## PALMS

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AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS,"
"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII .- CONTINUED.

A BLOW-REVOLT OF THE SLAVES OF HIPPOLYTUS-FABIAN'S VIEWS. There was in Fabian's words an inde

There was in Fabian's words an inter-finable spirit of satire, felt more strong-ly than expressed, and he continued:
"But it sometimes happens that a bal-ance is struck, when the gods are deaf, and the one God of the Christians is and the one God of the single instance, familiar to not. every school-boy in Rome, will illus-trate my idea. It is of the Christian trate my idea. It is of the Christian Legion, who, by their prayers, saved the army of Marcus Aurelius in Germany, when it was perishing for water, and all means of getting it were cut off by the enemy, to whom its utter defeat, unless by some remarkable intervention it should be relieved, presented no difficulties. I remember every word of the Emperor's letter to Senate as it stands on the historic page ; for it made a wonderful impression on my youthful mind; and, as it tells the story better than I could do, I will repeat it verba

im. ... I put up my fervent prayers to the o send us relief, the Emperor but the gods were deaf. knew there were many Christians in the and, all other means failing, army, and, all other means failing, called them around me, and commanded them to address their God in our be-No sooner had they fallen or their knees to pray than a copious and refreshing rain fell from the heavens. But, while the rain was refreshing to us, it drove furiously against our enem like a tempest of hail, attended with vivid flashes of lightning and dreadful claps of thunder.

That Marcus Aurelius was a de vont worshipper of the gods none will deny, but mark his concluding words: Wherefore, since the prayers of this people are so powerful with their God, let us grant to the Christians full liberty of professing themselves such, lest they employ their prayers against us. My will is that their religion be no longer considered a crime against

What higher instance of political sagacity on this vexed question can be shown than this charge of Marcus Aurelius to the Roman Senate?" observed Fabian.

"It strikes me that he was influenced by a superstitious dread rather than political wisdom; and, notwithstanding, if I remember, many Christians suffered under his reign," replied

Vemesius. Whatever his motive, the wisdon was in the act. Yes: the fires of wrath were again kindled through the vio-lence of his colleague in the Empire-Verus; and being the last of the five good emperors, his son Commodus re-newed the bloody work, which has been going on, with little cessation, ever since," Fabian answered, as he inhale the fragrance of a handful of violets he had plucked from an interstice in the root of the old tree against which he

leaned, then tossed them away.
"It has always been the policy of Rome not to interfere with the national religion of any of the peoples she conbut the Christians were merel a sect in Judea, where they originated. There they were suspected, and not tolerated; for then, and ever since, wherever they may be, they have practised their rites in secret, and have like conspirators united by a terrible oath to accomplish a distinct purpose. It is known that they predict the overthrow of the gods, threat-en the Roman power with destruction, and proclaim their allegiance to a King earth under His sceptre. wonder-workers: I have seen strange things myself; but it is well known that they are versed in the deepest mysteries of magic, and practise their arts to delude the people," said Nemesius, firmly convinced of the truth of all he

"Those are some of the charges "Those are some of the charges against them," replied Fabian; "and there may be a shadow of truth in them. All creeds have a mysterious, esoteric language, by which they veil meanings that, from their point of view, are too sacred for the profane eye. But it has sometimes occurred to me that the very fact of the Roman Empire, and its unity of government, will pire, and its unity of government, will be a great factor in the diffusion of be a great factor in the diffusion of Christianity; for, as some one—who seems to have faith in his own convic-tions—asserts, it is not only a compuls-ory assemblage of polytheistic nations, but its construction is particularly fav-orable to the proselyting system of Christianity, in affording it a vast and compact surface for its united opera-tions against polytheism, which it is resolved to supersede and destroy. This, I must confess, gives to the supposed designs of the new sect an im portance out of all proportion to existing facts. "However, my Nemesius," Fabian

went on, "I speak only as an impartial observer. I have studied without adopting the opinions of the systems taught by various philosophers of note, taught by various panosophers of now, being especially attracted by those who inculcated belief in a great First Cause, a Supreme God, such as Thales, Plato, and Socrates declared in sub lime sentences. But a belief, to be perfect, must be consisted and coher-ent; and I should have been carried away by their grand conceptions had I not observed, in time, that they did not observed, in time, that they did not give a supreme worship to this Supreme Deity of Whom they wrote such golden sentences, but still offered prayer and sacrifice to the gods. When I read the last grand utterances of Socrates, it was with bated breath; every faculty of my mind was elevated to his own divine heights, until holding the poisoned cup to his lips, he said, as with his last breath: 'Sacrifice for me a black cock to Æsculapius.' It was like a falling star—a bright trail of splendor across the heavens—then

After that I determined to disturb my mind no more with abstract expecting to evertake and reduce them

absolute indifference to all dogmas In this spirit I have investigated, whenever and wherever an tale. vestigated, whenever and wherever an opportunity offered, both Judaism and Christianity, and many remarkable facts connected therewith in our own Roman traditions. But I would not weary thee, my Nemesius," said Fabian, with one of his winning smiles; "with the old frankness of our boyish days, bid me hold my tongue if I tire thee."

" No, by Fidius! Thou hast led me into a labyrinth, and must now lead me out. I have lived more in camps than among philosophers, and in the intervals have had no taste to follow the vagaries of speculative minds. I have accepted things as 1 found them, and worship the gods of my fathers in the belief that all, who refuse them the belief that all who refuse them the same homage are enemies of the State. Say on, then, all that thou wilt, my Fabian; for it may be that another such hour as this will never be ours again. Let it be sacred to the friendship which is as ready to bear as to love," replied Nemesius, in tones whose sincerity none might doubt.

"It is a labyrinth!" exclaimed Fabian, with a smile strangely unlike the genial one that usually wreathed his lips—"a labyrinth in which I my-self should be lost did I venture to penetrate too far into its mysterious involutions. But, while the pursuit has had its own peculiar interest, Pyrrho's system has been the sedative me from all agitation of mind, and insidious entanglements in the meshes of the sophistical beliefs I have encountered. Sacred indeed, my Nemesius, be this hour to friendship; but I will not accept the shadow thou wouldst cast over it by the suggestion of a possibil-ity that it may be the last one of unrestrained confidence we shall ever spend together.'

"It will be as the Fates decree," re plied Nemesius, gravely. "Now, tell me what came of thy eccentric quest?" "Thou knowest what a wanderer have been, and that wherever I am, have an irresistible impulse to acquire an insight into the history, laws, and customs of the strange peoples whose countries I visit, by which means I also gather many curious traditions. I have found human nature and history every where repeating themselves, and no wiser to-day for the blunders and trage dies of yesterday. One fact, however impressed me as of paramount import ance, because of its dominating influence over all else; and that is, the religiou spect of the world, which is governed by two antagonistic systems polytheistic, powerful, extensive, and swaying the greater part of mankind; the second a small minority, consisting of Jews and Christians, who acknowledge edge and adore only one Supreme God, Whom they assert to be the Creator of all things.
"This small antithetical element,"

Fabian went on, "might be despised as a contemptible foe too weak to do mischief, were it not for certain remark able predictions of divine inspiration-in the truth of which they implicitly believe-of a great, mysterious that will one day arise among them, Vho will not only overthrow and destroy the ancient order of things, but bring the whole world under His dominion. I had always known in a vague way, from gleaning among old volumes, that some such predictions have existed from the remotest times; but our modern conquests, which have brought us in nearer relations with the Jews, and the Christians who are derived from them, have revived these dimly foreshadowed prophecies in a more definite manner; and I resolved to make an effort to as certain if they were founded on super stitious illusions, or owed their origin They are to the secret theurgic schools in Egypt, or to a theosophy more exalted but dimly understood. I considered that the time devoted to the elucidation of question of such grave import to the peace of the world and the higher interests of mankind, would be well spent, and my thirst for information be gratified. I might fall short of my aspirations—I counted on that—but I knew I should gain much that was in-

