## A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER II.

THE PRIEST OF ST. VICTOIRE AND HIS SACRISTAN. The Pastor of Ste. Victoire had ended

a good day's work, for Sunday was with him a laborious day, as indeed it is for door-posts bespoke considerable

him a laborious day, as indeed it is for most hard-working parish priests. On the Sunday of which we are speak-ing he had risen betimes and made his meditation in the church, until it was time to ring the Angelus. This he did with his own hand, as his negligent sacristan was not yet up. Since it was the first Sunday in Lent, a considerable number of his parishioners were de number of his parishioners were sirous of approaching the sacraments, and the good elergyman was detained for a long time in the confessional, in fact until the time for Mass. He felt the plain chairs and table, teshind to the poverty of the priest. In this case, however, poverty did not banish cheer-fulness and content. What, in fact, did he want with grandeur and show ? almost faint when he went into the sac risty to vest; the sacristan was there, ready to help him, but not in the best of humors, for he knew he had failed in To his mind the fragrant hyacinths at his duty and expected a well merited reprimand. Instead of this, to his surthe open window, the bright sunshine that lit up the room, the mild spring that lit up the room, the mild spring air laden with the scent of the orchards Father Montmoulin merely ob prise, Father Montheaten a long rest that morning. The sermon that day was on the sacrament of penance; th preacher reminded his hearers more ious furniture would have done. particularly that our Lord had rendered Sabbath stillness, an atmosphere of peace rested on the whole scene ; nothconfession much easier than it would otherwise have been, by imposing strict secrecy as a solemn obligation on the minister who was His representative; so that on no account, not even to avert the loss of all his temporal goods, of his reputation, even of life itself, can the priest venture to violate the seal of the priest venture to violate the seal of the confessional. In illustration of what he said, he mentioned the well-known example of St. John Nepomu-cene; and in more recent times, the case of the Polish priest who, rather than break the seal of confession, suf-fered shame and reproach and ended his days as an exile in Siberia. Finally he corrected carnestly to the men of he appealed earnestly to the men of his flock-of whom unhappily bat few were present-entreating them no long were present—entreating them no long-er to defer the duty, perhaps already too long neglected, of making their peace with God, and participating in the treasures of grace the Redeemer purchased for us by His bitter passion and detth and death. It was rather later than usual when

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ard deposited with my predecessor and myself. She is coming to morrow to Father Montmoulin, having finished the Mass, after a short but fervent thanksgiving, repaired to his own room, will soon set about building the hospi tal. It is astonishing what an amoun where a cup of coffee stood upon the table ready for him. Then the breviary -always longer in Lent-had to be re-cited; and almost before this was ended, half a dozen of his parishioners of coffee stood upon the came in one after the other, each one needing counsel or help or consolation, according to their several circum stances. This lasted until Susan, the stances. old house keeper who attended to his wants, brought his frugal dinner in from the "Olive-tree" in close by. This woman was not regularly engaged as his servant. He contemplated making a fresh arrangement, as soon as he could furnish a couple of rooms for his mother nd offer her a home under his roof. Susan was dressed in all her Sunday and offer her

which consisted of a frock of finery, which consisted on a somewhat pale blue material with a somewhat striking pattern of yellow and red shawl of green striped with white, the gaudy colors being ill in keeping with flowers. with her wrinkled countenance and the grey locks that were rather untidily twisted up under her cap. The good woman was, in fact not far off seventy, and ould never have been a beauty in her younger days; but that mattered little for she was an honest old soul, and had no greater wish than to make all straight and comfortable for his Rever

As soon as she had put the soup upon the table, she smoothed her apron with her wrinkled old hands, and standing at a little distance she baran with the peated rather loadly, he started and called out "Come in " in rather a frightened tone. In came the sacristan, and when he saw all the money aying on the table, he made no attem familiarity of an old domestic : "What to conceal his astonishment. "Bless my soul !" he exclaimed, as he ran his a splendid sermon you gave us to-day Father 1 All about the seal of confes eyes greedily over the little heap of bank notes, the glittering gold coins, and the various piles of silver money, "I beg your pardon. Father, bat I sion, and how a priest dare not for the life of him reveal so much as one single life of him reveal so much as one single venial sin told in confession. (And the beautiful story about the saint, and the Polish priest ! I looked round me once or twice in church—I hope I did not do wrong, it was for my edification —and you should just have seen how the people were crying. The persons "I beg your pardon, Father, but I really had no idea your Reverence was so rich." " Not a penny of all this belongs to me," answered the priest, by no m well-pleased that the sacristan, of all the people were crying. The persons who ought to have heard it, like the mayor and the notary, and the Liberals as they call themselves, were not there, more's the pity. They have got some-thing better to do now than to come to

the wanderers to Himself.

