SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR CHAPTER IX

The fairy skiff lay at the wharf, its stern heaped high with gay, silken cushions, for Leonie and Bess had been drifting idly over the

ON THE RIVER

to a seat, and then slipping in took up the oars and began to pull with strong, skilled stroke out into mid-

The west was aflame with sunse plendor that the waters mirrore splendor that the waters mirrores back joyously. The river seemed a shimmering path of gold and rose and amethyst, sweeping onto the unknown. Leaning back on her silken oushions, wrapped in the soft fragrant folds of Mrs. Van Arsdale's shawl, the pale faced girl at the stern was conscious of a delicious stern was conscious of a delicious sense of freedom as the gables and groves of Rosecrofte were left far be-hind her, and she was borne on and on, lightly as the thistle down that floated in the mountain breeze, the floated in the mountain breeze, the thistle down that a barefooted little girl used to chase in the long ago.

Ah, she had been playing a part so long, playing it warily and wisely, as the old grandmother had said she would: for weeks she had been speaking, moving, almost breathing with fear and care that the wild Weasel of old had never felt or known. Now she was off the scene for a brief hour. This stranger would not notice if she dropped mask and shackles and breathed again as Barbara Greame. long, fluttering breath, like the up among her cushions straight and

"This is fine," she said. "It is the best thing I have tried since I came to Rosecrofte. Give me an oar and let me row, too."

"And capsize the boat?" the gentleman said, looking at her with laughing eyes. "No ventures this evening, Miss Neville. I am pledged to bring you safe home. Rowing against the current is harder work

than you think." Why do you row against it, then?"

she asked.
"I like the pull," he answered "It's no fun to drift with the stream though if you are going in for boating I advise you to begin that way. Young

"Do they?" she asked, with an odd little laugh. "It's a very tiresome thing to be a young lady, I

"I have always thought so myself," he answered, the laugh flashing again into his dark brown eyes. "Still, that is a masculine viewpoint. is a masculine Though really, in your case-"

"Well, what of my case?" The gray eyes met his with fearless question. It had been long weeks since they had dared to challenge or questions. tion like this.

"I was about to add that in your case young ladyhood seems rather a dazzling fate," the gentleman an-

swered.
"Because it lifted me from beggary you mean ?" she said quickly. "Really, no—I didn't mean any-thing of the sort," was the startled

It did, of course, as every one knows," she continued, with the little hard laugh of the Weasel of old. "It's a painful subject, I suppose, at Rosecrofte. But I don't mind talking about it in the least. It is a dazzling fate, as you say, for a girl who has been dead, dead poor all her

"There are worse things than poverty," said Mr. Leigh, driven to platitude by this startling frankness. What are they?" was the quick returning question.

Sorrow, suffering, shame, sinoh, there is quite a category of them,"

"And poverty is the mother of them all," she said, with slow dis-

I can't quite agree to that," said Mr. Leigh, who began to find this somewhat curious conversation in-There's a great deal of sorrow and sin and suffering with which poverty has nothing to do. We don't see it, for it is rather the fashion in the gay world to hide the unpleasant things of life. Perhaps some of these days you yourself will learn how to wear a mask—though it would be a pity, I must confess," he added, the smile lighting his strong face again: "you are so much more charming without it."

She did not answer, she scarcely seemed to hear his words. Leaning forward in the old attitude, her chin resting on her hand, she was gazing moodily out to the east, where al ready violet shadows were gathering, and one silver star trembled in the paling splendor between night and day. Was it the same star that day. Was it the same star that shone through the gap in the pines on the grave under the yew? shiver ran through the slender form and she drew Madam Van Arsdale's shawl closer about her. Something in its soft touch, its delicate fragrance recalled her from the old life to the

What—you feel the chill already? said her companion, anxiously "Then we must turn back."

"Then we must turn back."
"Not yet, not quite yet," she said,
with a quick-drawn breath. "Let us
go a little farther—to that point
where the trees jut into the stream."

