

A Mistaken Duty.

MARY M. HEDGECOCK in The Christian's Budget

"Gloriana, how can you persist in saying six times seven are sixty-seven? I explained that to you only yesterday. You should pay more attention to my instructions."
"La, I do, Miss Phomy! but how you done 'speak me to 'member all dat you say? 'Is jes' a niggah, an' what you done 'speak of a niggah, Miss Phomy?"
The child - she was little more than ten - spread out her small black hands in a deprecating manner, which had learned from her mistress, and snoring her little ebony face into an expression of solemnity, waited with such childish gravity for her teacher's reply, that Charles Davidson - Miss Euphemia's brother, who had been watching with some amusement the progress of the lesson, burst into a hearty, ringing laugh.
"You are wise in your generation, Glory. You hit the nail square on the head that time," he said, nodding goodhumoredly at the child.
"Charles!" exclaimed Miss Euphemia, reprovingly. Then turning again to her pupil she said, gently but firmly, "I expect you to grow up into a brave, honorable woman, and to be a credit to your race. You can be brave and honorable, and do noble deeds, Gloriana, if your skin is black."

off the disagreeable subject. "Come with me for a walk, sister mine. Remember, this is my last day at home," he said, with one of his winning smiles.
He was tall and fair, with a good-natured boyish face for all his twenty-five years. Miss Euphemia was nearly fifteen years older, and for the past ten years had been mother as well as sister to the fair-haired boy, whom she idolized. They were the last of their family and lived alone in the rambling old mansion in which the Davidsons for three or four generations had been born and reared. Like many more Southern families they lost the greater part of their fortune during the war. Realizing the necessity of getting some kind of employment, Charles had accepted a position with an old friend of his father's in New York, and was to leave on the morrow to begin his duties.
After her brother's departure Miss Euphemia devoted more time than ever to her little protegee, keeping her at the "Hall," as the negroes called it, whole days at a time, and instilling into the childish mind many of her own aristocratic, Old World ideas. Notwithstanding her miscellaneous propensities, Gloriana proved a very apt pupil.
"Now see how much you will have learned when Mr. Charles comes home again," Miss Euphemia went on to say, and almost unconsciously the child began looking forward to the coming of Charles as to an event in her own life. She studied hard, but always "th the end in view of pleasing Charles and winning his approval of her year's work when he came home for his summer vacation.
She learned very rapidly, and in the course of a few years Miss Euphemia engaged a governess to teach her music and the higher branches.
Joe and Dinah, Gloriana's parents, lived in the old tumble-down cabin in which Gloriana was born. Dinah washed and scrubbed for several families, and Joe did whatever odd jobs he could get to do, content so long as he had tobacco for his pipe and enough coarse bread and bacon to eat. This was the home to which Gloriana came each evening when her lessons were done. In spite of all Miss Euphemia's careful teaching about the duty a child owes to its parents, Gloriana soon began to feel that there was a wide gulf between herself and the honest but vulgar creatures whom she called father and mother; and as she grew older this gulf widened and deepened, until at last the atmosphere of her home became intolerable, and she spent more and more time at the hall in the more congenial companionship of Miss Euphemia and her governess.
"Fo' de Lawd! Joe, I do b'lieve dat dar ole am gittin' shamed ob her daddy an' mammy!" Dinah exclaimed one day when the "child" had flounced out of the cabin declaring that the combined odor of tobacco and boiling vegetables made her sick.
"See haint our little Glory no mo'."
"Dinah," returned Joe, sadly. "An' 'I's pow'ful feard dat we'll skiver som' day dat we made a mighty big mistake when we 'tempted to make a white lady outen her."
The years sped by and at last Gloriana's was finished to the full and entire satisfaction of Miss Euphemia. She was very proud of her protegee, and looked forward eagerly to the time when she would take her place as a teacher in the school which had recently been opened for the education of the negroes.
Charles had come home to spend his vacation, and he and Miss Euphemia were sitting on the wide old-fashioned piazza enjoying the golden beauty of the Summer evening. They had been talking about many things - for each one shared the other's full confidence, but just now a little silence had fallen between them.
Inside, Gloriana in a dainty white muslin dress trimmed with blue ribbons, her crinkled black locks done in a Psyche knot, was seated at the piano, her small black fingers skimming lightly over the keys.
They had not been paying much attention to her playing, but now in the delicious stillness of the summer evening the music floated out to them clearly and distinctly, startling them both by its tenderness and passionate pleading. It was only a simple old ballad she was playing, but she played it over and over again, and it and over with such wonderful pathos brought the tears to Euphemia's eyes and awakened a strange tumult within her usually quiet breast. What did it mean? What had come over the girl? She had never heard her play like that before.
The tender pleading music which seemed to convey the passionate words of the old love song straight to his heart, had a different effect upon Charles. A warm eager light sprang into his eyes, and, forgetting alike the music and the player, he exclaimed abruptly, "I have something to tell you, Euphemia. I am going to be married before Christmas to Reesie Carlyle, the second daughter of my employer. She has been away at school these five years and I never met her until last summer. From the very first she seemed to possess some strange attraction for me. She is very beautiful, and I tried to make myself believe that it was only because I admired her - but I felt drawn toward her in an inexplicable manner. I felt as though I had known her all my life,

