surety give, and of which you con

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOB CHAPTER VII TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH

Mildred stood at the gate where her father had left her, looking ou through the deepening shadows at a scene that was her first glimpse of the tragedy of life. Lights were beginning to twinkle down the steep crooked streets, and in the wooded depths of the gorge where searchin parties were still at work. One hal the cars had gone down under the swollen waters of the creek, and it

the swift current to the great river into which the smaller stream de-bouched scarcely a mile below. Each train now bore anxious friends and relatives to the scene of disaster ed from its usual torpor, was all throb with feverish life

was supposed that many of the hap-less victims had been swept off by

Two women passed by the gate, sobbing bitterly; men were bearing a stretcher from the little cottage across the street; from the banks of the —stream came the clear, quick tones of official command. Everywhere was the shock, the jar, the horror of sudden and unlooked for calamity. To Mildred Randall it was a revelation of a world she had never known and she looked out upon it with soft pitying eyes, longing to help, to ease, in some way, the cruel stress and strain around her. Suddenly, a voice

out of the shadow accosted her.
"I beg your pardon, miss," the
speaker stepped from the clump of
cedars before the gate. "They told
me there was a young girl lying dead
in here. Can I look at her?"

The words came hoarse and quick and with an evident self repression that touched Mildred's heart, though it was a plain, awkward countryman who spoke—a very clown to the cul tured circles in which Miss Randal

lived and moved.
"There is a woman dead in here ves." she answered, in a low voice of

sympathy.
"Went off—about sundown—so heerd," the other continued, in the same short, broken tone. "Lord, if I hed only known it! I've been searching everywhere, up and down the stream — and among — among them stiffs yonder — and — all the time she was dying here alone-

There was no irreverence in th word-Mildred felt it was the cry of a breaking heart.

"Oh, it is hard, very hard," she said, softly. "Your sister, perhaps, or—or wife—"

"No, ma'am; no, she wasn't, so to

say, nothing like kin, I mean, nor wife
—no, nor sweetheart—least not of her own will. But-but I thought a lot of her. We were sort of neigh-bors, you see, and she, having nobody but an old grandmother to look after her, I come on as soon as I heerd of this smash-up to see if she was hurt. She don't seem to have been ticketed anywhere, though most of the people had letters or cards or something to show up who they was. Can't even locate her trunk, though the baggage car is open fur inspection down than below. But I heerd than was a young woman lying dead up here, and so I come up—to—see—"

"You can come in, I am sure," said Mildred, impulsively. "Only I must ask you, please, to be very quiet and self controlled. My—my cousin, who was severely injured, is in the adjoining room, and is just beginning be kept very quiet."

be quiet, miss, I'll be quiet. I ain't—ain't— the rampaging kind. Ef you just let me look at her so—so—I kin take her back it cost every sent he hed." home. It ain't any great shakes of a home, but she'd like to be tuk back, and laid under the old yew tree thar, I know.'

Come, then," said Mildred softly, and she led the way back into the little cottage, where the light in the front room burned dimly, and the window shuttered were closed, and pitying hands had straightened the still, stark figure for the last sleep. The door leading into the back room was slightly ajar, and Mildred closed it cautiously before she lifted the veiling sheet from the dead face.

There was a moment's silence then a strange, hoarse, choked sob. "Is it—?" asked Mildred, her eyes full of tender sympathy.

"No, miss, no. Lord, that ere is old enough to be Weasel's mother,"

was the excited answer. "They told me, them ijots down yonder, that it was a girl. It's a girl I'm looking for—a girl named Weasel—I should say Barbara Graeme."

In his relief and excitement the speaker had raised his voice, the deep rustic tone penetrated the rude partition, and the half-conscious patient within opened her wide, startled eyes.

