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PRETTY MISS NEVILLE and I have written myself to

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXI

CAPTAIN BERESFORD'S LETTER "On ... donne rien si liberalement que se ils."-La Rochefoucauld.

"Noral where are you, Noah? cried Mrs. Vane, suddenly coming into the front verandah, where I was almost breathlessly intent on picking up some stitches in auntie's knitting. " Oh, here you are ! The shawl has come, and I've just had a letter from Captain Beresford."

Bother Captain Beresford !" I exclaimed with a sudden start, dropping about eight stitches.

Bother Captain Beresford !" in a high key of expostulation. Come come, you don't know what you are talking about. Did the dear girl get out of bed this morning wrong foot foremost? I thought she seemed a little short at breakfast time !"

You've made me drop a lot of stitches bursting in on me like that, answered crossly, and bending down very closely over my knitting to hide my rosy cheeks. Oh, treacherous horrible blushes, why do you always come when you are wanted ? and why does my face become crimson at the mention of my cousin's name ?

"Nonsense, you don't mean to tell me that you are so easily startled you who have nerves of iron ?" said Mrs. Vane. casting herself into a " The chudda is neighboring chair. very nice fine one. Just what your auntie wants, and only fifty rupees. Here, I'll read you what he says," unfolding a letter, with a little complacent cough :

" Dear Mrs. Vane :- For the las week my veranda has been the haunt of all the hawkers in the place, and littered with every kind of merchandise from beetle-woake ball dresses to blacking and knifepolish ! Nothing will convince my acquaintances that I am not on the verge of matrimony, and consigning bales of Cashmere goods to adored one. The outcome of all this is your shawl, which I hope is all it ought to be. We are going on here as usual; dances, sky-races, and never flirt !" theatricals are of every-day occurrence. You ask about the fancy ball, nd which were the most striking characters? Old Mrs. Goldsack, as a very obese and sallow ' Mary Queen you are pretty-very pretty-"Can I help that?" I inquit of 2Scots,' was in my opinion the most startling impersonation in the room. I may be wrong in my recol-lection of the ill fated Mary; it is years since I have opened a history. She may have weighed eighteen stone, she may have been partial to feathers, beads, and artificial flowers. and she may have worn green kid gloves, chastely garnished with swansdown. The eldest Miss Goldsack was clad in a very light and airy fabric, and went, it has been darkly hinted, as 'Venus.' However no one had the courage to make enouiries and verify the fact. You ask specially about our costumes. Mr. cavalier' time Charles II., Burke. was magnificent in velvet, satin, and point lace; but he spent a miser. ably anxious evening, owing to the insecurity of his wig and mustache, and the loss of one of the high heels of his shoes ; he was unable to move, and compelled to sit in a corner. where he was the unhappy prey of a gay, marauding vivandière. He is (as usual) sunning himself in the smiles of beauty, and butterflying from flower to flower. Mr. Tomp.

"No!" (laughing). "Let him sing, poor doggie, if it amuses him. By the way, did I tell you that Mrs. With kind regards, yours sincerely Gower was at the Warrens' last night, MAURICE BERESFORD. and sat next me after dinner?' "George is a shocking correspo Dealing death and destruction to dent," said Mrs. Vane, slowly folding up the missive. "Now, Nora, what do you think of him from this let every reputation in the place, I sup-No, no ; for once you wrong her ; ter ! in point of fact she was altogether

" Think of Colonel Vane ?"

cently.

here

hastily.

"Likely enough-but if he does.

promise me that you won't flirt with

to one of our own sex as you are to

the lords of creation. But-you know

lifted brows, making no effort to com-

strangle, steals round my lips.

any rate-there is no denying that,'

with much decision, turning away.

like to be pleasant to everybody.

favorite even with animals! Can

you imagine such rapacity for popu-

aside, I like to know that I am highly

esteemed by the dogs, and twice a

Putting men and wo

"I know what you mean,

larity ?

I inquired with

key of virtuous repudiation.

