

in her old age the paths so beloved in her youth. She was doing it for something infinitely more precious than the gold of earth—the safeguarding of an innocent soul.

She walked up the lime-shaded avenue to the Castle without glancing to either side, and waited until a leisurely footman answered her ring. "Her ladyship is in," he informed her. "I cannot say if she will see you, though."

As he spoke, a young lady, swarthy, squat, and well past her girlhood, came down the broad stairway. The footman conveyed Betty's request, and she turned and spoke kindly:

"Is your business pressing?"

"It is, Miss," replied Betty. "I don't trouble her ladyship without good cause."

"Show her into the breakfast-room," said Miss Ferguson, turning upstairs again. Betty sat down to wait, thinking that if the young lady was Miss Sybil's daughter she had not brought much of her mother's beauty with her. Presently the door opened, and a stately, lovely woman entered. Her russet-brown dress was of the same rich tint as the hair which waved across a smooth white forehead; her eyebrows were glossy brown, and a faint pink relieved the pearly fairness of her complexion. Betty stood up and stared. Could this radiant vision be the woman who was but three years younger than herself?

The lovely vision moved across a patch of spring sunshine in front of the wide window; and then Betty knew, and up from her honest old heart a full tide of contempt arose. And, being but an old peasant it is probable that her feeling became visible in her face, for the blandly gracious manner of the lady took on a shade of hauteur.

"You wished to see me," she began, motioning Betty to a chair, and seating herself in the shadow of the window draperies.

"I took that liberty, my lady," returned Betty. "I suppose there's no chance at all that you remember me?"

My lady shook her head. Betty kept bravely on. "I was Betty Flanagan when you were Miss Sybil Raleigh, my lady."

My lady started up in instant remembrance. "Why, my goodness!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I'm really glad to see you, Betty. You are well, and comfortable, I hope?"

"Very well, and comfortable enough, I thank your ladyship," replied Betty. "It wasn't of myself I came to talk, at all. It was to ask your ladyship to befriend a friend of mine, for the sake of old times."

Her ladyship's careless cordiality vanished instantly: bestowing favors or accepting responsibilities was not much in her line. When Betty had laid Annie Allen's case before her, she shook her head.

"I fear it is out of the question, Betty. I am getting my establishment together, indeed, but my servants must be fully trained. I should not care to ask my housekeeper to bother with beginners. And you say this girl's people are so very horrid."

"They're nothing to brag about," Betty owned grimly. "An' she'll be nothing to brag about no more than 'em, if a helping hand isn't given to her this very minute."

My lady rose from her chair. "I fear your plan is impossible," she said languidly.

Betty rose also, and drew her wily old figure up till her eyes were on a level with the lady's.

"I think, my lady, that 'twas a good job for yourself that a hand was put out to turn you off the wrong road when you were about her age," she said deliberately, letting her glance linger on the enamelled complexion, the painted lips, the chestnut toupee, and the tired old eyes that gave the lie with such appalling directness to the whole silly counterfeit of youth.

"An' the world would think so, too."

Lady Ferguson met the look, and heard the quiet words, and her half-hidden eyes opened suddenly, while a shiver went through her figure.

"I'll be bidding your ladyship good-morning," said Betty Lynch; and she was out in the hall when my lady overtook her. In five seconds there flashed before those haughty eyes a lurid picture of the consequences of exposure of that wild folly of her girlhood: her cynical husband's sneer, the comments of her friends, the utter ruin of her plain daughter's matrimonial chances! The hand she laid on Betty's shoulder shook pitifully; and Betty Lynch, with a Heaven-aspiring heart of gratitude, contrasted her own wily old muscles and keen eyes and the gallant spirit that years and grief had failed to subdue, with the stiffness of her ladyship's figure, the fumbling of her useless hands, and the panic of her small soul when its cotton-wool wrapping was roughly disturbed.

"Just wait a few minutes, Betty. We may come to an understanding."

