

West" come others more responsive to the gentle touch of illuminating grace, more docile to the quiet voice of the Holy Ghost, and they will soothe their weary hearts in the fulness of the home of faith, and wail over the wreck of those who once sighed and wept for them. Such is the awful interchange of light and darkness, of darkness and light!

And as it is with nations so is it with individuals; souls lost, souls gained—Judas and Paul, Arius and Augustine; the last Teutonic apostate and Ignatius Loyola!

Souls lost! Is there anything in this world of God's beauty more distressing than the misfortune of a soul that has lost the life of faith that once illumined it with holiness and joy, and made its life the counterpart of heaven? The touching scene in Bersabee, where the exiled mother, Hagar, alone, an outcast, unpitied and unloved, wandered with her infant boy until, weary and faint, she laid him in the shadow of a tree to die, is a plaintive emblem of a soul whom God has rejected from grace because of its wilful sin against revealed truth. The soul shuts out the light of God's Spirit, and it wanders, like the mother and the child, without guidance and without hope.

HOW FAITH IS LOST.

Many—and we may have known some—whose youth gave promise of a holy, a religious manhood, have gone to their grave in their older age laden with years of unforgiven sin. Some time or other, years ago, they admitted a thought against religion; they smiled upon some scornful imputation against their church; and the light of faith which had thrown a beauty round their boyhood, and had warmed them into intensest love of God, went out for ever. They sinned against the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. They sealed their conscience against the inspirations of faith, and God left them to themselves. Age brought no change, and when the end came they looked to older times, when the beauty of God's sacraments beamed on their opening boyhood like the gladdening influence of spring. They were happy then, in the consciousness of a simple, undoubting faith. But long years of exile from faith and from God have flown by. Schoolmates, friends, parents, brothers and sisters in that run of years have been gathered to the grave. But they died in the faith; they went to sleep in the radiance of the last Sacrament, in the smile and embrace of God. But for *these* no Sacrament, no repentant act of love, no plea for mercy, relieves the darkness of their decline, and they die as they lived.

So have thousands fallen in the past, and the same awful declension may be going on around us to-day. Some, even at this very moment, may be cherishing the thought which first turned the fate of thousands long ago—of Saul, of Solomon, of Judas; of Arius and Luther. Faith does not die all at once. There are shades in its decline. Many shades of light fall upon the earth before the sun sinks from sight. There is twilight before darkness, evening before night; but the one melts into the other: first simple doubt, then unbelief. Such is the terrible history of the soul that trifles with the grace of faith.

HOW FAITH IS WON.

But this gloomy picture has a charming counterpart. How altered are our sympathies as we silently watch the workings of God's grace with a soul whom he is leading to truth! It is the process of faith gained without a previous loss.

Thus, some were once outside of the immediate influence of God's Church; and their beginnings were anything but foreshadowings of their end. They grew up in ignorance of the fairness of her whom they hated. The bright days of youth lapsed away, and still no light from above gleamed in upon them. Yet, some day or other, a gentle, impalpable influence stole quickly over them. They knew not whence it came or whither it was leading. It fell upon them, perhaps, when they knelt unknowingly in the Sacramental Presence, or as they gazed upon the sacred pageant of the awful Sacrifice. And that influence remained like some spirit, whispering ever of secrets beyond and beneath the outward show of beauty which first won them to a Catholic church. They spoke now less harshly of observances which they had been taught to scorn. They even thought, "Beneath these rites there lies a world of unseen, unrevealed realities; a soul, a substance which God has so clothed as to speak to man's sense as well as mind. Perhaps on that Catholic altar there is more than seems."

And so the light from above is shining brightly still, and welcomes onward. The Spirit of God is prevailing with souls. He calls and they follow. With a heart overflowing with sorrow for those days when they spoke against her whose beauty and truth and motherly love they knew not of, the converted souls throw themselves into their new mother's embrace. And then what a new world, what a dawning of supernatural realities, breaks upon the eye of faith! Strange that those thin veils that hid the Holy of Holies were not lifted before! The mission and office of the Holy Ghost in His church; the seven

Sacraments, the touching sacrifice of the Eucharist, the ties of communion between the living and the faithful departed; the place of the Mother in the grand scheme of salvation—all are now seen by an intuition that looks like science.