Daffy," she said sharply—" is it

No, no, my dear," said the nurse soothingly, as she hurriedly stepped to the bedside to put more ice on her patient's brow and give the drops ordered in case of returning delirium Then cautiously opening the door she assumed professional authority

I must beg you to talk outside My patient is so easily startled, and the doctor's orders were so positive that she must be kept quiet at any

"I'm going, ma'am," said the visi-tor, in a whisper. "Thank you very much for your kindness, miss. I am going," and he stumbled down the narrow porch, his honest eyes blurred by a strange mist as Judge Randall and Dr. Vance came up the cottage

"It's all settled, my dear," said be Judge to Mildred. "The doctor the Judge to Mildred. "The doctor will go with us, and when the presi-dent of the road learned my grand-daughter was among the injured he telegraphed that his own private car would be at our disposal to-morrow

rning."
Private car !" muttered Daffy himself grimly, as he strode out of the gate. "I've got in among the the gate. "I've got in among the high flyers, sure enough. That was a downright nice girl, though, high flyer or not. Lord, I'm glad it wasn't Weasel lying there!" and the speaker paused in the darkness to wipe the cold beads of sweat from his brow. "Talk about yer spook stories! Thar ain't nothing in them," added Daffy. "I felt jist cold sure that Weasel Graeme was in that house living or dead to night. I could have sworn I heard her call my name! But I won't give up yet. For if she was in that train, and Nick Delven said he sold her her ticket and saw her board it—if she was in that blasted train, they showed me the names of every-body that got off safe and hers wasn't there. If she was in that cussed

Daffy's keen wits were not in their usual working order to night, and he had to stop to mop his brow and rub his head to see things clearly. "Why, she must be round here somewhar

Hurt! Ah, it was a light word, Daffy knew, for what he feared. Hurt! he had been all over the little village questioning, seeking. There was but one place to look for the hurt now. And there, down in the dark gorge where the swift foaming waters swept on their springtime flood, Daffy worked all night with the rest, dragging the bed of the creek, searching among the sharp hidden rocks, the heaped debris of the drifting wreckage, the long grass and sedges of the bank for ghastly finds—crushed sometimes almost out of human semblance. But Weasel was not among them. Daffy would have known that red gold hair even in depths of darkness like this.

Worn out with the sickening hor ror of the night, the searching party were resting on a stretch of grassy bank, drinking the hot coffee that had been sent down from a neighboring farmhouse, when the whistle of the morning train was heard in

the distance.

"She do be coming by the river track," said one of the men. "Big bugs aboard thar, I guess, that kin

switch off whar they please."
"It's a special," said another.
"A special with the railroad president's private car. I heern say up thar at Widder Barnes that than some grand folks down last night. had hurt in the smash. Thar, they're a bringing her out now."

And Daffy stood up with the rest

to look at this new feature in the grisly scene, where death, grimly im-partial, had stricken down lowly and lofty alike. An anxious group was emerging from the little cottage on the hillside. Two men were carrying an improvised stretcher, care fully curtained from the light, doc-tor and nurse walked beside it, while Judge Randall, his son, and Mildred, gave unmistakable tone to the gloomy cortege.
"That's them," continued the

previous speaker with a nod. Ole man's a general, or a judge or some thing very big, and the Widder was telling my wife that he was turrible cut up. It's his granddaughter that was hurt, and when the president heard who 'twas he was drefful cut up, too. Ordered off this special with his own car to take them home. Going to take doctor and nurse with 'em, and that means a wad of money,

it cost every cent he hed."

A pang shot through Daffy's hones neart at the words. Ah, if he could have saved, too, saved the girl he loved, the girl who must have been swept away by the flood to depths he could not reach! And then, for the strain had been terrible even to his rude strength, he sank back against a tree and stood there strangely faint and trembling, while stretcher was borne down the hill and lifted tenderly into the palatial car and the "special" took its winged way over roads cleared by telegraph for its unbroken night.

Queer !" said Daffy, rousing him self with an effort, and reaching for another cup of coffee. "Queer how durned shaky I am this morning. Ef I believed them spook-raising fakirs I'd say Weasel had been a call-ing on me all night and had just guv ur and said good-by. Thar ain't no-thing more to be done here as I can see, so I mout as well make tracks for home and break things easy to that old woman at the Road House.'

But when, pale and worn and strangely shaken still, Daffy reached the Road House late next evening with his hopeless tidings he found it deserted. The windows were closed, the door locked and barred no answer came to knock or call In dire perplexity he made his way to old Huldah's cabin, quarter of a mile distant.

"Ole missus done gone, sah, no-body knows whar. She druv over de cow and de hens yest'day morn-ing, and tele me to take keer ob 'em, for she was gwine away."
"Did she hear—did she know?"

asked Daffy excitedly.

