

and they must decidedly object to his assertion that those famous gentlemen are "devoted Catholics." They are hereditary Catholics, but their devotion is entirely of a negative description. Had he gone to Madame Craven, whose works are deservedly popular among the most cultivated readers in France, his ideas might have been different and more correct. There are a number of writers in Spain whose types of the religious character have been most beautifully and faithfully portrayed. Mr. Allen has also been unfortunate in his models of Catholic types in general. An examination of the stringent rules and severe discipline of any theological seminary would convince him that "Pepita Ximenez" is an impossible character. "Father Gaucher" is another, as a peep into a child's catechism would inform him, for a Catholic is taught that he is bound to flee the occasion of sin, and the prior of the monastery would have incurred the ban of mortal sin had he even permitted the weak father to continue his wine-making after learning his temptation, let alone compelling him to do so.

Foreign novelists who are not practical Catholics are hardly satisfactory authorities in regard to Catholic teaching and Catholic life. All religious denominations are conceded the privilege of themselves saying what they believe, and this privilege Catholics also claim. The Methodists, Quakers, and Shakers, whom Mr. Allen brings forward as having been freely used in fiction without making any outcry, were not portrayed in types antagonistic to their teachings and history. Had a Methodist deacon in good standing been represented as dancing the York at a public ball, a minister playing poker, a Baptist on a spree, a Presbyterian cheating at cards, a Quaker running a gambling-den, and their acts upheld

or covered up by their church authorities, there would probably have been objections—from the church-members on the score of inaccuracy, and from the critics on that of "bad art."

And now to answer Mr. Allen's questions. Certainly the American writer may avail himself of the conventual and monastic life as material for his art, but it does not follow by any manner of means that the tales located need give offense; on the contrary, if the portrayal be true to the type of monk and nun best known both to Protestants and Catholics, a great deal of pleasure may be afforded. He is also at perfect liberty to make use of unworthy monks and nuns, of unhappy ones, provided always that they are drawn true to life, and that the teachings of the Church and her discipline are not misrepresented. Most assuredly it is his privilege to "attack the Catholic idea," if he really knows what is the "Catholic idea," and that he is not attacking the creation of his own fancy set up as the Catholic idea. To concede yet more, he is at liberty to make use of any event in the history of the Church, any of her doctrines, practices, ceremonials, and institutions, either in praise or blame, if he make his delineations correct. Catholics insist only that the Church be not held responsible for the acts of individual members, nor for teachings imputed to her which her own creed does not confirm. Surely any Protestant denomination would put the same limitations.

As Mr. Allen's article on Gethsemane was both interesting and truthful, and as he gives no hint of malice in his story, Catholics are hopeful that his next venture in fiction will be free from the offenses and inaccuracies of his latest.

L. H.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Kitty, my Colleen.

KITTY, my colleen, 't is you that look winsome  
 Spinnin' the wool, with your beautiful smile.  
 L'ave off and let your ould grandmother spin some,  
 I 've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile.  
 Troth! with your locks, love, so daintily curlin',  
 Your lips, that keep hummin' a fortunate tune,  
 And your weeshy white hands, that are twistin' and  
 twirlin',  
 You 're windin' my heart on the spindle, aroon!  
 Arrah thin, Kitty,  
 It 's you that look pretty,  
 S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;  
 Winsome and winnin',  
 The while you keep spinnin'  
 My fate with your nate little ankle and heel!

You need n't mind tossin' your tresses so flaxen,—  
 Begorra, they 're fair as a fortune o' gold,—  
 And your hand, Kitty dear, is so weeshy and waxen,  
 The soggarth should give it to some one to hold.  
 And lips must be kissed if they 're redder than cherries,  
 And an arm sure was made to encircle a waist;  
 Faix! your lips are so like a bunch o' ripe berries,  
 I 'm thinkin', alanna, of thyrin' a tashte.  
 Arrah thin, Kitty,  
 It 's you that look pretty,  
 S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;  
 Winsome and winnin',

The while you keep spinnin'  
 My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

Tundher and turf! it 's a shame beyond sinnin'  
 To sit so provokingly silent, asthore;  
 It 's high time for colleens to l'ave off their spinnin'  
 Whin the moon and their bouchals peep in at the  
 door;  
 So come to your Barney, my darlin' so winsome,—  
 Ah! Kitty, you 're breakin' my heart with your  
 smile,—  
 Whisht! aisy, aroon, let your grandmother spin some,  
 I 've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile.  
 Arrah thin, Kitty,  
 It 's you that look pretty,  
 S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;  
 Winsome and winnin',  
 The while you keep spinnin'  
 My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

Patrick J. Coleman.

The Prophets.

TIME was we stoned the prophets. Age on age,  
 When men were strong to save, the world hath slain  
 them.  
 People are wiser now—they waste no rage—  
 The prophets entertain them!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.