and as though I understood her better than anyone else in the world. Then I suddenly awakened to the fact that I loved her - loved her as I never dream of it possible that even I could love. You know, Euphemia," he added with a boyish laugh, "I always said I would never marry until I found a woman whom I could love."
"I am very glad," said Miss Euphemia in a quick pleased tone, regarding him with loving eyes. "I always knew you would find your affinity some day; but tell me about her. What is she like and what are her tastes?"
"She is a perfect blonde, fair and sweet and as a lily, with golden hair, and the loveliest blue eyes in the world! Here is her picture."
He broke off, taking from his pocket a small cabinet sized photo, and handed it to his sister; but before Miss Euphemia could take it, Gloriana, who had stepped noiselessly through the low French window, and was standing unobserved in the shadow of one of the great pillars, rushed forward and, snatching the picture from his hand, tore it into a thousand pieces.
"You shall not marry her! You shall not!" she cried in a hoarse, unnatural voice, trembling from head to foot. "You shall marry me. Why have I been taught to be a lady, if you did not intend to marry me?"
"Gloriana! My God! Gloriana, of what are you thinking?" began Miss Euphemia, with a look of horror, but the girl turned upon her with the fury of a wild cat.
"How dare you look at me like that? It is not you who made me what I am. I could kill you! You taught me to feel and act like a lady, and a lady I love your brother. Is there anything so awful in that, that you need to look at me with such horror? You know all these years that my skin was black, but you taught me that that God did not look at the color of the skin, but at the whiteness of the soul within. I strove to keep my soul white and I felt that my skin must grow white some time. If God makes no distinction between the white man and the negro, how dare you! Are you better than God?"
"My dear Gloriana, you do not understand," began Miss Euphemia in a frightened, trembling tone, but the girl broke in passionately, her white eyes and white teeth gleaming even in the twilight.
"God made me a negro, why could you not be satisfied with His work? Why need you attempt an improvement upon His plan? You made me a lady and as a lady I gave my heart to your brother, the heart you taught me to think was white but he scorns it and tramples upon it as the heart of a negro! He shall not marry this white lady, I swear he shall not!"
"Gloriana, I am both shocked and pained," said Charles, recovering somewhat from the surprise and shame and pity of it all. "I do not scorn and despise you; on the contrary I have always taken a kindly interest in you. You say that as a lady you - you have given me your heart; but in your vehemence you have forgotten that a lady never gives her love unasked, unought."
"Love spurned soon turns to hate!" cried Gloriana, suddenly, with a wild, unnatural laugh. "Lovel! Bah! there is no such word. Go to your soft, white-faced lady and my curse go with you! And you," she cried, suddenly, turning fiercely upon Miss Euphemia, her eyes flashing and her face gray with passion, "do your own work in the future and let God do His. You have made a wreck of one life - that ought to satisfy you. Cultured, refined ideas and thoughts, linked to a black skin is an incongruity so ludicrous that I could laugh at the combination if - my God! and only an hour ago I was so happy, believing that life held possibilities even for a negro!"
"Life does hold possibilities for you, Gloriana. Your judgment is warped, just now -" began poor Miss Euphemia in an eager tone, but Gloriana, all unnoticed by a gesture so imperious and conveying such utter scorn and loathing that the poor lady shrank back trembling and frightened.
"Don't speak to me," replied the girl, her hands clenched, and her lips twitching convulsively. "My heart may be as white and pure as the heart of any white lady; but the negro blood flows in my veins, coloring my skin, and making me an outcast from all that I have been taught to love and hold sacred! Do you think that I can go back now to the life from which you took me? Do you think I can teach another to feel as I do? Never! Life is an end for me. There is nothing now but death!"
Before they realized her meaning, she dashed down the path leading to the river which flowed just back of the house, her white dress gleaming faintly among the trees.
"My God! she means to drown herself!" cried Charles springing to his feet and rushing down the path in pursuit. He felt that if she succeeded in her mad resolve, that he and his sister would in reality be her murderers. The horror of that thought lent wings to his feet, but with all his efforts he could not gain an inch on the girl.
Gloriana was always fleet of foot, and now, goaded on by despair and her own fierce unbridled passion, fairly flew along the narrow shaded walk. Her Psyche knot had become undone, and her hair lay in a crinkled black mass upon her shoulders.
For one brief instant she paused, a

