

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER
CHAPTER XXIV

LAIDE A FAIRE PEUR
"For 'tis a truth well known to most that, whatsoever thing is lost. We seek it ere it come to light In every cranny but the right."—Cowper.

When Maurice was ushered into the drawing-room he found no traces of a heated argument (much less of a recent scuffle) between the two models of ladylike industry and graceful composure who were seated serenely apart.

"None the worse for last night, Mrs. Vane?" he said, when our greetings were concluded, bringing himself to an anchor in a deep wicker chair. "On the contrary, all the better," she returned, briskly. "Capital dance, was it not?"

"First-class; I must say the Resident of Mulkapoon knows how to give a good ball when he goes about it: the floor was perfect, and the supper and champagne beyond all praise."

"How like a man to mention eating and drinking before anything else! Pray, what did you think of our young ladies—who did you admire? or did they all fail to please Captain Beresford's fastidious taste?"

"Come, now, Mrs. Vane, this won't do, why are you down on me in this way? The fact is, I admired so many that it would be invidious to particularize one," hastily glancing at me.

"What nonsense you talk! But seriously—" "Seriously! I have not seen so many pretty faces in the same room for ages; I thought them so dazzling individually, and so overwhelming en masse, that my head has been swimming ever since. Now are you satisfied?" he asked, with a smile.

"Did you remark the girl in the curious rose-colored costume?" pursued Mrs. Vane; "dark, with very bright eyes? I thought her lovely"—enthusiastically. "She is a stranger from Bombay, staying at the general's."

"The 'caprice in pink,' as little Burke called her? I had the honor of dancing with her, but we could not get round a bit; however, she was awfully nice to talk to."

"Ah! beware of talking to her overmuch; she is an engaged young lady," returned Mrs. Vane, with a significant shake of the head. "And, apropos of engagements, is it really true that little Mr. Smith, of the Pea Greens, is actually going to marry old Miss Hook?"

"Perfectly true," responded Maurice, impressively. "I declare," casting up eyes and hands, "when Colonel Falkner told me the news last evening you might have knocked me down with the traditional feather."

"I wonder how many people that feather has flogged," said Maurice, with a speculative smile. "He is a mere boy, and she is fifteen years older than he is if she is a day," proceeded Mrs. Vane, acrimoniously; "it is monstrous, it is unheard of! She ought to be indicted for child stealing."

"Well, she does not look more than eight and twenty, and, though not, strictly speaking, beautiful, she has certain very solid attractions. And, as Smith seems to find the arrangement in every respect satisfactory, I suppose we may as well give our consent—eh, Mrs. Vane?" replied Maurice, with easy cheerfulness. "Hullo, old fellow, where did you come from?"—to Turk, who for some time had been reconnoitering from the veranda with stealthy, distrustful sniffs, vainly endeavoring to recognize the stranger as an acquaintance, and now, his mind at length fully made up, trotted jauntily across the room, and bounded into Maurice's lap with an air of patronizing confidence.

"You may consider yourself a highly honored person, Captain Beresford. Turk is a most exclusive and discriminating dog; few and far between are the people he condescends to notice."

"Oh, all dogs take to me," said Maurice, carelessly, pulling Turk's ears. "They say dogs and children are the best judges of mankind," remarked Mrs. Vane; and I am exceedingly sorry to tell you that I am not popular with either. Most unaccountable, is it not?"

"Are there any small people here?" "No; we have none that we can call exclusively our own; but we can bring you in any number from next door at a moment's notice—unique specimens; we can produce two of the most impudent, thrusting, ill behaved imps in the whole presidency. You have only to say the word," stretching toward a hand bell.

"Pray don't summon them on my account," returned Maurice, with a laugh. "I know all about the ideal imp from painful practical experience."

He was thinking of us undoubtedly. "So you passed the higher standard after all," said Mrs. Vane, striking out into a new channel of conversation. "I just scraped through, after nearly reducing myself to permanent imbecility. Another examination would leave me a gibbering idiot; for I am an awfully duffer at languages. I mean, to read and write. I can talk pretty well; but the book work bows me over."

"Oh, come," disbelievingly; "I thought you young men from Wool-

which were clever enough for anything—just so many walking encyclopedias."

"You are thinking of the engineers, Violet," I observed, with engaging frankness, raising my eyes from my knitting for the first time to volunteer an observation.

