

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Select Cate.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

THE PRIEST AND THE PAINTER.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.

BY M. HARDIN ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

It was in Paris, in the year 1724. At that time there stood at one end of Rue St. Andre des Arts, a lofty building of a sombre and unpretending appearance. The lower part of the edifice was occupied as a vegetable and fruit store; the upper rooms by a young artist and his wife; with a number of single people principally students of law and medicine, who had lodging apartments merely and resorted to some cafe in the neighborhood for the necessary food for their daily subsistence. These parties usually left quite early in the morning and did not return again until quite late in the evening. Hence the windows of the building were generally kept closed, except those of the fourth story, which was the part occupied by the artist and his little family. It was the painter's wont, likewise, to quit his premises about eight o'clock every morning for his atelier in a distant part of the city, where he usually remained at some professional employment during the light of the day. After he had quitted his home, a neat and handsome young woman might be seen bustling about the apartments, engaged in shaking carpets, watering the flowers in the earthen pots of the window, or feeding a number of canaries in a cage, that was always suspended on the outside wall in pleasant weather. When she had gone through with these little domestic avocations, she would arrange her hair and robe herself in some becoming dress, seat herself by the easement, and give her assiduous attention to her embroidery or other needlework, during the many long hours her husband would be absent from her side. She seemed ever happy and joyous, like to the pet birds themselves, and not unfrequently was heard to sing and mingle the melody of her own sweet voice with the thrilling cadences of their tiny throats.

On one occasion, when her husband remained longer away than usual from his home, she was observed to become quite restless and uneasy at his protracted stay. The little clock in the room had struck the hour of five, and the plain repast for herself and husband had already stood in waiting for a full half hour or more. She took up her work again to beguile away the time ere her beloved one would appear. But it was plain to see that her thoughts were not on her embroidery. They wandered to the dear partner of all her joys and sorrows, if indeed her sombre feelings had ever a lodgment for a single moment in her bosom. Suddenly she threw down her work, displaced a few of her flower-pots, leaned out upon the window-sill, and sought to discover among the multitude who thronged the great thoroughfare, the mealy form of her absent lord. Nor had she long to wait. Her quick keen eye soon perceived him in the distance, rapidly hastening toward his dwelling. Now she gaily waved her handkerchief, which signal was quickly responded to by a light-footed handsome young man, on the opposite side of the street. In an instant more, he bounded to the top of the stairs and affectionately clasped his young wife in his arms. After a few playful sallies, the happy pair partook of their evening meal, and then entered on a thousand pleasing projects and anticipations for the future. Thus passed their days. If the weather was fine, they would visit the theatre, or stroll to the Luxembourg and other places of public and fashionable resort. If the season was inclement, the husband would read aloud to his wife, or play some favorite airs on his lute, while she would ply her needle till it was time to retire for the night.

Though their hearts were full of love for each other, their happiness, however, had been accompanied by many deprivations and disappointments of various kinds. He continued to apply himself diligently to his profession; yet he remained poor, very poor, and oftentimes was without the bread necessary for the subsistence of himself and wife. Besides these, he had other troubles—his father had opposed, and still remained unreconciled to him, on account of his union with a young maiden whose only fortune was her beauty and her goodness of heart.

After two years of poverty and trials, all impediments to their prosperity and happiness were removed. The father was reconciled to his son, and died, leaving him a few hundred livres. With this little resource every day brought new employment to occupy and repay the young artist for his toil and genius. He began to rise rapidly in his profession, while his celebrity was greatly increased by the purchase of a fine painting by the king. His wife soon presented him with their first-born child. It was a beautiful cherub boy. The blissful cup of the wedded pair overflowed, and there seemed nothing needed to augment the finest and noblest transports of their nature. A lovely son, an affectionate wife,