"'Bout Miss Weasel being killed in de keers? Yes, sah, yes, dey showed her de papers and she read em through. Lord, Lord, but 'twas drefful! An' dey ain't found dat drefful! An' dey ain't found dat poor chile's corpse or nuthing! Drown dead, dey say, in de ribber, whar she'll never come up. Lord, Lord, 'twas enuff to crack pore ole

missis' brain. Couldn't stay here nohow, I spec. Yes, she dun gone, sah. Ole miss allus mouty res'less and cantankerous. She dun gone, nobody knows whar."

And Daffy could only retrace his steps through the dim forest path that led him back to the old house standing black and silent in the despening shadows. He stood for a moment at the broken gate, looking with a wisdom born of anguish at the dreary scene, the gloomy house, the tottering porch, the darkening pines, the weed grown wastes stretching around ruined barn and outhouse—the graves in the deep hollow under the yew.

"Poor little Weasel!" there was a

hoarse sob in Daffy's low voice.
"She hedn't any sort of show fust
or last. She hadn't any show."

A harsh caw seemed to mock his words. There was a flutter of black wings from the roof of the porch and Rip perched on the gate post

his wise head askew.
"Hallo!" exclaimed Daffy, startled "You're left behind, are you, old chap? I guess I'll reclaim my right to you. Come on, then," and he took the crippled bird in his arms, where Rip, as if realizing the situa-tion, nestled contentedly. "I'll take care of you, old pardner, for—for her sake. Wal, thar don't seem much left to me but that ar machine o mine. I'll make it work, consarn it! I'll make it grind, or know the reaso why.

Meanwhile, the "special" train had ept on its swift flight over mountai and river and valley, bearing Judge Randall and his party home. Rest ing on a silken curtained couch whose springs and cushions deadened every shock and jar, fanned by gentle breezes, every pulse-beat watched by anxious attendants, Barbara Graeme was borne through every strange shadowy dream world her new life.

Dimly conscious of rest, soft, luxurious rest, such as her rough young life had never known, of tender care that seemed to lift her gain to her dead mother's arms and preast, of a strange delicious sooth held brain and heart and nerve in a harmed spell, she was swept on and

on to her fate.
"I have never seen such splendid vitality in so frail and delicate a form," said Dr. Vance, as he and the Judge stood on the observation platform the first night of their journey. "At first I dreaded the worst, I con-fess, but now I feel that all danger is

past. Miss—Miss Kent— Randall," corrected corrected the Judge 'She will bear my-her mother' name, in future.

"Miss Randall," continued the doc tor, "is rallying wonderfully after the shock. With her it was a case purely of shock, complete, nervous shock. She will feel the effects for some time, of course—indeed it may be a year or more before she entirely

You mean she will be an invalid?

asked the Judge anxiously.
"Scarcely that, as invalidism is usually understood," was the reply. But you must be prepared fo periods of depression, nervousness perhaps even hysteria—melancholia would be only a natura sequence to a terrible experience this kind. But with her splendid vitality, as I said, all these symptoms will pass. It is quite unnecessary, am sure, to bespeak your indulgence

"Quite unnecessary," answered the Judge. "I understand fully that she will need all my care and tenderness ate family differences she has been neglected too long, but now she has come into her own own.

"And she is going to live-to live. said Mildred gladly, as a little later, she stood in her grandfather's place on the platform, the Judge having withdrawn from the chill of the mountain air. "Oh how wonderful, mountain air. "Oh how wonderful how beautiful, life will seem to her!" "I trust so,," answered the doctor who found this bright eyed fellow traveler most beguiling; but one car never forecast life, even under the rosiest seemings. One of the hap-piest creatures I ever knew was a lame bootblack.

"And one of the happiest I ever knew a blind woman," said Mildred, softly. "But that is different, of course. Sister Celestia had light of nother world to cheer her darkness "And does it?" asked Dr. Vance

"Does it?" echoed Mildred, laugh ing. "I would not like to try to hid anything from her. She can read one's heart and soul."

"What—a cloistered clarvoyant?" said the gentleman in surprise. "Oh, no, no!" said Mildred, quickthat. Sister Celestia-" she paused

and then added, "but you would not understand." "Try me," he said. "I have always had an attraction for the occult.

"Ah, there it is again," said the girl earnestly. The mock of the materialist. And yet it seems to me that the doctor—one whose work lies at the very threshold of an unseen world, would catch gleams from beyond the gates."