are young and with your excellent

kept the situation, thanks to the favour he found with the mayor, although he had given the priest grave cause for ing on his hand. He was quite a young man; his pale, rather handsome features wore a pleasing expression, for although somewhat grave, he was naturally of a blithe and cheerful disposition. The

dissatisfaction. It will readily be imagined that the appearance upon the scene of such a man as this was rather disconcerting careful and pious training of his boy-hood, and the course of study he had subsequently gone through, imparted a for Father Montmoulin, who remarked the covetous look in his eyes as they rested upon the gold. It flashed certain refinement to his countenance rested upon the gold. It flashed through his mind in an instant that he certain remnent to his connectance. The whitewashed walls and simple furniture of the room were in keeping with its occupant. The old fashioned carving of the dark wooden ceiling and all alone in the rambling, old fashioned building with this man whom he knew to be unscrupalous, not a soul anti being within call. Involuntarily he started to his feet and stood between Involuntarily he quity : and the crucifix hanging on the quity : and the crucifix hanging on the wall, as well as the pleture of the Last Supper facing it, were far superior to the ordinary productions of modern re-ligious art. The common gilt earthen-ware vases on each side of an image of Our Lady of Dolours looked, it is true, somewhat out of harmony with the quaintly-carved wood work, and the writing table of unpolished deal, the bookshelves only half-filled with books, the plain chairs and table, testified to Loser and the table whereon the money lay, placing his hand on a chair, as the only weapon of defence within reach, and repeating in a determined manner: "The money does not belong to me, it has been collected by St. Joseph's Guild, and is intended for the building of a new hospital. Mrs. Blanchard is coming to fetch it to morrow or the the plain chairs and table, testified to

"You need not be alarmed, your Rev. rejoined Loser with a mocking rence nile, for he guessed the good priest's noughts. "I shall not take you for one of the accursed Prussians, whose game I stopped-all is fair in war, and thoughts. There or the sake of one's country. not a more harmless man in creation than I am in the time of peace, I canin flower, did more to make the humble apartment homelike and pleasant than not say Bo to a goose, upon my honor. And as this money is for the sick and needy, I will not ask so much as a rich carpets, costly paintings and luxurneedy, I will not ask so much as a penny of it. And do you think I would demean myself to filch one of those pretty bank-notes-all of a 100 francs ing in his surroundings led the good pastor to suspect how near the storm was approaching which would wreck the happiness of his trangull life. believe-either by fair means of do foul? Fie, fie, Father, I would not have credited you with such rash judg ment ! But it all comes of your mis taken idea that only your pions folk only too soon. The priest rose, and went into the church to give the in-It is quite true have any idea of honor. It is quite true that I have not been to the sacraments went into the church to give the inter-struction; to this he had to devote his whole energy. Then followed Vespers and Benediction, and to wind up all, an infant was brought to be baptized. No marvel that when Father Montfor twenty years or more, and don't nean to neither, in spite of your Reverence's fine sermon about confes sion, yet none shall say that Albert is not an honest man !" And as oulin at length threw himself back in e uttered these words in tones of his easy chair with a sigh of relief, his righteous indignation, striking his breast in a theatrical manner, he was eyelids closed from sheer weariness, and drowsiness crept over him. But a moment later he started up and rubbed his over "Come come." he said to oreast in a theatrical manner, he was busy plotting a scheme which was diam-etrically opposed to the virtues he claimed for himself. The simple minded priest only he said to his eyes. "Come, come," he said to himself, "this will never do. I am too number, this will never do. I am too young yet to go to sleep in broad day-light. I have just time left to look over the accounts of S. Joseph's Guild, and count the money that Mrs. Blanch-

The simple minded prior of the simple minded probability of the simple s man to be very conscientious who has neglected to fulfil his bounded duty to wards God and his own immortal for twenty or five and twenty years." nequan, cui bonas Qui sibi man who is his own enemy be a friend to others ?

