Ellen E. McPartlin

When the westbound local crawled into Palouse, Father Bourke, in the coach behind the box-cars had just finished reading his copy of Magnificat, and as his eyes turned outward upon the ugly little station and the alkali landscape that stretched forward to his terminal ride, he pondered which articles he would reread. Then his eyes, somewhat tired with the glare and dust of the stuffy coach, suddenly kindled as a friendly pair looked straight into his from the platform outside. Jim Thorpe had been gazing vacantly at the passing windows of the westbound as he waited for his outgoing train, and his eyes now lit with answering gleam:

"Father Bourke! Just the man I Ellen E. McPartli

for his outgoing train, and his eyes now lit with answering gleam:

"Father Bourke! Just the man I want to see," he cried, coming to the edge of the platform. He pulled a card from his vest pocket, with the nimble dispatch of a travelling salesman, bubbling his news the while. He had heard her charges that morning of an accident.

living twenty live miles beyond Camas Prairie, the terminus.

The hermit came within the radius of Father Bourke's mission, and he re-called at once the somber-eyed rancher who had always repelled his cherry adwho had always repelled his cherry advances. There was a vague rumor of a "story" in the man's past—of a family quarrel, an estrangement from an only brother—the priest had hardly heeded the gossip. MacDougal had taken Government land in the hills long before there had been a mission as Camas Prairie. The missionary had pitied the lonely, brooding man, yet he had bided calmly, knowing that the plans of God brood too in the alkali solitude.

caminy, knowing that is olitude.

"Queer old duck!" [the "drummer" was saying, "I guess he'll have to hand in his accounts anow. When I heard of him I hoped I'd have the luck to strike

all right—a sick call?

For a few moments, then there were two busy men in the quiet little place, for the salesman was fat, and the priest nor the salesman was rat, and the priest still and oldish, and there was Feeley, the livery man at Camas Prairie, to be 'phoned, in order that a rig should be ready for the priest at the end of the

From the strain of sudden hurry at a were still in a flutter as he settled back in his coach just as it got under way. The voice of Feeley on the phone yet rang in his ears. The best horse life in the stable would awatt Father Bourke, saddled and bridled, at the curb. Feely had never yet failed Father Bourke, and the priest had never yet lost a race with death. Already his mind went forward to the long rough stretch of uneven country between the terminal station and the hermit's cabin, while his coach bumped along behind terminal station and the hermit's cabin, while his coach bumped along behind the car of live stock and the locomotive. He lived through all the jolts of the trail, through the hills, and fretted at the unresponsive slowness of the local train service. Adding to the irritation of this enforced leisureliness of motion came the conversation of two men seat-d before him who discussed speed, but ey were talking of the morrow's race the carnival at Camas Prairie: "I'm

one was saying.
The other winked wisely with both

eyes. "I tell yuh something," he volunteered, "the old favorite is good enough yet for me—what? Mack wouldn't bring Oregon John clear from the Snake

in old Oregon John."

Father Bourke, smiling patiently, again let his thoughts drift to the scene he could anticipate at Camas—the street carnival, the "events," the rural street carnival, the "events," the rural crowds, his recollection of the once-famous race-horse Oregon John, from up river, now outrun by age. These turfmen were disputing warmly the chances for a final show of the old power in the famous horse. Father Bourke was thinking pensively of his own failing power, creeping age, as he felt still the shock of the unexpected sick call and the comical haste, and thought of the severity and the doubtful results of his evenity and the doubtful results of his evenity and the doubtful results of his even-

dust rises like a fine war.

that envelop the hurrying horsements are relieved to the prices trail ran now in the draw between the hills where he saw nothing out the stunted sage-bursh walling him in on the slant sides; anon it took him to the top of some gradual elevation from the height of which he might catch a refreshing glimpse of distance, and the lue mountains on the tance, and the lue mountains on the side of the border.

"I phoned Feeley for a horse, and this one was ready—" began Father Bourke, who was recalling the oddly dressed boy at the curb.

"I he best racer entered

and something sang in the air above his soft hat. It seemed to Father Bourke soft hat. It seemed to Father Bourke that his early mission days were come back. Of late years there had been nothing to remind him of these keen missions he had made, and his discovery now brought a little shock. Yet it was not of his own danger he thought, but of the chance of not reaching the injured one in time. He did not stop to consider why he, the priest, should be pursued in peaceful times. He threw loose the rein, his knees pressed the ribs of the horse, and leaning out he whispered as the lover of horses knows how to speak.

speak.

There was a quick bunching of muscles beneath him, a heave of the long limbs, and then horse and rider shot forward.

Shot forward.