a devoted husband, and pecuniary resources in sufficient abundance, were a combination of favorable circumstances to be envied and desired by all young people just starting forth in the great race of human life. Blissful hours, however, are likely to prove evanescent. The sun cannot always shine out in its refulgent glory; there must needs be the thunder and the storm. As in the physical, so in the moral world. The sunshine of joy and peace clouds of sorrow and tears of anguish and distress. Sickness at length visited the abode of the artist. He left home one morning joyous and buoyant in health and life. He returned home in the evening with a slow and feeble step from the incipient effects of a disease that already lurked in his blood, and now threatened rapidly to overthrow his mental and physical powers. Pale and trembling, he would have fallen at the street door of his home, had not his ever-dutiful and watching wife espied his approach from an upper window, and flew down the stairway on the wings of fear and love, to his assistance. It was with great difficulty she supported him up the stairs to a couch in their apartment.

"Oh, my dear husband, what is this that ails you? You seem weak and look so deathly pale! Oh, my God! what has happened? Speak—speak, husband—and let me know the worst."

"I am ill—very ill, wife. I choke for want of air. Ope—open the casement. I suffocate—and—and—I must die!"

"No! no!—say not that! You must not—shall not die! Oh, my God! what will become of me and our poor child? Tell me—oh, say you are better, Antoine—my dear husband, my life, my all!"

She darted to the window and threw open wide the shutters, when there rushed in a current of fresh air from the street, which speedily seemed to have a revivifying influence upon the invalid.

He gasped, and essayed to speak, but could not.

"The air is cool and pure. There, you breathe easier, my husband. Speak, and tell me of this strange sickness. How did it come on? and how were you engaged when the spell so violently seized you?"

"I first felt a tremor in my limbs. A pain shot through my brain, a cloud came over my eyes, my brush fell from my hands, and I fell in spasms to the floor. It was about the hour of noon when it occurred. I became insensible, and remained a long time in that state. When I recovered, I realized that something awful had happened, and groped my way home as well as I was able. Water—water! my wife! My blood is all on fire! My head swims round—I sink again—I surely now must die!"

The startled wife waited to hear no more. She flew out of the room, and in a few moments returned with the physician, who happened to be at home, at his residence, a few doors up the street.

The artist had again been seized with convulsions, and lay extended on the floor, groaning and frothing at the mouth, as in an epileptic fit. It was some time before he recovered and was able to give the Doctor an intelligible account of the symptoms of his malady. The physician looked grave and shook his head, manifesting, by so doing, his apprehension that the disease was of a very serious nature, if, indeed, it should not prove speedily fatal.

"Is there danger, Doctor?" inquired the alarmed and anxious wife.

"Danger! yes, there is always danger in such cases. But—while there is life there is hope. Keep courage, madame. I think the worst is past with your husband; give him these powders. They may quiet his nerves and cool the fever of his blood. If so, all will go well. I will return in the morning, Adieu."

The Doctor was not very courteous in his manners, while his language seemed to many unnecessarily curt and harsh. He was, however, a very skillful practitioner, and given to no species of deception toward his patients when the symptoms really appeared to him alarming or dangerous. He thought it best for the sick to know the worst in every serious case of disease.

It is always a sad and solemn thing to watch by the couch of fever and pain. More particularly sorrowful is it, when the invalid is some dearly loved one—a parent, a husband, a wife, or child—suffering from a thousand horrid visions of the brain, and tortured and racked literally to pieces in body, from the violence and violence of mental and physical infirmity. And to be the sole and only watcher by the bedside of anguish and disease in the dark and silent hours of the night, with no sounds save the stifled breathings and moans of the sick and dying, and none to aid the watcher in any emergency of despair and death—oh, such vigils might well appal and confound the stoutest and sternest of human hearts! Such were now the trials of the artist's wife. Raging was the fever, and terrible were the writhings from pain, which her husband experienced, during the hours of that long, and seemingly never-ending night to her. He remained incapable of speech and without the power of motion by the hand to prove to his wife that he was sensible of her kindness and faithfulness to him. How knew she that the sharp and quick breathings were not the death-rattles in her husband's throat? How could she hope that the dawn of day would not find her weeping over the inanimate corpse of him she held dearest of all things on earth—even dearer than her own life itself—when she heard his dismal moanings and watched the vacant glaring of his eyes upon herself?