'Well, well, Father, one would old child like faith may revive in our think you had preached enough for to day! Who knows if there really is a land." Thus musing, he cast a glance out of the window at the quiet village God, and if there is, whether H which were now in full blossom. Then troubles Himself about such insignifi cant creatures as you and me. And as he turned to his writing table, and for an immortal soul, science has long ned the drawer where he kept the since shown that we have nothing of cash box containing the funds of the the sort. But I did not come here to Guild. He spent some time reckoning discuss these matters with you, Father. up figures, and then slowly and doubt-fully, in, it must be confessed no very Of course God exists for you, and you must have an immortal soul, it belongs to your profession."

"You forget yourself strangely, Loser !" interrupted the clergyman, repressing with difficulty the just anger he felt at this godless way of talking.

What did you come to ask me ?" "Ab, true. The sight of all this wealth for the church and the poor put y own business out of my mind," oser replied. "I wanted to ask for a holiday till next Saturday. get along quite well without me in the week. I should like to go to Marwhere a friend of mine has eilles, heard of a situation which I think will suit me better than being a sacristan. Where have I put his letter to-concluded, feeling in his pockets. · Never mind about showing me the

letter," answered the priest, while the an was still fumbling in his pockets. Go to Marseilles by all means, and I man was still fumbling in hope you will meet with something de sirable. I will ring the Angelus my self, I am generally up before you are. Old Susan can open and shut the church; leave the key on the kitchen table. When are you going ?" "I shall start to-night. I can easily catch the last train from Aix. I am much obliged to you for giving me leave of absence. And may I venture, seeing your Reverence is flush of cash just now, to ask for a little loan—a mere trifle—one of the 100 franc-notes I see there."

his large red and white cotton handker-chiefs, and deposited it for the time being in the drawer of his desk. Just as he was taking the key out of the lock, the clear merry tones of a boyish voice were heard through the open mindow. Locking out the worthy window. Looking out, the worth priest saw his mother with his sister the worth wo children in the act of crossing the courtyard.

"Is that really you, mother," he ex-claimed, his eyes sparkling with pleas-

ure. "Here I am, as you see, Francis, and I hope I find you well and happy," was the answer that came up from below; the children adding their greet

greetings. But their uncle, leaving the door of his room open behind him, was already hastening along the dimly-lighted corridor to the stairs, which ed down into what was formerly the loisters. He met his mother just as loisters. she reached the archway which con-nected the outer building with what in bygone days was the enclosure. He welcomed her and embraced her affect tionately ; then, drawing her out of the dark passage into the daylight, he anned her features anxiously, for it was some months since he last saw her, and he had heard from his sister that she had several times been unwell.

"Last winter has not improved my appearance, has it ?" she said cheerily "I have not grown younger; look what ugly wrinkles have made their apearance, and my hair has turned uite white."

I think your white hair is very be "I think your white hair is very be-coming to you, mother; and as for the wrinkles, we will see if we cannot smooth them out, and give you round rosy cheeks again," rejoined the young priest. "I have good news for you," he continued. "In a few week's time we will have your room fitted up for we will have your room fitted up for you beautifully. At present my fands are rather low. But come uptairs now, we must have an extra strong cup of coffee in your honor. Look Charles, run down to the baker's, Look here third shop in the village you, the street, and fetch two or three rolls and a dozen sweet cakes. Here is some money. Now Julia, you must see if you can help make the coffee." money.

"O1, I can make coffee all alone and good coffee too," answered the answered the while her brother scampered off to the baker's in high glee. "If only old Susan has left enough coffee ready ground," she added.

She ran lightly upstairs, for having been at Ste. Victoire before, she knew her way about the old convent, only pausing a moment to listen to her grandmother's injunction to put on an apron, and be sure not to soil her Sunday frock. Father Montoulin, meanwhile conducted his other with a somewhat more sober nother tep to his room.