And then that inner realm of conscience! What beaming revelations are going on there now! The light of faith has been let in, and the thrilling, fear-inspiring relations of the soul to sin and to holiness are seen clearly for the first time. Sins which, before the light came, seemed but blemishes, are now deepest stains. How delicate the touch of grace! How sinful sin now looks!

THE WAY OF CONVERSIONS.

Just so it is in all conversions. What a mighty revolution was that in the soul of the great apostle when the light shone around him on the road to Damascus, and the Voice spoke, and the name of Jesus first made itself felt to him. What a change came over the loving Magdalen when she first knelt at the feet of Him who said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." What an active life of living faith Augustine began when he took up the book whose "Tolle: Lege" proved to him the well-spring of Christian truth. What a happy siege and a happy wound for Ignatius Loyola which occasioned his reading the *Lives of the Saints* and abandoning the life of the camp and the battle-field; and what a saint Xavier became when the same Loyola whispered into his ear, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"! All these, and myriad others who had lived in darkness, came by God's grace into the light, and sat down in the Kingdom with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

And such is the early Catholic life of those who respond to the grace of faith. They marvel that the Catholic Church is so beautiful and true, so like in voice and feature to her divine Spouse; and yet men turn their eyes and their hearts from her. The very brightness of faith gained throws a deeper shadow over faith forfeited. How sad and mournful seems the end of the fallen Judas when contrasted with the life and love of the converted Paul! How cruel is the heresy of Arius when we look on the proud faith of Athanasius! How distressing the apostasy of Julian in contrast with the heroic faith of the youthful Agnes, and who will not drop a tear at the misery of Luther's life, in view of all that Ignatius and Xavier have done for God's militant church?

NOTED BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

IT is always interesting to observe how persons above the average of their kind have demonstrated the usefulness and the happiness of life under exceptional conditions. Biography, however, is as limited in revealing the actual feelings of the great as those of the obscure. The reader has to bring intuition to bear upon it, and to derive from what is written some consistent and harmonious idea of the large part that never could be written.

In studying the records of famous bachelors and spinsters we cannot fail to reach one conclusion : that those who were unhappy throughout life would have been unhappy also if they had married, their prolonged dissatisfaction being the result of character, temperament, ill health, poverty or persecution, rather than of the



MICHAEL ANGELO.

disappointment in love to which it is usually credited. In fact, that disappointment often served for companionship after the first bitterness was past, acting as an incentive in some line of noble endeavor. To take away an unrealized ideal from a man or woman would in many cases destroy the animus which leads to success. Every man's love has found its way sooner or later into his work, but only a few, like Dante and Petrarch, have made their love and their work homogeneous, inseparable.

The Portuguese poet, Camoens, wrote impassioned verses in his fiery youth to a golden-haired Caterina under the name of Natercia. He mourned her death also in his sad "Rimas," and had neither wife nor child to comfort his exile.

Sweeter, purer relations are possible to human beings than the mass of them dream of as yet. In reading history we discover that what, for want of a newer designation, we have to call a "platonian" friendship, was sometimes the strongest feeling in the lives of a man and a woman. It is probable that even in the old pagan world a few admirable examples of this unselfish devotion existed, but the pagan civilization in its general trend was unfavorable to a pure friendship between persons of opposite sexes.

The first memorable example of the social changes made by Christianity in the relations between the sexes is the remarkable friendship of one of the early Fathers—Jerome—for Paula,



TORQUATO TASSO.

in the latter part of the fourth century. At the house of this wealthy queen of society he was a frequent and intimate guest, and even in that corrupt city their radiant innocence as they talked and read in company was never touched by the breath of scandal. Later in life, when Jerome again sought the holy seclusion for which he always longed, in a cave near Bethlehem, Paula turned her face towards the historic East, the dream of her devout soul also, and ended her days there near her beloved friend, he performing his great literary labors, the translation of the Scriptures, and she and her nuns supplying his simple wants.