Morning came apace on leaden wings. The death-like stillness of the night was succeeded by a brilliant rising of the sun, and the usual bustle of the pleasures and business of the people of the mighty city. Faithful to his promise, the physician made his appearance. He found his patient much better, but perceiv-

ed that the night of watchful anguish had made a frightful impression upon the countenance of the young wife.

"Madam," said he, "I discern that the past night has been one of deep distress and anxiety to you. Sleep has not visited your eyes, and you are now quite ill yourself from the effects of your vigils. Your husband is in a favorable condition at present, though his malady is far from being removed. His fever is subdued and by the exercise of a little precaution his delirium will not return.—Rest and quietness may probably restore him to a state of convalescence and health. Meanwhile you must not over-task your own strength—your mind should be kept as free from perturbation as possible. Mix this medicine, and give it to your husband. It will make him sleep. Then take some food yourself and seek repose."

As the Doctor predicted, the sick artist soon fell into a sweet and pleasing slumber; but his wife, though her eyes were heavy, and she was broken down by fatigue, would not permit herself to be thrown off her watchful guard by the side of her husband for a single moment. Her misery, however, gave way to tears, which served, in some degree, to relieve the oppression which weighed down her spirits.

She thought of her boy. He had been put away in the charge of a stranger, and the nurse was that very day to bring the prattler home. The idea lit up a ray of sunshine upon her countenance, and the cloud of sorrow was chased away therefrom for awhile.

"My poor child returns to his home at an unpropitious time," she said. "No, not at an unseasonable season. My husband and child will be here together with me. The sight of the child will surely cheer my stricken husband. No father can remain insensible to the voice of his child, however burning up with fever or racked by disease. He will soon get better. I will put little Charles in his arms; he will fondle him, and we shall all be happy—so very happy again!"

At that moment she heard the nurse coming up the stairs with her darling boy. She snatched him from her arms, and fairly smothering him with her kisses, laughed and cried alternately, in the joy she experienced. The artist awoke from his slumber, languidly stretched out his hands, blessed his son, and restored him again to his mother. The overjoyed woman could only sink down on her knees and raise her eyes in acknowledgment of her gratitude to Heaven.

CHAPTER II.

Protracted was the illness of the painter. Though he no longer suffered from the convulsions and delirium of the fever, it was many days before the physician would allow him to arise from his bed. The medicines that he had taken greatly reduced his physical strength, rendering him, in fact, quite helpless, so as to require almost the constant care of his wife. With his prostration, the means for their support were rapidly lessened, till finally they ran out altogether. This made him impatient and fretful at times, and added to the perplexities of his wife. It now seemed that day after day only opened up new sources of distress. New wants and new sorrows were multiplied, till the mind of the young wife and mother bordered on desperation itself. How true it is that mental agony is oftentimes less endurable than the very tortures of the rack to the body. And now this irritation was not likely to be soothed, in the fever and pain which her infant suffered from destitution. His cries were incessant, so that father and mother both might have imagined they suffered the pangs of purgatory itself, had they entertained a belief in the Catholic religion.

If the child slept, and the groans of the husband did not jar upon the sensitive nerves of the wife, yet despair was always there to pain her heart. Poverty was torturing her very soul. She had parted with her furniture already, and such of her clothing as she could spare, to procure the indispensable necessities of life. At length all resources of maintenance were entirely cut off. She owed the shopkeeper for food, and that worthy would no longer trust her even for a gill of milk for her child. For hunger, and exhaustion, sickness of body and mind, who was there to proffer relief? None!