Little did he suspect, that while the scene we have enacted below, Loser vas still spying about his room, lurking in the dark angles of the corridor. It is necessary to explain that the old convent, built on a ledge of rock, formed three sides of a quadrangle; the church on the left, and a corresponding wing on the right, being con-nected by a wide facade. The front of the building, two stories high, looked down into the valley where the village lay. The priest occupied a good-sized ridors leading respectively to the church on one side and the right wing on the other, met. In former times this had probably been the Abbess' room, as it commanded a view of both corridors, and the double row of cells opening into them. Communicating with this sitting-room was a small bedroom, the only one to which access could not be had from the corridor. the other side there was no ad joining room, as a space had been left to allow of the corridor being lighted by a window in the outside wall, with by a window in the outside way, when out which it would have been com-pletely in darkness. Opposite the priest's rooms, in the inner angle of priest's rooms, as mall apartment orable man, to whom fate has not the building, was a small apartment orable man, to whom fate has a separating the rows of cells: it was given his deserts, since you, a man

into his waistcoat pocket, to give a glance at the bed roon beyond, and dart back into the kitchen, before Julia's footsteps were heard approaching, as she ran singing up the stairs. To avoid being seen, he went out by one of the side doors into the adjoining corridor, where a winding enabled him to reach his own winding staircas quarters the porter's lodge at the principal en-trance. He locked himself in, to avoid being disturbed while he was concocting his plans, and getting all in readi-

ness. About an hour later he emerged from his room, dressed for a journey, with hat and stick, and a small travel-ling bag slung round his shoulders. ling bag slung round his shoulders He fastened the door behind him, tak He fastened the door banna hun, tak ing with him the ponderous, old-fash-ioned key. We will follow him for a short distance before returning to Father Montmoulin and his unexpected

isitors. He first turned his steps in the direc He first turned his steps in the direc-tion of the "Golden Rose," one of the village inns, what at this time of year was generally pretty full of a Sunday afternoon. To day there was not an empty seat, and the worthy landlord, Daddy Carillon, as he was femilied Daddy Carillon, as he was familiarly called, with his black velvet skull cap and white apron, had enough to do edg-ing in and ont among his most in the ing in and out among his guests, minis tering to their anxious wants. Th room was full of smoke, and politics were being eagerly discussed, as glass after glass of absinthe, or of the red wine of the country was being consumed. "Who comes now? Why our sacris

tan to be sure !" exclaimed the host as Loser made his appearance in the door way. "Not converted yet by our good pastor's sermon this morning? But I see you have a travelling bag, "Not converted yet by our where are you off to now ?" " I am off to Marseilles by the last

train," Loser answered, raising his voice so as to be heard by all present. "I have come in for a small legacy in Lorraine, an old aunt of mine has just died, awfully rich old woman. Of died, awfully rich old woman. Of course the priests have grabbed the principal part of the property, for the poor old soul was one of your pious sort. However she has had the sense to leave a trifle to her godless nephew omewhere about a couple of thousand ounds. Now those devils of Prussians,

who have not forgotten the brave Franctireur who carried their out-post Bar le-Due, and blew up a bridge at Fontenay under their very noses, will

tot give up the money to me. I must ret legal advice, and perhaps I shall tot be back until next Sunday, if they are slow about it.' This intelligence made quite a stir in

the inn parlor. Some of the guess congratulated Loser on his good for tune; some advised him to apply to the Governor at Marseilles, others would have him lay his grievances before the President of the Republic, or appeal to Parliament. War ought to be declared with Prussia if every penny of the sum was not paid within twenty four hours. Loser began to fear he had gone a little too far. He begged the good begged the good

people who espoused his cause so earn estly to wait for further information ; he would make the Germans look small, he said, when they got a lawyer's letter from this side of the frontier. Then taking the key of his lodge and that of convent gate out of his pocket, he handed them to the landlord, requesting him to take care of them during his absence. He was about to take his de parture, but Daddy Carrillon would

parture, but Daday Carrison would not let him go so unceremoniously. "Plenty of time yet to catch the night train," he cried. "You must do me the honor, Mr. Loser, to take a glass with me and my friends here, to irink your health, and good success your business. I have always regarded ou as a patriot, Mr. Loser, as a hero say, and the scar that marks may your cheeks is a decoration to be prouder of than the ribbon of the Honor which the Prefect of our Department wears on his breast,

you again in our humble village-

means the best of charac

Mr. Goldwin Smith's reference to

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JUNE 16, 1906.

## THE RESURBECTION OF ALTA.

Father Broidy rushed down the stone Father Broidy rushed down the stone steps and ran towards the Bishop's car. riage, which had just stopped at the curb. He flung open the door before the driver could alight, kissed the ring n the hand extended to him, helped its wner out and with a beaming face led him to the pretty and comfortable rec-

"Welcome! Welcome! to Alta, "Welcome! "He said as they entered the Bishop," he said as they entered the house. "And, sure, the whole deanery is here to back it up.