Another notable friendship of a pious celibate for a widowed recluse was that of the Bishop Francis de Sales for Frances Jane Chantal, who founded under his direction the Order of the Visitation.

Deserving to rank next to these holy attachments was that of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna. This "three-souled genius," sculptor, artist, and poet, never married. Judging from his early poems, he cherished youthful fancies, but they never ripened to fulfilment. In his grave, masterful manhood he seemed to abandon the dream of perfect companionship, until at the mature age of sixty he found it in another phase, in communion soul to soul with Vittoria Colonna, a widowed princess of forty-eight. There is no mention on record of there being between them that kind of sentiment which aspires to be crowned with marriage. Vittoria, sojourning in a convent, was almost a nun; she had no wish to replace her husband, the Marquis di Pescara, whom it was her pleasure to idealize in a series of spiritual sonnets. There were long and delightful interviews, however, between her and Angelo in the convent garden; their themes were art, poetry, and religion. She sent each new sonnet to him and eventually he had them bound in a book. Her verse was euphonious, his was strong, and his noblest stanzas were inspired by his acquaintance with her, which gave him eleven years of rare happiness. The accumulated reserve of all his solitary years melted under her exquisite tact and sympathy. She died at fifty-seven, leaving him distracted with grief. The unique affinity of these superior beings has made all the generations of readers who have come after them regret that Vittoria could not have met the lonely, disappointed Angelo before she was too much wearied by the stress of life and the experience of personal loss to become his wife.

The poet Tasso also remains a solitary figure on the canvas of history. He cherished an intimate friendship with two noble ladies, his patronesses Leonora and Lucrezia d'Este, and his sonnets have immortalized their otherwise forgotten names. Twenty-five out of fifty-one years of his life he spent in prison.

In France, in the seventeenth century, women were inaugurating a dictatorship over literature and politics, which lasted up to the Revolution. The period of the Rambouillet salons in Paris was characterized by rigidly decorous friendships between men and women, contrasting strongly with the profligate relations existing in court circles. Those attachments had a strain of affectation which prevented their being wholly admirable, and they lacked the depth and fervor of the tie between Angelo and the Colonna. Molière depicted these brilliant, strong-minded ladies under the title of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. One of them, Mlle. de Scudéry, the plain, middle-aged authoress of a long list of icily correct novels, was a welcome guest at the Hôtel Rambouillet, where she often met M. Péliisson, homely and middle-aged like herself, and they discovered that their spirits were congenial.

The most intellectual men frequented those famous salons, and their comprehensive discussions of art and literature, the keenness of their criticism, and the purity of their language gave rise to the idea of the French Academy.

The English poet Pope received considerable attention from the fair sex because of the popularity of his brilliant verse, and in one case he was emboldened to hope that his infirmity of spinal complaint might be overlooked. He was greatly infatuated with the gentle and beautiful Miss Martha Blount, whose portrait, preserved at Upper Brandon on the James River, in Virginia, fully justifies his preference for the original. After humbly expressing his doubts of finding favor, one of his letters makes a pathetic allusion to his deformity in these words: "I have indeed heard of women who have had a kindness for men of my make." The earnestness of his tone contrasts forcibly with the mock heroics and stilted language of his epistles to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the gifted wife of another man, whom he foolishly exalted into a divinity and a starting-point for improper flights of poetic fancy, which happily had no foundation whatever in the realities of their association. It is to be hoped that the sweet Martha was too womanly to ridicule an honest declaration of love, however impossible it might have been to make its author the hero of her young



MARIA MITCHELL.

he preferred to concentrate them upon scientific research and discovery. For a time it looked as if Sir William Herschel would do likewise, but he finally married in spite of his devoted sister Caroline's objections. This able and talented woman could turn from the discovery of comets to the details of housekeeping, successful in either field. Inspired by the warmest affection for her brother, she learned enough of mathematics to commit the result of his researches to writing; sometimes she stood by him at the telescope to do this when the nights were so cold

heart's romance, but she had a sister, Teresa, who did not hesitate to laugh at the little poet's hint of wedlock, and the wound to his sensitive pride was so cutting that he retired into himself and was never known to make such a suggestion again.