Over the hollows, over the hills; the silvery safebush, the buffalo grass, the whole country seemed to swim and rock, as Father Bourke, always practical, prayed now for grace to keep his mount. What manner of beast was this horse of Feeley's? The miles fied by him as rods only, it seemed. No need now to think of the pursuer behind, no need to speculate on what mistake or chance of his of the pursuer behind, no need to speculate on what mistake or chance of his own sent him on this whirlwind ride. Though a practiced horseman, he felt himself grow sick with the whirling c anges as the great, keen animal found the trail up the mountain side and went thundering down on the farther slope. On the crazy downward trail the westering sun fell, gold and crimson. Its royal splendor, associated always with peace and beauty, now came discordantly upon the tumult of the priest's heart. Why, there must be urgent need, or such a the tunuit of the priest's heart. Why, there must be urgent need, or such a winged-footed horse should not have been given him. To Father Bourke a man meant only a soul at such times, and the sour old hermit of the hills thus rose to equality with his fellows. The loss of a soul was the great calamity of the Palouse mission. Why had the shepherd been so slow and cold to seek him out before. All the human pathos.

shepherd been so slow and cold to seek him out before. All the human pathos, too of the hermit loneliness lay in the sunset lights. What if those hoofs, spitting fire on the stones, should miss the trail!

Ah, he must leave those thoughts and be calm. The cabin was at hand. He fell back on the reins and spoke again to the horse whose great bounds shortened to a canter as the cabin passed. The missionary left him in the twilight, The missionary left him in the twilight, and reeled back to the rancher's hut.

and reeled back to the rancher's hut.

There was such a hush and awe about the place as makes itself visible or audible in the homeliest and most wretched surroundings when the spirit of death is lingering or has hovered upon the place. And now in the twilight about the rancher's shack came stealing on silent feet angels of darkness and of light that gather about a deathbed. The man who had been the mock and scorn of his kind, for his chosen isolation and ill-fellowship, had now his hour, and became a soul to wrestle for, to snatch back from the shadows within and without his heart.

and without his heart.

There was a doctor beside the un-kempt cot—sent there by the same kempt cot—sent there by the same chance that brought the message to the priest. He had made MacDougal comfortable in body, but for the deeper trouble he could devise nothing. Dr. Anderson commiserated the priest:

"Too late, I'm afraid! he doesn't seem to understand—or he doesn't care to live, perhaps. But I'll make way for you."

MacDougal had been found unconscious at the foot of the rocky ravine near the spring. It was evident that he had slipped and fallen upon the jagged stones below. To reach the fountain head of the spring needed careful picking of steps, and the rancher had been for once too careless. Always before the accident, however, he had been sullen and removed in spirit from his fellows, and now one might not be sure that it was the gash on the forehead that dulled and veiled his soul behind those staring eyes. MacDougal seemed conscious but unresponsive. The doctor, who had been some hours with the man felt a keen professional interest in arousing the patient, but to the priest there seemed just then nothing whatever in the world to be desired more than to call intelligence back to that face for a few moments.

"He talked a bit, when I first got him in," said the doctor, "but he seems to said the tit force and the trivers. MacDougal had been found upcon-

wantever in the word to be desired when the word in the past, more than to call intelligence back to that face for a few moments.

"He talked a bit, when I first got him in," said the doctor, "but he seems to sink—it's not all due to the injury. If you can't help him, I can't."

He went outside and talked through the little open casement as he spied the little open casement as he spied the

his "children to be able to earn their living, and religion never earned bread for any one except the priests and nuns."

Like many others, when Mary Kelly married Charles Crane she hoped that in time he would embrace Catholicity, but thus far all her efforts to convert him had been in vain. (Fillie many others.) thus far all her efforts to convert him had been in vain. Unlike many others in her position, however, she did not drift away from the Church herself. She was very faithful in the practice of her religious duties, and saw to it that the little ones were carefully brought up in their holy faith. She never ceased to pray for the conversion of her husband, and taught their children to pray for him. too.

or him, too. Little Catherine was, of course, well Little Catherine was, of course, well instructed in the rudiments of her religion, and, being of a gentle, loving disposition, it was a great grief to her young heart that her father was not a Catholic. When Sister Teresa Helen started the novena in honor of the Sacred Heart and in preparation for the First Communion of the children, little Catherine at once determined to pray for the conversion of her father above all else. She confided the intention to her good mother, who also joined in the novena. Early on the morning of the eventful day Mrs. Crane wakeened Catherine, and soon had her dressed in her little white gown and veil and wreath. When she was ready to start for the church the child knelt at her mother's feet and, having asked her forgiveness for any pain she had caused her in the past, begged her blessing.