The Bishop smiled as the clergy trooped down the stairs re echoing the greeting. The Bishop knew them all, and he was happy, for well was he aware that every man meant what he aid. No one really ever admired the Bishop ; every one loved him, and each had a private reason of his own for i that he never confided to any one bu his nearest crony. They were all h now to witness the resurrection of Alta he poorest parish in a not too rich diocese, hopeless three years ago, but now-well, there it is across the lot. that symphony in stone, every line of its chaste Gothic a "Te Deum" that even an agnostic could understand and appreciate; every bit of the carving paragraph of a sermon, that passers by, perforce, must hear. To day it is to be consecrated; the cap stone is to be set on Father Broidy's Arch of and the real life of Alta Triumph, parish to begin.

"I thought you had but sixteen fami-lies here," said the Bishop, as he watched the crowd stream into the church.

"There were but eighteen, Bishop," answered the young priest, with a happy smile that had considerable self-satisfaction in it. "There are seventyfive now. "And how did it come about, my

And how did the Cone store, my lad ?" questioned the Bishop.
Mostly through my mission bringing back some of the cught-to-be's, but I suppose principally because my friend McDermott opened his factory to Catholics. You know, Bishop, that though he was born one of us, he had somehow acquired a the Church, and he never employed Catholics until I brought him around." There was a shadow of a smile that There was a shadow of a smile that had its meaning to it on the Bishop's face as he patted the ardent young pastor on the arm and said: "Well, God bless him! God bless

him! But I suppose we must begin to vest now. Is it not near 10 o'clock?" Father Broidy turned with a little shade of disappointment on his face to the work of preparation, and soon had the procession started towards the church

Shall I describe the beauty of it all. the lights and flowers, the swinging censers, with the glory of the chant wealth of mystic symbolism and the which followed the passing of that solemn procession into the sanctuary? That could best be imagined, like the feeling in the heart of the young pastor who adored every line of the building. He had watched the laying of each stone, and could almost count the chips that had jumped from every chisel. There had never been such a beautiful There had never been such a day to him and never such a ceremony but one-three years ago in the seminary chapel. He almost forgot it glory of the present. Dear me, how well Kaiser did preach! He always knew it, did Father Broidy, that young Kaiser had it in him. He did not envy him a bit of the congratulations. They were a part of Father Broidy's triumph too. It was small wonder that the Dean whispered to the Bishop on the

way back to the rectory : "You will have to put Broldy at the top of the list now. He has surely won his spurs to day."

But again the shadow of the meaning smile was on the Bishop's face, and he said nothing : so the Dean looked wise and mysterious as he slapped the young and mysterious as ne snapped the young pastor on the back and said : "Proficiat, God bless you ! You have done well, and I am proud of you,

wen-preased that the sacristan, of all people, should find him engaged in counting a large sum of money. He mistrosted the man, and certainly his antesedents more and certainly his antecedents were not such as to inspire confidence. He was an unprepossessing looking fellow, of average height and powerfal build, not more than forty thing better to do now than to come to church; they are so busy with the election ! And as for one who was there, that lout of a sacristan, I saw him smiling to himself as he sat in the shade of the sacristy.door, instead of taking the sermon to heart as he should have done, and resolving at last years of age, although he might have been taken for ten years older. There was a bold, bad look in his dark eyes, and his moustache, twisted upwards at the ends, gave him a somewhat rakish should have done, and resolving at last appearance. A broad scar, passing over the upper part of his nose and left to go to confession." "Well, Sasan, we know that the most sheek, did not add to the attractive eloquent discourses do not change the ness of his counterance. In fact, it would not have been easy to find any heart. You ought to pray very fer-vently-that will do more good than lamenting over the obduracy of sinners. one more unsuitable in appearance for the office he held. Albert Loser-such was his name-was a native of Lorraine,

etch the whole sum ; thank God ! they

these good ladies have contrived to collect! France is as ready as ever to

help the needy; God grant she may thereby win the divine favour, and the

that lay below, half-hidden by the tree

business-like manner, he began to cou the monies spread out on the table.

