excitement of fashionable life. To neither of them was marriage a secrament, or indeed dowered with holy associations of any sort. To Regnier, however, it absorbed his whole love-nature; to Louise, it was simply the thing to marry.

But as Regnier sat in his own room on the day after he left the hospital, and read the letter which his wife had sent him from a fashionable resort in France, announcing

his wife had sent him from a fashionable resort in France, announcing
her homecoming after an absence of
several months, he felt that the
beautiful fabric which that marriage
had represented to him had tumbled
about his ears and he was hopelessly
entangled in the wreckage:

Louise wrote:

"Of course, we both thought we
were in love when we married, but
on my part that was because I was
so little developed, had so little experience. The past year has done
much to enlighten me. I have seen
more men and different men from
those I ever met before, and I feel
sure that among them there are
several—not any one in particular, I several—not any one in particular, I solemnly assure you—whom I could have loved just as well and been quite as happy with as we have ever been together, and with whom the complications of the past year would not have arisen. I feel, therefore, that our marriage was a great mis-take, and I want to take my life into my own hands again, and make au-other trial of it on a different basis. Certainly neither of us can ever be happy again living in the way we lived the year before I left. I doubt if marriage is indeed my highest

"As for the poor little kiddlenever particularly wanted him, and he has been greatly in the way of my enjoyment. Still, I've always been a good mother to him by way of find ing him stylish nurses and all that was latest and best in clothes and toys. Any good, well meaning wo-man however, might have done as much for him, and he is too young yet to miss me if I were to go away. So it would be folly to make muc int of him. An unconditions divorce is all the way I see to give satisfaction to us both. Those things are easily managed now a days, you

One can not analyze the man's ns as he read and reread th sensations as he read and research states screed. What he did at last, was to take Sister Helen's beads from the niche in his desk where he had bestowed them, and with a small, sharp in the penknife separate the chain in the middle. He had, among the trinkets which he kept in memory of his mother, a string of coral beads, which he had worn as a baby. From these he unfastened a tiny gold clasp, and with careful hand affixed it to the two ends of the broken chaplet. Then he clasped the whole around his neck as a talisman. He knew that according to all wo mates, it was a sentimental thing to do, almost childish, but he felt in that moment that the thing that his life had needed most for the past few

years was precisely sentiment. Of extravagance, frivolity, folly, both he and Louise had had more than enough. Of the emotions for which this resary stood in his memry—gentleness, piety, spirituality,

He thought much during the next few days, while the house was being put in order for his own occupancy nd the homecoming of its mistress which was to occur in the autumn As the result of the study of the blems of his life, he went at last to see a wise old priest who had been his mother's friend in other days. The interview was long, searching, illuminating. The pith of all was this admonition from Father Juneau.

have had much to do with marital problems first and last, and I in from a shopping expedition, she have never found a wiser rule for the solution of them than this, 'When you find a fault in your companion, look for the source of it in yourself." Let us see if we can not work this one out on that principle."

che went home with a new sense of a man's responsibility toward wife An immediate result of this awakening was the baby's bap-

Then he wrote to Louise: The step which you propose is a very serious one. It must not be taken without due deliberation, if, indeed, by a careful consideration of all the circumstances it may not be avoided altogether. I am having some changes made in the arrange ment of the house which I trust will meet with your approval, and make your sojourn in it during the time which must necessarily elapse before even a legal separation could be amicably arranged more comfortable than it otherwise would be. Be assured that I shall do nothing, insist upon nothing, which I do not feel will be for your good, even more than my own." III

The steamer, detained by a tog, did not come up the bay till late in the afternoon, and it was 10 o'clock before Mrs. Bache's trunk had been reclaimed from the clutches of the customs officers and she had reached It was, therefore, at breake child. In fast that she first saw th fact, Regnier came into the breakfast-room with the little fellow ensconced

upon his shoulder.
"There," said Regnier, putting him down carefully upon the floor, that is your mamma; go and speak

Baisez la main de maman, cheri," said the elderly French woman who followed them. Reggie toddled, a little shyly, toward the strange lady.
"Oh! can he walk?" cried Louise. "I have never thought of him walking. He was just a fat, red midget,

arried in his nurse's arms when I

When he rec paby made a solemn little bow and rised the hand held out to him, not indeed with quite the air of a French courtier, but still with wise and well-

rained discretion.

Mrs. Bache laughed at the baby's

"That is quite wonderful for an American child! Then, to Croisette: "How did you manage to teach him? I did not suppose such graces could be made to flourish in the American

Croisette smiled—a smile that reminded Louise of the child's French

inheritance.
"Ah! I see," she said, " you think

it is in the blood."