The understanding was that Annie Allen was allowed to enter her ladyship's service as underhousemaid in the ensuing month; and Betty, having partaken of a dainty luncheon, was driven to the station in her ladyship's carriage. There also had been a tactful offer of money, which Betty had respectfully refused. Yet, when she got back to town she called in to the leading drapery, and asked the

proprietor to supply her young friend with the necessary outfit, giving her own word as security for honest payment.

"Anything in the shop," was his ready reply; and suitably equipped, Annie set out to prove herself worthy of such good friends.

She spent two diligent years in Lady Ferguson's service, at the end of which her monthly letter to Betty contained some pleasing news. She was about to be married to Sir Robert's gamekeeper; they were getting a nice house, but would be expected to care for a number of fowl; and her ladyship wanted to know if Betty would come to live with them, as her advice would be invaluable to a town-bred girl.

Betty, in her sixty-fourth year, was beginning to grumble a little at the weather; so she considered that it would not be a bad thing to be independent of its vagaries for the rest of her life.

And no one, seeing the neat and comely old woman amongst the fowl in the green field behind the game-keeper's cottage, and noting the deep respect of her bow to the lady who leaned forward on a stout parasol, and whose sight was becoming very dim, indeed, would ever imagine that between this pair of highly respectable old women there had so lately been a matter of blackmail.

SUFFICE MORALITY

The greatest and most insidious enemies of a good thing are those who, either by some perversion of judgment or for some selfish purpose, misuse it and thus discredit its legitimate uses in the eyes of a superficial public that is not able to distinguish properly between use and abuse or between the genuine article and a clever counterfeit. In this manner the institution of private property has fallen into ill repute with many who, seeing the glaring and shameless abuses to which it has been turned, regard individual ownership as the source of all our social evils and demand its complete abolition.

In a like fashion, religion is being seriously injured by the ill-advised and indiscreet efforts of men who either make it the cloak under which they promote some pet scheme or who, disregarding vital matters of morality, identify it with certain external observances on which they insist as the test of true religiousness. Under the hands of these, religion is twisted and distorted into an ungainly thing that nowise resembles the original, but wears a repellent and forbidding aspect.

Religion, first of all, is an inspiration, a power that kindles the soul and expands the heart. It is not a whip that is held over men all the time, driving them like unwilling slaves. It does not enforce an outward morality by narrow restrictions or a system of taboos. It takes hold of the heart, puts into the soul of man a love of the good and makes him obey the Commandments from an internal, joyous impulse which transforms his whole conduct. It need not invoke the law; because it has higher and more potent sanction and richer and more enticing rewards. It is not confined to external practices such as legislation can enforce; but it gets at the very springs of human action and purifies the unregenerate heart. Religion is not mainly negative and destructive; it is chiefly positive and constructive. It is not prohibition. It is inspiration. They wrong it who make it a thing that gets into our way and hinders us at every turn we take.

More repression results only in surface morality which in reality is little better than downright hypocrisy. Men have a keen eye for these things. They argue that, if religion can give us nothing more than the outward appearance of decency without a real conversion of the heart, it does not amount to much. Consequently they begin to view it with distrust and disfavor. No one has brought greater reproach upon religion than the religious worker who is satisfied to cleanse the outside of the cup and who does not take the trouble to see that the inside is also purified. No one disgraces the honorable calling of a minister of religion more than he who inveighs solemnly and intolerantly against external abuses, but who fails to condemn sin and vice in its more refined, but for that not less destructive, forms.

It is much easier to have a law enacted than to change the hearts of men. It is also more spectacular and ensures greater publicity. But there is little use in laws if they are not backed by the moral sentiment of the community. Such moral sentiment can only be brought about by education which is a much more tedious and arduous work than legislating. Much of this agitation for outward morality and surface respectability has the evil effect of withdrawing our attention from the real evils that are gnawing at the vitals of our society. It produces a pleasing state of self-deception and closes our eyes to the corruption that is spreading beneath the surface.