"Miss Neville," said Maurice, looking hard at me, "wishes to remind you of the old tradition that all artillery officers have been previously plucked for the engineers, and that they are the swaggar corps."

"I don't believe a word of it," exclaimed Violet energetically. "Why, look at the uniform, there's no comparison."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Vane," said Maurice, with a broad smile. "You always stand up for us and take our part."

"Of course I do, George's brother officers; and by the way, has Major Miller brought that old bay horse of his all the way down here—the one he wanted to sell George for the second charger?"

"He has. It is still in the market, and is getting to look more and more like a cow every day; the horns are a mere projection of time."

"I thought Major Miller seemed rather low and out of spirits last evening; and had a blighted look, as if he had something on his mind."

"No doubt he had. He is going to be married, poor beggar. Ahem! catching himself up, that was a mere slip of the tongue. Of course you know I did not mean that."

"Oh, of course not," ironically. "I have observed a lightness and flippancy in the way you talk about matrimony that is simply unendurable, and must be put a stop to."

"Come now, Mrs. Vane, you never heard me say a word against matrimony, a most excellent institution, which I respect exceedingly. I only object to a brother-officer's marriage for one reason—you will admit that it ruins the mess?" I proudly putting forward an unanswerable argument.

"The mess!" contemptuously. "I wonder how many love-affairs have been killed and sacrificed to that Moloch—the mess. And pray what are you going to give Major Miller, as a wedding-gift?"

"My sympathy," returned Maurice, without hesitation. "A cheap present, which we will all return in kind when you yourself enter into the holy state."

"Thanks, awfully; but that is a step I do not intend to take for many a day, if ever. I mean to have a little play first."

"Play! I wish the anxious mothers heard you. Play to you, and death to them!"

"That is not what I mean, Mrs. Vane, and you know it perfectly well, only you are bent on representing me in a truly false light to Miss Neville. I allude to polo, cricket, racing, shooting trips, whist-parties—all of which little innocent recreations will no doubt be knocked on the head by Mrs. B. if such a person ever exists—"

"At this juncture my ball of knitting-silk rolled off my lap, and far away under a distant table, Maurice and I both simultaneously started up to seek it. He was the finder, and as I accepted it I subsided into an easy-chair still more remote from Mrs. Vane—almost, indeed, out of ear shot—and isolating myself so completely as to leave them to enjoy an untrammelled *te-te-te*."

I observed that Maurice cast more than one speculative, interrogatory glance in my direction, as much as to say, "Can this be the girl who was so pleasant last night?" But the fact was I had not made up my mind as to the *role* I was to play with regard to him. Would it not be wiser to confess the truth, and have no more concealments or disguise? But then I was committed to secrecy by my conduct of the previous evening. I had had a glorious opportunity of introducing myself, and as usual lacked the courage to turn it to good account. I must remain Miss Neville—all but total stranger.

I leaned back in my chair at a distance and made conversation almost out of the question, and gave all my eyes and ears and wits to calm, dispassionate study of my newly found kinsman. He was more like himself this morning than in his gilded jacket of last evening. Five years had not made as much alteration in his appearance as it had in mine. He looked older, of course; his hair was darker, his mustache heavier, his face bronzed by the sun—all but a little three-cornered patch where his forage cap rested—but his eyes, his voice and his laugh, all belonged to the Maurice of Gallop. Conversation now and then drifted to my ears as I took in all these details with lightning, stealthy glances. Mrs. Vane was saying with a smile and a nod:

"I know something about you that you little guess. I was told it was a wonderful secret."

"This is delightfully mysterious," returned Maurice, impressively. "Something about me"—slowly—"and a great secret. I have it! You have been witness to a will in which I am legate to a fabulous sum."

"Nothing of the kind," she rejoined emphatically.

"You have been asked to sound me, and discover my wishes with regard to some handsome presentation."

"How can you be so silly?" "Perhaps I am in the secret myself," he asked, with lifted brows.

"Yes, you are; in fact, you are the mainspring of the whole affair."

"I declare you are making me quite nervous, Mrs. Vane. However, luckily for me, I have no indiscretions to conceal."

"Well, shall I give you a hint? It is something George told me." "Something George told you!" he echoed, in an accent of puzzled speculation; "not about the caricature we sent old Brown—comes now?"

"No, no, no. How stupid you are!" contemptuously. "Well, I give it up! I am, as you know, entirely above the meanness of curiosity; but I see you are dying to enlighten me, so say on!" with a nod of encouragement.