Reggie, feeling himself excused during this dialogue, trotted off to his papa, and climbing into his lap kiesed him eagerly, as though compensating himself for the coolness the him mather's greating. Louise of his mother's greeting. Louise watched the familiarities between watched two, which, to her, were rather
of an occult sort, with a glint of
latent jealousy in her eye.

As the weeks went by Mrs. Bache

found herself occupying the position of a temporary guest, whom it was Mr. Bache's pleasure to treat with the utmost courtesy, but upon whom he made no demands whatever, expensely a supervised as a supervis ne made no demands whatever, except such as a guest might expect,
while her privileges were much the
same as they had always been.
Croisette, who seemed to have been
during her absence in a measure both housekeeper and nurse, with an additional servant or two, continued to exercise these offices with great discretion. At her bankers, Louise found her usual allowance awaiting her. No direct mention was made of a divorce or even a separation. Reg-nier was busy with his usual out-of-door avocations, and his leisure was measurably spent with little Reggie who adored him. For any gentlemanly service he was always at Mrs.
Bache's command. As for Louise's
relation with the child, they were
what she pleased to make them. It

what she pieased to make them. It was a peculiar position, but Louise could not complain, for it grew naturally out of what she had indicated as her pleasure to Regnier.

Gradually, however, and before she had quite made up her mind just how to approach the subject of the diverse. to approach the subject of the divorce she grew conscious that the child was really the crux of the whole situation. In spite of herself she was attracted by him. His innocent graces, his quaint ways, even his pretty naughtinesses and sometimes wilful but always characteristic badness, opened to her view new conceptions and ideas.

"Do you know, Regnier," she said one day, "I think he is very like

one day, "I think he is very like papa. I can see just those family traits in him, which always made the

Maitlands so original." I've often thought of it," replied Regnier.

So then, this tender bit of human ity, who was just entering upon the troubled life of this mundane sphere, was bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. In divorcing him she would be divorcing a part of herself. He was hers far more in reality than he was here far more in reality than he was Regnier's. She had given far more to his being. It did not seem right that under any circumstances he should ever be taken from her. Yet, if she kept him, who would be his father? And instinctively and overpoweringly she knew that no child can be rightly brought up without a father. The divorce did not seem, after all to be so simple an affair, so "easily arranged."

It was about this time that Regnier began to observe certain well-defined attempts on the part of Mrs. Bache to win the interest and even the affection of the little boy. Coming was quite likely to bring him nice was quite inary candies, an attractive toy, or what pleased him quite as well, a pretty flower, and for these she often exacted a kiss, although to tell the truth the kiss was oftener bestowed upon her hand than elsewhere, if he had his choice. This was rather trying, because it was his habit to kiss his Regnier made no remarks, but watched the little play go on, content that even the furtive allusions which Louise had sometimes made heretofore to some indefinite time when she should leave her home for 'independent" existence grew less frequent. When, however, com ing home one day, she met him in an unusually effusive mood, and ex-

claimed: "What do you think, Regnier, the little kiddie climbed into my lap to day and kissed me and called me chere maman, all of his own accord," the crisis seemed to be so evidently approximately approxim proaching that he almost spoke a decisive word. But again, as now and then before, some unseen pres-ence seemed to restrain him.

Winter came, the time when Louise had announced that she was going to undertake certain lectures and les to prepare her for her part in the outer world—her "career" she sometimes said. Whether she should take up charity, or elecution—giving read ings which might possibly lead stageward, or merely become a patron of the arts, she was not quite certain. It must at any rate be something that would demonstrate that she had an individuality of her own, was not that those mighty sympathetic presdependent upon marriage or mother-hood for her place in life. She was, hood for her place in life. She was, indeed, a gifted woman, and it was no wonder that, once having tasted the intoxicating nectar of freedom, she should become willing to abjure the folly of a society life for something which engaged more of her intellectual energy. It was the first step upward from the plane of life in the lif

upon which she had been launched when she made her entrance into society. Even Father Juneau, who was watching her carefully—from a distance—was not surprised at this, nor did he really disapprove of it, if only she did not content herself with this first step, and shut her eyes to those higher rounds of the evolution-ary ladder which lay above her. Above the mind, lies the soul; above

reason, Faith. And it was in the region of Faith that his soul dwelt. "Let them alone," he said. "A little child shall lead them."

The crisis came at last. Coming home one winter day, Regnier found Louise waiting for him with tearfu

Oh. Regnier!" she exclain "the little kiddle is ill, very'ill, the doctor says. It is scarlet fever of the most malignant kind, and Croisette eays it is nearly always fatal. The precious little kiddie, we can not lose him !"

Indeed, no," said Regnier, with rm. "What has been done for

The doctor is coming bac mediately to talk to you about it."