8,000 francs; 50 twenty-franc notes

Eighty hundred - franc notes

1,000 francs; that makes 0,000 francs in notes. Seventy five gold Napoleons added to it makes 10,500 francs; 215

five-franc pieces 1,075 francs more, and

Upon my word 'tis a goodly sum! never had as much in my keeping be

Thereapon the good p

gan to count some of the rolls of silver

over again ; and so absorbed was he in this occupation that he failed to hear

at the door. On its being re

12,000 francs (£480) which are to

425 francs in smaller coins.

be given over

fore.'

Altogethe

to Mrs. Blanchard

We have a long-suffering and compas-sionate God Who knows how to recall and had served in a company of Franc tireurs during the Franco German war on the French side, and, as he was Mercy on us ! I only meant first to tell your Reverence what a fine ser mon you preached, and now seemingly I have been proud and uncharitable want to boast, had shot down not a few Prassians in cold blood. After the war was over, in reward for his exploits But will you not take another slice the roast of beef, Father ? No? We in the field, he received a medal, with the right to have a situation provided Well, I expect it is rather tough, the butche serves us very badly now. I have scarce-ly got a tooth left in my head, but you for him in the civil service. posts had been given him in succession but his irregular conduct and neglect of duty generally led to his dismissal within a short space of time. His only are young and with your excellent set of teeth you might manage it. Am I to clear away? I do not know Thowever you will keep up your strength, eating as little as you do." recommendation, or rather claim on hi country, was the sabre-cut across his face, which he alleged to be the work

"I shall get on well enough, Susan of a Prussian Hussar during a skirmish. In the course of his wanderings he had Now you must leave me time to get ready for Catechism, it is really more come about a year ago to Provence, important than the morning's serm and by his glib tongue had ingratiated answered the priest, watching the old himself with the mayor, who happened to be looking out for a sacristan, and man with a smile as she carried away the dishes amid many an anxious shake of the head. When the door had closed ffered the vacant post to the ' many battles." Loser accepted it on trial; "I never could tolerate priests," behind her, he took up a catechism and began to think over the instruction which he had already prepared some days previously. For some time he sat at the table meditating, his head rest-having presented itself since, he had

I see there. "I have already told you that this oney is not mine to dispose of. if it were it is quite against my rule to and you money.

lend you money." "Well, if you consider me a thief—" "It is quite against my rule, and that is enough. But if a small gratuity out of my own pocket will be of any service to you—" and the priest held out a five franc piece to the man, for the safe of carting rid of him.

the sake of getting rid of him. "I will accept it as my well earned due," answered Loser, as he slipped the coin into his waist-coat pocket. "I will not take it as an alms, I am not a Besides I shall soon be out of my little financial difficulties. I expect a legacy, an aunt in Lorraine, quite a woman, is said to be dying. rich wish your Reverence good day ! And low bow, and another greedy glance at the money on the table, he took his departure.

" Thank Heaven the hateful man is gone," exclaimed Father Montmoulin, with a sigh of relief. "I must confess cone. I am right glad that he is going away to night. I should hardly feel it safe pass the night alone with him in this desolate old house, now that he has discovered how large a sum I have in keeping. Heaven forgive if I do wrong, but that man seems to me nim wrong, but that man seems to me most untrustworthy. He s quite cap able of making a feint of going away and coming back secretly to night. My best plan will be to take the money him wrong, by best plan will be to take the hard of to the mayor. Besides it might give me an opportunity of getting on more friendly terms with that good gentle-man; hitherto he has always sided against me."

separating the rows of cents: It was very dark, as the window was small, but there was a door on either side, leading into the two wings. In this room, probably once the kitchen of the infirmary, was a cooking stove which served for the preparation of the good pastor's simple meals; the kitchen of the convent being a spacious apartment with a valled roof on the ground that you are a gentleman of property, a man of wealth, we cannot dxp for doubtless you will find else where an appointment more commensurate with your talents-if you find a more fitting

To this little kitchen Loser had be sphere in which to serve your country may we beg, Mr. Loser, that when bask-ing in the sunshine of your happiness, you will not altogether forget your old taken himself on quitting the priest's presence. He made a critical survey of the narrow, ill-lighted chamb r, with its twofold means of exit. When, in friends at Ste. Victoire. I drink to your good health, sir !" obedience to the priest's directions, he laid his bunch of keys on the table, he Although up to this time Loser had pulled open the drawer, and began to borne by no means the best of character in the village, yet all persons ap examine its contents. Amongst these was a sharp carving knife, with the initials F. M. engraved on a silver plauded this speech and joined in a hearty cheer, congratulating him on his good fortune and coming greatness plate let into the handle ; this he took plate let into the handle; this he toks up, and felt the edge with his finger. "That is by no means blunt," he said to himself; then holding it like a The inn-keeper was quite elated by his oratorical performance, and shands all around, before taking head of the table, with Loser by his side. Twilight had long fallen on the dagger, he made a swift lunge with it in the air, before replacing it in the drawer, which he closed. "We shall not want that," he muttered, "though scene before the sacristan left

