

Stuart, is one of the seven sacraments or channels of the grace of God to the souls of His children; through it the husband and wife receive light and strength to understand and perform the duties of their state. Man and woman are human, and therefore imperfect. The marriage of sentiment is founded on attractions peculiar to the senses, and love remains only so long as such charms are appreciated by the lover. I was reading our newly arrived number of *THE REVIEW* this morning and met this sentence: "Nothing is more uncertain, variable and fickle than sentiment—the finest imaginable sentimental union may be sundered by a fit of indigestion, a nervous headache, an idle word, or any assignable or unassignable cause whatever. We attain to a reality out of us by sense and reason, never by sentiment, and therefore in sentiment we love never another, but simply ourselves"—our momentary feeling. The feeling changed, the union is dissolved and the love is gone. Christian love rests on a firmer basis. Recognizing each in the other a creature of God, the love of the husband and wife is rational and worthy of reasonable beings. Together they adore and serve their Creator and aid each other in their endeavor to conform their lives to the model furnished by the life and death of their loving Redeemer. Purity of soul and body is the principal care of each, and together they pass through life in the guardianship of their Heavenly Father and fortified by all the supernatural aids that Mother Church furnishes so liberally to her children in all their joys and sorrows. Together they are often seen kneeling at the table of the Lord receiving His body, of which Jesus promised, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." When the end of this life approaches—it comes speedily to the longest lived—these Christians encourage and inspire one another for that final act by which the creature resigns his soul into the hands of his merciful creator, and when one has entered into eternity the bereaved one follows the lover of her childhood, with her fond prayers and sacrifices, to the presence of God. The widow lays not herself in

grave of her husband, but before the altar she makes intercession for him."

"This is all very beautiful, Mrs. Acton."

"God made it so, Mr. Stuart, and therefore the end and the means are in harmony. I do not blame you because you fail to apprehend logically all that our religion means to us. I am conscious that to you my words are as those of one who speaks an unknown tongue, but Ethna will comprehend them. You would take her from home, from mother and from country, and deprive her of that religion which alone gives fortitude to bear not only with patience, but with joy, the trials of life. You would place her with those by whom she would be regarded as a pariah. And why? because the Catholic workers in your neighborhood are true to their faith and for it are willing to sacrifice the promotion of their skill merits. On one occasion I lived in just such a district as your own. My husband had a case in court that required evidence from just such a community. We resided among them for six months, and I can safely testify to their intelligence, their honesty, their purity and patience. I have found in them genuine refinement, whose delicacy and tact would challenge comparison with that of so called gentle-folk. I have often found such qualities woefully absent from those whose position gave the world the right to expect their presence."

"I think you desire to be honest and I will therefore remind you that you could have but little confidence in a wife who was disloyal to her religion."

"You have helped me a great deal, Mrs. Acton. I believe with you that there can be no happiness between a husband and wife who hold opposite opinions about religion. I believe there are good Catholics. Miss Ethna is the best woman I ever met, but I cannot be a Catholic."

"Faith is a gift of God, Mr. Stuart, and to be sought by humble prayer. Will you not on your journey homeward raise your eyes to the heavens above you and cry out in the words of the blind man, 'Lord, that I may see.' Nowhere is the creature so likely to be penetrated with a sense of his own littleness and convinced of the insignificance of things earthly as at sea. So precarious is the safety of the shell that conveys him from shore to shore, and so awful is the im-