At that moment the doorbell rang, and Louise, with some lingering feeling of jealousy that it was not herself whom the doctor wanted to see,

Benoit, in reply to Regnier's earnest inquiry. "I have already engaged a trained nurse, one who will be a helper and not an autocrat. There must be no jarring, no conflict of authority. Of course there must be a strict querenting. a strict quarantine. Mrs. Bache neemed to think that she should be included in it, and it is about that that I was to speak to you. I have already forbidden her to see the child again for the present."
"Did she desire to remain with

him ?" She was very insistent, but I counseled her leaving the house. It will mean a month's seclusion if she stays. How would she bear that; would she be amenable to rules?"

"Of course, if she were willing to go away I should make all possible provision for her comfort" said Per

vision for her comfort," said Regnier," but if she elects to stay here, think I can answer for her being a help and not a hindrance. She has at the bottom great good sense, and a temperament to which self control is

Well, then, we will ask what is her second thought in the matter," and Louise was sent for.

Regnier explained to her carefully and with less of professionalism than the doctor would have used, that even to remain in the house and see the child daily, if the trained nurse took all the care, would imply her giving up all her out-door associa-tions, lectures, lessons, clubs, recep-tions—everything but such exercise as was necessary for her health.

But out of some hitherto un-suspected depth of her mother heart

came the reply:
"But, he is my child," she said "no one else can take my place with him. I am very ignorant, and the nurse will be, no doubt, more scienti-fic, but she can not be as sympathe tic, and I appeal to you, doctor, does not sympathy count for much even in the view of science?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bache, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that in mother love lies a different power from any that science can wield.
And I am glad to know that out of the wave of materialism which has so nearly engulfed us during the past generation there is beginning to arise a scientific appreciation of this fact."

"And this is a case where all the

helps, whether ofscience or sympathy, are needed ?"
" It is, indeed."

"Then there is no more question about my staying! The precious little kiddie."

wife to bear her quarantine alone. So, many hours by day and night, the two watched in turn and often together, over the bed where the little sufferer lay. Both the wakeful-ness and the anxiety were wearing, but Louise never faltered. A discipline comes to those who thus dwell on the border-line between the life and death of a loved one, which can come to the soul in no other way. At last, through the hot fever, the weary pain, the half unconsciousness that attacked the brain and made death seem already in possession of the field, the doctor saw that a change

was approaching.
"If the morning light finds him still here," he said, " you will have a chance of winning the fight."

Was there ever a sentence of doom like that sentence? A hand to hand encounter with death compressed within those few hours. The nurs sat by the bedside, counting the heart beats and administering with skilful hand the necessary pallia-

ves. "Can we do nothing?" moaned

Louise.
"Nothing," said the nurse; "his life rests now in the hand of God. He alone is the arbiter of destiny." "O, Regnier, I never knew before how near we are to God. Can you

pray? I dare not."

They knelt together side by side, and called on God and all His saints

that those mighty sympathetic pres-ences filled the room.

"O, Mother of Mercy, Mother of God," cried Louise, "hear the cry of a mother's heart! Pray for us, that

though she had not dared to say it, that a softer ripple ran through the flacoid veins, a lessening shadow lay upon the clouded brain. The doctor looked long and carefully at the child, and then said:

"I think the battle is won, and it is love that has won it."

"Oh!" said Louise, "We owe all to God and to you, doctor. Simple love must yield the palm to science."

"Never," said the doctor, solemnly.

"Science is unstable as water. Its dictates change from generation to generation, from year to year. But mother-love its from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to day and forever." day and forever.' At that moment the little sufferer

stirred, opened his eyes, and mur-

And Louise, throwing herself upon her husband's breast, exclaimed through blinding tears:

through blinding tears:
"O, we never dreamed what love
is till this moment, did we, dear?"
Some years atterward, as Regnier
was clearing up his desk, he took out
from a certain niche a folded letter and an olive-wood rosary.
"What is that?" asked Louise

who was sitting near.
"Your letter from Etretat and
Sister Helen's beads. I wonder to
which of them we owe most for our

present happiness?"

"I think," said Louise, "we owe as much to your patience and tenderness and self-control as to either. The longer I live the more it seems a revelation to me. I never think of it but there comes a clearer light upon what God means when He calls Himself our Father, and declares that He made man in His image."

SPIRITUAL READING

Never were the reasons more press ing for the cultivation of the of spiritual reading than to-day. The of spiritual reading than to day. The soul requires supernatural nourishment as much and even more than the body calls for material food. Without it there will be spiritual starvation. The distractions of every day life, the struggle for daily bread, the universal attraction to pleasure and incessant allurement to sin, all tend to smother the spiritual life.

The habit of pious reading draws

us away, at least for a time, from this excessive absorption by business, hurry, anxiety and dissipation of spirit. It aids us in focusing and riveting our attention on truths which stimulate us to strive for that which is noble, true and real.