We do, and mistrust them, answered Vance, gravely. "Gleams do not satisfy the scientific mind. It asks strong light and surety. But we are drifting far from the blind nun and her clear vision."

"Not so far," answered Mildred, "for she has the light, the surety, of which you speak. If she can read hearts it is only with the sweet, saintly sympathy that such light and

fessedly know nothing, Dr. Vance."
"Don't relegate me to the 'outer darkness' hopelessly," he said gravely. "I am not the mocking materialist you think. I say only that ist you think. I say only that glimpses, gleams of a better life, do not suffice me, and we have nothing more. There, I have shocked you, I hook out Miss Randall. am sure. Look out Miss Randall. To me and many like me life is like To me and many like me life is like these mountains we are crossing, peak above peak, ridge beyond ridge, dim, vast, giant battlements, that seem to defy man's puny strength. We master them in a way, it is true. We have learned to stretch one slender rail of steel through the fastnesses, to scale the height, to leap the gorge, to bridge the stream. We have learned to sweep on as we are doing now, our searchlight blazing through the darkness. our harsh ing through the darkness, our harsh cry of triumph waking the silence, but beyond—beyond the narrow path we have broken, all is night—im-

penetrable night. "You forget the stars." she said. softly. "Too far," he answered; "too far and too faint, Miss Randall. They

only add to the mystery." "That is because you have not learned to read them," she said. They have guided wiser men

you, Dr. Vance."
"Where?" he asked.
"Over the desert wastes to the hills of Judea," she answered, brightly. "Surely you remember how those wise men of old declared 'We have wise men of old declared 'We have seen His star in the East and are

come to adore Him'?"

There was a moment's pause.
Vance had heard sermons and exhortations without number. His own good mother, a devout churchwoman, had made Bible reading a family duty—but never had a quota tion struck him with such sweet and simple force. Faith undoubting, unquestioning, unhesitating—was this the guide through 'Life's darkness? Faith that saw His star in the Eas and followed to adore?

"Do you know there is something very, very strong in that sentence?" he said thoughtfully. "A beautiful piece of Oriental imagery."

"Yes, I have always loved those dear old kings," said Mildred simply. "They were not 'afraid,' like the shepherds. I do not understand

"Then fate has been most kind to ou." Vance answered. "I think my you," Vance answered. "I think my patient, your cousin, does. More than once in her brief moments of consciousness I have caught a look of fright, almost terror on her face that I found most distressing."
"Poor girl," said Mildred, gently,

"I do not wonder after such a terri-ble shock! We can only hope and

pray that she will forget."
"Forget!" Ah, the kindly wish was breathed in vain. Already, as that frightened glance Dr. Vance had caught betokened, his patient was beginning to remember, dimly, fitfully, as one sees through breaking clouds. Barbara was realizing that this new world into which she had ventured held her in tender toils

which sho knew not how to break.
Watched, tended, guarded, like
some new-found treasure she was horne on to the beautiful home of Elinor Kent's dying dream, where the new-leaved oaks made flickering shadows on lawn and terrace, an the roses were in bud on porch and trellis, and the river took its shining way to the sea. Wide, airy rooms had been made ready for the newcomer, all things prepared for her comfort. Mrs. Randall was full of womanly sympathy, the old family servants stood about, eager and servants anxious to serve, as girl," pale, helpless, tremulous with the excitement of her journey, was lifted over the threshold of her new ome, borne up the wide, polished stair to her own beautiful room that had been filled with welcoming flowers, soothed by quieting "drops into restful sleep.

"There is no further cause for alarm," Dr. Vance declared as, after leaving his patient in the hands of the family physician, he made his adieu. "She has borne the journey remarkably, all dangerous symptoms have disappeared. The atmosphere of a home like this will do the rest."

"Must you go at once? Can't you wait a while under the roses, too?" said Mildred, cordially.
"No," he said, looking into her

clear eyes as he held her hand for a moment in a parting clasp. "I would lose my train, I fear. That train of which I told you last night that bears me on through the darkness."

"Lose it!" she answered gayly and trust to the stars.

"I dare not—yet," he said in a low earnest voice. "But you have shown me how pure and clear can be their guiding light. We have had a delightful journey together, Miss Ran-dall, one I can never forget."

