

When the corporation took the new navy contracts, and sent a forty-two ton tug to Duluth for heavy-duty work, and tons of ore from its own Lake Superior mines, Carter was taken somewhat at disadvantage. His largest ship, the "Pewaukee," Captain MacDonal, was getting in new engines, wheelbacks, "Number Five" and "Number Six" were laid up for repairs, and four smaller steamers were lying at the farther end of Lake Erie, a thousand miles away.

"Well," said he, tossing the letter on the desk before him, "I guess it's Buffalo or bust."

It was the third of April, and eight thousand tons must reach Buffalo by the twenty-first. The interests in wide-reachings were too complex and interwoven to admit of delays. Carter set the start for the fifteenth, the "Pewaukee" to sail first; put on three shifts to push repairs; chartered two tugs and set them, days in advance, to breaking the ice in the channel; and wrote simply to "Jimmy" Schwarz, the president of the corporation:

Dear Sir—The "Pewaukee," with eight thousand two hundred tons of ore, will reach Buffalo on April 19 or 20, the balance of ore following within four days.

Yours truly,
B. CARTER.

On the tenth of April the ice broke in the St. Mary's River. This was the signal for the vast, restless activity of the Lakes to burst again into being. There was stir and movement on city wharves; harbors were churned by bustling tugs, steel freighters, tramp, and whalebacks; sideloaders, excursion steamers in new paint, were torn from snug winter palaces and set at the old tug; and white-clad life-savers were drilled for the long battle with the spring storms. Lights were flashing and bells ringing, and the trailing smoke was blending sea and sky. The Lakes were alive again.

The buoyancy of youth was in the air, and Carter, standing on the bridge of the "Pewaukee," as she picked up the twinkling range, felt something of the stir again, felt within him. Long and lean was Carter, a man who played for keeps since his school days, who had fought up from nothing with his fists, with nerves of steel wire and quick, impatient eyes. He was part, if a new part, of a system that belted the globe, and he knew, as he watched the Upper Range Lights slowly coming into line, and the steamer swinging to meet them, that that first month would decide everything for him. "Jimmy" Schwarz's men never stumbled twice.

He looked at his watch, holding it out in the faint light from the fore lantern. They were still a little ahead of time, in spite of the stiff new engines and the breakdown of Copper Harbor. The two red lights of the Lower Range were in sight—soon the engine was heading for them, then the red light at Point aux Pins and the red light at Foote Dock close on the left hand.

"Mr. Carter, do you see that white light, a little to starboard, between the two red ones?"

The captain was speaking from the binnacle over the wheelhouse, a post he had hardly left for twenty-six hours. Just as Carter's eyes found it, the light flashed red.

"That is the canal," Carter had been holding his watch in his hands; and with a sense of relief, he slipped it into his pocket and mounted beside the captain.

The lights were all about them, and they could make out the end of the canal pier. The captain rang to slow down, but the pulse of the engine went steadily on. There was something the matter in the engine room. Carter looked out at the lights of Sault Ste. Marie, heard the bell, saw that Captain MacDonal was bending forward and speaking sharply through an opening to the wheelmen below. Throwing an ahead, Carter saw that they were bearing down upon the north pier, at such speed complete the turn. Somewhere off to the right a revenue cutter sounded two three-pottery blasts. The captain's hand had not left the bell pull, and he rang the emergency signal. "Check the engine," he said, "at length the engines stopped, but they would not reverse, and the engineer called up through the tube that he was helpless with a crash, and three Carter backs of the railing. There was a sound of wood splintering,—men were shouting in the dark,—and the captain was giving hurried orders. Two half-dozen hands were trying to get a line ashore. Finally came a slow listing as the swung athwart the channel, and the "Pewaukee" settled squarely on the rock bottom in twenty-five feet of water. The ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie was closed to navigation.

An hour later they stood on the forward deck,—Carter, the canal superintendent, and the anxious captains of two other steamers. A revenue cutter was climbing over the side to join them; he had just assigned a job to half a dozen freighters, and he could see the river. Captain MacDonal was off directing the six tugs that vainly coughing and steaming at the ends of eight-inch hawsers. It was a sober little party, for they had come up from below, and they all knew that the "Pewaukee" was in a bad way.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Carter, I shall have to take possession of the ship," said the superintendent.

He spoke deliberately, for he knew that there could be no appeal from his decision.

"There are a hundred steamers within a day's sail, and you know that means."

Carter did not know what it meant. He knew that traffic footing up to mill of dollars must pass daily through the canal. The announcement in the news papers, that the canal was closed, would be a blow to all the great shipping interests, beside which a small would seem a joke. The Lakes are

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Titus, a Comrade of the Cross

A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

Whistling softly to himself as he worked, Titus was fastening up some long tendrils of a climbing vine; it was a difficult job, and when he had finished, his face was quite hot and flushed. He therefore walked slowly across the turf to the fountain, and, seating himself on the marble ledge which surrounded the basin, he began plucking his fingers and arm into its cool depths, withdrawing it at intervals to wet his curly head.

"Ah, that cold water, how good it is!" he murmured to himself; then shaking his head vigorously to rid it of the superfluous drops, he stood up, and looked about the garden with great satisfaction. He had been hard at work since early dawn; and as his eyes wandered from the trim shrubbery to the velvet turf, and then on to the masses of brilliant flowers and graceful festoons of vines, he saw nothing to criticize.

"I see nothing amiss," he said aloud. "But I know not what Bononi will think; he hath the eye of an eagle for a trace of disorder." Then catching sight of some bright-colored objects on the ground under one of the marble benches, he stooped and picked it up. It was a ball, grayly striped with blue, scarlet and yellow. As he turned it over and over in his hands, he smiled and said, "I wonder where the little lady is this morning. Ah, there is Marissa!"

The maid was passing rapidly through the garden, bearing a pitcher in her hands. She stopped and turned, as Titus called to her, and as she came near, he noticed that she was unusually grave.

"Here is a ball belonging to our little lady," he said. "Wilt thou take care of it? She hath not been in the garden to play this morning."

"She is ill," said Marissa soberly; "I am going now for a physician. I am having sent out for some hot water; do not keep me."

Titus opened the door leading into the passage-way which connected the two court-yards, and followed Marissa as she hastened on with her pitcher.

"What ailed the little one?" he asked, as she paused to dip some water from a steaming cauldron.

"We know not. She hath fever and complaint of pain in her head. It hath not been well with her since our return from Jerusalem."

"Where is the Master?" asked Titus.

"He is with the child," answered Marissa, "also her mother, and old Tabitha, who nursed the mistress in her infancy. She knoweth more about sickness than all the doctors put together. Ugh! I dread to have them come near the child with their loathly nostrums!"

And she hurried away with the steaming pitcher, leaving Titus to tell the sadness of the little Tabitha's illness to the other servants, who had crowded around.

He left them as soon as possible, for their society was at best distasteful to him, and now their dismal forebodings and ominous waggings of the head filled him with a kind of dull rage.

As he paced uneasily up and down, he saw that the door of the passage-way leading to the street was standing open; and presently, without exactly knowing why, he found himself outside. Once there, he bent his steps toward the quarter of the town where was the poor place he still called home.

"I must see Stephen," he said to himself, as he hurried along.

Meanwhile, in her chamber, which opened upon one of the small inner courts of the house, the little Ruth was tossing wearily upon her bed.

"Oh, mother, my head! my head!" she moaned.

And the mother watching by her side, saw with a sinking heart, the secret flush on the child's cheek, and her eyes hourly growing more sunken and brilliant.

The good old Tabitha was wringing out linen cloths from cold water, which she placed upon the sufferer's forehead, while at intervals she used them to put the little feet into a basin of hot water.

"We must keep the heat from the darling's head," she was saying, with the wisdom born of good common sense and long experience. "I have saved many a fever patient, as thou knowest, with water alone."

"Who doth not the physician come?" said Jauris impatiently. "I would he were doing something for her, in the way of medication; the water is well enough, but for such a sickness as this, medicine is assuredly needful."

Even as he spoke Marissa announced the physician, standing aside that he might enter before her.