"MacDougal!" said the priest in wice that made an instant's alence. The avoice from within said clearly in a voice from within said clearly in the property of the property of

she and the little ones redoubled their prayers in his behalf.

During the following winter there was a mission at the church, which Mrs. Crane attended. The children also were present at the exercises appointed for them, and their father listened to their childish prattle about the instructions. On the day of the opening of the men's mission he said to his wife:

"I guess I will have to go and hear this wonderful preacher you all have so much to say about it."

He attended all the services, joined the class of instruction, and at the close of the mission was baptized. Thus was a hard heart brought to the true faith by the persevering use of prayer—the

by the persevering use of prayer—the power of the weak.—Virginia Stone in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

STORY OF FR. HENRY JAMES COLERIGE, S. J.

GRAND NEPHEW OF AUTHOR OF THE TALE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. CONVERSION TO FAITH AND LITERARY LABORS

It is more than fifty years since I received one of the special graces of my life in being admitted to the friendship of Father Coleridge, and it is already eighteen years since his eminently useful life came to an end. It is full time, therefore, to fulfil a purpose that I have long cherished of paying an affectionate tribute to his memory.

Father Coleridge inherited a great name. His greatness is for most persons concentrated in the gifted but far from faultless man to whom De Quincey, with amiable exaggeration, attributed the possession of "the most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that ever existed among men."

NOTEWORTHY BEARER OF NAME

of the margined said wall ask in the mode product in the companion of the

EECHVED INTO CATHOLIC CHURCH
We can imagine the bitter things the judge said to his convert-son when he could write afterwards: "The secessions to Rome, though not numerous and with very few exceptions little noteworthy or influential examples, yet produced in the families in which they occurred the deepest and most lasting sorrow. They, indeed, who then left father and brother and sister, and made great temporal sacrifices, were not in truth generally those who suffered the most or the longest."

longest."
On Quinquagesima Sunday, February 22, 1852, Henry Coleridge gave up his post at Alfington. On the 22nd of the following April, Easter Monday, 1852, after a retreat with the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham, he was received into the Catholic Church.

ORDAINED A PRIEST

ORDAINED A PRIEST

He went to Rome in the following
October where in the Academia Dei
Nobili he had as companions the future
cardinals, Manning, Howard, and
Vaughan, along with Robert Isaac Wilberforce (who had been Protestant
Archdeacon of York) and some of his
old Oxford friends. After four years'
study of theology he was ordained priest
in 1856 and too the degree of Doctor of
Theology at the beginning of 1857. In
May of that year he left Rome, and in
the following September he entered the
novitiate of the Society of Jesus at
Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, where
the Master of Novices was an Irishman,
Father Thomas Tracy Clarke.

The SPELL OF COLERIDGE

There was there at the time an Irish novice of six months' standing who had more of the hero-worshipping instinct than his unemotional young comrades. To pass from the third to the first person—I was still under the spell of "The Ancient Mariner," the name of Coleridge had a sacred sound in my ears. And here was a live Coleridge, son of the nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, however, talk with our new novice, especially was not the first noteworthy bearer of when walking through Windsor Forest

WRITER AND EDITOR

Father Coleridge had already

Father Coleridge had already much experience as a magazine writer and editor. His father before him had been editor of the Quarterly Review for a short time between Gifford and Lock-hart, and had given way to the latter not quite willingly.

Father Coleridge at Oxford had taken part in founding The Guardian and had edited for a time The Christian Remembrancer. His work on The Month from 1865 to 1881 was enormous in quantity and very various and often of high quality. Yet with all this he found time to do admirable work in the pulpit and the confessional and in many other outlets of zeal; and he composed independent volumes so numerous and so solid as to seem sufficient labor for a lifetime.

solid as to seem sufficient labor for a lifetime.

In the catalogue of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there are one hundred and eighteen items attached to the name "Coleridge" and of these thirty-four enumerate the writings of the Reverend Henry James Coleridge, S. J.

PARENTS RECONCILED

Though his conversion has cause Though his conversion has caused such distress to his parents, they were afterwards reconciled to the inevitable and doubtiess were proud of their son's splendid work as a Jesuit. None of his relatives, I think, followed him into the Church except two cousins, daughters of his uncle Francis George Coleridge. One of these became a religious of the Order of our Lady of Reparation. Lord Coleridge and his brother were tenderly attached to each other from first to last.

last.
What more shall be told here of that What more shall be told here of that very holy and richly gifted man, Henry James Coleridge? I hope to have another opportunity of proving that this grand nephew of the Ancient Mariner was far more a poet than has hitherto been suspected even by those who knew him best; but at present I will hurry on to the end.

to the end. In 1881 Father Coleridge resigned the editorship of The Month in order to devote the remnant of his delining health to his great and voluminous work, "The Life of our Lord." He continues

ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO SAYS CIVILIZATION IS THREATENED. EXTOLS MOTHERHOOD. CON-VENTION AGAINST WOMEN

to imitate them and which will prove of

great advantage to the development the nation in which the Germans liv

the nation in which the Germans live."