Previous to the artist's illness, he had not thought of providing for the morrow. They lived up to their income—content, like the birds of heaven, with the blessings of the transient hour. Two days passed away without food for the helpless family, and they knew of none to whom to apply for assistance. The babe became greatly emaciated from the lack of nourishment—while the artist languished for the want of the medicaments which the apothecary was unwilling to supply without the money. What was the wife to do? Her husband, child and herself, seemed ready to perish, and yet no helping hand was stretched forth to their succor and salvation.

The artist one day awoke from a restless slumber, and asked his wife for a cup of water. The infant was then resting in her arms, enjoying its only repose since the day before, and she dared not stir, for fear of waking him and renewing his cries and fretfulness.

"Angelique! Angelique! I choke with thirst. Give me a drink."

"Yes, love, directly. Our boy sleeps upon my knee. Do not disturb him now."

"And I must suffer and parch with fever! Oh, Angelique, you love me not to abandon me thus."

"Merciful heaven! What am I to do? The cries of the babe are about to recommence. My child my child!"

The husband essayed to speak, but his voice was entirely inaudible. There was a gasping for breath, then a sort of rattling in his throat when he sunk into a swoon.

"Angelique, quickly arise to my relief, but the movement started the child from its slumber when it uttered the cry, 'Give me a drink.' She was compelled to hold it in her arms, and was unable to apply any restorative to her

husband had there indeed been any at hand.

At length he slowly recovered from the fainting spell, and signed to his wife to remove the child. "His cries distract my brain," said he, as he passed his attenuated hand across his brows. "Give me a drink, Angelique; I choke with thirst."

Alas! There remained not a single drop of fluid in the bowl, which the poor woman had involuntarily seized and held convulsive in her grasp.

The babe began to scream.

"Oh my head—my head! Must I suffer in this way, Angelique? Why will you not remove the babe, and give me to drink? I am thirsty, very thirsty, and will perish unless I have some moisture for my throat."

"There is nothing in the house that I can give," replied the wife, as she sought to quiet the cries of the child.

"Ah is this your forethought, Angelique? I am dying with thirst, and you have nothing to offer me! Oh God! When shall my sufferings cease?"

"Calm yourself, husband! I will get you something, dearest!—get it immediately." She started and descended the stairs with no fixed purpose in her mind, save that she would obtain the succor required some way or other. She did not know where to go for food or drink.

On arriving in the street, and seeking the keeper of the fruit shop, she could only weep, and in this manner eloquently plead the miserable fate to which herself and family were now reduced. The despair depicted in her countenance and the suffering appearance of the pining infant she held in her arms, spoke a language which the old crier could not resist. Her stony heart was touched with compassion, and she instantly gave the poor woman a pot of milk and a bountiful supply of herbs and fruits.

Angelique sobbed out her thanks to the benevolent donor, and quickly re-mounted the stairs to the chamber of her afflicted husband.

The act had been observed by an aged priest, who happened to be passing by at the moment. He was struck with the unhappy appearance of the artist's wife, and from her lacerated raiment, that hers was an extreme case of misery and destitution. He was pleased with the charitable feeling of the shopkeeper, though he has found, on questioning her in regard to the subject of her charity, that she had opened her heart to some sudden promptings of humanity rather than from the natural kindness of her disposition. The holy father, indeed, could get very little information from her concerning the artist and his family. He learned enough, however, to interest his feelings and provoke a desire to inquire into the circumstances of the destitute family, on their own premises, and from their own lips. Accordingly he ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door which stood ajar, as Angelique had left it when she entered. A voice within bade him "come in," and the priest approached and stood by the couch of the stricken painter.

The artist, lifting up his eyes, and perceiving a Catholic priest standing by his side, frowned angrily and demanded somewhat imperiously:

"Why are you here, sir? I am a Protestant, and desire not the consolation of religion from the lips of a Catholic priest. Begone, sir!"