"It is," lowering her voice, "about a girl!" Certainly Mrs. Vane was most indiscreet, and certainly I began to feel very uncomfortable.

"A girl! I am just where I was before! I'm afraid you must give me another tip, for by the unassisted light of my own memory I cannot think of any young lady whose name deserves mention in such a deeply significant manner—a girl!" he concluded, with a laugh.

"Yes, your runaway fiancee; your cousin—"

"Oh, by George," reddening visibly, and evidently no less amazed than annoyed; "I call that hard lines. So much for telling anything to a married man! He immediately unbosoms himself to his wife, and she takes all her dearest friends into her confidence!"

"You know that I am a model of discretion, and that your secret is safe with me," continued Mrs. Vane, in her most conciliatory manner, flashing a look of guilty import in my direction—happily unseen by Maurice, who, calm in hand, was angrily sketching on the carpet, his eyes gloomily fixed on the floor.

"You have never had a clew?" continued his companion, with inconceivable rashness. Had she but known Maurice's storm-signals as well as I did!

"Never," he answered shortly, without looking up.

"Beyond Liverpool—you traced her to Liverpool, did you not? I wonder where on earth she can be?"

"I only wish I knew; I would give half I possess to find her," returned my cousin, emphatically.

"By all accounts, she was a good riddance," continued Mrs. Vane, consolingly; "altogether a most undesirable young person, and *laide a faire peur*."

"Really, this quite reminds me of a game of Russian scandal," said Maurice, with a laugh. "I add a few details, and describe her to Miss Neville"—looking over at me—"she describes her to somebody else; in time my unfortunate—a cousin will be a blind and humpbacked idiot!"

"But you certainly said that she was plain," persisted Mrs. Vane, by no means too well pleased with her friend's sarcasms.

"I never said that she was a good riddance, and *laide a faire peur*."

"Now, now, Maurice! I have you not often called me 'an ugly little toad.'"

"Have you no earthly idea as to what has become of her?" continued Mrs. Vane, for whom the subject possessed a peculiar fascination.

"No, not the faintest," he answered in a cool, reserved voice, as though he would check an unwelcome topic; and Mrs. Vane, taking the hint, turned the conversation into a less personal channel.

"*Laide a faire peur*, indeed!" I said to myself. I glanced across at an opposite mirror, and what did I see? I saw a slight figure in a well-made, soft, cream, washing silk, with a gauged body and many little flourishes; a pretty face, surrounded by masses of wavy chestnut hair; a pair of little white hands holding a half-knitted red-silk sock. In the glass I beheld another and more distant reflection—Maurice—Maurice gazing at me with intent critical scrutiny which was, to say the least of it, embarrassing. He looked as if he were anxiously endeavoring to evolve some dim memory from the remote recesses of his brain. I would remain no longer. Who could tell what discovery he might make?

Gathering up my work with an indistinct excuse, I bowed a distant bow, and hastily departed. I avoided Maurice on every possible occasion, so much so, that one evening, as we were driving home from the band, Mrs. Vane took it upon herself to read me a little lecture.

"Dear girl," she said, "there is a medium between being positively rude and too bewitching; fascinate, why do you taboo Captain Beresford so, and wholly cut him off from the sweets of your society? Strange to say, he politely ignores your appalling behaviour, and manifests the deepest interest in you and yours. He asked me if you had any sisters—how old you were—"

"How excessively impertinent!" I interrupted brusquely. "I thought he boasted that he was above the meanness of curiosity?"

"That only applies to ordinary cases. You must remember the singular attraction you have for him in your strong resemblance to my lamented grandmother!" returned Mrs. Vane, choking with laughter.

"Do accept a little advice from me, Nora," she continued, eagerly; "for the mere sake of appearances, don't turn your back on a gentleman, nor answer over his head if he addresses you, nor fly out of a room when he arrives. Of course, ironically, we all know that he is the very opposite to your friend Major Percival; but that, you will be liberal enough to admit, is his misfortune, not his fault. Do endeavor to tolerate our constant guest, Captain Beresford—at least, try to meet him half-way."

"But, my dear lady," I protested, impatiently, "don't want to meet him at all! wrapping myself up in

my shawl and subsiding into a corner of the landau. "However, anything to oblige a friend; and as you make such a point of it, I will try and do the civil to your Admirable Crichton."

