

learnt the scale in a quarter of an hour; by the time she was a small maid of eight she played better than most people at treble her age.

At this time it was discovered that she possessed a voice of surpassing sweetness, and the nuns, fully alive to the fact that she would want all the talents she possessed, put her, when old enough, under the tuition of the German singing-master attached to the school. This worthy man, though but the organist in an obscure cathedral town, had in him some of the divine fire of genius, and his compositions, unpublished through lack of money and patronage, ought to have made him famous. Certainly, in comparison with the inane 'inspirations' of latter-day musicians, his indeed breathed real harmony. Tired of the monotony of training second-rate voices, Herr Scheren was charmed with Rosie's full, clear notes. Ah! here was something to work for at last. This girl would be a credit to him—would make his name renowned in musical circles, for, of course, with such a voice, cultivated as it should be by him, she must go on the stage. The nuns would not like it perhaps, but the little one was friendless, and she would have to work for her living. True, it would take long years of patient trouble before such a thing could be thought of, but what cared he? Fame awaited him in the end. She would be a great singer, and he, her master, would share in her triumph.

So the years slipped by till Rosie was a tall maiden of eighteen. Look at her this evening as she paces under the lime trees on the terrace in earnest conversation with Rev. Mother. She is a fine specimen of early womanhood as she steps gracefully along, her dark head erect, her brilliant eyes gleaming from under their long, black lashes, her slender, well-shaped figure showing through the loose folds of her simple school dress. Looking at her thus you would not think her a nameless orphan. Yet so it was, for there had been no trace of kith or kin during these fifteen years.

'I agree with you, Rosie,' Rev. Mother is saying. 'It is time that you should take your place in the world. Yet I had hoped you would never leave us, but you say that is not to be.'

'No, Mother,' answered the girl. 'I don't think I have a religious vocation. You have been too kind to me always, and now you would receive me among you without a penny, without even a name. Oh, Mother, if I could only know who I am.'

'Don't fret about it, Rosie. I felt bound to tell you your history now that you are old enough. Besides, who knows but you yourself may find your relatives? That,' touching the locket which was suspended from Rosie's neck by a thin, gold chain, 'is certainly the miniature of your father, for the features are yours. Then I have carefully kept all your mother's letters and things and your own little clothes marked "Rosie D." God's ways are wonderful, you know.'

'Yes, I know,' said Rosie humbly; 'and I must only keep on praying for the best. But, Mother, in a changed tone, 'why cannot you consent to what I proposed?'

'Because, Rosie,' gravely returned the nun, 'the life is full of dangers. You know too little of the world to understand what I mean. I would rather try and get you a situation as governess, or singing mistress in some school.'

'Ah, Mother,' but Herr Scheren is so sure I should be a success if I went on the stage. He has set his heart on it. He says I must do it—that I owe it to him as well as to myself.'

'That is what he has been filling your head with, that wily Herr Scheren. That is why he was so dreadfully afraid you would want to be a nun, "like so many of your young ladies," as he says. Well, I suppose I must not blame him. Rosie,' earnestly, 'are you very much set on this?'

'Oh, so much!' was the eager answer. 'And yet the very thought of singing in public makes me shiver, but you see Herr Scheren so wishes it, and I really think singing is my vocation. I suppose it is in my nature.'

'Perhaps so,' assented Rev. Mother; 'yet I don't think your mother was a singer by profession. I may be wrong, but from all I heard about her at the time I think she must have been a lady. Well, Rosie, we must take time before deciding—I must think the matter well over.'

'Then I know you will consent,' joyfully exclaimed the girl. 'That is what "thinking it over" always means with you. How glad Herr Scheren will be. But oh, Mother!' with a sudden note of sadness, 'how shall I leave you all—the nuns, Mrs. Griffith, the children, my happy home!' and the tears sprang into the girl's eyes.

'We all had to leave happy homes, Rosie, real homes. You have but to endure the same pang in a minor degree, for after all you are not parting from your own flesh and blood.'

'This has been dearer to me than any real home,' said Rosie tearfully, 'and instead of my poor, dear mother, I have had, not one, but many mothers.'

(To be concluded next week.)

Mr. George X. Segar, of Liverpool, a well-known Catholic barrister, has been appointed Recorder of Oldham.

Among the nurses who have been sent out by the Army Nursing Service to the Transvaal is an Irish lady, Miss A. A. Murphy, who has been attached to the Royal Infirmary, Phoenix Park, since 1894. She was trained at the Adelaide Hospital (Dublin), where she was afterwards a staff nurse.

The name of Mr. R. M. Houston, representing the Bay of Islands, has been before the public ever since the General Election in connection with a vacant Ministerial portfolio. Mr. Houston is the son of a clergyman, and was born in Belfast, Ireland. He came out to New Zealand thirty-six years ago, and for several years was engaged in teaching at Otira School, Otahuhu. He afterwards went to Mongonui and started a general store, a business at which he was engaged for about fifteen years. He is largely interested in the kauri gum and timber trade. He is fifty-five years of age.