"Nay, my dear sir. You are a man and a brother, and surely you will not refuse assistance from any source now in your hour of peril and need! What matters it whether relief comes from the hands of a Catholic or a Protestant, provided you are relieved? I learn that your physician has not visited you these several days. I am somewhat skilled in medicine, and perhaps may be able to restore you to health and strength," said the priest, in a very bland and graceful manner.

"Pardon me, sir. I was impulsive and rude in my manners and speech. Forgive me, sir; I knew not that your mission here was so full of mercy and love," rejoined the artist, tendering his hand to the priest.

"Enough," said the father, "we now understand each other, and will be friends hereafter."

He felt the artist's pulse, examined his tongue, and made some special pathological examination.

"I think you are no longer dangerously ill. You will soon recover your usual health and strength."

The priest did not seem to be aware that he was in an abode of extreme poverty, and that he was stripped of every piece of furniture save a stool or two and the miserable truckle-bed upon which the sick man reclined; but proceeded to prescribe a regimen and a course of medicine, as if he was administering to a patient inhabiting a palace.

Antoine could not refrain from smiling at the remarks of the holy man, and was about to murmur something about the impossibility of obtaining the articles proposed, or pursuing the treatment advised. The priest, however, checked what was passing in the artist's mind, by adding—

"When you recover, we shall want you to execute painting for our convent. I presume you will not object to render the service required? You shall have five hundred louis as your price, and here are now two hundred gold livres on account. In a day or two I will bring the remainder of the money. Be of good cheer, my son. You will get well; and may Heaven bless and guard you hereafter." He turned to the artist's wife and continued—

"The illness of your husband, I perceive, has served to exhaust your physical powers, and to depress sadly your spirits. You require some one to assist you. You must have repose.—I can recommend to you a capable person to engage about the house and in the care of your child. I will send her hither as I go on my way to St. Sulpice. I must leave you. Adieu."

The priest was gone. The stricken family had no opportunity to thank him for his providential interference in their behalf. The woman whom the priest said he would send

to them soon made her appearance, and the babe was left in her charge, while the artist's wife went forth to purchase new furniture for the apartment. In a few hours, the rooms were restored to a degree of neatness and comfort admirable to behold. The child slept in the lap of the assistant, which caused the hearts of the painter and his wife to be filled with hope and joy.

CHAPTER III.

Long before the priest arrived at the Church of St. Sulpice, it became thronged with an eager and impatient multitude of people.—There were gathered the rich and the poor, with large numbers of the nobility, whose splendid equipages surrounded the temple of Jehovah, with their lacqueys in rich livery and servile regalia. The occasion seemed one of extraordinary interest. It was not alone the zealous believer in the Catholic faith, but the usands of gay people, whose motive in being there was one of curiosity rather than devotion. At length the priest hastened along the street, and crowded his way amid the throng of carriages and the living mass, till he entered the church and reached the pulpit, almost breathless and covered with dust and perspiration. The impudence of the people at his long delay had begun to be expressed in murmurs of dissatisfaction and disapprobation; but now there was a speedy silence, and every eye and ear was bent to see and hear the speaker.—The priest calmly wiped the drops from his brow, advanced to the desk of the pulpit, and in sweet and impressive tones uttered the words of the Psalmist:

"He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent empty away."

Whether there was anything in the mere words of the text, or the peculiar manner in which they were pronounced, there was a thrill and a hum of voices, like the rustling of the wings of many birds, throughout the entire church, for a few seconds, when all again was silent as the grave. The eager priest then commenced that famous exordium of the Abby Maury, so generally esteemed as one of the most eloquent sermons ever delivered to any people in the world.