And then as if fearing to say more he dropped her hand abruptly and was gone.
Miss Randall looked after him

with a vague regret. "Now if I were not the light, frivolous being I am, I might have impressed that man," she thought. "Impressed him seriously. I had the chance to give him a real good sermon last night and he would have

listened to me. Bess Dixon would have repeated the Catechism from cover to cever, I know. But I never could preach—" Mildred shook her pretty head ruefully, "though it does seem dreadful for a nice man like that to live in such pagan darkness. And Miss Randall turned back into

the house, all unconscious that into that pagan darkness she had sent a ray of light that would brighten into

A NARROW ESCAPE

"Yes, but, John, can't you be seri ous, dear. Don't you see that I'm very much in earnest, you big foolish fellow," and as little Mrs. Donovan looked up in her husband's laughing

looked up in her husband's laughing face with a quivering lip and eyes perilously near to tears, there was no doubting the truth of her words.

"All right, little woman," John Donovan said, with sudden compunction, bringing to a quick conclusion the last lively steps of an Irish jig which he had just been performing in the middle of the sanded kitchen floor. The stalwart young farmer, handsome of face, brawny of limb. handsome of face, brawny of limb merry eyed, and kindly of tone, had en of such a light-hearted and easy-going disposition that his friends stimes said of him that he would still be found dancing and singing on

his death-bed.
"What is it, dearie? Sure, 'twould what is it, dearie? Sure, twould be the hard hearted fellow, indeed, could refuse you anything. Tell me Mollie, what it is that you want us to do, astoreen," he went on, in his coaxing, colloguing way, as his wife remained sad and silent.

"You know very well what it is, John," she answered, dejectedly. "That bothersome confession again?" he asked, with uplifted brows and a very wry face. "Ah, well, I'll promise you I'll think about it, little girl."

Yes but you always say that though it's nearly three years now since you knelt to the priest. And o-morrow is Ascension Thursday, and the very last day for the performance of the Easter duty," his wife said, with a little sob in her voice

"And I'm getting so hopeless, so very disappointed in you, John." His eyes rested on her pretty downeast head with a look that wavered a moment between irritation and tenderness. Suddenly at the thought of all that his little Mollie, his dear wife, the loving mother of his lovely children had been to him:

A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command. the latter feeling gained complete

"All right, little woman," he said passing one arm affectionately about her. "Don't cry. I'm not worth crying about, my pet. And I'll do what you ask, I promise you—any thing rather than see you fret."

Mollie lifted a grateful face, into which a sudden little radiance had crept like sunshine after rain.

"To day?" she asked, eagerly.
"Must it be to day?"

"Yes, if you want to fulfil your Easter duty for this year. To morrow is the very last day," she said again.
"Well, I must be off to Dublin

"Well, I must be off to Dublin Market this morning, so it will be a bit awkward," he began.
"That is just one of the very reasons I want you to go and make your peace with God," his wife said earnestly. Having lived all her life amidst quiet country lanes and fields, such places as cities and seaports and market places were fraughtin Mellic's market places were fraught in Mollie's magination with a thousand dangers Don't you know, John, that never go away from me like that but come back, fearing you'd be killed by a train or a motor car, or maybe swept into the river by some of those wild cattle being shipped off to for-

eign parts." No fear, dearie," he laughed confidently, "I can take better care of myself than that."

But one never knows" she went on, "what may happen, or at what moment we may be suddenly called on to appear before God. Think of all those poor people who went down in the Titanic! And of that poor young lady who was killed the other day by the motor, not a hundred yards from our gate l"

God help them, poor creatures. her husband said with feeling. He had been amongst those who helped the unhappy victim of the last acc dent from beneath the over-turned motor, and he could not yet think of the maimed and disfigured face of the poor dead girl without a shudder. After all, confession is not such

a hard thing at all, John, when one makes up one's mind to it. And one feels so happy after it-just as though one were walking on air," Mollie went on, hopeful at last that her words were having some real effect." If you went into one of the city churches as soon as the market is over, the priests are sure to be hear-

ing confessions there all to-day—"
"All right. I'll do that," her hus band said quickly, as though catching at an unlooked for chance. That would be so much easier after all than having to go to Father Tom Dempsey, who, of course, was very good, but in whose black books John Donovan felt uncomfortably sure he had long been now.

"You'll promise me, dear, for sure," Mollie asked, pleadingly. "Surely, Mollie, I promise." he kissed her with a smile.