"Chapel Point? That is four miles at least," he answered. "The darkness would catch us indeed, and I would not know how to face Mrs. Randall's just wrath. I have felt its terrors, he continued lightly. "I incurred i

once about a dozen years ago. I took Miss Milly out skating and we broke through the ice, and though we got home in safety, the thrilling experience was visited upon my devoted head. So I feel most reluctively that the transfer was to the safety and the safety and the safety was to the safety and the safe tantly that it is best for us to turn back. You see I hold a certain reback. You see I hold a certain responsibility at Rosecrofte. I spent many a pleasant vacation day here in my boyhood," he continued, feeling, perhaps, that his companion's singular frankness claimed some return in kind. "Aunt Van Arsdale and Mrs. Randall are old and dear friends, but since the courts have see their grie noon me I have to

got their grip upon me, I have to give all my time to fighting the dry, dull battles of the law."

"Are they always dry and dull?" asked the girl, her grey eyes deepening with the shadow of that far off memory that had darkened her young

"Not always," answered Leigh "Sometimes they are infinitely worse —pathetic, heartrending. I have one hand now-a woman even ye blind to the crime that has put her in the grasp of the law. Yet for years that woman has forged, stolen, borne a false name, held a false

"A false name, a false place? echoed Leigh's companion, with

quick catch of her breath. band's estate. This sister died while the two were traveling abroad in some obscure little Swiss town, and the other concealed her death from the rightful heirs, assumed her name and drew her money. She had a crippled son, you see, for whom she was willing to lie and steal."
"Oh, do you call it that?" asked

the girl, tremulously.
"I do—I must," answered Leigh.

"What else is it, Miss Nellie? With all my sympathy for the poor woman, I realize she is a criminal without defense, except on the plea of pity ignorance-which do not stand in these prosaic days, when every one should know right from wrong."
"And—and—what will happen to

her now There was an odd strain in the low

question.
"I am afraid it will be impossible to save her from prison—if she lives. But, happily for herself, she will not live. The boy died last winter and she, too, is dying fast, I think of a broken heart. You are shivering all over !" he broke off his story in quick self-reproach. "I have kept quick self-reproach. you out too long and yet we did not go so far. Let me heap the cushion closer about you. Good heavens, you have a regular chill," he added in dire dismay, for his companion had buried her face in her hands and

was shaking from head to feet.

Then as suddenly she lifted her head, and burst into a laugh, s strange, elfish laugh, mocking, de

"There, it's all over," she said. "I get these shakes sometimes, but they don't last. I just-just grit my teeth and down them—a trick l earned in the old days, before my dazzling fate caught me, Mr. Leigh Don't tell anybody, I beg, or I will have six doctors sitting in judgment on me to morrow. I am all right again—all right. It is time to go home, isn't it? I have been very sick and I am a little weak at times yet, but I am growing strong— stronger and stronger every day Don't tell about—the chill."

"I promise on one conditionyou take a hot drink and go to bed like the half sick girl you are. Otherwise I turn the six doctors

cose on you. "Oh, I will do all you say," she laughed, as he helped her from the boat and they passed up the grassy boat and they passed up the grassy —such a fool! I thought way to the house, where she vanished different—with Catholics." with a gay nod up

stairs.

Leigh saw her no more that night. But a little white-robed figure with red gold hair flitted persistently through his dreams. She was ill, perhaps, and hiding it with that ungirlish strength of which he had a glimpse. What a strange little creature she was, with her changing gray eyes, her frank speech, her mocking laugh. He had never seen any one quite like her. Ah, the spell had allen, the spell of the red-gold witch hair" that old Aunt Dill feared. The spell that honest Daffy, hammering far into the night on his machine to dull the sore pain in his faithful heart, felt that not even leath could break.

While up in her spacious, beautiful room, with the fragrant whisper of the roses stealing in her window, the witch of the red gold hair lay staring with wide open, sleepless eyes in the darkness. What was it he had said of that other woman who had stolen name and place? Thief, liar, criminal! The stern, cruel words seemed beating like a fever pulse on her brain—thief, liar! But it was not the same—she had taken nothing but what was given, almost forced upon her. She had said nothing, but let Fate take its own course— her dazzling Fate, he had called it.