The Catholic World.

ENGL'ND.—Clerical Appointment.—The Rev. F. Fortescue (brother of Miss Fortescue, of the Catholic Social Union), who has been studying at Innsbruck, has been appointed to the German Church, Whitechapel.

Death of a Religious.—Sister Claude, for forty years a member of the Community of Little Sisters of the Poor, Portobello road, Notting Hill, London, died on October 23.

Help for the Widows and Orphans.—In all the Catholic churches in London, on Sunday, October 29, collections were made on behalf of the widows and orphans of the soldiers who have fallen in South Africa, and in several sympathetic references were made to the losses incurred by the Dublin Fusiliers in their charge at Glencoe. Cardinal Vaughan, preaching at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, said nursing institutions had been established at Johannesburg and Kimberley by a Catholic community of nuns, who had refused to leave their posts of danger, but had stayed in their institutions in order to nurse the wounded not only of the British army, but also the Boers.

The Red Mass in London.—The Red Mass celebrated for the opening of the Laws Courts at the Sardinian chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields was more largely attended this year than on any occasion since its revival. Cardinal Vaughan was present, and the celebrant was the Rev. M. Fitzgerald, Rector of the church. There were present the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice Day, in their full robes, Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., Mr. Hugo Young, Q.C., Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., Sir Sherston Baker, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., Mr. P. B. Abraham, Mr. J. H. Murphy, Mr. St. John Clerke, Mr. J. P. Wallis, Mr. P. Blackwell, Dr. Connell, Dr. Bernard O'Connor, Mr. Eyre Thompson, Mr. Theobald Mathew, Mr. Charles Mathew, the Hon. Arthur Russell, Mr. George Blackwell, the Hon. Frank Russell, Mr. Paul Strickland, Mr. T. V. Scully, Mr. J. Parikh, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Lister Drummond, Mr. Guy Ellis, and many others.

Death of Bishop Butt.—His Lordship Bishop Butt, who for many years occupied the See of Southwark, died at Arundel on all Saints' Day. The Bishop was born at Richmond, Surrey, on April 20, 1826. His father and uncle were converts. He was ordained on July 15, 1849, by Cardinal Wiseman, then Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. He was for a time Bishop's secretary, then assistant-priest, and next as a military chaplain at the front in the Crimea, where he was prostrated amidst the snow by fever. On regaining consciousness he learned that Father Sheehan, who had administered the last Sacraments to him, was dying, and he insisted on being taken to the tent of his brother priest to give the last Sacraments. He was carried on a sick-bed to the tent of Father Sheehan by eighteen of the Connaught Rangers, Major Herbert and Colonel Vaughan (the Cardinal's father) leading the way. Father Sheehan died soon afterwards. Dr. Butt was Bishop of Southwark from January, 1885, till a couple of years ago. He won the esteem and sincere affection of his flock, and the record of his episcopate was one of constant progress.

Commendable Generosity.—The St. Marylebone Poor Law Guardians have with very commendable generosity and liberality built at their own expense a chapel at the St. Marylebone Infirmary for the Catholic inmates who since the opening of that institution in 1881 have had their spiritual needs attended to by the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, Baywater, Mass being celebrated in one of the day rooms. The total average number of inmates is 750, about a fifth of whom are Catholics.

The Rector of St. Bede's College to Lecture at Louvain.—The Rev. Dr. L. Casartelli, Rector of St. Bede's College, Manchester, who is a Doctor of Oriental Languages of Louvain as well as a Master of Arts of London, has accepted an invitation from Mgr. Heblélynck to give the course of lectures on Zend and Pehlvi at the University of Louvain formerly directed by the late Mgr. de Harlez. The course will occupy three months beginning in February. Dr. Casartelli retains the rectorship of St. Bede's College.

FRANCE.—Honours for Chinese Jesuits.—Two Chinese priests of the Company of Jesus have recently received the honours of the French Institute for their narratives of their missionary careers and work.

Remarkable Vocations.—There have been some remarkable instances of ecclesiastical vocations in France of late. A few years since a father and son celebrated Mass together, served by members of their family, in the chapel of the Jesuits in the Rue de Madrid. Down near Montélimar, where President Loubet comes from, a landed proprietor of the district having lost his wife, studied for Orders, and he is now parish priest of Granges-Goutardes. Furthermore, one of his sons has become a monk in the Trappist foundation at Aiguebelle, and another is a secular priest in the parish of Tulette.

The Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.—The ceremony of blessing the cross now crowning the dome of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre, was very imposing. The cross is the gift of a devout Catholic nobleman, the Comte de Franqueville. Père Augier, brother of the Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, aptly said in his sermon that never since the beginning of Paris was the Cross of Christ placed so high, or hymns of praise sung so near heaven. It may not be out of place, in connection with this subject, to give a little ancient history about the origin of the Church at Montmartre, for the benefit of those who may not know much or anything concerning it. We hear a good deal, from time to time, from the anti-clericals