

ties will not trouble the risen body, which will be worked, or energised, by the spirit.

(2) More particularly, the risen bodies of the just, like Christ's risen body, will be endowed with four principal qualities:—(a) *Impassibility, including incorruptibility and immortality.* Christ Himself rising from the dead 'dieth now no more; death has no more dominion over Him' (Romans vi., 9) so, too, 'they that shall be accounted worthy of that world, and of the resurrection from the dead . . . neither can they die any more' (St. Luke xx., 35-36). The body 'is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption' (1 Cor. xv., 42), that is to say, man is begotten and, as it were, planted in this world, in corruption, a creature corruptible; he shall rise incorruptible, for the physical frailty and perishableness of his mortal frame will have passed away. (b) *Brightness.* The body 'is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory' (1 Cor. xv., 43). That is to say, 'it will be entirely subject to the soul, God's power so disposing, not in being only, but in all its actions, experiences, motions, and bodily qualities. As then the soul in the enjoyment of the vision of God will be replenished with a spiritual brightness, so by an overflow from soul to body, the body itself, in its way, will be clad in a halo and glory of brightness' (St. Thomas). (c) *Agility.* 'It is sown in weakness; it shall rise in power' (1 Cor. xv., 43). In our present state, we experience weakness in the body, in as much as it proves incapable of satisfying the soul in the movements and actions the soul commands; but in the world to come, the body will absolutely obey the beck of the spirit in its every command to move; it will be agile, that is, endowed with the power of moving from place to place, so as to be immediately anywhere the soul wishes. In this respect it will be like Christ's risen body, which appeared and disappeared at His will, and ascended into heaven at His good pleasure. (d) *Spirituality or Subtlety.* 'It is sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body' (1 Cor. xv., 44). 'The risen bodies,' explains Father Hickaby, 'are not transformed into spirit, but subjected to the perfect control of the spirit that animates them. Whereas in mortal man the soul can go only as far as the body will go, in the resurrection the body will go as far as the soul will go, to the utmost limits of its spiritual and quasi-angelic capacity.' Man's soul will breathe its own spiritual energy direct into his body, with the result that the life of the risen body will be more spiritual than animal.

The Storyteller

FATE AND MARITTOZZI

I.

Caterina sat under the shadow of the Cathedral at Frascati selling maritozzi. In case you should not know what maritozzi are, I must explain. Personally, I have never felt tempted, since I ate my first, to squander my substance on them, but in Frascati they sell like—well, like hot cakes, although they are only cold, hard, dry, uninteresting brown buns.

Caterina was looking distractingly pretty and very cross—or shall we call it worried? As for the colour of her face, and the size of her mouth, I beg you not to ask me to describe them. I have no time. I have to write on more important matters—Fate and maritozzi.

But I will tell you why she was looking so cross—or rather worried. It was because she wanted Peppino Baldi. She wanted him very badly, and the tiresome part of it was that when she did not want him—and she had never wanted him before—he was always to be found playing about the streets in company with other idle, happy young scamps of his own age—which was nine or ten—picking quarrels or shamelessly begging for soldi from every visitor who came off the train, and taking the said soldi very faithfully to Caterina's stall to buy maritozzi.

Often when she had had a good day, and there were only one or two maritozzi left on her stall, Caterina would give him one, if he passed by, as he always did, with a yearning eye and no soldi. But this morning she had to wait an eternity before he appeared, in answer to urgent messages sent by every boy who passed, to tell him to hurry up and see what she wanted.

'What is it, Signorina Caterina?' he asked, with an eye on the stall.

'I want you to take a letter to Francesco Trento. He is at work on the vines at the Villa Mondragone. I know it is a long way, but if you will go, you will have as many maritozzi as you can eat.'

'I'll go,' said Peppino, licking his lips.

'How many do you think you can eat?' she asked.

Now this was a most delicate and trying question. He thought he could eat a dozen, but he also thought it was impossible to say so.

'Could you eat four?' she asked.

'I could,' he answered, firmly.

'Then, there are six for you. Now, you understand, don't you? Give this to Francesco himself—to no one else, mind, and see if he says anything, and then come back at once and tell me.'

She smiled kindly after Peppino as he trotted off. She was fond of children; indeed, she was nothing but a child herself—she was eighteen last birthday—although she was engaged to be married—one day. The astute reader will have guessed that Francesco was the man, and, if he has not already guessed the contents of the letter, I can tell him. Caterina was tired of Francesco; she was angry with him, and she had written to tell him that she would never marry him—no, not if he asked her on his knees. The cause of this, as she never dreamed of hiding, was his meanness. She was a vain young person, very fond of finery, and she had asked him to buy her a black satin scarf lined with white, which she had set her heart on. She was not at all fond of wearing black as a rule, for she considered it a dismal and unbecoming color, but all the foreign ladies who came to spend a day or a week at Frascati and stopped to buy maritozzi as they came from visiting the Cathedral wore black scarves lined with white, and if they wore them, they must be fashionable, and if they were fashionable, Caterina desired to have one, and she told Francesco so. She also told him the price—twenty-five francs—and indicated the shop, where they were to be bought. It is to be believed that he merely said that he had no money, and that he had given her the flowered silk scarf she wore over her head only a fortnight ago. Caterina was mad with disappointment. She wanted that scarf, and she meant to have it. She spent all her money on dress, and expected Francesco to spend most of his on presents. He was older than his little 'fidenzata,' a silent, sober man, madly in love, unable to refuse her anything when she turned up her face, and crinkled up her eyes, and told him, in a baby's voice, she would die if she did not get what she wanted. And now, for the first time, he had refused, absolutely, to buy what she wanted! She had cried all night, afterwards, and had got up at four in the morning to write to him. She had been in a fever of impatience to send Peppino with the letter, and to see what the answer would be. Of course, there would be an answer. Perhaps Francesco would say she might have a dozen scarves, if only she would marry him. Perhaps—

A soft patter by her side disturbed her dreams. She started, and there was Sister Elizabeth, talking very fast and looking very cross—that is to say, worried.

Caterina could scarcely understand what it was all about, for Sister Elizabeth was a French-woman, and her Italian was the delight of the community. As far as Caterina could gather, Reverend Mother had sent Sister Elizabeth to find some one to nurse in the hospital; and, although she had been to each of the five women whose names had been given her, she found them all either out, or busy, 'or too lazy,' finished the little Sister, decidedly.