Was it dazzling-blinding her leading her on to perils she could

not see? And when at last the gray eye losed in absolute weariness, it was only to send the sleeper wandering through troubled dreams. She was pack again in the old pine woods, back at the broken gate, Rip perched upon her shoulder, the weed-grown road stretching into the shadowy distance. But the tall figure that came striding on, with his arms full of roses, was not Daffy, but Allston

"You look a little pale this morning, Nellie," said the Judge, pinching

her cheek lightly. "I am afraid all these gay young people are too much for my little girl's strength. Do you feel well enough to go to church?"
"Church!" She started. She had

quite forgotten her promise. Sunday had been like all other days at the Road House and she had never heeded its coming. She was not yet quite used to its regular observance at Rosecrofte, where everybody went to Mass at the old church at Chapel Point—even Scipio and Aunt Dill, who headed the dusky ranks in the servants' gallery that had been filled by Randall retainers for more than a hundred years.

"Will you count heads, please, Grandy," said Mildred, "and tell us how we are all to get to church? This is a thoroughly Roman gather-ing and we are all bound to go.

except perhaps Nellie."
"And why is she not bound to go too?" asked the judge gravely.
"That is, if she feels well enough for

the long drive."
"I was about to suggest that if there is any difficulty in our numbers I can row some of the ladies to the Point. Perhaps it would be easier for Miss Nellie than the long drive." It was Allston Leigh who spoke and Judge Randall answered approvingly.

"The very thing, my boy. It will be easier for her, in fact, no fatigue "Yes. She had a widowed sister at all. So we will trust our little entitled to a life interest in her hus-

pack in the carriages."
"You see I managed it," said Leigh an hour later as he helped his special charge into the boat. "I letermined that you should have the row that I had to refuse you so

sternly last evening."
"I suppose I should say thank you," she answered, "but it isn't the same thing this morning at all. I don't want to go to church."

don't want to go to church."

"You do not!" he exclaimed.

"No," she answered, slowly, "not at all." It will be awfully stupid and solemn, I am sure. And it's such a warm day. Would they mind it much, do you think, if we should that daily down that hit we should it. ust drift down that little creek in he shade until they all came home?

"I am afraid your grandfather would," answered the gentleman.
"Well, then, I suppose we will have to go," said the young lady, reluctantly. "I don't exactly see why.
I can't sing hymns or pray, for so tiresome. I went to camp-meeting once, and I simply couldn't keep

Leigh shot a swift glance at the speaker to see if she were jesting, but the gray eyes met his without a

Then—then you are not a Catho lic at all?" he said quietly. "You see all the Randalls are. They have been for generations. In fact, I never heard of one who was not." That means that I must be one

Well, I don't suppose it will make much difference. I can stand going "I am afraid that won't be quite

too," she said, with a little sigh

enough," he said quietly. "To be a Catholic means much more than "Does it?" she asked. "What?" Again the gray eyes looked into his with absolute frankness in their

gaze. "It will take a better, a wiser man than I am to answer that question fully," he replied with a grave smile.
"I can only tell you that being a Catholic means a new vision of heaven and earth."

heaven and earth."
"Oh, if you mean I have to get religion, I'm out of it," she said, with a little hard laugh. "I could never go off into fits like those poor things I saw at the mourner's bench at camp meeting. Never-I couldn't be such I thought that it was

"It is very different, as you will find out to day," he answed, recalling with satisfaction that there was preacher of most persuasive elo-Even our little chapel is quite dif ferent from anything you have seen or known. It dates far back beyond the Revolution and was built by men who dared danger of every kind-death itself—that they might teach

the poor Indians the truth."
"The truth?" she echoed, auxiously, "God and heaven," he answered

briefly. "How did they know the truth? she asked. "How can people know anything about God and heaven except what they read in books? And what is the use of knowing anyhow? I can't see that it does any good."

"No. You can not see, yet," he re plied very gently. "But some day you will, I am sure. The light of truth is your inheritance, with all other good things, Miss Nellie. And here we are now—where that Light has been showing for more than two hundred years for all of your blood and name.

He pushed the skiff up to the point as he spoke. A dozen more boats of every pattern were drawn up to the little wharf that jutted out into the stream; carriages, wagons, equipages of all sorts stood out under the great trees that shaded the quaint little church. Judge Randall and his party had already arrived, and many a curious and distracted eye was turned upon the graceful little white robed figure that Allston Leigh guided up to the family pew.