Sir Isaac Newton was so incorrigible a celibate that we are informed he boasted of never wasting the forces of his being in the emotion called love;



ROSA BONHEUR.

that the ink froze in the bottle. She helped him to grind and polish his mirrors and in the care and use of all his implements, heroically abandoning the path of original investigation herself after she had discovered eight comets, because it was not compatible with her mission to aid and facilitate his genius.

Jane Austen, Mary Mitford, Maria Edgeworth, and Louisa Alcott belonged also to this class of family helpers, taken out of

the sphere of matrimony at the natural mating period by the force of circumstances. They all wrote love stories, but not from personal experience. Miss Mitford had a father who absorbed her heart and hands to a great extent. Miss Austen has an appreciative biographer in her nephew, who chronicles her as "the dearest of daughters and sisters, the gayest and brightest of aunts, the most charming and incomparable of old maids." She died, however, before her prime had waned, and her novels are still read as unsurpassed of their kind. Miss Edgeworth had a father, two step-mothers, and nineteen brothers and sisters, all devoted to her, and she was as much the pet of the literary world as of her own immediate circle. Women writers were far more uncommon at that time than they are now, and a talent which fell short of genius could command and hold public attention.

Frederika Bremer's personal history derives a peculiar interest from the fact that she conquered an adverse, cramping environment by sheer force of character and mentality. Few life stories would read like hers: wretched from early childhood until the age of twenty-five, "the sky steadily brighten-



CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

ing from twenty-five to thirty-five, and radiant from that time on to sixty-five, when death came like a violet sunset, serene and beautiful." She was reared in shoulder-braces, on stiff-backed chairs, by a mother cold as the climate of their native Sweden, who nevertheless inspired her suffering children with a distant kind of adoration. Frederika says in her diary that she laid down three inevitable principles for their education: they were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything like evil in the world, they were to acquire as much knowledge in other directions as possible, and they were to eat as little as possible, lest they should become stupid. She dreaded their looking strong and healthy, having a detestation of robust women; her ambition was to have them grow up delicate, sylph-like creatures, resembling the heroines of the romances she enjoyed reading. One of the daughters surpassed even the most ambitious dreams of this mother by developing a spinal complaint in consequence of her mistaken system of training. The Bremers lived in the country, maintaining the most aristocratic seclusion. The girls were forced to study and practise on the piano without diversion or society, until they felt so dreary and miserable that life itself seemed a burden. Frederika was homely, but her mind and manners must have fitted her for social success; she relates candidly that her "vivacious freshness" procured her admirers and flatterers after she was old enough to be taken to public gatherings and entertainments. She seems to have been afflicted by the undue proportions of her nose, and undertook to reduce it; also to create a high forehead for herself by pulling out the hair with tweezers. In the latter attempt she achieved a signal victory, but her nose defeated every attack, until she finally decided wisely to let it alone. At an early period she became conscious of her literary ability, and not thinking marriage compatible with the career of an authoress, declared that she had no wish to enter into the bonds. One can read between the lines of that fragmentary, almost forgotten old diary, and discern that Frederika's real indifference on this subject arose from her hopelessness of making an ideal marriage, and she would accept no other. Offers she did have, one of these bringing a crest and an estate with his heart and hand, but the elect suitor did not present himself. That there was one who would not have met with a refusal a touching avowal gives evidence: "I made also the acquaintance of another gentleman who inspired me with a pure and warm feeling, which, although it was never responded

to, still lives silently and ennobling in my heart." This feeling is never again alluded to in the diary; evidently it did not blight a life in which new avenues for usefulness were continually opening as she became the pride of her country-women. Her longing for love and appreciation was satisfied when it passed from the personal into the universal, and her spirit underwent an entire transformation. "Believe me," she wrote, "there are delights, ecstasies, unspeakable happinesses in lonely hearts shedding brightness over existence, over earthly and heavenly things, over the present and the future, making the heart burn with praise."