"In appearing before an audience so numerous and so intelligent as the present," he began, "on any other occasion, my heart might be filled with pride, and my soul with self-gratulation and vanity. As it is, however, I feel that I am but as the humblest of the humble, and among the weakest of the weak. Yes, my brethren, I feel that I am only a poor, miserable sinner, like all who have gone astray from God, and worthy of his wrath and eternal condemnation. I feel that I am destitute of the talents and abilities requisite to reach the sensibilities of the gay and thoughtless multitude within the sound of my voice. I feel that I ought not to speak unless it be to ask your indulgence for a poor missionary like myself. Oh, my brethren, I have seen that to-day which has imparted to my bosom everything averse to pomposity and vain-glory. If I am humiliated, it is at the patronage and presumption of the race of man. Yet God is not willing that any of his servants should slacken in their duty to arouse mankind to a sense of their lost condition without repentance and atonement of their sins through the precious blood of Christ, the Saviour. You are all sinners like myself, and it is only to Him, your God, and my God, that I am to bow. I have gone through the land, and preached God's mercy and justice to the poor and to the rich; yet I have not done the half that I should have done in the great cause of faith, love and charity. Wretch, that I am! what have I not omitted in my ministrations among the low and miserable of humanity? Have I sincerely taught the holy precepts of our blessed religion, and preached repentance to unfortunate beings with the fervor and power becoming the solemn calling of my office? I have seen the souls of those best friends of God, despised and poor, those best friends of the proud and locking of men, and yet have failed to rebuke them with the thunder tones of Heaven's righteous indignation! I have seen the pure and the faithful, whom I should have pitied and consoled, driven by terror and cruelty to the verge of hopeless despair, and yet have turned upon them a deaf ear and closed my eyes to their complaints of helplessness and wretchedness. And here, in this very church, I now see before me many of those noble and wealthy oppressors of humanity—sinners of most hardened audacity that they are! It is here, then, my duty must be done. It is here, amid so many offenders, that my voice must ring in thunder-tones in the ears of the vile and guilty. It is here, from this pulpit, that I must declare the judgments of God upon all who are without repentance and hope in the immaculate Redeemer. God will surely judge you all—the just and the unjust. Tremble, proud man, for the share of mercies and favors that have been granted to you. Death is certain! And after death, that dreadful day—the day of the last judgment—will inevitably overtake you! Oh, my brethren, how few the number of the righteous that will be saved! How many of the sinners that will be cast into hell, to all eternity! You stand upon the brink, even now, of everlasting burning! Oh, flee to the Lamb of God, and be saved!"

The speaker ceased his speech, and stood like a very angel of warning and light in his pulpit. The audience were perfectly electrified by the terror of his words and the eloquent majesty of their deliverance from his inspired lips. The shafts of remorse seemed to penetrate many a conscience—and many were the tears which fell from the eyes of the wealthy and proud of heart in that swaying and agitated audience.

The preacher continued:

"Within this very hour, God placed in my way a family stricken down with sickness, hunger and despair. There was the father on a bed of anguish and pain—a wife exhausted from fatigue and the lack of food, with a dear sweet child literally dying for nourishment that was not to be obtained from its helpless parents.

And yet that poor man, from a vain respect for the formalities of the world, would have turned me, the servant of Christ, away, and perished for bread. He was unable to earn, and unwilling to beg, food; while himself and family were ready to die in order to humor the arrogance and cruelty of the proud and rich! What have you been doing, ye rich and guilty ones, that ye have not visited the chambers of affliction and death—that you have not succored the helpless and relieved the hunger and sorrows of the widow and the fatherless? Prostrate yourself, I say, before the great God of Heaven, and plead for his pardon, that his anger may not overthrow you even now, and overwhelm you utterly in perdition when the last trump of judgment shall spread dismay and terror to the universe! Hasten, save your souls while there is yet time. Let not the anathema, 'Accursed! accursed!' be your doom. There is but one way to appease that Judge, who holds your fate in his hands. It is to give of your abundance to the poor. Give! give at once, lest ye suddenly perish! How are you to expect that pity from the Most High which you withhold from your brother man? Oh, haste ye then, my brethren, to do all manner of good works. The forty days allowed to the Prophet of Nineveh may be denied to you. Now is the hour for repentance. To-morrow, to-day, even a single instant, may call you from the scenes of time to the dread realities of eternity!"