John Donovan kept his word. Mightily glad he felt of it, too, as he stepped from the cool duskiness of the great city church into the fresh radiance of the May-day that very same evening. Truly, as Mollie had said, he felt as though he were walking on air, as though the heavy ac cumulated faults and omissions of the last three years had slipped from his shoulders, leaving him care free and happy as an innocent child. How easy he had found it, after all, and how kind and fatherly, how under-standing and sympathetic the white-haired old priest had been! And how foolish he himself had been to delay so long over a matter so very easy in the end, and which had

brought that strange, wonderful, beautiful feeling of new-found grace and goodness into his heart.

John Donovan was a man who, though careless in many ways, yet had been greatly beloved from boy-hood upwards for his unfailing kindness and good nature towards all men And in even a more special way to wards all women and children, whom he never failed to freat with an oldworld chivalry and tenderness to often found absent in these degener ate days.

To-day, if possible, he felt more

imbued than ever before with the spirit of universal kindness and goodness. A blind beggar at a street corner received from him a douceur out of all proportion to his expecta-tions. A few moments later he might be seen helping a feeble old woman through the crowded traffic of the street, carrying her heavily loaded market basket for her, and deposit ing it and her safely, amidst the old creature's voluble thanks, on the footpath on the other side. And when, just as he turned into the rail way station on his way home, his ears were suddenly assailed with the frightened cry of a tiny girl whose mother had momentarily lost her in the hurried throng of passers-by, it was John Donovan who came first to the rescue, comforting the child, and succeeding after a very short search in restoring her to her much alarmed

Having done so, he turned with up lifted hat from the lady, and was about to recross the road hurried! to the station-for his train must b very nearly due—when a startled shout from behind him brought him to a sudden standstill. Not a moment too soon either, for hardly had he time to look about him when he was struck by the side of a motor car which had crept up behind him un-

Had he advanced one step further or disregarded for a second that warning shout, he was probably no more, for the car was bound to go clean over him. As it was, he felt a sudden jar of both legs, and was barely able to throw himself free of the car ere it was brought to a stop.
In those few moments of doubt and terror, with the memory of the mangled face and form of that recent poor victim of modern rush and hurry before his eyes, his first thought was a prayer for Mollie and the little ones at home, perhaps now to be left husbandless and fatherles forever. His second was a great up lifting of his heart to God in grati tude that, if he were to be taken, it was in the state of grace and newly shriven that he would go before hi

Lord and Maker.

Was it not for this very reason, inleed, that Mollie, in the providence of God, had prayed and pleaded with him so earnestly this morning? If he must be taken from her, how much better now than yesterday, or a year ago, with all his faults and sins lying heavy and unforgiven on

his soul! But he was not to be taken after all. The car, which had happily begun to slow down ere it struck him, soon came to a standstill, and John Donovan presently found himself with nothing worse than a pair of badly bruised shins and some torn and mud-bespattered clothing, the centre of a crowd of sympathisers half of them filled with concern for his safety, the other half equally indignant and denunciatory of the reckless driving of the man who had

so nearly run him down.
"'Tis the mercy of God you were
not killed," one of them said, "and are you quite sure you got no bones broken?" asked one anxious on-

looker. swered with a smile. He was feeling badly bruised, and suffering from shock, yet it seemed quite natural that now, as always, he should show a happy and smiling front to all. Perhaps it was because it is always the lookers on who see most of the game, and he himself had had hardly time to realise his great danger when it was already over and past. But of the crowd of anxious, excited, or in-dignant people about him, it is safe to say that he was the one most cool

and collected of them all. "Ay, it was a pretty close shave indeed," he admitted to those who congratulated him on his narrow escape. "And I might as well have been killed, almost. Well, I suppose, I wasn't good enough to go yet awhile, boys—though, praise be to God, things might have been worse than they are with me. An' to think a body could so easily walk into a motor car like that, and go to one's grave without word or warning !"

' Sure poor Mollie was right after all," he reflected inwardly ; " an' one can never be sure of the moment one may be taken. If it was herself or on of the childher was in it now !" and a spasm crossed his face. us how well prepared we ought to be at all times and in all places, glory be to God !"

