away, to the familiar hand of the priest. Where was the mild-faced woman, with pale lips and intense eyes, who had hung over him like a vision that morning? This was no

no such apparition. This wild-spoken, dishevelled creature, flushed with weeping, and broken-voiced. The torrent of words she uttered was lost upon him, and it was not till later that he understood their drift—that this black-robed Beguine, whom he had chosen to take the false maman's place was in truth his own mother, from whom he had wandered that morning in Daelberg so long ago; that she, trouble falling thick upon her—for her husband soon after died—sought solace in the Beguinage there, whence she had but recently been transferred to the Evequellines institution.

This he learned presently. Now, as she turned upon him and caught him to her breast, it was for him to be frightened.

'My child,' she cried passionately. 'My own boy, for whom I have mourned all these weary years! Thou hast long been my angel, my sweet one, and I prayed for thee and thy father long hours in the church each day. And this morning I looked up, and beheld a vision before me. Thy father's face in thine own. Before I knew it I kissed thee, and I feared thou wouldst haunt me thenceforth—haunt me forever, my dear one, the babe that I lost, my child!'

She covered his face with kisses, and held him close. But her violence terrified him, and he struggled to be free. She released him and he ran to Père Anton. Then with woman's wit she beguiled him, and held out her hands to allure him. With a strong effort at control she uttered only gentle words and tender names: Her boy—was it Pipán they called him? No wonder he was afraid of such a naughty mother. She would be good, though, now. Would Pipán come to her?

So she won him by slow degrees, whilst the belfry chimes rang out faintly, proclaiming the hour of seven once more. Père Anton laid his hands in blessing on the two kneeling beside him—on Pipán's yellow head and on his mother's wide, black hood, from out which, as she bent above him, there escaped a long strand of pale golden hair.—*Church Progress.*

FATHER PAUL OF MELLERAY.

ONE of the most notable figures in the clerical life of the South of Ireland for many a long decade of years was the well-known and deeply-beloved Father Paul Cahill, of Mount Melleray. Father Paul never left the Abbey from the day he entered it, and never saw a railway train. His fame for sanctity drew to him crowds of people, not alone from the South of Ireland, but from England and the United States, to benefit by his counsels and to receive the Sacraments at his hands. The saintly old priest died on January 12, 1894, aged 82 years. We have been requested to publish the following *In Memoriam*, which was written by a brother in religion and appeared in the *Southern Cross*:—

Your life was long, 'tis over now,
A wonder to the last,
'Twas in a mould we must allow,
Of noblest heroes cast.
Fraternal love and love divine,
With all their beauteous train,
Displayed that lovely life of thine
Unsuited by a stain.

Set on our mount as on a throne,
You swayed a mighty host;
Your name was through the nations known,
From north to southern coast.
And they who once beheld your face—
Your soft angelic eye—
Felt in their souls a potent grace
For God to live and die.

Here let me tell what he has been
For fifty years and more—
So long in Melleray's home serene
The cross he bravely bore.
His vigils long, his fast austere—
Beyond what Nature bears—
His glorious work from year to year,
His sweet seraphic prayers.

Now I will tell you how he died—
What charming words he said:
'Thank God, with loving heart he cried,
'I die on this poor bed.
It might have been my lot to lie
Down by the roadside bare,
Where many a better man than I
Expired in midnight air.

'Oh! blessed be God, I meet my death
Within this abbey blest,
'Midst dear ones praying in every breath
For my eternal rest.
Yet, brother, dear, the foe of men
A final fight will try;
The holy font shake o'er them then,
'Twill make the demons fly.'

No pang disturbed his latest hour,
The peace of God was there;
His mind retained its perfect power,
He passed away in prayer.
'God's holy will be ever done!'
Oft from his lips would fall,
You spoke it last when life was run,
Immortal Father Paul.