If altar and cross bought startling emembrance of that swift message to Graystone three months ago, the dainty little lady seated at "Grandfather's" side gave no sign. With a grave curiosity that might have passed for reverence, Nellie watched the opening of this strange service. Vested priest, surpliced acolyte, Vested priest, surpliced acolyte, tapers, flowers, Latin chant, all were

indeed as Allston Leigh had saiddifferent from anything she had seen or known. But it was a picture that had no meaning for her, a scene in which she had no place or part. Until the chanting and the ceased, and there was a sudden hush in the church and the preacher of the day stepped forward in his black cassock the crucifix in his belt.

It was the missionary of Graystone Ridge, the priest whom Barbara Graeme had guided to Elinor Kent's dying bed. It was Father Lane.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TEARIN' TIP

Jerome Brady often wondered where his nickname came from. Ever ince he could remember he ha been called "the Tip" by all, who knew him. Father Moore had explained to him that it was short for "the tearin' Tip," "and it's a name you needn't be ashamed of, young man, for some of the best blood in

But, Father, I was born here in Chicago the year of the fair."

"Of course, but your ancestors were born right smack in the middle of Ireland. Don't be ashamed of that name, Tip. Thank God for it."
"I ain't ashamed of it, Father-

but who started it? Since I can re-member I've been called nothing but Tip."
"Well," said Father Moore, slowly,

"as to where it started, that's another question. I suppose somebody thought it fitted you. But you ought to be proud of it, anyhow. I'm a Tip myself."

He had called his mother. But she He had asked his mother. But she

had only kissed him and cried a little, so he never asked her again. He finally concluded that the origin of his name was to remain a mystery, one which he grew to connect, dim way with the mystery of his

father.
All he knew of his father centered about one day-a day in his very early childhood, when some sober faced men had come to the little nome and taken "Daddy" away with them. Though he must have been but a toddling baby at the time, he was never to forget the terrible grief of the "Daddy" who had wrapped him in his arms and cried so like a hild. He had never seen his father again, or heard of him, even from his His mother, of course, had no idea that he remembered "Daddy,' and, with true child instinct, he had refrained trom speaking of it. He new, in some way, that he was not supposed to remember that day, yet it was one vivid memory in the blank of his very early years. When he learned his prayers, his mother had inserted "God bless Papa and Mamma." He always repeated the petition, and as years went on, the thought of his father became one of his day dreams, a sobering factor in the development of this naturally light

hearted nature.

It was on his eleventh birthday that the clouds began to clear away Danny Grogan started it. It was only because he was very much excited that Danny made a heated remark about "Shanty Irish" to Tip. In calmer moments he would have thought of consequences. True, they were of about the same size and age but, as Father Moore often said: "the "Tip' had a way with him that justi-fied his name." Hostilities were opened after school, and poor Danny was fairly overwhelmed by the onslaught of the heir to some of Ireminutes he "covered up" and bawled out "nuff." Half a hundred spectators were signifying their admiration for the prowess of Tip, when the d

feated one, with his grimy little fist dug into a swelling eye, hissed out: "Well, I can't fight a tough. Yer as bad as yer father, wot's doin'

This Tip did not understand, but he knew instinctively that "doin' time" was something very terrible. His eyes burned as he looked at the

whimpering Danny.
"What do ye mean?" His voice
was high and it quavered unnatur-

"Shut up Danny, ye little coward," put in the biggest boy in the crowd.
"It's all right, Tip; he doesn't know
what he's talkin' about. Gee, but it didn't take ye long to do him up.'
And the speaker touched the victor's arm almost reverently. But Tip did not hear him. He looked helplessly around for a moment : then his face puckered and tears began to roll

own his face. He turned and fled. Father Moore was kneeling in the church, reading his breviary, when the door opened, rapid stumbling steps came up the aisle, and a snuf fling voice said, "Father." The priest ck in the pew, pushed his glasses up to his forehead and carefully aced his finger on the Psalm he was reading:
"And is it you, Tip? Well, well.

But you forgot something!"

The boy straightened and looked at the Tabernacle; then he clasped his hands and reverently genuflected. Father Moore sidled out of the pew and took him by the arm. "Come, come, Tip," he said, kindly, "we'll go out to the bench."