highly engaged woman, set apart from the world, was Charman. Those in the great drama realized what the popular stage might become elevated to the degree of popularity by her great plays. By her facial power, full magnet-



GEORGE PEABODY.

swayed human emotions ever on the side of truth and justice, ever to the scorn of meanness and cruelty. A meeting between her and the famous artist, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, was described by Miss Cushman in an interesting manner. She said her face was "lovely, refined, not French, full of intense feeling, with bright, clear, truthful eyes, thin but mobile lips, beautiful teeth, little hands, but with a true grip—altogether the most charming

great woman I have seen." These two gifted spinsters of this century had their memorable interview at Mlle. Bonheur's chateau, where visitors mount the stairway to the delightful studio in the tower designed by the artist herself. In the modern world of letters, art, science, and philanthropy the list of unmarried women is too long for other than

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a general mention of the representatives, and many names are likely to be omitted. The following, not all equally endowed or equally useful, but all having celebrity of one kind or another, may be specified: Catharine Sedgwick, Harriet Martineau, Maria McIntosh, Julia Kavanaugh, Amelia Edwards, Jean Ingelow, Lucy Larcom, Constance Woolson, Agnes Tincker, Phœbe and Alice Cary, Maria Mitchell, Harriet Hosmer, Dorothea Dix, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Peabody, Clara Barton, Frances Willard, and Emily Faithfull.

The melancholy hue which tinges the poetry of Alice Cary is believed to have been caused by the disloyalty of a city lover who forgot the gentle country girl he had wooed in her simple gray farm-house under the soft spell of a summer vacation. Her sister Phœbe was more sunshiny by nature; some of her *bonmots* are still quoted, and those who are trying to argue that the female sex is deficient in a sense of humor can never prove their theory by her. On one occasion Phœbe asked for "ladies' caps" at a New York store; the clerk understanding her to say "babies' caps," inquired "What age is the child?" "Forty," she replied, with a luminous twinkle in her eyes. This devoted sister gave up an acceptable opportunity to contract marriage late in life for the sake of staying with the invalid Alice. She did not long survive her.

There was one elderly maiden sister in the notorious Beecher family, and her characteristic reply to an offer she received is more deserving of mark for its pithy common sense than much that has been written in book-form by her sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe. When Miss Beecher was at least seventy a man of some prominence invited her to become his wife in a genuine love-letter. Her rejection was couched in these words simply:

"DEAR MR. —: I was born in the year 1800.

"CATHERINE BEECHER."

A number of the men who have helped the world by magnificent endowments died without direct heirs, never having married: Girard, Peabody, Hopkins, McDonough, Lenox, Tilden, Crerar, Wood, and Lick. McDonough's romantic love story is still related in New Orleans, where, as in Baltimore, he made it possible for many a poor boy to acquire a good industrial and literary education without expense to his family. A beautiful young lady belonging to a devout Catholic family was the object of his choice, and his sentiment was reciprocated. Her father refused

his consent, believing that an alliance with this Presbyterian of the Scotch calibre would not prove felicitous. Years went by, Mr. McDonough grew rich; in all other respects he was unchanged. The lady, seeing that there was no prospect of his adopting her faith, finally abandoned all idea of uniting herself to him;



CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

but she said she would never become the wife of another man, and her thoughts turned towards a religious vocation. She became a nun, and later in life was chosen the mother superior of the convent she had entered. When John McDonough was an elderly man he felt that he would like to meet again, on these altered lines, the woman who had so materially influenced

his life, a feeling of profound and pure regard surviving the buried hopes of youth. The first of January came around, the time for New Year's calls and good wishes, and the mother superior received a note from him asking if an old friend might be permitted to pay his respects. He was answered in the affirmative, and from that time on to the close of his life he always came to wish the abbess and her charge a happy New Year.