Mollie was naturally much shocked when she heard of the danger her husband had run, even though he himself did his best to make it seem trifling and unimportant. But one good thing came of it which was to prove of vast help and consolation to her in the years to come. It was that John had been so impressed by the warning of that day that ever after he was determined—and carried out his determination—" to be for ever and always," as he expressed it,
"ready, as far as lay in poor mortal
power, to go before the Lord."

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

When Hope grows strong, Worry will die a natural death.

MINISTER WHO LOVES CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Rev. Edwin E. Snell is another Congregationalist clergyman who will not stand for abuse of the Catholic Church in these days when there is in many parts of the country a recrudescence of A. P. A. ism. Mr. Snell is a Chicago man.
Dr. Snell is not satisfied to stand

with his fellow Congregationalist, Dr. Washington Gladden, against abuse of the Catholic Church. He is more like Dr. Charles E. Stowe, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a positive affection for the old religion. Dr. Snell says it is vain for any Protestant to attempt to trace primi-tive Christianity to any source but the Catholic Church which they

He loves the Catholic Church for what it has been, the transmitter from the beginning of the integrity and vitality of the Christian Gospel.

He says:
"I should be a sad and vile ingrate not to love a Church that has done all that and much more for me as a Christian. For fifteen hundred years the preachers and pastors, the hymn writers and the church builders, the social reformers and the mystics, the theologians and the mystics, the theologians and the poets of all Europe west of Russia were Roman Catholics. All our spiritual wealth as Protestants is an inherited wealth : inherited through the Roman Catholic Church.'

He loves the Catholic Church for hat it is. We quote again:
"But is it not true that in some what it is. lands the Roman Church keeps its

people ignorant and confirms them in etheir superstitions? Is it not in respect to knowledge, backward, and does it not seek to remain so? "It is easy to say these things and the very fact that it is so easy should make us the more careful. When we have weighed the whole matter we shall probably have a more charitable judgment than we have off hand. The Roman Church deals with great masses of humanity; it must adapt its methods as wisely as it can to the capacity of the people with whom it deals. Could Protestants do any

better with these same people? doubt it.
"The Roman priest knows his people better than we know them. Few of us anywhere do as well as would be as quick to acknowledge his sense of insufficient wisdom and his sorrow for it as any of us Protestants. But we must remember the task is colossal and we must pray for them rather than rail at them; we must wish them God speed and when we truly do we may discover that they are making more progress than now-without any prayer for

them—we are likely to see.

"But is it not true that the Roman Catholic Church is un American, and is seeking to overthrow our government and all that? I hesitate not to say that I believe it is a foul and hateful calumny. The people who say these things have not one solid fact upon which to base their mon-strous indictment. It is an utterly unworthy frame of mind for brethren in Christ to have towards each other. It is true, of course, that many Cath-olics are office-holders, and many more are office-seekers. But wh

shouldn't they be? "This is a government of the people and it is a credit, not a reproach to a citizen when he has political ambitions. If these people had less ambition, did not seek offices, did not reveal political astuteness we should say what stupid folks they are. But when they beat us at the political game we cowardly say, Oh!

government.' "But every time the test comes, when there is a call for men to go to the front and die for their country the Catholic bears his full share of the load which patriotism then assigns and triumphantly and concretely vindicates his loyalty.
"We must get this miserable

slander out of our minds. By every test which can be fairly applied, the Catholic citizen stands on a par with his Protestant brother. "I do not say that all Catholic politicians are saints. I should not like to be compelled to defend the saint-hood of all Protestant politicians. But man for man, I will trust the ultimate patriotism of my Catholic

as of my Protestant neighbor.
"I hesitate not to affirm my faith in and my affection for the Catholic Church of to-day. She is doing a vast work in the world; she has enormous responsibility resting upon her for the souls of the millions in her custody, and she is sincerely try ing to bring to them the gospel of Christ, and if we are Christians we are challenged by the duty to love them sincerely. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if

ve love one another.' "Finally then. I love the Roman Catholic Church for what she is to be. Because she is the mother church I look to see her make a place again for the children who have gone forth. I look to see her grow more gentle and more wistful when her children become less truculent. The time of our separation grows long; if we can only begin to substi tute kind for harsh thoughts, if only the mother can begin to grow proud of her vigorous offspring and the children grow more appreciative of the old mother, the time of a great reconciliation should not be hope

essly remote. "If ever the world is to be won for Christ there is need of a united Christendom. At present less than one-third of the population of the earth is even nominally Christian.