

14, 1909.

us with them  
sing we were  
a very small  
murder.

om, suggested  
e wall to the  
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h he had suc-  
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mended ourselves;  
ned and debated

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tly on the look-  
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s never detected.  
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ons were put into

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e event over the  
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ake. God, we shall  
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ers General Sather-  
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ited States taken in  
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egan, "your doughty  
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r, Sir Francis Bond-  
e tried to persuade  
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ers, the Yankee fooled  
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dodded, e opened a vein  
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d, hi'll wagger—hand e  
son's carnal. But there  
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CONTINUED.

TEST.

udden stir in the dense  
e Capitol. The tired  
who composed it had  
morning, headless all  
arch wind and the rain  
ent, drenching showers,  
and a rumor went round  
or-elect had arrived and  
at exercises would begin  
past two.

er went up. A door in  
e, on the east side of  
and the man for whom  
came out alone. He  
e sea of faces turned  
his eyes grew dim. There  
wave of enthusiasm  
"people's choice," and  
silent, that they might  
He leaned forward, and  
ch one there felt somehow  
r's words were addressed

them warmly for their  
romised them in return  
serve them faithfully, re-  
over the pledges he had  
ulfillment of which they  
humorous banished to-  
his incidents of the  
laughed a little sadly, for  
sense view, no matter how wrapped  
round it was with legal sophistries.  
Things don't get easier higher up,  
mother."

"No, Philip, they won't get easier,  
but you have more knowledge and  
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"I feel to-night as if I should have to  
learn your lessons all over again."

"I sank into a low chair by the side of hers.  
"I've run away from the feast and  
celebration for a quiet hour with you.  
They won't mind; they're used to my  
queer ways. I shall have to go back

directly, but I want to forget for a  
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"What, weary of it already, Philip?  
You haven't changed much. You never  
cared for parties, even when you were a  
lad."

"No, mother, there always seemed so  
much to be done, so much to be done."  
His words trailed off into a weary sigh.  
He sat gazing dreamily into the fire for  
a time, and his mother, watching him  
wistfully, saw that the dreams were not  
pleasant ones.

"I've been thinking of father all after-  
noon. How he would have liked all this.  
Tell me about him, about the time be-  
fore the trouble came. It's long since  
you've spoken of him."

She looked at him keenly, noting the  
lines that had not been on his face the  
day before.

"You are tired, my son. Can you not  
take a rest now, even a short one?"

"I am not tired, mother; I cannot  
rest. Mother, do you remember the old  
days when I was a boy and we lived in  
the little house on Lane street in two  
rooms?"

rightful struggle, that through him and  
with him they would come into complete  
civil victory.

At 5 o'clock the ceremonies were  
over, and the new Governor went to the  
office that was to be his, leaving word  
that he wished to be alone for a while.  
But scarcely had the door closed behind  
him when it was opened again, and  
Dixon LaVelle, the great criminal  
lawyer, stood hesitating on the  
threshold.

"You have your democratic ways to  
thank for this unseemly intrusion, your  
Excellency, but I have been waiting all  
day for a word with you. First of all,  
permit me to repeat my congratulations.  
We are all proud of you. Eight years  
from now I shall be hailing you as Mr.  
President, I have no doubt."

The Governor laughed, and his boyish  
face flushed.

"I have no such great expectations,  
LaVelle. I aspire to no such dizzy  
heights."

Mark my word, you'll be offered the  
nomination, and you're safe if you take  
it. The people love you."

"And I love the people," said the  
Governor, simply. They fell silent a  
moment.

"But we have time enough to think of  
that. I came to lay before you a press-  
ing matter, to ask that your first official  
act shall be one of mercy. Mark Gan-  
non is condemned to death, as you know,  
and will be hanged to-morrow—unless  
you pardon him."

There came into the Governor's eyes  
a look that LaVelle had never seen there  
before. He walked the length of the  
room and back.

"Mark Gannon will be hanged to-  
morrow—unless I pardon him," he re-  
peated slowly as he went. "Then let  
him hang; I will not pardon him."

LaVelle did not know the voice. It  
was hard and shrill, and the blazing  
gray eyes that looked into his were  
steely, pitiless.

"But you have followed the case, Mr.  
Harrington; you believe him innocent?  
You must believe him innocent with  
your knowledge of technicalities; and he  
is not a young man, Philip."

"Innocent of this crime, yes, no doubt  
he is."

LaVelle stared at him a moment in  
silence.