TO BE CONTINUED
HER SOUL'S DESIRE

(By Rev. D. A. Casey, in Benjamins)

She was dying. The doctor had just pronounced the sentence, and the gray-haired parish priest was reverently sealing the eyes with the oil of forgiveness.

"By this holy anointing and His most tender mercy may the Lord pardon thee whatsoever thou hast sinned by seeing."

"Quidquid per visum deliquisti, amen." Gently he marked the cross upon the closed eyelids. "Quidquid per visum deliquisti." There was a break in the kindly voice of the priest. It was little the Lord had to forgive. She was one of the Old Guard, this simple Irish mother, and long as he could remember those eyes upon which he had just laid the sacred oil had looked for naught else save the manifestation of the Divine Will. Aye, indeed, it was little the Lord had to forgive.

"Per auditum." What had these ears listened to except the saving truths of faith? The gossip-mongers knew her well, and 'tis silent their tongues would be in her presence.

"Per locutionem." Whoever heard a complaining word pass her lips! It was always, "Sure 'tis God's will, blessed be His Holy Name," or "Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother, sure it might be worse."

And so the sacred rite went on. The withered, brown hands next, those hands that never shirked their daily task and from which, in moments of leisure, the brown hands were seldom absent. And the feet that had so often carried her on charitable errands, and had never once failed to cover the three miles to Mass on Sundays and holy days. Indeed it was little the Lord would have to erase from her account, for she was little short of a saint.

The Holy oils had been put away. The little golden pyx, in which her Divine Lord had come to her, had been replaced in its silken case. The blessed candles still burned beside the crucifix. She was lying quietly with closed eyes, her lips moving in communion with her God. From beyond the door came a stifled sob. Some one was crying out there, and at the sound the eyes opened, and she turned to the priest.

"It is Noreen, Father. I tell her not to fret because it is God's blessed will, but sometimes she breaks down like that."

"Poor child! poor child!" said Father Kelley. "You are content now?"

"Contented! Wisha an' why shouldn't I be contented? Haven't I had the last rites of the Church, an' what more could any Christian desire?"

"You have no fear of death?" "Why should I be afraid to go to God, Father? Sure 'tis as natural to die as to live, and far be it from me to complain when the Lord and His Blessed Mother have been so good to me. You will pray for me, Father?"

"'Tis little need you have prayers, my poor child, but indeed I'll remember you in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

"May God bless you for that, but then sure it's you were always the good priest to us. You made a priest out of Jimmy."

The Lord made a priest of him, Mrs. Callaghan; he was always the good boy. I mind how he used to serve my Mass when he was a weeby little bit of gossoon. 'Tis the fine work he's doing on the mission."

She did not answer for a moment. A tear quivered on the eyelash. Father Kelley guessed what was passing in her mind, and waited. But there was a lump in his throat as he took her wasted hand in his.

"Father?" "Yes, my child."

"I'm a great sinner."

"You'll be a great saint one of these days, my dear."

"'Tis about Father James, Father."

It required an effort to keep back the tears as he asked, "And what is the trouble about Father James? Isn't he doing the Lord's work, and what more could you wish for? Just think of all the Masses he'll say for you when you're gone! Not that you'll need them, but there are plenty poor souls in Purgatory that will, and 'tis you were always good and charitable toward the poor souls."

"Aye, Father, sure 'tis too happy I am thinking of him standing at the altar, and sittin' in the confessional just like yourself here with ourselves. But, Father, your mother saw you say Mass!"

He clasped the withered hand closer but said nothing. He could not trust himself to speak. He did not want her to know he was crying. Besides there was no need for words.

"Is it a great sin, Father?" "What my child?"

"To be wishin' to see Father James say Mass."

The tears would come. "I don't think it is a sin at all, my child."

"But I have wanted it so hard, Father. It was the one desire of my soul ever since he was ordained. And sure when he had the Lord's work to do 'tisn't trapesing home to see me to be could be. But you think it wasn't wrong Father?"

"Suppose in order to come and see you and say Mass for you he had to leave his work undone, would you want him to come?"

"Oh Father, God forbid." "Then don't you see that there can not be any sin in your wishing to see him if it were God's will? It is only the natural mother's love to see her child; intensified when that child is a priest. And such love of a mother for her child can not displease God, who is Love itself."

"Thank God for what you say, Father, but sure 'tis you always had the kind word for every one. And sure when we had you to say Mass for us 'tisn't wishin' for another we should be."

The good priest coughed suspiciously. He knew what a sacrifice it had been for poor Mrs. Callaghan. He, too, had a mother.

"Father." "Yes, dear."

"Did I tell you about my distractions at the Holy Mass?" "You told me everything my child. Don't think any more about them. Haven't you an absolution?"

"Aye, but Father, I know the good Lord must have been angry with me. When I should have been thinking of Him or saying the beads at your Mass of a Sunday sure 'tis thinking of Father James I'd be. 'Twas Father James that I saw in the vestments; 'twas Father James I lifted up the Host and Chalice. And you say the good God has forgiven me! Wisha 'tis too good He is to an ungrateful sinner like me."

'Tis true I'd give me heart's blood to see my boy standing at the Altar. But God does everything for the best, and maybe 'tis too proud I'd be and that would be a sin. You will write and tell him I died contented, won't you, Father?"

"I will tell him you died as he would have wished you to die—resigned to the Divine Will."

"And you'll say the Mass for me yourself?"

"To be sure, my dear. But 'tis the hard battle I'll have with Father Treacy. He'll be wanting to sing it, but I think I have the best right. You are sure you wouldn't prefer Father Treacy?"

"Well, then, 'tis the fine priest he was, too, Father dear, but sure all our priests are good priests. May the Lord reward them, for I'm afraid 'tis more trouble than thanks we give them. But it would please me to have you sing the Mass for me poor soul."

"And I'll tell that to Father Treacy?"

"Tell him that 'twas just an old woman's fancy. I know I can't hear you lying there in the coffin, but 'twas you priested Father James."

Father Kelley understood. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Callaghan," he said after a pause, "we'll have Father Treacy for deacon."

"Thank you, Father. I wouldn't like to disappoint the good priest. And 'tis he has the fine voice for the Gospel."

"Never fear, we'll have the grand est Requiem the parish ever heard. Every priest in the diocese will be there."

"You're joking, Father. Sure and what would bring all the holy priests to the funeral of a poor old woman like me?"

"Why 'tis like our own mother you were to the whole of us. And mustn't we do honor to the mother of a priest?"

"Father, dear." "Yes, my child."

"Do you think the souls in Purgatory know what's happening here on earth?"

"Sure and what could a poor ignorant priest like me know of the blessed souls! But why do you ask, my child?"

"It is only another of my queer notions, Father. Instead of thanking God, 'tis lying in his face I am, I was thinking that maybe, in Purgatory I'd know when Father James said Mass, and perhaps be permitted to see him in the vestments."

"Who knows, who knows," said Father Kelley. "God does wonderful things for his saints."

"Only for his saints, Father?" "You will be one of his saints then, my dear. I am coming to say Mass for you here to-morrow."

"Wisha, glory be to God, but 'tis spoiling me you'll be. And can I have Holy Communion, Father?"

"To be sure, my child. I'll come over early."

They arranged a little Altar in the sick room, and there next morning Father Kelley offered the Holy Sacrifice. She had lain quietly all through the evening and night, but now she seemed to have recovered her strength and asked to be raised a little in the bed.

"Oh, Father James! my boy! Oh, thanks be to God!"

Her soul's desire was being realized. She was seeing Father James say Mass.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo," said the priest.

"Glory be to God and His Blessed Mother," came the answer from the bed.

The sacred action moved on. The priest bent over the White Host. There was a moment's pause, a genuflection, and then something white shone above his upraised fingers. She closed her eyes. She had seen the dream of her life fulfilled. She never wanted to open them upon this world again. "My own boy!" she murmured. "It is too much too much."

"Accipe, soror, Viaticum Corporis Domini nostri Jesu Christi."

Her Lord had come to her to be her companion for the Journey. She kissed the priestly hand, but the eyes were closed. She never wanted to see again.

She tried to cross herself, but the hand fell back upon the pillow. The Journey had begun.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA

BISHOP M'FAUL URGES WOMEN TO SAVE THEM

Before more than 1,800 delegates and guests at the National Convention of the Catholic Women's Benevolent Association of the United States, including many dignitaries from every part of the country, the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of the Catholic diocese of Trenton, July 15, delivered an important address on the Steel Pier, Atlantic City. The Bishop was loudly applauded after his interesting and timely talk. He dwelt on the suffrage question, the white slave traffic and the present-day duties of womanhood.

After Mass, the 1,800 delegates and guests marched in a body to the Steel Pier, where the delegation was formally welcomed to the city by Mayor Riddle. The Bishop then introduced Governor Fielder as the first speaker.

The Governor encouraged the work being done by the women, and said that the state has legislated and will legislate laws which will aid materially in the work being done by the body. He said that the State intended to cooperate with national bodies of this kind in an effort to uplift the social life of women and aid orphans and widows to a happier life.

The Bishop was the next speaker. His address was as follows: "My dear Christian Ladies—I am not my intention to preach a sermon but to refresh your minds with a little of the history of the Catholic Church and draw some deductions therefrom. Until 1789 the territory extending from Maine to the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers was under the jurisdiction of an English Bishop, named Dr. Challoner. It is generally estimated that on the appointment of the first resident Bishop, the Right Rev. John Carroll, there were about 25,000 of the laity and about thirty priests in all that tract of country. In the year 1789, the Diocese of Baltimore was created and from it the American Church has been built up, so that now it extends from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Catholicity has kept pace with the progress and prosperity of the republic. We have now 4 Cardinals, 3 Bishops in this country and one in Rome who is a naturalized American citizen. Including our 3 resident cardinals we have 14 archbishops, 100 bishops, nearly 18,000 priests, over 14,000 churches, nearly 1,500,000 parish school children, with a Catholic population of over 15,000,000 and including Porto Rico, the Philippines and Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands the total population is over 24,000,000. We therefore number one-fourth of the population of the nation and we are constantly increasing. It is safe to say that the future of the country is in our hands. Race suicide is not depopulating our ranks, whereas, outside the Church, we are told that it is very prevalent. Since, then, we are to shape the destiny of the United States, we must be prepared for the responsibility which Divine Providence has placed upon us."

"Hence we must employ the three great educators: The Christian home, the Christian school and the Christian Church. Now in all these educational institutions women have a prominent part to perform. It is the mother that makes the home, the father is the provider and the protector, but the mother is the queen of the heart and the household. The mother is the constructive force; the child is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She molds the child physically, intellectually, religiously and morally. We hear a great deal now days about suffragettes and anti-suffragettes; but I believe that 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' While men must take the leading part in public affairs, there is a very important work which women alone are best fitted to accomplish, and that is the home training of the rising generation to become good citizens and good Christians."

"The Christian school is to take the place of the parent and every good mother should see that her offspring is under salutary influences, when away from the home and out of her sight. It has always seemed strange to me how Catholic parents could justify themselves in patronizing the Public school system. One of my priests told me a story about two little foreign boys who wanted to go to his parish school. 'Where do you go now?' asked the priest; the boys replied, 'Up to that school on the hill, to that public, that Protestant school up there.' The priest said, 'Why do you wish to come to my school?' and the boys answered, 'We want to know something about God and Christ, and they don't teach that up there.'"

"The influence of women in the Church of God is apparent from the time that Mary became the Mother of God and the Saviour went down with her to Nazareth, where she kept all the divine secrets enclosed in her heart and her Son advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men."

"Throughout the centuries she has been the admiration of the world, and the patterns of all true womanhood and has inspired her sex to work hand in hand with the preachers of

the gospel in spreading faith and morality. No one can fail to appreciate the part taken by Catholic women in building up the Church in the United States. It is in a great measure due to them that we have so many churches, so many schools, so many charitable institutions. They never tire, day or night, in forwarding works of faith and charity."

"It is precisely because of the lack of these three educators, and I may add the lessening of the influence of women in these three fields, that we behold so little religion outside the Catholic Church in this country. Here there is little religion taught in the home, none at all in the Public school, and not much in the churches. Hence, indifference is making rapid progress; millions of Americans never go to any church and with the loss of religious principles there is a consequent decrease in the moral tone of our citizens. Americans are going back to paganism. We are the laughing stock of the world on account of the number of our divorces, and more murders are committed here, per thousand of the population, than in any other civilized country. Dishonesty is also very prevalent. We hear on all sides that society, high and low, is given to graft."

"There are three commandments very frequently broken by Americans; 'Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery.'"

"Now, it seems to me that our Catholic women should take a prominent part in the uplift of society along these lines. They should teach honesty, purity and in every way, frown down those who infringe upon these commandments. Vice should be made to feel that it is displeasing."

"Besides, Catholic women should organize for some practicable purpose, and bring the force of unity to bear upon it. Some time ago my attention was drawn to the 'White Slave Traffic.' Just to give you one instance: A certain house in New York was allowed to open its doors, for an initiation fee of \$