He pulled the lad through the sanctuary and out of the sacristy door. Neither spoke until they reached a little bench back of the church, a favorite spot where Tip had often found his old friend reading or saying his beads. Many a time had e broken in on the Father's solitude here, and sat at his feet for hours, listening to long stories which invariably began with "I knew a man

The old priest knew heart breaks when he saw them, and he knew that boys' heart creaks, while they lasted, were quite as tragic as those lasted, were quite as tragic as those of upgrown people. So he said nothing at all until they were established in the old familiar position, Father Moore on the bench and Tip leaning against his knee.

"And what's this, my heart. Oh,

my, my, my; what have you been doing? Your red hair is nicely parted-in several places; and your collar looks like the goat had been a

But there was no responsive smile in the shiny blue eyes.
"Father," Tip choked out his words desperately, "what does 'doin' time'

"Eh? Now, what put that into your head? You are thinking of strange things." But Tip looked insistent, and the priest saw there was nothing for it but the truth. He ussed with his biretta a moment and then threw is on the grass. "Well, lad, I see you want to know about it, so I'll tell you a bit of a

story. You're a bold young broth of a boy now, and know how to stand up square on your two feet. So listen a minute." He sat with hands clasped, rolling his thumbs as the Tip had seen him do a thousand times before was evidently at a loss to know how to begin. Had he said, "I knew a man in Ireland." Tip would not have been surprised. But the intro-

duction was a new one. Tip, you don't remember, course -sure you were only a ball of a baby then—the time your father wen away. Well, it's time you knew about it, and your good mother wanted me to tell you long ago, but I'm that forgetful I didn't do it. You may have thought your father was dead, but he's alive, Tip, and let me tell you now, your father is a good man. He's God's friend and he's braying for you every single day. As sure as you stand there. I tell you, your father is a good man; and, what's more, he's always been a good man. He's been-unfortunate, that's

Father Moore paused a moment nechanically twisting a button on

This world, Tip, is a hard place, and it has treated your father to one of its hardest trials, but I believe that the world will be sorry one day for the way it has treated Tom Brady God bless him. You know, Tip, there are a lot of bad men in the world men who don't know anything at all about God and His Blessed Mother, and they commit sins and crimes fo which they must be punished. Other men do the punishing in this world and they make a sad job of it at

times.' He paused and looked at the scared face of the boy. "Bear up, lad," for I'm goin' to treat you like a man. Remember that you have noble bloom in you, for your father and mother, and their fathers and mothers before them, were heroes. You must take a man's stand this day, and I know you will, for you're a son of Tom Brady.

"Yes, Tip, some wicked man, no one knows who, did a dreadful thing when you were little — he killed another man, Tip, and—well, father was blamed for it. Until that unhappy day no evil was ever spoken

For the first time the priest's voice shook. He pulled the boy toward him, and told him the details of a long sad story. At the end of it, great drops were rolling down the old man's cheeks, but Tip was stand-ing, wide eyed and tearless, with a man's look on his boyish face.

"So there you are, Tip." the priest "you know the whole The evidence was all said at last, story now. against him, and he didn't make any and they're keeping him-until God sees fit to show them their mistake. And, Tip," the priest had thrown an arm around the boy's shoulders, "that's what 'doin' time' means—waiting for God to make all right. Sure we're all doin' time, waiting for God to open His arms and say 'Come.' I knew your father when he was no bigger than you and a finer lad never came from Tipperary. He is a true son to him, Tip. I believe that God will one day make all this right, and then you'll be proud of your father. Remember your blood."

Father Moore threw back his head and the old cheery tone rang out again. "You know. Tip, what's going to happen next Immaculate Concep tion. It's only two months now The dear Lord is going to come to you for the first time. I've writter your father all about it, and he's praying for you every day. Oh, but he thought you were the grand lad. Before you could creep on the floor, e was calling you the Tip—'twas himself gave you that name—and saying how you resembled Daniel O'Connell. You must pray hard for him, Tip, especially on that day. For God is going to listen to every word you say then. Atk Him to give your father back to you and your ittle mother.'