"And you are the man, you who used  
to plead in the courts with tears in your  
voice and in your eyes for some poor  
wretch's life? God, the pictures you  
called up of the horrors of the death  
while we all hang breathless on your  
words."

"Was it all gallery play? Have you  
forgotten what you said of the awful  
responsibility of officially taking life?  
Have you forgotten that only a few  
hours ago, while we gloried in your  
sincerity, you promised to serve the  
people faithfully and with the very best  
that is in you? Mark Gannon is one of  
the people, Harrington, and he is as  
innocent of this crime as you or I."

"I will not pardon him," said the  
Governor coldly.

"Then you are not the man we  
thought you, not the man for the office,"  
LaVelle was at the door, white faced,  
hurt, bitterly disappointed and angry.  
He was, too, a good bit puzzled. He was  
half-way down the hall when the door  
behind opened and the Governor called  
him.

"I will give you my final decision in  
the morning," he said, "but hope for  
nothing," and the door was closed again.

The Governor went slowly back across  
the office, walked as one who is weary in  
heart and mind, and sank down beside  
the great table in the centre, burying  
his face in his folded arms. An hour  
passed. When he looked up again the  
gray shadows of dusk had fallen on the  
room, and the outer chill had crept in  
with the gathering darkness.

"God," he said softly, "God, and on  
the very first day!" He had been facing  
the thing that had lain in his heart all  
these years, and the mighty grip and  
strength of it terrified him. It was the  
final struggle, the great test.

He left the office and went out down  
the long corridor to the street, an-  
nouncing mechanically the greetings of those  
he met. He took an eastbound car that  
went out past the city to a quiet suburb.  
He lifted his face to the cooling rain as  
he went down the dim avenue to the  
little house at the end. It was an im-  
pudent dwelling, but the Governor  
looked at it as if he loved it. There was  
about it an air of peace and quiet and  
contentment, and this impression was  
intensified within its walls. The brow  
of its owner cleared and his face re-  
gained somewhat its wonted expression  
as he went up-stairs to his mother's  
room.

It would have been hard to tell where-  
in lay the beauty of the apartment. It  
was an elusive quality, something  
that was not altogether in the furnish-  
ing or hangings, though these would de-  
light an artistic eye. From its softly  
tinted walls sweet-faced  
looked down, and at its small room, yet  
not at all out of place. It was a quiet  
room, a sanctuary, yet from it emanated  
the radiant cheerfulness that made the  
house a home.

The centre of it all, the dominant  
spirit, was a slender, white haired, well-  
nigh helpless woman in a great chair  
before the open fire. The glow of its  
leaping flames was the only light in the  
room.

Mrs. Harrington greeted her son with  
a smile that lit up her kindly old face to  
a rare loveliness.

"So my boy is the Governor," she  
said, and there was tender pride in the  
tone.

"Mother, I think you should have to  
be Governor, too. You remember how I  
used to come to you with my cases? You  
always helped me straighten out the  
tangles, never failed to find the common  
sense view, no matter how wrapped  
round it was with legal sophistries.  
Things don't get easier higher up,  
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days when I was a boy and we lived in  
the little house on Lane street in two  
rooms?"

words hurt her, "he is about to die,"  
And he sent me to you to beg you to for-  
give him for the past." She stood  
straight and slender in the bright fire-  
light, its glancing flames shining upon  
her dark, beautiful face. "He would  
give me no peace till I came. I did not  
like to leave him. He told me to tell  
you that he would wait till all the count-  
down—that—that—" A great, tearful sob  
shook her and her voice broke.

"Margaret, my child, I forgive him  
long ago. And Vincent, my husband,  
forgive him, too. Tell him that; it will  
comfort him."

"I don't know what it was all about,"  
the girl went on drearily; "no one would  
ever tell me. But I no longer care. I  
only know that he is the best father a  
girl ever had, and that I am losing him.  
There is no justice anywhere, no mercy."

"No justice, no mercy?" Mrs. Har-  
rington repeated, wondering. "But  
you said he was dying, Margaret. There  
is no injustice in death, and it is often  
merciful."

"Yes, it is merciful. I used to think  
that mother's death was the greatest  
sorrow I could possibly know, but now I  
am glad she is gone, glad she is away  
from the horror of it all."

Mrs. Harrington was leaning forward,  
looking at her in bewilderment.

"Margaret, what is it? You said he  
was about to die?"

"Yes," she answered, in a strange,  
stifled voice, "in the morning. Every-  
thing we did was in vain. Dixon La-  
Velle was sure he could save him. He  
had some great hope. I don't know what  
it was, but it failed him. He has given  
up."

"Then he gave up too soon; it has  
not failed him." The Governor came  
forward out of the shadow, and they  
were looking into each other's eyes.  
And as they looked they knew that their  
love was a deathless thing; that the  
years and silence had no power over it.  
All that had come between them, the  
things that the girl could not under-  
stand, that the man understood only too  
well, might hold them apart, but it could  
not destroy their love. They had not  
willed it so; peace lay another way, but  
they could not change while life lasted.  
What did it matter that no words had  
ever been spoken? They knew; they had  
always known.

"You mean that you can save him—  
you?"

"I not only can, but will. I am going  
to Dixon LaVelle now, to-night, and you  
need not fear; all will be well."

She held out her hands to him, tried  
to thank him, but it was no use; the  
words would not come. She sank down  
at his mother's side to sob out in those  
tender arms the bitterness that had  
frozen about her heart in the long, terri-  
ble hours.

And he left them so when he went  
out, his best beloved together—Anna  
Cecilia Doyle in Extension.

## A TALK ON INDULGENCES.

BY REV. JOHN J. JEFFSON.

An indulgence we are told in the  
catechism, is a remission in whole or in  
part of the temporal punishment due to  
sin. What is temporal punishment?  
Obviously it has reference to a punish-  
ment lasting only for a time, or to be  
acquired before eternity begins.

Viewed in connection with the Church,  
it is acquiescence in the Church's  
indulgence which has no end.

The Church is a society of living hu-  
man beings established by Christ for  
the purpose of leading men to God.  
It deals with the soul of the individual  
member. It is then an external organiza-  
tion with an internal destiny. It  
must direct to God through the insti-  
tution of internal and external; its laws must  
be at once internal and external; they must  
bind before God, they must bind before  
men. As in every society, in-  
fringements of law must be punished, or  
right order no longer prevails. Punish-  
ment then inflicted by the Church has a  
twofold character: it affects the soul;  
it affects the body. A postulate to the  
discussion of indulgences is to make laws  
binding in conscience and before God;  
that the Church is unerring in teaching  
points of Christian morality; that the  
punishments touching the body are as  
binding as those touching the soul.  
These three points are themselves cap-  
able of lengthy discussion, but I assume  
them since they are granted by all Cath-  
olics and therefore irrelevant to this  
sketch about indulgences.

When, then, the Church lays down  
laws we must obey or suffer punishment.  
This punishment may affect us in a  
manner wholly internal or at the same  
time internally and externally. For  
example: A makes up his mind not to  
hear Mass on Sunday. Forthwith he  
has committed sin, and his soul is under  
the ban of God; but for this internal  
sin of thought, no external punishment  
is meted out. A, however, actually  
carries out his determination not to go  
to Mass. He has then added to his in-  
ternal sin by failure to comply with an  
external duty. He is liable to external  
punishment.

IN THE EARLY AGES.  
In the early ages of the Church these  
external punishments were many and  
severe. A glance at history will recall

some of them to mind. In the gospel of  
St. Matthew, xviii, 15-17, Christ lays  
down the law that the offending brother  
absolutely refusing to be reconciled is  
to be regarded as the heathen and the  
publican—utterly beyond the pale. In  
the fifth chapter of the first epistle to  
the Corinthians, St. Paul tells the faith-  
ful of Corinth to have nothing to do  
with one of their number accused of in-  
cest. This is the first known instance  
of excommunication. The guilty  
brother was put out of communion  
with the members of the Christian  
Church in that city.

The Emperor Theodosius was forbid-  
den to enter the church of Milan in 390  
because he was held responsible for a  
wholesale massacre of the citizens of  
Thessalonica. He was restored to Com-  
munion only when he had made ample  
reparation and had done public penance  
for eight months. In England, William  
II, was excommunicated by St. Thomas  
a Becket; King John Lackland refused  
in 1204, to obey the Pope and the whole  
kingdom was placed under interdict.  
The churches were closed, the bells  
hushed, no Mass said, no sacraments  
given, no prayers offered in public. The  
king was threatened with deposition.

Several Emperors, Henry V. and  
Frederick Barbarossa in particular,  
were treated in similar fashion. These  
examples, confirming the fact that the  
Church is no respecter of persons, stand  
out prominently because the individuals  
affected are prominent in history. Pri-  
vate persons were equally punished if  
equally deserving. From the very be-  
ginning of the Christian community  
there were crimes that placed the  
offender outside the pale of the Church:  
murder, adultery, apostasy. If any of  
the brethren guilty in this respect  
wished to belong again to the brother-  
hood he was obliged to present himself  
at public service, but to atone for the  
crime, he was admitted no further  
than the vestibule, and never fully  
restored till his dying moments.