slender, white robed figure, alighted against the evening sky, then flinging her arms about her head with a quick bound and without one backward glance she sprang into the depths of the wide placid river with a force that sent the ripples eddying from shore to shore, and almost seemed to awake faint echoes from the wooded hills.
The sound smote upon Charles' ear like the report of a cannon. With blanched face and trembling fingers he threw off his coat and waistcoat as he ran, and without an instant's hesitation plunged to the rescue. He was breathless from running, and at best his strength was not equal to the girl's, yet he might have succeeded in saving her had she remained passive in his grasp; but she threw her arms about his neck, clinging to him with all the force and desperation of a drowning person. He was powerless in her grasp. In spite of all his efforts to free himself she clung to his neck and gradually he felt his strength forsaking him. Her weight and the force of her strong young arms drew him down, down, down.
Reaching the bank a moment later, Miss Euphemia sank it all - the closing scene, beheld in the moonlight the white disappearing face of her brother and the distorted one of her protegee as they both sank, clasped together.
The widening circles on the river came. They reached the shore and God seemed to speak these words. "When education lifts the mind and not the soul, it is far better to remain uneducated."

THUMPING CONTROVERSY.

By THE REV. F. T. O.

So, somebody has been sending Dr. Langtry the Register and he is greatly displeased by its tone, and reads it quite a lecture. It is good to be lectured sometimes, as keeping one in a lowly spirit; but it is decidedly not good to follow the advice of some of the lecturers, the Dr. of St. Luke's for instance.
Cardinal Newman, who knew and esteemed the Anglican clergy, speaks of them as having religious knowledge by nature (others have to study for it); and thumping away in exhortation or controversy with a manliness, good sense and good will as thoroughly John Bullish as the stubbornness of the quards at Inkerman." Could it be that the great Cardinal knew Dr. Langtry? Notice, that amongst equipment of an "Anglican divine" he does not even hint at such things as logic, or theology, or a knowledge of Church history. What may be needed, or should be the case of seculars, or Catholics, or others who are solicitous about truth; but the "Anglican divine" is content with manliness and stubbornness; and so thumps away! This is Langtry to a shaming, for the good Dr. - the admiration of his friends, a little of a nuisance to the general public; but in fullest satisfaction with himself - is ever attacking somebody or something. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and of course Catholics are regularly counselled in the way they should or should not walk. All sorts of projects smile in the light of his kindly approval, or either under his frown. He is as ready to settle most difficult and novel questions, as by his own admission he is hearty in the presence of a Sunday school - appetite in both cases. The common sense, namely, John Bullish way of dogmatizing is a short cut through many difficult places, but it has its inconveniences. It makes too little sometimes of fact, sometimes of principle, and often of both together and therefore falls into many and grievous mistakes. As thus; if one hears a rap at one's door after dark, and has one's mind made up that every one who raps after dark is a burglar, the common sense way of acting is to seize stick or stone, knife or gun, and incessantly get rid of the intruder. If so be the visitor is a burglar, the upshot of such proceeding is all right. But if as the chances are fifty to one and more, there is no burglar, but a neighbour and friend, then the common sense method may get its professor into a scrape for assault or even murder. Now this is about the kind of blunder poor Langtry has made. Having his mind made up that Romanism is all wrong, he hits at it manfully, and sticks in the fight stubbornly, with a kind of no-surrender pertinacity, and gets so excited that he certainly does much hurt to his reputation for fairness or scholarly ways.
The Pope, after much deliberation, and in a very calm, judicial way, made a pronouncement on the question of Anglican claims to "Order." Now, it is notorious that a great many, the vast majority some people think, of Protestant clergymen think there is no such thing as a Sacrament of Order. Mr. Langtry thinks there is, and has a perfect right to his opinion. The Pope and he agree in admitting the existence of the sacrament, and only differ as to the (relatively) unimportant fact as to whether the Establishment possesses it. The Pope was good enough to give his reasons with calmness and judgment. Mr. Langtry, whose vanity is comical at times, is surely not extravagant enough to make him despise the attainments of Roman theologians, gives no reasons at all, but gets angry and abusive; and what timidity did in the instance of our hypothetical householder, fury does in the Doctor's case, and makes him strike out wildly with most unworthy instruments. What has St. Thomas' theology to do with the reasoning of Leo XIII. on the question of Anglican Orders? Why was it dragged in here, red-herring-like, to self-off attention from the actual case in dispute? Is not this the logic of the country editor, who, when charged with a definite crime, defended himself by saying that the man who made the charge had an aunt whose eyes were crooked? What St. Thomas taught, or did not teach, about pictures or statuary has certainly no more to do with Leo's reasons for his decision than the imperfection of an aunt's eyes has with weakening the trustworthiness of the nephew! Not the fitness of things to outrage all common sense, and the commonest scholarship, to say we must follow St. Thomas because he is a doctor of the Church. Whoever heard of such a thing before? As well say we are bound to obey Mr. Langtry himself, for he too is a doctor? Tut! tut! Dr. Don't believe this yourself, and you give reasons why I am sure you don't believe it. For you say you quoted not the authentic works of St. Thomas, but an obscure abridgement, because you were suspicious that Rome, that is the Pope, would cook the writings of the saint. Put these two things together. All Catholics are bound by what St. Thomas