## Brer Fox en de Ole Black Duck.

In the concoction of new tales about impossible heroes among the animal tribes, and in the improvisation of new tunes and lullabies, the old colored "mammy," before the war, displayed a creative talent that is simply a marvel, as it is, in certainty, a mystery. The nightly demands of the younger generation for "a new story" whetted her wits, and stimulated her imaginative faculties to such an extent that the process of going to bed was joyfully contemplated by the children, because it meant for them a feast of fancy and an ever-varied entertainment.

I recall the face and form of one who displayed extraordinary tact and talent in the stories she wove and the tunes she devised for my entertainment when "the children's hour" drew nigh. I see her as I write—a broad, generous countenance, the color of burnt sienna, and shining like polished mahogany; a benignant smile playing about the large mouth; a motherly expression gleaming from eyes that sparkled with unmistakable intelligence; and a voice surcharged with kindness and full of genuine pathos.

At the mention of Mammy 'Riah's name a flood of "half-forgotten lore" rushes to me, and I catch the air and recall the words of one of her songs through whose soporific influence I have more than once forgotten the little cares of my childhood world. The music is just as she sang it; the words have been altered only where the meter and the rhyme seemed to suggest a change.

This is the song that Mammy 'Riah called "Brer Fox en de Ole Black Duck":



BRER FOX jumped up one moonshine night,  
En axed de moon to gi' him light;  
'Ca'se he mus' run wid all his might,  
Ergin he reach de town-o.  
Town-o! Town-o!  
'Ca'se he mus' run wid all his might,  
Ergin he reach de town-o.

So w'en he reach de farmer's yard  
De ducks and geese dey raced en r'ared.  
"De best ob you shall die," he 'clared,  
"Befo' I leab dis town-o."  
Town-o! Town-o!  
"De best ob you shall die," he 'clared,  
"Befo' I leab dis town-o."

He grabbed de black duck by her neck,  
En swung her up ercross his back.  
De ole duck she go "Quack! quack! quack!"  
Wid foots er-danglin' down-o.  
Down-o! Down-o!  
De ole duck she go "Quack! quack! quack!"  
Wid foots er-danglin' down-o.

Ole Aunt Widdle Woddle jumped out er bed,  
Out ob de winder poked her head.  
"O John, John, John, de black duck 's dead!  
Brer Fox am in de town-o!"  
Town-o! Town-o!  
"O John, John, John, de black duck 's dead!  
Brer Fox am in de town-o!"

Den John went out on top de hill,  
En blowed his horn dat 's loud en shrill;  
But Brer Fox he laugh fit ter kill,  
"I done got frough de town-o!"  
Town-o! Town-o!  
But Brer Fox he laugh fit ter kill,  
"I done got frough de town-o!"

He drug de black duck to his den,  
Whar he hab young uns, nine er ten;  
He to' her up en eat her, w'en  
De young uns picked de bones-o!  
Bones-o! Bones-o!  
He to' her up en eat her, w'en  
De young uns picked de bones-o!

*Edward A. Oldham.*

## Grace After Meat.

I WILL not tell you where she lived; too much  
Already has been said; it would be spiteful.  
Many unkind remarks are made by such  
As live in places far, far less delightful.  
Be this enough; it may be plainly stated  
Her mind was very highly cultivated.

He was a stranger from a western wild,  
And he knew naught of clubs that study Browning.  
At first he thought her charming when she smiled,  
And then he thought her so when she was frowning.  
She studied him with care, as representative,  
And his advances, for a while, were tentative.

He misinterpreted the pretty blush  
Which dyed her cheek sometimes when he was speak-  
ing;  
And so it was that after a small hush,  
One day, he told her he her love was seeking.  
The blush was caused, not by her heart's wild clamor,  
But by some obvious lapses in his grammar.

She looked distressed, perplexed, uncertain; then  
She gently said, "You honor me too greatly;  
It might have been"—she sighed, and sighed again—  
"But for the sorrow you have caused me lately  
By showing,"—here a natural hesitation  
Ensued,—"excuse me, lack of cultivation.

"Should I accept the offer of your heart  
'T would be my painful duty, without shrinking,  
To take your commonest remarks apart;  
To make you see that even in your thinking—  
Although I do believe you mathematical—  
You are not, and have never been, grammatical.

"I could not do this thing to one I loved,  
And, should I do it, you would cease to love me.  
Forget me, then; you can; it has been proved;  
No argument, my friend, can change or move me.  
Farewell. I say it in its widest senses.  
Distract your mind by studying moods and tenses."

"Bless you!" he said with fervor as he rose,  
And shook her hand with honest cordiality,  
Seeing quite plainly that she meant to close  
The interview, and its extreme finality.  
"For what we 've not received!" she heard him  
mutter,  
As he went down the steps, and she peeped through  
the shutter.

*Margaret Vandegrift.*