It was a new Tip that came home that afternoon, and the "little mother" knew at once that the secret of years was out at last. After supper, there was a long talk in the little sitting room, and when it was over, Mrs. Brady felt that half her burden was lifted. For the Tip had suddenly become a man, and he spoke so confidently of having "Daddy" come home that his mother could have cried for joy. But she saved her tears for a later hour, when she stole into the little room and knelt by Tip's bed. There was light enough to make out his features, and she though he had never looked so like his father before.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception came at last, and of all the forty boys that marched up the aisle to receive the Bread of Life for the first ime, none was more truly conscious of the greatness of his privilege than Tip. His whole soul was thrilling with the realization of his great opportunity. "God is going to listen to every word you say then." The great moment came, and the great petition was made, made and repeated again and again and again with wild. stormy insistence. "Give to me and little mother," Give him back was his act of Faith and Hope and Love. Long after the others had finished their thanksgiving and gone he remained kneeling with the little red head buried in his hands. Soon a sweet-faced, grey haired woman came and knelt beside him. And there they prayed for a long time, unconscious of any presence but that of their Com-forter. But, all the while, a man was kneeling in a back pew, close to the wall. Had they turned and seen him they would have been frightened at the thin, pale face, frammed in long straggling hair, and the feverishly bright eyes which were fixed on them

at last the boy and his mother arose and left the church. The man followed and stood by the door a moment, watching them as they walked away. A few young men were loitering by the door.
"There goes the Brady lad," said

one; "I guess his mother's proud of him to day. Well, he'll be some comfort to her anyhow, and make up, hope for the disgrace her husband

He stopped abruptly and staggered back to the church wall from a resounding blow in the chest. The pale stranger stood before him with

fury in his eyes. he screamed. "You're not fit for Tom Brady to wipe his could recover from his amazement uncertain pitching steps, across the little plot of ground in front of the

Mary Ann, the housekeeper, apneared at Father Moore's door with a

white face. They's a ghost iv a man at the dure, and he won't go 'way, says he, without seein' ye immijit." He croaks like a raven, and I saw him

oughin' up blood."

Father Moore was not frightened by Mary Ann's description, but he shrank a little when he confronted the visitor, a poor tramp, shaking convulsively, clutching at his hollow chest, and breathing with the effort of a dving man.

Pat-Father Pat," he gasped, " must tell ye-;" he was stopped by a racking cough, and put to his lips a handkerchief that was saturated with blood. The priest drew him into the parlor, and placed him in an arm chair near the grate, striving all the time to remember that peculiar in

The coughing ceased at last, and the man sat very still, with his head thrown back and his bright eyes half

closed.
"Ah." said Father Moore, finally looking closely at the face, "Is it Tim Brady, iudeed? Thank God, Tim, I have you at last, after all the years you kept away. Sure, I thought you were dead and gone." He looked pityingly at this wreck of a man, the black sheep of a fine family, who had broken his mother's heart before he was twenty. The thought of Tip flashed into his mind, and he was glad that? the boy was ignorant of this other sad chapter of the family history.

Well. Tim ?" Ah, Father—let me say it quick. God help me-'twas I killed John

Gordon !' The priest recoiled with horror in is face. innocent brother suffer for it all hese years! . May God forgive you!

"I know, I know," the poor man roke in piteously. "But let me tell broke in piteously. "But let me tell it, Father. For I haven't long. God knows I am that sorry I'd spend a long life in prison to atone—but it's too late for that. Listen. I came to Tom's office that night and found him with Gordon. When I asked him for money he refused. 'I've done all I could for ye, said he and it would be a crime for me to help ye any more in yer evil ways.' I'd been drinkin' that night and the devil was in me. I drew a pistol and threat-ened him. Gordon tried to grab me, and I shot him dead. Before I realized what I had done, Tom grabbed the gun from my hand. All he said to me was 'Tim' but the look of his face as he said it has haunted me from that day to this. I ran from the place, not thinkin' of the law, but wantin' only to get away from that look. And so the police came, and found the dead man there, and Tom with the pistol. I read it all in the papers after. It was known that hey had some differences about the strike, and had met to talk it over that night. He wouldn't tell themknew in me heart he wouldn't-and yet I was that cowardly I couldn't

ive myself up. The man placed a shaking hand over his eyes and moaned. For a minute there was no sound but his hard breathing and the scratching of

"Then I tried to forget all about it," he went on, "and I lived like a man that had never heard of God or His Church—and me with the faith at the bottom of me heart all the time. But I couldn't leave the thought of the wife and child. I often followed the child, Tip, on the street for blocks, or watched the two of them goin' to church, slinkin' out of sigh if they so much as turned their heads.
To day for the first time I followed them into the church and it was the justified because of the manifest re-

first time in many a year that I beard his first Communion it broke the heart of me, and as he was kneeling there after Mass with the 'Colleen,' as Tom used to call her, I promised God I'd bring Tom back to them."

and grasped the priest's arm : me, Father, do ye think God can for-give me? I've been that bad a man, didn't care for Him. But I to make it all right now-for I have-

n't long."

Father Moore helped him to "make it all right." He sat by Tim's side and helped him through a confession that covered many years of estrange-ment from God. Before another day dawned he bad administered two more sacraments, and watched while a repentant soul passed into eter-

On the following Sunday Father Moore preached the same sermon that he had preached on the third Sunday of Advent for thirty years. He believed that the truth was brought home only by repetition and consequently every Sunday brought the same exhortion that was given the year before. The text was taken from the Epistle: "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say rejoice.' "My dear brethren," he began, "How much reason we have for rejoicing—" And then he almost forgot his sermon, for his glance fell on the sitting between "the Colleen" and a middle-aged man, whose face showed lines of suffering, but wore an expression of great peace. Father Moore's distraction was the memory of a remark he had made eleven years ago at a baptism: "He looks just like you, Tom."—Edmund O'Regan in the Queen's Work.

ENGLAND'S RETURN TO THE FAITH

While there is no organized move ment in the Church of England or Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States towards Rome at the present day, there can be no doubt that there is constantly growing a strong undercurrent in two religious bodies, practically the same, towards union with the Mother-Church. Individual conversions. principally from the High Church or ritualistic party, are rather increas-ing in numbers and they come both from the clergy and the most intelli

gent of the laity. Organizations, too, have been formed with the more or less distinct object in view of fostering and promoting the spirit which, it is poped, shall in the end bring about unity of faith and practice one fold with the one shepherd. Thus in the Anglican Church the "Catholic League" and the "Society of Saints Peter and Paul" are energetically encouraging the Romeward movement, and their adaptations of Roman liturgical works for Anglican churches are but one of many tokens of their sincerity and ultimate pur

It is true that Leo XIII, in his Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ," 1896, declaring the Orders of the Church of England invalid, put rather a damper on many of the Anglican clergy and laity in their aspirations for organic reunion with Rome, but it was best in the cause of truth that the lines of demarcation should be closely drawn and that certainty in a most import ant matter should take the place of serious doubt.

It would be useless to deny that after this Papal declaration was a very fierce and determined reaction in the pro Roman agitation, both in England and in this country. But the retarding influence did not last long, and resulted in a still stronger tendency towards affiliation with the Catholic Church. In England many conversions from Ritualistic party were reported, and in the United States there was organized the so-called Anglo Roman party. The Society of the Atonement, too, was a strong agency working for cor-porate reunion. Two remarkable books were published, "England and the Holy See" and "The Prince of the Apostles," which led many Anglicans to embrace the true faith. It will therefore, be recognized that in spite of the Bull "Apostolica Cura the many failures of projects for corporate reunion, the leaven for the conversion of England is still very much alive. The number of so called "pro Romans," Papal and non Papal, the Anglican and Protestant in the Angican and Protestans
Episcopal Churches is ever increasing. It is curious to note that some
of these regard the Papacy as "De
jure ecclesiastico," and others as
"De jure divino." Of course only the
latter acceptation is the correct and true one.

All admit that "a centre is practically necessary to preserve the unity of the Episcopate," but they differ among themselves as to whether in view of state of Christendom in the fourth and fifth centuries and its state to day it would be imperative the Anglican Church. They still cling to the idea that their Church is one of the Apostolic com-munion—as though a branch, once hopped off from the branch, could be anything else than a dead and withered one—utterly useless, and good only for the fire. Most of the Anglicans and Episcopalians who, in regard to corporate reunion with the Church of Rome, are "Oh so near, and yet so far," are strongly con-vinced that the non-recognition of Anglican orders does constitut ean almost insuperable barrier to the desired goal. They admit that their