By such an exercise the things earth, which shrivel up and fade a earth, which shrivel up and fade are seen in their full light and in their true proportions. Their fascination is made less powerful and their false glitter less dazzling. The mind is cleared of the mists, which blur and darken its vision and blunt its perception of the realities of faith.

New motives for resisting the allurements of the scenes and the

vanities of the world are impressed upon our wills and these more promptly spring into action in the spiritual struggle, in the supernatural combat, that every man must daily carry on, if he is to live the true life.

Then the reading of pious books, especially of the lives of the saints. sets before us the example of those who have fought the good fight bravely and have won. It is no little encouragement to see that others made of the same flesh and blood as we, with the same and greater diffi-culties, have battled and conquered -St. Paul Bulletin.

> TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

One of our contemporaries publishes a letter from a certain J. P. and a Uniate Armenian. The Latin ittle kiddie."

Cullen, in which he states very frankly his religious difficulties and his inability to find secure footing 920,000 Catholics, 249 parishes, 579 amid the shifting sands of Protestant secular priests, 290 regulars and 60

ism. He reasons in this way :
My Christian neighbors say : wilt Thou have me to do? And when asked, "Understandest thou when asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" with the eunuch I answer, "How can I, except some man guide me?" Now, my Christian friends, to whom shall I go for guid-

To the Church of Rome ? No, for it is said to be corrupt and a teacher of superstition. To the Protestantism of to day and be thrown back upon my own authority, "private judgment," that which has made me what I am? No. So where shall I seek? I feel that somewhere there is a guide, somewhere there is an authority on earth whose mission is to teach. And if the Christian church of to day has no

Housecleaning is soon finished If you use-)ld Dutch Cleanser

such authority, then we cast saide its creeds, its dogmas and its for-

Is it fair for Mr. Cullen to turn away from the Church of Rome be-cause "it is said to be corrupt and a teacher of superstition?" When certain men asked, "Can any good certain men asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" the unanswerable reply was, "Come and see." Let Mr. Cullen seek out the Catholic priest in his neighborhood and lay before him his spiritual troubles as fully as he has done with his "Christian neighbors," and he
will soon find that a merciful God
has established on earth an authority
whose mission it is to teach erring whose mission it is to teach erring men the way of salvation. There is no good reason why this anxious inquirer, or any other, should stumble helplessly in the dark (or in the twilight, for that matter), when help is close at hand.—The Missionary.

WHAT CONFESSION IS

How many are the souls in distress anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world? Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to them out, yet be as if they be not told: they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet, not too strong to despise them; they wise to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grai of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact-the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is conlession as it is in fact. - Cardinal

Newman. "CITY OF MONKS"

LEMBERG HAS THREE ARCH. BISHOPS-ITS CATHOLIC POPULATION

Lemberg, capital of Galicia, Austria was called the "City of Monks" in the seventeenth century, on account of the number of religious who lived there. At present it has twenty churches, of which the principal are the Latin Cathedral in the Gothic style, built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the Ruthenian Cathedral, in Neo Italian style, erected in 1740, and the Church of the Bernardines, which contains the tomb of St. John of Dukla, patron of Lemberg. The library of the Ossil-inski Institute of Lemberg is of great value to students of Polish history. There are three Archbishops at Lem--a Latin, a Uniate Ri archdiocese has two suffragan Bishop rics, Przemysl and Tarnov, and has students in the seminary. The Unyour Bible." I do read my Bible, and with Saul, I pray, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? ad 248 students in the seminary which is used by the Ruthenians of Przemysł and Stanislaov as well as Lemberg. The Uniate Armenians number 4,000 faithful and 20 priests; the Latin seminary is used to pre-pare the clergy. "Uniate" in this pare the clergy. "Uniate" in this connection means that the Ruthen lans and Armenians in question are in communion with the Holy See.— Catholic Bulletin.

LOOK UP!

He who thinks the world is full of good people and kindly blessings is much richer than he who thinks the contrary. Each man's imagination largely peoples the world for himself. Some live in a world peopled with princes of the royal blood; some in a world of paupers and privation. You have your choice.

This is a big, busy world. It cares precious little what you think of it, or what faults or troubles you find in it. It is a choice that concerns yourself more than all others combined. whether you grouch in the gloom, the companion of hateful goblins, or stride in the sunshine, seeing smiles and catching shreds of song.

Men and women in God's image were not made as whining, groveling beings. They were made to stand erect, mentally as well as physically; to labor well and joyously; to take the gifts of Providence, whether they be loy or sorrow, and bear them cheerfully and with courage; to add ever something to the world's store of happiness, if it be only a smile.

"Look up! See how flooded with unshine this beautiful world is when faced with smiling eyes. If you would win enything, do anything, be anything, don't whine.— Intermountain Catholic.

Virtue introduces man into the family of God.—St. John Chrysostom.

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