Royal celibates have been few, for obvious reasons. Elizabeth Tudor was too absolute to share her power with a man, and too coquettish to fix her affections definitely. She liked to play with her pretended lovers as a cat does with a mouse—a true daughter of Henry VIII. Charles XII. of Sweden fore-swore the enticements of the fair sex at an early age. Christina of Sweden, after reigning with vigor for a few years, abdicated at twenty-seven and repaired to Rome, where her commanding intellect soon placed her on an equal footing in the kingdom of mind with men of science and of letters.

Humboldt, the cosmic philosopher, Thoreau, the hermit naturalist of Walden Pond, the poet Whittier, the historians Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, were all bachelors.

Charles Lamb, the witty essayist, had a sad home of his own. He gave up the woman he wished to marry for the sake of tending his poor crazy sister Mary. Insane asylums were terrible places in his day, and he would not consign to one of them the gentle being who was only dangerous in an occasional paroxysm.

That odd genius, the fiery John Randolph of Roanoke, had a rupture with his betrothed, the cause of which remained a mystery in Virginia. It is related that one day he was about to make a visit at a country-house, but hearing from the porch her never-forgotten voice in song he rushed away from the spot, exclaiming "Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

The celibacy of Washington Irving also was a mystery until he at last saw fit to reveal the secret in a letter to a friend. After telling how the lovely Matilda Hoffman faded away before his eyes during their engagement, he added that the world was a blank to him for a long time in consequence. He could not bear solitude, and yet could not enjoy society. Giving up the study of law, he retired into the country desolate and aimless. In the course of time, as we know, he found an aim in authorship, and there is no tinge of morbidness upon his life-work, although he was a mourner at heart to his life's end.



QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

John Howard Payne, the author of the "century's great heart-song," "Home, Sweet Home," died at his dreary consular palace at Tunis, without wife or child to solace his last hours. At quaint old Easthampton, on Long Island, the pilgrim visits "the lowly thatched cottage" which sheltered Payne's childhood and was immortalized in his lyric as the only home he ever knew. The village has changed little since that time, so the old inhabitants say, and some one has wittily remarked that "the bird singing sweetly" that came to his call may have been a goose, so many ancient white geese swim about on the neighboring ponds. It has been rumored that the original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home" was given by Payne to a Miss Mary Harden, of Georgia; that she directed it to be buried with her, and, her request not having been fulfilled, that it may be

discovered some day—a song which made the fortune of the actress who first sang it, of the publisher who brought it out, but left its author poor. It is certain that Miss Harden was for a time the object of the lonely dreamer's devotion; a letter of his



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

to her is extant which is replete with genuine feeling; there is also one to her father. Apparently she did not wish to leave her family and her sheltered Southern home to accompany the wanderer into foreign lands, on the uncertain fortunes which seemed to be his chronic condition.

The emoluments of genius, especially genius of a literary

character, are proverbially uncertain; as a rule it would pay decidedly better to keep a market-stall or a corner grocery than to write first-class verses. Poverty was probably the cause of the celibacy of a large number of the earlier English poets. Herrick, Cowley, Thomson, Prior, Gay, Gray, Shenstone, Aken-side, Collins, Cowper, and Goldsmith are prominent among these.

The great musicians were usually dominated by their emotions. They fell in love—not often wisely—and wedded whether they could afford to do so or not, their extreme sensitiveness too often rendering themselves and those closely allied to them very unhappy. Beethoven, deaf, eccentric to the verge of insanity, did not marry because his affections were continually thwarted and forbidden to pass out of the realm of glamour into that of actuality. His yearnings for a perpetually vanishing ideal exercised a powerful influence upon his artistic nature, and have left their record in haunting tones which come to our ears *de profundis*. There is a pathetic, soulful quality about his music which gives it a scope so extended, so penetrating that it reaches the domain of religious feeling in the heart of the listener, as instinct with the whole human struggle and the everlasting cry for the ultimate, the divine.