The holy father sank down on his knees, buried his face in his hands, and remained some minutes in fervent meditation and prayer. His address had done its work. On rising from his supplications, there stood before him an eager crowd stretching forth their hands filled with silver and gold, among them many females who had torn the jewels from their persons, all ready to cast their riches into the treasury of heaven. Fifty thousand livres were speedily placed at the disposal of the priest, ere the multitude dispersed to their homes. The money was deposited in a place of security in the church, with the exception of the sum of one thousand ecus, which the father designed as an appropriation to the sick artist, toward whose abode he presently bent his steps. Suddenly, however, he changed his course, and took the road in the direction of Versailles.

CHAPTER IV.

Man proposes but God disposes. The sermon preached by the holy father at the Church of St. Sulpice was far different from the one he had previously resolved in his mind to preach on the memorable occasion of which we have spoken. He was a missionary, renowned throughout France for his unfeigned piety and remarkable plainness of speech and oratorical powers. It was a high festival day, in commemoration of some distinguished saint in the calendar of the Catholic Church, and the venerable Father Dupasseur had been announced as the orator who should harangue the people and discourse on the transcendent attributes of the canonized saint. The priest had carefully elaborated all the saint's virtues in his own mind, and was fully prepared to descend upon them in the choicest and most glowing terms of language; while such was his great fame for eloquence and wisdom, if not eccentricity of character, in fact, that the Church of St. Sulpice became thronged with an eager multitude to hear him preach long before the hour appointed for the ceremonies of the occasion. Hence their impatience at the delay of the priest, whom Providence delayed on his way by calling him to the bedside of the sick artist, as has been already detailed.

The impression left on his mind, on viewing the distresses of the afflicted and impoverished family, drove all thoughts of his original sermon entirely from his mind, and induced him to substitute in its place the powerful impromptu charity sermon, which we so feebly attempted to repeat and portray. It was a sermon entirely without premeditation, God having put the text and words of the discourse, as the priest himself afterwards said, into his mouth, only when he had entered the pulpit of the Church of St. Sulpice. It was a sermon, however, which not only reached the consciences and the pockets of the immense audience gathered in the church, but one which was the general theme of conversation in Paris for a long time afterwards. Indeed, it was the epoch of a most remarkable exhibition of charity and good works by all classes of the inhabitants of the great city. The poor and the sick were sought after, and their necessities relieved, as by the spontaneous sympathy of the entire people. The contagion of benevolence, in sooth, reached the throne itself, and Louis XV., and his court seemed emulous to outdo all others in founding hospitals and numerous charitable institutions, for the especial benefit of the children of toil and affliction in all the districts and cities of France.

Meanwhile Father Dupasseur pursued the usual quiet tenor of his way. He kept his own thoughts and purposes to himself, and did not choose to blazon his performance of good works from the housetops and public highways to receive the admiration and praise of his fellow-men. It has been remarked of persons who give their attention solely to some great ends, that they often seem morose and churlish to an offensive degree, whereas such traits are entirely foreign to their natures, and may be accounted for on the supposition that such persons are so entirely abstracted from all objects in the world as to be capable of perceiving and appreciating only the one grand idea uppermost in their minds. On the other hand, there is sometimes observed a species of childish weakness, if not idiotic simplicity, in many persons, solely at variance with their profound learning and the natural austerity of their characters. They are influenced by some sublime monomania, as it were, which cannot be diverted by the petty distractions of the world.

Father Dupasseur was, perhaps, one of the latter class. Other great men have been possessed of similar weakness and peculiarities. The great Cardinal Richelieu would have been not to be obtained from its helpless parents.

(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE)