

JOHN BLAKE, FARMER

John Blake unfastened the great red gate and opened it wide for the tired horses with which he had been ploughing all day...

A May sunset was flushing earth and sky. The new spring grass looked fresh and green. A light feathery leafage was on the trees...

How beautiful the world was! There were some men who painted such scenes as these, others who wrote poetry about them...

Just then he heard the sound of horses' hoofs and looked in the direction it came. Jessie Grant was sweeping down the hill with a gay gallant beside her...

He glanced down at his hard, horny hands, his coarse toil-stained clothes. How well he would look at Jessie's side!

Two weeks later news came to him of Jessie's betrothal to her cousin, the young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight.

When autumn came and it was time for him, if at all, to make the change he had planned in spring, he was surprised to find that the inclination to make it was gone.

"Tired, Johnny?" his mother said cheerily as he came into the kitchen. Somehow the words vexed him.

"Well, come right to the table. I've got a cup of nice hot tea all ready for you. That'll rest you and brighten you up a little."

John threw down his hat impatiently. Tea! What notions of life women had! He looked at his mother as he had never looked at her before.

"Mother," said he with a bitterness he hated himself for afterwards, "I wonder if you ever had a trouble that a cup of good tea would not cure?"

His mother's eyes clouded, but she answered him very gently. She felt that to-night for some reason he was not responsible for himself.

"Yes, I've had troubles that went deep enough, Johnny. Troubles that only mothers, with mothers' hearts know anything about, troubles that creature comforts would not help much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things."

Her patience and gentleness touched him. He drew up his chair to the table, where his father was already sitting, and answered her in a softer tone.

stillness. At last the old man answered: "I don't know, John; maybe he could. I never liked to have any strangers working on the old place in my time."

"I don't feel satisfied, father, to be a farmer in this small way. I want to do something more with my life. You could hire a man to do all I do for twenty dollars a month, and I want to see what I'm worth somewhere else."

Then there was another long silence. Mrs. Blake finished washing up her dishes and came and sat down between her son and her husband, her face very white and her hands shaking a little.

"We mustn't blame John, mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "What he feels isn't unnatural. Other young men say the same. Very few of them are content now-a-days to live their father's lives over again."

John got up and went upstairs. His mother's pale silence, his father's attempts at cheerfulness, seemed more to him than he could bear. He went away to his own room and sat down by the window.

Over across the fields a light burned steadily. He knew it was the lamp in Jessie's parlor. Was she worth all this suffering he was causing the old people? Would she ever love him as they did?

"Will you see James Brown to-day?" his father asked at breakfast, with an anxiety he strove to conceal.

"Not to-day, father; not at present. My plan was sudden, as you said, too sudden to be wise. I have given it up for a time at least."

The old man's face cleared but he did not speak—only John's mother got up and silently kissed him. No young lips could have been more fond, could any be more dear?

Two weeks later news came to him of Jessie's betrothal to her cousin, the young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight.

This was an unexpected blow, something which, knowing the man was her cousin, he had never feared. The news sank into his heart with a dull, dumb pain.

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office a bundle of papers. Sitting by the fire and glancing them over, his eye was caught by the heading in large letters, "Another Case of Defalcation."

He began to read the article with a mind of careless half interest people in the country feel in the excitements of the city which cannot touch them personally; but suddenly he started up, clutching the paper tight and straining his eyes over it as if he doubted his own vision.

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come to her through the grace and favor of the opposite sex. She is expected to marry a Catholic young man, of course, and she would much prefer to do so, "all things else being equal."

It is in this last clause of the contract, however, which is the source of much difficulty. The desirable Catholic young man is not so plentiful as he might be, and where he is plentiful he is not always persuasive.

Sometimes he is not so conscientious as his Catholic sister, and lavishes his attentions upon young women without the fold. When he is conscientious, he is frequently lacking in pride and ambition, and feels that he is not good enough for the young lady who has received nearly all of the family accomplishments.

Through no fault of his she is sometimes face to face with the proposition of a "mixed marriage" or no marriage at all. It may be that no marriage would be the best solution of her difficulty, but the tendrils of the human heart reach out mysteriously, and life and love and happiness are all wonderfully wrapped up in this old marriage problem.

Lawgivers may legislate, and preachers may preach, and theologians may point out the rough and narrow way that leads to perfection, but the poet who sings of love will be listened to long after preacher and teacher and lawgivers have been forgotten.

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over. Humanity pays to her its tribute of respect. Her moral supremacy is unquestioned, and the Church is proud because it has made her so. It is jealous at the same time of her honor, and strives to safeguard it by every means within its power.

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Archbishop at Night Mass

Archbishop Farley celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 2.30 o'clock on the morning of the 6th in old St. Andrew's Church, in Duane street, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the founding of what is popularly known as the "Night Workers' Midnight Mass."

Admitted the services had not been advertised at all, beyond the announcement in the church itself for the two previous Sundays, more than 1,800 persons were present. Admission was by ticket only, and the main body of the church was reserved entirely for the men who attend every Sunday and their male friends.

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The Problem of the Catholic Young Woman

(By Rev. J. T. Roche.)

I have sometimes felt that the Catholic young woman is hardly ever given a chance to talk back. She is the recipient of a great deal of wholesome advice, and is made to feel in many ways that her chief duty is to listen and learn.

She herself is seldom consulted when theories concerning her welfare are propounded, and she must naturally resent the attitude of those who have nothing but advice to give. She cannot help feeling that she has a destiny to work out in the world, and that she is handicapped by the bare fact that the working out of that destiny is largely dependent upon the whims and fancies of the male persuasion.

She has to be sought after rather than to seek. She cannot think of being married until she is asked. It is not permitted to her even to make the first advances along sentimental lines, for fear of shocking the sensibilities of the superior creature who is to be her liege lord and future master.

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