says, but the Pope, the head of the Catholics, free and likely otherwise why your suspicions? - to change or even blot out his teaching. Such a jumble! "How can a man," said Sir Boyle Roche, "be in two places at once, having the sea a bird?" How can we hold an impossible position, or you believe what you say?
We are sorry to have to write these things. Time was when - but no matter. With Sam Weller, sorrowing over his master's sad fall, we say: Dr. Langtry, we didn't think you'd allow it.
The House Divided Against Itself.
Written for THE REGISTER.
The house divided against itself shall not stand." - Matt. xii. 25
If there is one thing which the Pope's pronouncement against Anglican orders has brought out more clearly than anything else, it is the endless divisions not merely of opinion but of doctrine and teaching in the establishment. That it is a house divided against itself is more apparent even than its indomitable and awful pride, though the latter has also been displayed to an extent sufficient to call down the wrath of God upon the whole English nation.
Upon one point, and upon one point only, are the different divisions of Anglicanism agreed, and that one point is opposition to the Catholic Church. Upon every other question they are wrangling away among themselves, until religion from their standpoint is nothing more or less than pandemonium. It will ever be; since the day of Arius, Nestorius and the Manichees, every form of heresy after futile attempts to destroy the Catholic Church, has turned and rent itself asunder.
How the new Rector of St. James' Cathedral, Bishop Sullivan will get along with some well known vicars of other parishes in the city it is not easy to foresee. Probably they will agree to disagree, which is the only comfortable and easy way to maintain the peculiar kind of "unity" for which the establishment is so celebrated.
Certainly if the "views" advanced by Bishop Sullivan can be proved to have been those of the gentry who "reformed" every vestige of Catholicism out of the English Church in the reign of Edward VI., and nobody has ever proved that they were not, in spite of the herculean efforts made by the "High Church" party, then not only did they never intend to confer order as the Church does and for the same purpose, but they deliberately did away with everything that rendered the conferring of order an absolute necessity.
Dr. Sullivan objects to the word "priest." There is, he says no such thing as sacrifice in the Christian Church, therefore there are no priests. A priesthood is sacerdotalism (so is the episcopacy), by the way does Dr. Sullivan therefore object to bishops? And sacerdotalism is the doctrine of the great Apostasy - not the doctrine of the Church of the Reformation. There was no warrant for the assumption that the ministry offered sacrifice, the sacrifice had been once offered and no minister offered it again. Certainly not, the sacrifice as the Catholic Church understands it is not being repeated, but continued; the Mass is the continuance of the Sacrifice once offered on Calvary. But Dr. Sullivan cannot see what is palpable enough to the unprejudiced observer, namely, that the sacrifices of the Old Law were types of that which was to come, the supreme and awful offering of the Lamb of God, which was to be continued, or shown forth until the end of time by the Christian priesthood. So fully is this truth recognized by the High Church elements of Anglicanism, that they are straining every nerve to obtain its recognition as a doctrine of their church.
The word priest as used by the Church of England, according to Dr. Sullivan, is merely the word presbyter writ large. Indeed! If a presbyter is the highest minister in the Church, will it add to his dignity to call him a priest? If priest and presbyter mean the same thing, what different does it make? If they are different ministers why call one by the title of the other? Surely it would be better to do what the members of the Establishment, both high and low, seem to have an instinctive repugnance to doing, call a spade a spade and have done with it.
F. T. O.
In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretion of the body, giving tone and vigor.
We should perform some mission of kindness every day for the privilege of having lived it.
Commercial Travellers.
Wm. Golding, commercial traveller, 130 Esther St., Toronto, says: - For 16 years I suffered untold misery from Iching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no permanent relief to the intense itching and stinging, which irritated by scratching would bleed and ulcerate. One box of Chasé's Ointment cured me completely.