it might be the shortest way. No, no I hate bloody work. I hate bloody work." At that moment ne heard Father Montmoulin calling from the window to his friends below, and immediately afterwards saw him hasten down stairs. Taking for granted that the exchange of greetings would occupy some time, Loser ventured to go back to the priest's room. "Confound it !" he ex-

class), illustrate the need of popular priest's room. "Contound it !" he ex-claimed, " he has put all the chink away ! Hullo there, the key is left in the desk, let us have a look inside. works like Father H "Foundations of Faith," portance of rendering the writings of such authors as Dr. Brownson acces Fon my word there is the whole blessed lot, wrapped up neatly in a handker-chief quite handy to take away. Shall I do this good office for him?" The man's hand was already on the parcel, but prudence prevailed. "He would find it out to night, and the police would arrest me. Do not he a fool off Pon my word there is the whole blessed sible to inquiring non-Catholics, so many of whom are now earnestly seek-ing for light on the religious question. The teaching of the church on subjects like justification is so often misunder-stood by Catholics themselves that one need not be surprised at the wrong notions of outsiders. Nothing, for in-Do not be a fool, old would arrest me. Do not be a fool, old fellow, you shall have the pelf, but one must not be precipitate." He with drew his hand reluctantly, and locked stance, is more common nowadays than to hear men call just, moral, honest and good, simply because they do not "I will take the key," he the desk. "I will take the key," he added, "it may come in handy. If he misses it, he will only think he mislaid harm to their fellows, although they be entirely without faith, and i

it in his hurry." Loser had only time to slip the key faith prescribes.—Ave Maria. perform any of the religious acts which

ut wait and advanced thought, are compelled pander to the clericals, and serve an effete superstition. But at length for tune has been kind to you ; and if, now

dropped to a whisper. "I was talking to the Bishop about you." The dinner I Well, Anne excelled herself. Is not that erself. Is not that enough to say herself. Is not that enough to say -But perhaps you have never tasted Anne's cooking. Then you have surely heard of it, for the diocese knows all about it, and every one said that Broidy was in his usual good luck that Broidy was in his usual good luck when Anne left the Dean's and went to keep house for the priest at Alta.

Story followed story, as dish followed dish, and a chance to rub up the wit taat had been growing rusty in the ountry mission for months never passed by unnoticed. The Dean was toast

naster. "Right Reverend Bishop and rever end Fathers," he began, when he had enforced silence with the handle of his "it is my pleasure and pride to ere to day. Three years ago a fork, be here to day. Three years a young priest was sent to one of most miserably poor places in the dio-cese. What he found you all know. The sorrowful history of the decline of Alta was never a secret record. Eight-teen careless families left Bigotry rampant. Factories closed to Catho Golden Rose, and took the road to Aix, lics. Church dilapidated. Only the vestry for a dwelling place. That was three years ago, and look around you to day. See the aburch around you house and to day. See the church, house and school, and built out of what? That is Father Broidy's work and Father Broidy's secret, but we are glad of it. No man has made such a record in our diocese before. What have we all done faith as an emotion, and numerous other ideas expressed in his new book,

diocese before. What have we all done by the side of this extraordinary effort? Yet we are not jealous. We know well the good qualities of soul and body in whe good qualities of soft and oody in our young friend, and God bless him ! We are pleased to be with him, though completely outclassed. We rejoice in the resurrection of Alta. Let me now call upon our beloved Bishop, whose pressure amongst us is always a joy." presence amongst us is always a joy.

When the applause subsided the Bishop arose, and for an instant stood again with that meaning smile just lighting his face. For that instant he did not utter a word. When he did did not utter a word. When he did speak there was a quiver in his voice that age had never planted, and in spite of the jokes which had preceded and the laughter which he had led, it sounded like a forerunner of tears. He had never been called eloquent, this

being escorted for a part of the way by some of his boon companions. TO BE CONTINUED