THE RIGOR ABATED.  
As the Church grew and her precepts  
multiplied, excommunication, equally  
severe but for a shorter duration, the  
extreme of fasting, sackcloth and ashes,  
rigorous penances, were the common  
punishment meted out to those who vi-  
olated those precepts. Here is an in-  
stance cited from the fifth century: In  
a council of Rome in the year 487, parti-  
cular attention was given to the ques-  
tion of public penance. Many weak  
and timid Catholics had purchased ex-  
emption from the persecution of the  
Vandals by allowing themselves to be  
baptized by the Arians who were a  
heretical sect denying the Godhead  
of Christ. There rebaptized per-  
sons now asked to be restored  
to Communion. This was the ques-  
tion of public penance, priests  
and deacons, life long penance; Com-  
munion only at the point of death, and  
then like laymen.

For inferior clergy, monks, regulars  
and seculars: three years of penance in  
the ranks of the catechumens; seven  
among the prostrati; two among the  
inter consistentes, i. e., among the lay  
faithful who were present at prayer.

If they had fallen away after severe  
persecution, they might be restored in  
three years time.

IN THE NINTH CENTURY.  
Here are some of the thirty-seven in-  
use, I believe, in the ninth century:

1. If any one shall have given over  
the Catholic faith, he shall do penance  
for ten years.

2. If any one shall have invoked the  
help of the devil, he shall be a penitent  
for seven years.

3. If any one shall have consulted  
fortune tellers, he shall perform penance  
for five years.

4. If any cleric or monk, after having  
consecrated himself to God by vow,  
shall return to the world, he shall do  
penance for ten years, three of which  
on bread and water.

5. If any one shall knowingly have  
perjured himself, he shall fast on bread  
and water for forty days, and he shall  
make public reparation for seven years  
and never be without some kind of  
penance.

6. If any one shall have sworn by the  
hair of God, or by his own head, not  
knowing the enormity of his crime, he  
shall be a penitent on bread and water  
for seven days; if a second or third time  
after he has been admonished, fifteen  
days.

7. If any one shall have publicly  
blasphemed God or the Blessed Virgin,  
or any saint, he shall stand before the  
church doors every one May see his  
him, for seven Sundays while Mass is  
going on; on the last of these days, he  
shall be there without his coat, and in  
his bare feet, and with a rope about his  
neck; and on the seven Fridays during  
this period, he shall fast on bread and  
water, and in no way be allowed to  
enter the church.

And the last one: If any man shall  
have disguised himself by putting on  
woman's clothes, or if any woman shall  
have put on man's clothes, he shall, even  
after he has promised to amend, be a  
penitent for three years.

EXTERNAL REPARATION.  
Now this is what is meant by temporal  
punishment: external reparation for  
crimes committed against the Christian

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community. An indulgence, the  
catechism tells us, is the taking away of  
this external reparation. As the Church  
could lay down the punishment, she  
could lift it. As the punishment was  
binding before God, so its lifting was of  
value in the sight of God. And it is in  
the power of the Church to make con-  
ditions governing that remission of  
punishment.

St. Paul in the second chapter of his  
second epistle to the Corinthians tells  
the Corinthian Christians to restore the  
incestuous brother, since now he has  
found him repentant and endeavoring to  
repair the scandal. St. Cyprian, writing  
about the year 230, narrates that a  
Christian who was being persecuted  
asked the bishop to accept his sufferings  
and lay them, by way of indulgence, to  
the credit of a friend who had accepted  
some erroneous teaching, but who was  
at the time seeking readmission into the  
Church by doing public penance. This  
was the common mode of indulgence, and  
practically the only mode, for the first  
seven centuries. From the seventh  
century to the time of the Crusades,  
years of such public penance  
were taken away on condition that a  
penitent party made pilgrimage (no  
easy matter in those wild days) to Rome,  
to the shrine of the Apostles; or to  
Jerusalem to the Holy Sepulchre; or to  
Campestris in Spain where were kept  
the relics of St. James the Apostle.

Again, the years were cut down if the  
penitent would endorse some hospital, or  
monastery, or charitable institution.

When the Crusades were undertaken,  
years (sometimes a life-time) of public  
penances were taken off if the penitent  
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