No, you aggravating monkey ; Captain Beresford ?" Judging from his effusion, would say that he was satirical, con-

ceited, and impudent." "Oh, my !" with arched brows, Well, I can positively affirm that you are entirely wrong. He has not a scrap of conceit in his whole com-

that a certain Major Percival paid you tremendous attention at Ooty, position. Impudence and he are not to be named in the same week." and made you the talk of the hills " I am glad to hear it," I returned, not that it is likely to affect coolly:

and then departed, merely leaving you a flattering likeness of himself and his P. P. C. card." me," I said, balancing my pretty little high-heeled shoe on the extreme tip 'Vio, you are making this up. You of my toe, and regarding it compla are inventing.' I am not, I declare to you. She

freely.

"I wish to goodness you had never thinks your aunt greatly to blame, as seen Major Percival," said Mrs. Vane this kind of thing does girls so much harm, and keeps off real bona fide admirers—old Mr. Poate, the rich with extraordinary irrelevance, rising and parading the veranda with her hands clasped loosely behind her. "You and Maurice would get on like coffee merchant." "Old Mr. Poete." I echoed, con mptuously. "Hideous old crea

taken up with you, my little dear." "With me? What did she say?

Tell me this instant. I am devoured

with curosity." "Well, she delivered her soul very

your aunt or mother for a million.'

Pretty girls are so conspicuous

and such an anxiety! She hears

How sweet of her !'

She says she would not be

a house on fire." "Should we ?" I exclaimed, with temptuously. "Hideous old crea-ture! A widower, and never sober a smile of ironical interrogation. "Yes, you would. You would suit The sight of him makes me feel posi tively ill. Is there any one els each other down to the ground ; you can suggest? What more did she

would make an ideal couple; say ?" "Oh, she did not say much. She only for this other man being in the said that it was really quite time you began to be looking about you, and way, nothing would give me more real pleasure than to see you engaged to Maurice Beresford." assured her that you would be very Then, my dear lady, 1 am afraid

grateful for her kind advice and in you must moderate your wishes, and terest ; but that, like the old woman think of something else that will give in the shoe, you really had so many admirers you did not know what to you great pleasure," I answered cheerfully. "Well, I only ask of you one thing do! and that you had half a dozen letters of proposal framed in your Noah," said Mrs. Vane, pausing with

room! tragic emphasis, and pointing toward She will believe you, she really me with a warning forefinger ; " if will. I declare that was too bad of you; really too bad," I exclaimed, Maurice Beresford ever comes angrily. "He never will" I interrupted.

I'm bad enough, in all consci nce," returned Mrs. Vane, yawning I wish I were better-I wish I were a little Puritan like you, reading the

Bible and saying your prayers, and attending to the services of holy Flirt! I !" I echoed, in a high Church with rapt devotion. I wish were a good woman, like your aunt 'I know you say you don't, and I but it's not in me : all my most frivbelieve you really mean what you say, olous ideas come into my head at and you are every bit as pleasant to

prayers or in church, and I never can nail my attention to the sermon; on the contrary, all the time the parson is preaching, I am composing the most lovely ball dresses which pull to pieces again the moment of church."

bat the assertion. "And very bright and animated What on earth have you two been and when you talk and laugh, and gabbing about this morning ?" said your color comes and goes, and your uncle, suddenly coming out of his eyes dance, and your lashes curl up tudy, pen in hand. " You are mak you look so bewitching, and so ben ing as much noise as a couple of on being agreeable, that you are an ungry jackdaws ; what was it all uncommonly good imitation of-a aboutwhat was the topic you were

flirt!" coolly pondering over my apdiscussing, eh ?' Flirting, for one thing," I an-A flirt ! I loathe the name wered, skipping down the veranda Doctor Johnson calls her 'a pert hussy.' Do you mean to insinuate and enfolding him in my embrace. Flirting, indeed," holding me at that I look like that ! Now, come ! arm's length, and pointing at me with an admonitory pen. "Well, as long folding my arms akimbo, and giving defiant toss of my front locks, while as it is only talk on your part, and a smile I cannot for the life of me

you never put the word into practice. don't mind." Well-you are pert enough, at No, indeed, I should hope not. If all tales be true "-laying my cheek against his-" you were a very bad young man, a young man who loved am vain enough to delight in being a

and rode away over and over again and you need not deny it" that he is about to expostulate -" Colonel Keith has been a traitor.

TO BE CONTINUED

who, having but recently joined the Mohawk tribe, could not accompany the chiefs on their hunting expedi-tions until he had been formally admitted to their councils, according to the Iroquois custom. But he had

been with them long enough to know that Katherine was far different from the other women of her tribe, and he desired her for his squaw.

He stalked along in silence side, for he was by nature taciturn. She, too, was silent, not that she was timid or afraid, but because she knew full well the unwritten law of her tribe. A squaw, as inferior being, will not speak in the presence of a brave until he first addresses ner. She was moreover, commun ing with herself, happy, in the allsufficient happiness which Christianity brings to the generous soul. A bird, startled at their approach, stole from out its covert and flew upward toward the sky. Instinctive-

Hot Cinders fitted an arrow to the thong of his bow, glad of an opportunity to show his powers before the maid he loved. But her hand detained him. "Why didst thou spoil my aim ?'

he asked gruffly.

"Let it live," she answered gently 'the Great Spirit gave it life ; let it return again to its little ones in the nests. A feather that the bird had dropped in its flight fluttered to

their feet. He stooped to pick up. "Take this," he said more softly

for I had laid the bird in thy hands had my arrow brought it down.

But she motioned it aside. She divined that the acceptance of any-thing from him, however trifling, would be a tacit acceptance of his suit. He was not to be put off, how

"Katherine," he cried abruptly, "thou knowest that I love thee more than all the other maidens of any Even as this feather, trib as the snow on yonder hills and still warm from the breast of that flying bird, so is my love pure and burning for thee.'

He was lapsing into the natural poetry of his race. Katherine did not answer, and he continued :

"Thou knowest that I join not in he noisy riotings of the young braves of the canton ; thou knowest there that I indulge not in the fire-water of the white traders ; that I kill only in war; and thou knowest, too, that none dare provoke me to tests of endurance or skill. Yet I love thee as the breeze loves the flower or the eagle its mate. He drew himself up o his full height, a perfect type of the Indian, tall and swarthy, boast-

ful and haughty, though a sup-pliant for her hand. Katherine answered : "All that thou savest. I know

The old chiefs praise thy cunning the young speak of the swiftness of thy arrow and the strength of thy

Dost thou doubt?" he asked quickly. "Bid me scale yon peak and I shall bear away the eagle's "Bid me scale yon peak prood ; bid me off to the hunt, and l shall bring thee back a garment of he she bear's skin ; bid me kill, and even this I will do, to prove mysel worthy of thy hand.

His eyes flashed. Katherine trem bled at his earnestness. "I doubt not thy powers," she said, "but I cannot encourage thee." She paused for a moment, and then

hurriedly continued : "For I believe in Niio of the white men and thou dost not, nor does Tegakwita, my uncle. Already

Father de Lamberville had early

seen what a tender flower in the per

son of Katherine had been confided

to his care. He knew that her uncle

derided the practices of the "Chris-

The missionary had been urging her

to leave her uncle's cabin and to pro

ceed to the Christian mission at L

Prairie in Canada, where she might

practice her devotions unmolested

Katherine having finally consented,

he anticipated some difficulty in se

curing her a suitable escort. Not

brave cared to incur the

tian woman," as he called his niece

love has knelt here and thou wouldst send her away." The good father could not divine the training of the children, an Eng-lish Episcopal housekeeper was at the intention of his visitor. Why had he come? Was he friend or foe? first employed. Regularly on Sun-day the children were taken to Grace "Does the maiden wish to go?" Hot Cinders asked. The father Church, where my mother remembered falling asleep in the big pew nodded assent. She remembered, too, that the Sab

Even as the nest is empty when the birds have gone to the sunny land behind the hills; even as the

the floor she was reproved with a solemn face for desecrating the fled, so will my heart be vacant and spirit sad when the maiden Lord's day. Where were the Scrip-Yet wilt thou that I take her to La tural reminders to "Rejoice in the Prairie ?"

Our Lord's name as well as His Day searching glance. He felt that he could trust him. thus holding Him up to innocent childhood as a blight on the glad-

as surely as he has made song in the know no fear," he answered. When wilt thou be ready ?"

"I am ready now." The two proceeded in silence to Tegakwita's hut. Katherine was in the field, but a messenger brought

When does the chief return? asked the priest.

she replied. Then no time must be lost.'

effect of drawing them very closely Briefly the priest repeated to the maiden the offer of Hot Cinders to together. If they had no mother they had each other. An unkind conduct her to La Prairie, and asked word said to one was felt by all, and her if she would trust herself to his the bond that united them so closely guidance. remained as strong through life. 'Knowest thou the danger ?" sh

in turn asked the young brave. Hot about grown to womanhood. Mr. K. Cinders turned his face to hers, bu was considering offers that had come no reply did he vouchsafe. Katherine to him from Banking Houses in various parts of the United States. He

placed her hand on his arm. "I will go," she said simply chose what seemed to him the best Quickly she gathered her few posses-sions and prepared to depart. She opportunity, and moved with his family to Washington where, in partnership with Mr. Z., he founded knelt before the priest, who blessed her and placed a medal of the Virgin a banking house that is well known at the present time. Was this imin her hand. She bade him farewell but Hot Cinders strode from the portant step a mere chance decision. room without a word, and their jour or was it guided by the hand of ney began.

Providence ? We shall see. When Mr. K's presence in Wash-Avoiding the Mohawk, they ascended ed the Sacondaga and made for the ington became known at the Brazil-ian Embassy, he was called upon by north. In due time they reached La Prairie, where Katherine was re members of the Legation who knew his connection in Brazil, his sister ceived with delight. Her fame had proceeded her. His mission fulfilled Hot Cinders prepared at once to rehaving married the Viscount de Bar bacena, and this was the beginning turn. Nor would he accept any pro of a friendly acquaintance in the visions for his march. diplomatic circle.

' I have my bow," he said.

In this circle the young ladies met He saw Katherine once more be Senor Don Jose de Marcoleta, who fore leaving ; he looked into her fac was in Washington at the time, tryand was satisfied with what he read ing to interest the Government in e proposed Nicaragua Canal. And

'It is well," he said, and departed before very long Mr. de Marcoleta. He reported at once to Father de who was afterwards Minister from Lamberville upon his return, and Nicaragua to Paris and London, had then sought out Tegakwita. sked the hand of the eldest daughter, stood before him and looked haught Julia, in marriage, and became he ily, almost defiantly, into his face. The old chief returned the gaze unccepted suitor. It did not seem a serious obstacle flinchingly for an instant, with some Julia that her betrothed should be

thing of admiration in his fierce eves a Catholic until he informed her that Thou art brave enough to numbered amongst us," was all he to be performed by a priest. testation of priests and of the

Hot Cinders presents to us a type of the native vigor and manliness of the Indian race. Katherine shows us that even in the wilderness God plants some of the fairest flowers to grow up in His love. The name of of Katherine Tegakwita, sometime called "The Genevieve of Canada, from the resemblance between h life and that of the sainted Shepherdess of Nanterre, has been proposed for beatification .- John I. Wnelan in

St. Anthony's Monthly.

UNTO THEIR OWN

HUMAN WISDOM AND DIVINE GRACE

able to take care of myself. "Then I shall ask Father B., if I Almost always God's stories are long stories, that is, as regards time, may, to call on you to-morrow after-

To look after the household and symbolic meaning. No. He spoke positively-this is My Body.' Look it up in your bible to night, and take Christ's words for it, not mine."

bath was a day of dread - a day on

which the dolls must be put away

when if a little girl should run acros

Lord"? Surely this is desecrating

ness he has planted in their hearts

throat of the thrush.

The visit ended more agreeably than either had expected. Julia was interested, and Father B. had found a young woman with a fair and up-right mind. If convinced of the right, he knew she would follow it though the stars fell. As a result of the little talk, Julia

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sought her bible earlier than usual. "This is My Body! This is My Body!" she read. She could see, hear, think of nothing else. All night, waking or sleeping, the "Hounds of God "pursued her with the words, "This is My Body" Christ's words! That was enough. The miracle had been accomplished. Julia saw the light and bade her sisters look up to it, and they, too, saw.

Warm hearted, with the inherited blood of the impulsive South, the little motherless girls had many a bitter moment of longing for the friend they had There were no doubts such as most converts need to have cleared away. There was no hesitation. The spark had kindled the fire that seemed to lost too early, for very soon, instead have been already built upon the hearth, and their hearts were aflame. of a mother's sympathy, they had to endure the coldness, and even cruelty of a step-mother. This bit-They would not have hesitated at difficulties, but they trembled a little terly felt need and sorrow had the at the task of informing their father of the contemplated step. One would hardly expect, even the most in-dulgent father, to be pleased at his children's adoption of the Church he had them carefully instructed to hate. This father was a stern parent of the Patriachal type, and they knew By the time the eldest girl had his rigid beliefs. Together the young girls appeared before him, tremul-ous, anxious, but determined. They could feel beforehand his indignation -the storm of anger-possible ex-pulsion from their home.

An expected canon ball is proba-bly a shock, but so also is a ball of down when you are expecting the canon ball. The girls at first were bewildered by their father's manner. "What ?" he asked quickly, when Julia, as spokesman, had announced

their decision. Surprised ? Of course, but no anger-yet. Grave thought.

anger still. "Well !" He looked up. No rage ! No storms ! Quietly he adjusted his glasses, and gazed upon his five laughters.

This is, it seems to me-rather extraordinary, in fact, altogether extraordinary !" This was said reflectively, without

"As young children who could not choose their own path, I have brought you up according to my belief and conscience, and now that you are old enough to choose for yourselves, you take the opposite way." There was not a vestige of resent-

ment, nor even of regret. It is time to tell you something that I've never mentioned to you be-

fore. Your mother - was a Catho lic!" "Ah !" A soft murmur of wonder.

A cry of joy from one. "And "-he jumped up from his.

chair and stood before them. "Here is where I must make a confession ou were baptized Catholics !

A stir and an exclamation.

I promised your mother to have you brought up Catholics but I con. idered that even for the sake of a promise to her. I had no right to misad you. You know my views !' 'Father. that-"

Yes, I know. You think, of course with your present ideas that I was mistaken. Perhaps I was. At any rate, now you have chosen. I have nothing more to say."

"Certainly not!" The pride of her That is how the five daughters of race made her resent the suggestion. the little mother whose Catholic I am afraid of no one, and perfectly piety had come down through the long line of da Silvas, that gave Popes and Cardinals to the Church, came unto their own, and through the door thus opened, their father followed shortly. Each one of the five Sisters in later life, held up her lamp of Faith before the world. Julia, the eldest after a few years at the brilliant court of Napoleon III. at the death of her husband entered the Carmelite Order at Algiers. The youngest had a life that was almost tragically pathetic. With divorce seeming the only remedy, through everything she clung to her Faith, leaving to her children and grandchildren the preci ous legacy untarnished. To day one of her daughters is a Religious of the acred Heart, and the son of another sister is a Jesuit priest in Jamaica, West Indies.—Mary Palmer Blanchet, in the Missionary.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

hart is sorrowful when the doe has The priest gave him one quick,

"Art thou aware of the danger ?" he asked. Hot Cinders smiled.

ner quickly to her visitors.

He may come at any moment.

from our local thunderer. This was rough on poor Tommy, who really went as a French clown; he is crushed, his sensibilities are wounded, and he has withdrawn from public life

to quote verbatin

kins, R. H. A., 'a fool and looked

When I tell you that I appeared as a 'Black Brunswicker,' I leave your imagination to do the rest. I will not say that I looked like a picture-I will not say anything, being, you have not failed to discover. by far the most modest person of your acquaintance.

"I have taken to photography, and think I am most successful, and shall outrival 'Shepherd and Bourne ;' but my friends are by no means so sanguine, and declare that their likenesses are the vilest and most diabolical libels! The fact is. they are too true to nature. I have immortalized all my stable-Picnic and Pinafore are simply perfect ; and I have taken all the servants, syces, grass-cutters, and every man-Jack on the premises. Some day I shall try my prentice hand on you. The gen-eral has been down here knocking us about-parades, inspections, field. days ; and there is a rumor that our battery is to be moved (you can picture the agony of our friends,) but where are we going to, or when, is as usual, a secret that nothing short of hot pincers would wring from the quarter-master general. Green has come out with a wife, reported to be an old love-and certainly answere to the name, as she is fearfully ancient for a bride. The colonel has treated me shamefully. I can hardly trust myself to write about him. sent him no less than three long letters, and he has never vouchsafed one line. The fact is, that now he is at home he has drawn a sponge

across the tablets of his memory, and endeavors to forget his Indian However, I won't be forgotten. He is coming out in Nov is he not? Nemesis awaits ember, him I have lodged my complaint and I cannot do better than leave him to you. And now, good by ! You will be tired of all this nonsense,

much respected as auntie the ponies, Brandy and Soda." You little ridiculous goose

"I know you are afraid that I shall wile your friend into the gentle mazes of a flirtation—as if I ever did such a thing—that I may beguile him into liking me, 'not wisely, but too well !' but fear not, oh, anxious matron make your mind quite easy, my modest little Violet. I promise vou that I shall not make myself agreea ble to Captain Beresford and I will even go further, and say that we shall

detest each other most cordially." 'Oh, come, come-no one could detest you, Noah."

"Could they not?" I answered with a superior smile, as my thoughts flew back to Maurice and old days at Gallow.

"The reason I ask you not to exercise your fascinations is simply this

You have a preposterously high opinion of my fascinations and my charms," I interrupt, with hasty de-precation. "I wish you could have een me four or five years ago," I added, impressively.

" I see you as you are, and you are just the sort of girl to take Maurice's

fancy." I laugh grimly.

'He has such a high opinion of women-

' Poor fellow ! he has never met Mrs. St. Ubes," I interrupt.

'Be quiet now, and let me speak He has never been in love, I'm sure, and if he were to lose his heart to you, you being already engaged, it would be worse for him than another, far worse !'

'No fear of that," I return em phatically, making a grimage at Turk, who was sitting on the steps gazing at me sentimentally, with his head on one side. " Do you not think his ears must be burning ! Suppose we talk of someone else! Listen to Chinasawney singing as he cleans the silver; did you ever, ever, ever hear such a tune? Darling Vi, suppose you run round and thank him, and tell him that we will not trespass on him any further."

ST. GENEVIEVE OF CANADA

A TALE OF THE MOHAWKS

"Once upon a time there lived a knight and his lady true." Thus runs the ordinary legend ; but we although our tale may boast of its knight and lady true, need not re-

strict ourselves to the indefinite She paused again. Hot Cinders once upon a time," but shall place the period of this incident in the

made no reply. "I have spoken to thee as a friend," she added, "for thou hast year 1677, when Catholic missionar ies were striving to plant the faith in the hearts of the Indians of upper told me what thou wouldst do for

me. Should my uncle hear of my flight, he would kill me. Wilt thou New York and Canada. The princess of our story is not fair, like those of keep my secret ?" the legends, if we consider the color of her skin, for she is a dusky Yea, even more I will do for

thee. No one shall harm thee and maiden of the Mohawk tribe; but fairer than the fairest of them all, live.' Saying this, Hot Cinders left her

if we consider the beauty of her virgin soul. Born of a heathen Mohawk father and a Christian Algonquin mother, she bore in her name the evidence of her double ex-traction, for she is called Katherine

Tegakwita. Our knight is an Oneida chief, and better warrior never winged a bird or pierced the heart

of a doe. He was brave, he was nanly; but he had a fiery temper, and for this reason was he called

Hot Cinders. Tegakwita, Katherine's uncle and guardian, had gone up the Mohawk river with a fishing party, and was absent several days. erine, therefore, after her duties in

enmity of Tegakwita by spiriting away his niece, for his vengeance the afield, which were light enough would be swift and terrible. The since the corn had been planted, en good priest was thinking over the oyed comparative leisure, and until matter when a light tap was heard called upon to assist in the curing at his cabin door. of the fish and the deer-meat which "Come in." he cried, and Hot Cin-

every

her uncle would bring back with ders entered. Father de Lamberville him, could be present at all the in structions which the "Black Gown" motioned him to a seat, but the young brave heeded not. was then delivering in her canton. She had been one of the first 'Back Gown." he began abruptly. neophytes of Fatherede Lamberville who had been much impressed with the noble qualities of mind and soul observable in the Indian maiden.

is his hand heavy upon me. But I humanly speaking. Usually, we see fear him not. I tremble only lest in but a part of His design, and so miss his rage he follow me to the cabin the meaning, but there's many a of the Black Gown and wreck his | little detail that from a mental aero vengeance on one who has harmed plane, overlooking one or two generhim not. Hot Cinders, I shall flee

ations, we can see distinctly. to the North. There at La Prairie In telling this story of her conversion, my mother, whose story it is, looked back a generation, beginning I shall find many of the Iroquois who have left the ways of superstition at the part she knew only from the words of her father. and renounced the teachings of the medicine men to serve Hawennilo.

At the Court of Don Pedro I, of Brazil, in the Emperor's private chapel, my grandfather, Mr. K., employed by the Government to reorganize the Brazilian treasury, married to the fair young daughter

of Dr. Gavrelle, beloved physician to the Emperor, and of Rosa da Silva, his wife

We might be tempted to envy the ideal existence of these young people if we should judge their happiness by the drawings and water colors of big estates, gorgeous dresses, and palanquins borne by slave attendants, that have been handed downwas a reckless and vicious man who the effective stateliness and splendor that our age has replaced by mere luxury. But their early mardogma.

ried years, though picturesque at this distance, were not enviable.

The exalted position given to a fereigner, and the Emperor's favor, brought down the jealous hostility of native Brazilians who made several

attempts on the lives of Mr. K. and his wife. Slaves were bribed to

poison their coffee, and their lives saved only by an overdose. Other attempts were made, and at last the infant daughter was stolen. She was returned by a slave out of pity for the sorrowing Senora, but the young people then resolved not to further expose their little familythey had now two little girls-to My Body

such continual dangers. As a result of this decision, Mr. K, came to the United States as Con-

"I am not of thy flock, I have stalked sul, entered the house of Prime, Ward & Co., and lived for a few years the deer in the forest when the in New York, where three other daughters were born. But after the squaws (he dwelt half contemptuous ly upon the word) and the youths of the canton were gathered here to birth of the last the yonng wife and Returning from her father's hut one day, she was joined by Hot Cinders, lieved in thy Niic. Yet one whom I five. mother died at the age of twenty.

loon The point was conceded, and the following afternoon Father B's card was brought up to Miss K. The reception of the priest, though outvardly courteous, was probably some what lacking in genuine cordiality.

the marriage ceremony would have

'Scarlet Woman" they represented,

had been part of the young lady's

education, and at such a ceremony she rebelled. Her fiance's pleading

friend, Father B., that you may judge

for yourself whether he is an emis-

boldly. Miss Julia was very firm. "I

"You don't mean to say," said Don

Jose, teasingly, "that you are afraid

of him-that you think you wouldn't

couldn't think of it." she declared.

be able to hold your own!"

"I should like you to meet my

of Satan," he said at last,

and arguments had no effect.

The scene in detail has often been re-lated to me by my aunt. Father B., after the few ordinary formalities began the discussion by asking the young lady point blank the cause of

her dislike-of which Mr. de Marcoleta had informed him-to the Cath olic Church, and if she were quite sure she had good grounds, and not mere prejudice.

Naturally frank and very decided in her opinions, she gave him unhesitatingly the general impression

she had received of the Church, with certain particular objections-chief among these, she declared, was her objection to the doctrine of the Real Presence, as she had heard it She could hardly think, though, that any person of intelligence could seriously believe such an impossible

read your Bible?" asked You Father B.

Every night and morning," Julia

answered promptly. "Do you believe the words of Christ?" Most certainly I do," said Julia,

startled unpleasantly by his abrupt ness.

'Pardon me," he said, " of course you do. Then let me ask you to reread Matthew, Chap. xxvi. The two or three verses which particularly I want you to notice begin, I think, with the 26th, and please when you read them make sure whether the wording is 'this is' or 'this represents

As I recall it," said Julia, " Saint Matthew says: 'this is My Body,' but, of course, that was meant figuraother parasites that no mistake is

tively." "Who is your authority for the made in giving it prominence. This meaning? When Christ spoke in we shall continue to do-whenever parables, He gave a sign. If He had possible, with the official sanction of meant it figuratively, He would have said : 'This represents. This is like able, we shall exhibit it as individ. unto'-or something to show the uals.

'NO BLESSINGS IN GOD OR MASTER"

In The Social War, an organ of the Industrial Workers of the World, appears a defence of the motto, "No God, No Master." The article is written by one who was responsible for the placing of the "No God, no Master" sign at Madison Square Garden on the eve of the Paterson strike pageant. We quote as follows: 'We, who hung this sign, did so with complete cognizance of the fact that the I. W. W. is not officially an atheistic organization. We believe however, that 'No God, No Master, must be a symbol of working class militancy, inasmuch as our member ship have approved this sign, and in Lawrence, Boston and other places fought for this sign; and that also, whenever and wherever it has appeared it has aroused such a storm of indignation from property owners, clergymen, bureaucrafts, and all