To thunder against cigarettes, prize fights and Sunday baseball and to make the avoidance of these things the very essence of religion and the perfection of morality, and at the same time to speak only in hushed whispers, or not at all, of such foul violations of God's law, as divorce, birth control, disrespect for

parental authority and hasty marriages, is certainly misplacing the emphasis and creating false standards of morality. The ardent champions of such a surface morality render an evil service to society and bring suspicion upon the religion that sanctions measures so inadequate to protect the welfare of the social organism and to secure righteous behavior. The frequent appeal to the police club shows that we have lost faith in the spiritual forces and that we are trying to substitute external control for inner restraint. On that road we will not get very far. Nothing but the thinnest veneer of morality can be secured by external means, a veneer that cracks and wears off very quickly when the real test comes and leaves exposed to view the hideous underlying corruption.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

EVERYBODY HAS A CROSS

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind to bear. It may be one lying unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great cross to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones. But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wreath their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope. It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearer, but it is the revelations of our experience that he finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson be—to smile with others at his own miseries.—Woman's Catholic Forester.

SAVED BY SHADOW

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY OF JESUIT WHICH UPSET VERDICT OF JURY

Omaha, Nebr., Oct. 13.—This summer the completion by Father William F. Riggs, J., astronomer and physicist, of his twenty-fifth continuous year on the staff of Creighton University, gave occasion for brief mention in the press of a practical astronomical feat which at the time of its accomplishment attracted notice throughout the country and abroad.

In 1910 a man was being tried in the criminal court at Omaha, on the charge of having deposited with a malicious intent, on the porch of a prominent citizen, a suit-case containing dynamite. The suit-case had been found at 2:50 o'clock Sunday afternoon, May 21. Two girls, aged eleven and seventeen, testified that a little before three o'clock, they had seen in the neighborhood of the house, a man answering the description of the accused, carrying a suit-case like the one found. Counsel for the defence learned that the girls were supposed to have seen the man after coming from a church a mile away, at which they had posed twice for the camera. He obtained copies of the pictures and a shadow on one of them suggested that the time of the photograph might be determined by an astronomer. If the time were later than ten minutes before three the girls' testimony would be invalidated.

Father Riggs, being consulted, took careful measurements with the help of a surveyor, and making calculations by four methods, arrived at results none of which differed by more than fourteen seconds from the mean, which was three o'clock, twenty-one minutes and twenty-six seconds. He testified at the trial that, allowing a broad margin, the picture had been taken within one minute of 3:21 p. m., and the vote of the jury was split.

In the second trial the prosecuting attorney saw that it was necessary to belittle the astronomical evidence, and by sarcasm and joking at the expense of scientific men in general, he kept the jury in continuous laughter, and obtained a verdict of guilty, with a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary.

The defence appealed to the Supreme Court of Nebraska, which decided that the condemnation had been made on insufficient evidence; and in preparing for a third trial, the prosecution, turning to science, which it had ridiculed, asked G. D. Swezey, professor of astronomy at the University of Nebraska, to make another computation of the time. After the professor, with entirely independent measurements and calculations arrived at a result that differed by only twenty-nine seconds from the time given by Father Riggs, thus falling decidedly within the one-minute margin, the prosecution was abandoned.

Naturally the trials and the testimonies had engaged the public attention. The first anniversary of the taking of the photograph had been partly cloudy, but when the second anniversary approached, Father Riggs, writing in the daily press, predicted confidently that the shadow would again be in the same spot at twenty-one and one half minutes after three o'clock, and he invited all who would, to come to the place and verify his prediction. A press photographer snapped the shadow, first one minute before the time, then exactly at the moment designated, then one minute later, and whereas the first and third pictures showed the shadow unmistakably below and above the original position, the second picture made it evident to the most sceptical and unscientific critic, that Father Riggs' calculation had not missed the precise point of time by more than a few seconds.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

This small but highly practical triumph of science was reported and commented on not merely from coast to coast, but in foreign countries and in foreign tongues. The pictures were reproduced in the daily papers and in scientific publications, while articles under the titles of "A Shadow in Court," "Saved by a Shadow," and similar captions, entertained readers of English and other languages in all parts of the world.

This is probably the most notable of all the directly practical services which Father Riggs has rendered

by means of astronomy, but the occasions have been numerous on which he has given valuable, though less vital assistance to persons who have applied to him.

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