teresting by the way.
"In pursuit of my object, I went to
Judea, bearing a letter of introduction from a mutual friend to the Roman Governor at Jerusalem, which explained that I was in quest of information relating to the ancient history of the country, which would be greatly facilitated an acquaintance with some Hebrey of learning. I was most cordially re-ceived and treated with elegant hos pitality by the Governor, who intro-duced me to an edile, a learned Jew-one of the few who held office under the imperial authority. With a natural doubt of the purpose of my inquiries, knowing me to be a Roman of rank, he was at first, although courteous, very reserved; but placed in my hands some historic scrolls written by one Flavius Josephus (a Jewish prince of the Asmonæan family), in which he said would find matters of interest connected

with my researches.
"Later on, seemingly convinced that I had nothing sinister in view, the edile unbent, disclosing, as through the open door of a shrine, the deathless glow of a sacred passion for his faith. He told me many wonderful things concerning the omnipotence of the Supreme God of his belief in behalf of His people Israel —as he expressed it — meaning the Jews. He related with dramatic eloquence how this Almighty One had scourged Egypt with frightful plagues for the deliverance of Israel from tho oppressive tyranny of Menothus, fourth king of the nineteenth dynasty, (The Pharaoh) who held them in a captivity as degrading as it was cruel; and how at length, under the guidance of a divinely appointed leader—one Moses,

an Egyptian Jew — he opened a path through the Red Sea, by which they escaped, dry shod, towards the land their God had promised them; while Menethus and his army of chariots and horsemen, in hot pursuit dashed into the abyss, supposing it to be as safe for them as for the Israelites,

questions, and adopted the principle to a worse captivity than the first; but taught by Pyrrho, that tranquillity of mind is the greatest happiness, and can only be attained by universal doubt walls on either side, suddenly closed over and engulfed them in the from which none escaped to tell the

> "An account of these wondering events," continued Fabian, "was found inscribed on tablets of stone among the historic archives of Egypt when that country fell under the dominion of Rome, and was brought away with the kome, and was brought away with the other spoils, and deposited in the Imperial Library of Augustus, where they are still preserved; and I digress from my story to speak of them, because they corroborate the Hebrew version of the affair, except that the Egyptian historian imputed it to sorcery, in the arts of which he declares their was well versed. I had read the Egyptian tablets, and ascribed the wond to some unexplained natural phenomena, which is one thing; from one who looks upon all happened as an interposition of Divine power and wrath, is another, leaves the question open to doubt. I must confess, however, that the latter impresred, without convincing me.

"It would consume too much time my Nemesius, if I should repeat all the remarkable things my Hebrew friend related to me concerning the founding of the kingdom of Judea—the glory of its theocracy, the wisdom of its judge the splendor of the great Temple Jerusalem, where their Supreme Deity held converse with the high-priests; the warlike and undaunted character the people; and, overshadowing all, apporting, defending all, the Omnipo ont Power that had led and established and preserved them by such signal manifestations of His protection, that the polytheistic nations, hearing the fame thereof, like our own Marcus Aurelis, dreaded His wrath, and raised altars to the 'Unknown God' cities and temples. Ptolemy Philadel-phus, of Egypt, sent a magnificent table of gold to enrich the Temple at Jerusalem; the kings of Asia offered costly treasures; and the Empress Livia, in later times, sent superb vases of gold, in her name and that of Augustus, to beautify its holy places, and propi-tiate Him who dwelt within its Tabernacle. (Josephus.)

"But, having waxed strong and mighty, the men of Judea wearied of their theocracy: they wanted a human sovereign, who would enlarge their kingdom and exalt their fame by new conquests. Their God granted thefr desire, and the king of their selection they found their Nemesis; for from that time began then national misfortunes ending in defeats, captivity in Babylon, and their dis-persion. Two or three intervals of prosperity under great kings, a period warlike achievements under a great general, Judas Maccabeus, raised their hopes of yet making Judea the ruler of but their decadence had begun and their God, although He did not withdraw Himself from them, interposed no more miracles, but left them to their own devices, until—we all know the story—their conquest, begun by Pom-pey, ended in their final subjection by

"'Our God had not abandoned us forever,' said my friend, after dwelling briefly on the calamittes of his country; but only for a time. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever and His word never fails. From the beginning He has promised us One, Whom, when the time of our sorrow is accomplished, He will send for redemption and glory of Israel. in low, sad tones, his eyes poke losed, and as if forgetful of my presence.

abruptly, asked:

Expected One may be known?'
"'The time approaches as foretold,'

which the time of

he briefly answered.
"'Some say He has already ap-

peared, I suggested.
"But a leaden reserve closed his lips. I saw that he was deeply disturbed, and when he spoke again, it was to ask me some question quite foreign to the subject. After conversing a little while, I rose to take leave, and thanked him most cordially for the information he had imparted in our several interviews. I did not see him again, although I went to his house, where I from Jerusalem on official business. Leaving Jerusalem, I journeyed up to Syria, spent a few days at Antioch, visited Daphne, that old Elysium of the Senses and passions, where I sought the Oracle of Apollo, once so famous, but which, like all the other oracles, has

"Leaving Antioch," continued Fabian, "I travelled leisurely in adcontinued vance of my retinue, intending to embark at Laodicea, and return to Rome via Cyprus and Brundusium. The soft Syrian air, full of the resinous odors of cedar and pine, the mountain roads bordered with wild roses and oleanders, interspersed with tall white lilies, in parted a delicious sensation of repose favorable to reflection, and my thoughts involuntarily reverted to the theme which had taken such strong possessio which had taken such strong possession of my imagination. I then remembered that in my conversation with Laban, of Jerusalem, while he dwelt much and elequently on the omnipotence of his God, and the glories of of his God, and the giories of Israel, he had made no reference whatever to the One known as the 'Desired of Nations,' until our flual conference, as I have related—a reserve

I could not then understand. "However, I had heard rumors that the sacred books of the Hebrews con tained many distinct predictions relating to One of royal lineage, Who would be born of a Virgin for the regeneration and glory of mankind, over whom He would reign; and that even the time of His appearance had been computed by their seers from the remotest days. But while this had been undoubtedly their hope and their boast, which the

these predictions to their own destruc-tion; for it is well known to them that not only the Hebrews, but all the polytheistic nations of the world, hold traditions which dimly foreshadow and symbolize the same personage.

"Thibet and Sereca," (China, which first sent ambassadors to Rome in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar) said Fabian, "had a thousand prophetic tradition of virgin born, divine prince. Zerd-hucht, (Zoroaster) the great seer of the Magi, was born of a virgin, and was at first believed to be the Expected Oae; but he was only a prototype, a great teacher of divine maxims, and founded a sect which had for its fundamental rule a pure life. The Brahmins taught that when a god assumes human flesh, he is conceived by divine operation in he is conceived by divine operation in the womb of a virgin. The Egyptian Isis was a virgin-mother. Nemroud, having learned by his astrologers that a Child unborn threatened his throne and his gods, caused all pregnant women to be put to death. The Isis of the Druids in Gaul-it was predicted by their oracles—would bring forth future Saviour and Regenerator of forth the world, and they erected altars in their sacred groves so this Virgin Mother and Son. The incarnation of God in the womb of a virgin is one of the fundamental doctrines of Asia.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## RAISING THE VERY DEAD TO LIFE.

Preached in Paulist Father's Church, Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, 1902. "At that time Jesus was going into a city called Naim; and there went with Him His disciples and a great crowd. And when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, a dead man was carried out, an only son of his mother; and she was a widow; and a great crowd of the city was with ner. And the Lord seeing her, was meved with pity towards her, and said to her: 'Weep not,' Aad He came near, and louched the bier. (And they that carried it stood still) And He said: 'Young man. I say to thee, arise,' And he that was dead set up and began to speak, And He gave him to his mother. And foar seizod all, and they glorified God, saying: A great prophet is risen up amongst us; and God hath visited His people.' (Luke 7:11-16)

The oldest memory of the human race s suffering. The oldest piece of writing is an elegy. The oldest music is a uneral song. Down through all the funeral song. Down through all the ages comes the silent, sad procession, following in the train of death. every house that human hands have ever builded, and from every home that man hearts have ever made, we can see the bodies of the dead brought out for burial. There are graves on every mountain side. There are bones in every valley. The dust that made the of the living is going down in river to the sea. The air is filled every river to the sea. with human suffering. The damp with human tears. And little human feet are stained with graveyard dust. And men are almost tired of digging graves for other men. And it is no use whitening sepulchres, for we

annot keep away from the dead.

And as Jesus was entering into a certain city called Naim, the dead body of a young man was brought out. And he was the only son of his mother. And Nothing could be she was a widow. more simple, and at the same time more artistic, than the Scripture story of that sad event. Tradition tells us that Luke was an artist. The gospel that he wrote may well be thought masterpiece. If any other man but such a one were writing of the raising of the widow's son we might something elaborate. He would tell about the sadness of it all. He would try to prove, perhaps, that it was sad. expect him to bring in flowers, and trees, and singing birds. We might expect him to put in a back "This was the touchstone I was in ground of some kind or other. We search of, and I quickly, perhaps might expect him to make a picture of And all the world would only see there no signs indicated by the time of the coming of this d One may be known?'

the And all the world world only the wore world only the world only the world only the world only the wor any consequence. The dead body of a young man was brought out. And he was the only son of his mother. And she was a widow. There is no need of a background for a picture of death. Even the thing itself cannot be described. The words of St. Luke are so simple that there is no need of any extended. simple that there is no need of any explanation. There was only one thing of darkness and confusion! To have worth seeing, and he saw it. And that one thing was the dead body of her not!" Why, death was only a small son, and the mother following it to the grave.

We can go back a few days, if we

wish. We can see the nights and days of watching and anxiety. We can see

the farewell kiss from a mother's lips,

and the last caress of a mother's hand We can see the last, sad look of recogni tion in the eyes of both. The time is quickly coming. They know it. They feel it. The time has come. eyes are still looking. But they cannot see even see a mother. The soul is gone from the lifeless body. The presence is departed from the temple. But still she sits in silent worship, waiting there. "Your dead shall rise again." "I know it, in the judgment on the last day." But Oh! It is such a long and weary waiting. And there is no one of her own blood to speak the word of comfort. If Jesus Christ of Nazareth were only passing by! She did not wish Him t dood before the time appointed. But it would be such a sweet and lasting consolation to hear Him speak the word of hope. What a perfect type of Christian motherhood! Chrisian motherhood, the synonym for patience! Christian motherhood, the synonym for resignation! Waiting there beside her dead! Waiting there in silence! Waiting there like so many mothers before her time, and since! Waiting, as the Mother of since! Waiting, as the Mother of Jesus waited, when the dead body of her Son was hanging on the cross! Is it any wonder that even then, when He was still some distance off, thinking of the servant of the centurion at Capernaum, our Divine Redeemer saw the mother sitting there her dead? Oh! If she had only known it! To think that He was coming, after restoring the servant of the imperial army! To darkest fate can not extinguish, the potentates and powers of the world, remembering the wonderful manifestations of their Omnipotent God in their in ome of the silent grief of a mother among to the silent grief of a mother among done.

behalf, are troubled with a secret dread tude that follow Him are on the way from Endor. The funeral arrangements have been perfected in the home of the widow at Naim. The two processions are going to meet, one following in the footsteps of the Lord of Life, the other in the train of death. The cymbals and the trumpets can be heard, the mournful cry of women, as they chant the old, old song of death. And now the leaders in the mournful train have passed, And Jesus Christ is face to face with And Jesus Christ in the body of the young man there upon the bier. And He is going to touch that easket, notwithstanding all the wording of the law against it. But for wording of the law against it. moment He turns to the living from the dead. There is a thought for the mother in the mind of Him who came on earth that He might be born of woman. "Whom when the Lord had woman. "Whom when the Lord had seen, being moved with mercy towards her, He said to her: Weep not!"

Different writers have told us why they think that Jesus Christ is God. man has told us that he believes in Him because He spoke the words: "Come unto Me all you that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will refresh you." Another tells us that Jesus Christ is God, because it was He who gave the world the parable of the Prodigal Son. A woman writer sees divinity in the words He spoke upon the cross to the repentant sinner. A man writes about the words: "Then I will not condemn thee." But all the Christian mothers of the world find at least one convincing reason to believe in His divinity, because He stood there in the presence of death, and, turning the mother, He said: "Weep not!" Then, turning to the son, He said to him: "Young man, I say to thee: Arise!" And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He gave him to his mother. And there came a fear on them all. And they glorified God, saying: A great prophet is arisen up amongst us. And hath visited His people. And hath visited His people. And that day in Judea and the country thereabouts has not ceased even until now. Study out in imagination the various

of death upon the mind of the whom our Divine Redeemer woman whom our pitied and consoled. There was her only child dying, and then dead, before her eyes. There was a lifeless body of the one who was to be her support in age and helplessness. There was the little home bereft of him whose presence of a mother been brightened it and made of it a place beloved. And what was the effect of that death upon her mind? Did it drive her away from God, as death teaching self-reliance and the sense of sometimes makes the hearts of people bitter, and turns them aside from the practice of their religion? Did it make her cry out in the face of her Creator: "Thou art unkind, O God." Creator: "Thou art unkind, O C Did it destroy her faith in the mighty or in His Only-Begotten her faith in the Al-It was like the visitation later Oh, no. on of the same grief in the home of Mary and Martha. You remember that splendid scene, as we have it in the Scriptures. And what were the effects of her bereavement on the mind and heart of the poor, widowed mother? Did she find fault with the wisdom of the Almighty? To do so would be an offence almost punishable with death among her people. And there is every reason to believe that her attitude was far from blasphemous. She lost her dearest earthly friend; and it only brought her nearer to her heavenly Friend. She lost her support and strength; and it only made her more dependent upon the kind providence of God. "Consider the lilies of the field. Not one sparrow falls from Heaven that your Father is not mindful of." if God doth so clothe the grass of the field which is to-day, and tonorrow is cast into the fire, how much

from our Divine Redeemer, Who was the mother once again. working miracles in the vicinity for a stranger and a Roman, while her son stranger and a Roman, while her solves was dying? No; it only gave her a yet more wonderful faith in the kindness and in the power and in the mercy of the Saviour. And then, think of the reward for the hope she had in the hour not!" Why, death was only a small price to pay for such a privilege! What did our Divine Redeemer do? He gave her a yet more firm faith in the resur-rection. He raised the very dead to life to show His interest in her. any wonder that His fame went out through all that country? Is it any wonder that His fame has lasted even

until now?

The lesson taught us in this gospel is one needed in our time. There were two processions there outside the gates of the city when the dead body of the young man was being brought out and the Lord of Life was coming in. There are two processions in so many places. There are those who dread the very thought of death; and yet they have to follow follow in its train. There are those who will not think of death, and who go about their daily business as if it vere never going to come to them But sooner or later they must join the others in that sad and ever the others in that sad and ever lengthening procession. The only hope that we can have, going out from Naim, is that Jesus Christ may meet us coming in. No other hand can touch the dead without defilement. No other voice can call the spirit back. other power can put an end to death, and bring about the resurrection. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," says Jesus Christ. "He that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live; and everyone who liveth and be lieveth in Me shall never die.' There is nothing that is more needed than faith in His divinity. That faith in Christ, both God and man, must be the firm foundation of our hope. There He is a man with all the sympathy and kindness of a perfect man. There He is, the everlasting and the all-powerful God, showing His supreme dominion over life and death. "Weep not, for I, the Saviour of the world, have a human heart. And I can understand your suffering. And if there is anything in My power to do for you, it shall be done." "Arise, young man, I say to

thee, for I am the living and the everasting God. 'And both His statements were verified before their eyes. lasting God. " It seems to me that the great difficulty in the lives of many of us is that try to get along without our Divine Redeemer. We forget that He has the heart of a man, and we look not for His sympathy. We forget that He and we look not for His divine assistance. Even at that supreme moment, in the presence of death, how many of us forget to turn to Him? There are so many trying to understand creation without taking the Creator at all into account. There are so man understand life, trying

out paying any attention to the Giver of Life. And there are so many try-ing to understand death, without turning their thoughts at all to Him Who triumphed so magnificently over it. am the resurrection and the life. Martha, do you believe this? Yea, Lord, I have believed, and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God. There is no greater influence for

good or evil than death. At some time or other we have all had a chance to study its effects upon our own lives or upon the lives of others. Death has come to you and me and taken away some of our dearest friends. What attitude have we had towards it? Have we been blasphemous in the confusion that followed? Have we been wanting in our faith? Have we, perha turned away from God, only to fi that there is no one else who can con-sole, if He console not. Have we bereft ourselves of God also, because of the loss of our friends? What is ou present attitude towards our own and the deaths of other friends so soon Where are we to secur to come? the courage and the necessary streng There is no one on earth who can it. How vain are the words of h

consolation! How unsatisfactory explanations devised by ourselve others? What are we going Are we going to act like p Stand there beside the widow gospel, outside the gates of the city of Naim, and learn a lesson from her. How many times have we seen death bring out the most beautiful qu

of the human heart and soul many times have we seen occasion of the saddest results? of a mother of bringing about the conversion of bringing about the conversion of a child! How many a time has the been the means of responsibility to the children! How many times has death been the means of bringing men and women back again to the sacraments! There are times when a great shock is beneficial to the nervous system. There are times when productive of better results to the moral system than the rude shock of death. How many a man can say that it was the death of a favored child that brought him back to his Creator! Perhaps you can recall this story of a conversion to the Catholic faith: There was a certain man, and his only child was a little girl, who became a Catholic with her mother. and the heart of the father was embit tered against God, as if He meant to be unkind, and against the Church, as if it were responsible. Then the child took sick. The friends watched over her with anxiety, fearing that her death would mean the utter destruc-tion of his faith. Day by day the child grew worse; and then she passed away. And now began the dreadful life of loneliness for the father. And it was this very loneliness that made him seek the company of the dead child. He knew that she was not dead to him, in spirit. He told his grief to her. After more you, Oh, you of little faith?"
These and others of the watchwords of the faithful were ringing in her ears.
She was consoled with these reflections.
She was consoled with these reflections. the death of her mother, many a time Did her trouble turn her heart away cere faith, he knew that she had found been indeed a surprise to his friends to there, and kneel see him going there, before the altar of that Whom he had been so bitter in his heart before. Why did he go there? Because the soul of his little dead child was there. She was keeping company with the angels and the saints be-fore the throne of Jesus Christ, the comforter of the afflicted. There was no place in the world where he felt himself so near to his Creator and at the same time so near to the child he loved so well. There was a real conversion from hardness and bitterness heart to faith and love. And the little dead child did it. How many a man has been steadied in his determination to do right by the gentle pressure of a little hand? How many a man has been led through what might otherwise be a life of sorrow to the peace of death by the spirit of a little one departed! There is one of the doctrines of the spirit, that we Catholics believe in. Down through all the history of Down through all the history of Jewish people as the race of God, and down through all the history of the Catholic Church comes that beautiful Catholic Church comes that two-fold doctrine of the resurrection of the dead and the communion of saints.

And it is all so beautifully contained and expressed in the story of the raising of the widow's son. What encouragement! And after all, that very thing most people need. Half the world are suffering from discouragement, cast down, overcome. And by nothing so much as by the thought of death. Why will we not draw more near to Christ? Why will we not study the life in the His life in the simple story of His wondeful deeds? "Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He gave him to his mother."

My God and my all. Another word that will go far is St Francis' "Deus meus et omnia." All Father, yes Brother, yes Spouse, ah yes—my "All" and for ever!

yes—my "All" and for ever!
Avoid the occasions of sin. We ask
ourselves the question: "Do I myself
ourselves the question: "po I myself love Him, love Him with a personal love? How can I know this?" It will help us to answer ourselves truly if we watch the last half of our act of contrition and see if we mean what we say.

should reverence, parents. Few, e ever, are found fa ant precept of the the parents who very complain the unmanageable, e teenth spring should we look to ity of such depl rely does not r of observation to parents how greatist in this respect children at home ence God? Do dear little ones chism on Sunday may tell the chil church, but ther of the home-trai ily is a thing church is a mat or inclination. ou take a walk Main street bet and often later, y and there group times alas! ever ting and looki perhaps at times condemnable ar should repose beds at home. ents doing in their friends or being concerned cept one, the namely, to loo You need not be a home-training does, so soon in

SEPTEMBE HOME AND SC There is a communication which children, if

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