Motherhood was paid a high tribute by Mons. Diomede Falconio, the papal delegate to America, at a woman's meeting held in connection with the fifty-sixth annual convention of the Central Verein, in Chicago.

"Motherhood is woman's highest crown," said the papal delegate. "You Catholic women have a noble mission before you. Stand for the home and against every canker which seeks to assail or destroy it. Work, and encourage men in their work, and you will do more toward bringing upon earth the kingdom of heaven than you can realize. "Without a home man is devoid of the vital principle of human happiness. It is the home which is essentially the nation's streagth and all is the home which is essentially the nation's strength and all assaults upon

nation's strength and all assaults upon the home are assaults upon the very heart of the nation.

"In every real Christian home there should be a mother; without a mother the place is empty and dreary, A mother should rule the place to make it a true home. The three pillars which hold up a happy home and consequently the nation's vitality are a worthy father, a plous mother and an obedient child.

the nation's vitality are a worthy fathe a pious mother and an obedient child.

"It is the duty of the Catholic mother to realize her God-given mission. women will always display their nob faculties in presiding like queens over Christian households and in orderinall things with their native talent of it yentiveness, taste and refinement, how all things with their hardy databased in-yentiveness, taste and refinement, homes will possess an attractiveness and bright-ness which will bring comfort to all who dwell therein and which will save men from the dangerous seductions of the

world."
Woman suffrage was dealt a blow by the Central Verein.
The introduction of a resolution on the woman suffrage question was the signal for a heated discussion. The verein went on record as opposed to activity of women in social and econo-mic issues. In a resolution which was adopted the members of the verein de-clared that the sphere of woman is the

health to his great and voluminous work,
"The Life of our Lord." He continues
courageously this great labor of love,
even after a paralytic seizure in 1890;
and he had the happiness of printing it
before passing happily away in his
seventieth year, April 13, 1893.
He had been a devout and laborious
priest of the Society of Jesus for thirtysix years. On his mortuary card was
very appropriately printed the cry of
the Penitent Thief which he has placed
as his motto on all his writings: "Lord,
remember me when Thou shalt come
into Thy Kingdom."
He is at rest from his labors, but his
solid his mericiful Judge has said "Bene
scripsisti de me; and in his full measure
he has received St. Thomas' reward.—
Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., in The
Magnificat.

MATERIALISM THE

DANGER

MATERIALISM THE

DANGER the blessings of enlightenment and re-ligion, and to give to those nations true Christian civilization. Then came the miracle of Job. They had read of that great patriarch, who in the midst of his prosperity had been reduced to the greatest sufferings and humiliations, and yet submitted to God's will. So, too, in Ireland, after three centuries of English invasion and persecution. Telegal re-Vaughan, along with Robert Isaac Wilberforce (who had been Protestant Archdeacon of York) and some of his old Oxford friends. After four years' study of theology he was ordained priest in 1856 and too the degree of Doctor of Theology at the beginning of 1857. In May of that year he left Rome, and in the following September he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, where the Master of Novices was an Irishman, Father Thomas Tracy Clarke.

THE SPELL OF COLERIDGE

There was there at the time an Irish novice of six months' standing who had more of the hero-worshipping instinct than his unemotional young comrades. To pass from the third to the first person—I was still under the spell of "The Anchent Mariner," the name of Coleridge had a sacred sound in my ears. And here was a live Coleridge, son of the nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself!

I considered it a precious privilege to talk with our new novice, especially when walking through Windsor Forest or along the plain of Runnymede. Father invasion and persecution, Ireland re-tained its faith and devotion to God. tained its faith and devotion to God. That was its fourth feature. A fifth feature of the miracle was the heroism and devotion of the martyrs of Ireland which could not be surpassed. And the sixth feature was more remarkable. It was Ireland coming forth from the tomb. During the past hundred years, Ireland had laid aside its sorrows to rejoice in the path of piety and faith, to spread out in every country the blessings of religion. Any one who looked forward to the decay of the Irish race would look in vain. It was an old saying that St. Patrick had prayed that the Irish race would retain its faith to the last day of Judgment, and I may tell my good friends here that when they see the traditions of the Irish race beginning to decay, they may look out for a safe decay, they may look out for a safe spot, as the end of the world is coming."

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