A tall, heavily-bearded man, magnificently attired, swept into the apartment, attended by a small, black slave bearing the various appointments of his craft. He greeted Jauris ceremoniously; then, approaching the bedside of the child, he looked at her, narrowing his eyes, pursuing up his mouth, and frowning deeply as he did so. Presently he put out his hand and laid it upon the child's head, then hummed loudly. The little thing started, and hid her face in her mother's gown.

"She hath a burning heat!" said the great man finally, in deep, solemn voice; then he rolled his eyes majestically at Tabitha, as she was about to place a fresh cool bit of linen on the child's burning forehead, and stretched forth his hand forbiddingly.

"Woman!" he said sternly, "cease thy foolishness! Water is indeed good in health, but thou hast imperiled the child's life by thy folly."

Tabitha turned her broad back upon him, and was heard to mutter something unintelligible.

The physician now beckoned to his slave, and, taking from him a small brazen vessel, he proceeded to mingle in it a number of dark liquids, together with a grayish white powder. When he had finished, he again turned to his familiar, who immediately produced

from another receptacle a dead snake. This the great man proceeded to skin. When he had finished the operation, which he performed with marvelous deftness, he again hummed loudly, and said:

"Thou shalt make of this snake-skin three portions; one portion shall be bound upon the forehead of the child, and one upon the back of each foot. Also of the draught which I have mingled, give her, at intervals of an hour, one great spoonful. If it be the will of Jehovah, she will recover within seven days. I shall return again at the evening hour. And stay!"—here again his eye sought Tabitha—"Twere better to remove your contentious woman from the apartment." Then bowing deeply, he was about to leave the room, when Jauris stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"God sir!" he demanded, "I would know what hath entered into the potion which she is to swallow."

The physician frowned and shook his head but finally said majestically:

"Tis not our custom to reveal the secrets of our craft; but for thee, I will make an exception. Know, then, that the draught—which thou wilt find most wholesome—contains first, the gall of a wild sow dissolved in vinegar; second, the ashes of a wolf's skull mingled with the fat of a viper; and lastly, and most important of all, a stone taken from the head of a sea-eel, caught at the time of the full moon. This stone hath been powdered together with a portion of scorpion's eggs, and hath been known to be efficacious when taken alone; but compounded as I have described, maketh a nostrum of such rare virtue that without doubt the patient will speedily recover. Should she not recover, it will be because of the folly of yonder woman." So saying, and again bowing profoundly, he swept from the chamber, followed by his slave.

When he had finally gone, Tabitha came forward and, throwing herself upon her knees before her mistress, sobbed out:

"Oh, send me not away! I will do anything, if only I may remain. Surely I have not hurt the child—thou knowest that the wet linen soothed her. And how can the skin of a snake be better than cool, fresh water?"

"Hush, Tabitha!" said her mistress, then tearing down her cheeks.

"Thou shalt stay; indeed I could not do without thee. But oh, my husband! what dost thou think of the draught? I cannot bear to give it to her. And that dreadful slimy skin!"

"I think this of it," said Jauris fiercely, rising and seizing the skin and the brazen vessel, and tossing them both out of the window. "If she must die, she shall die unpolluted with such yellowness. Go on with thy nursing, Tabitha, and in thine own way. And do thou, Marissa, give orders to the porter not to admit that man when he cometh at evening. Stay!—tell him to give the fellow this gold."

But now the little patient, either because of the fright and agitation, or because of the progress of the disease, began to talk wildly. Now she fancied that she was in Jerusalem, and wandered on incoherently of the processions, the temple, the singing. Now she thought she was riding her mule, and that Titus was gathering great bunches of wild-flowers for her. Presently she half raised herself in the bed, and shading her eyes with her hand, cried out joyously:

"Oh, Titus! I see the Master! He is coming through the garden. See how the lilies bend, as His garbows pass over them! I shall speak with Him at last!"

Then she fell back upon her pillow, her voice sinking into a low, incoherent murmur.

But like a flash of light came the thought of the great Healer to the despairing mother. Rising, she crossed the room to the window, before which stood her husband, his head bowed upon his breast, and laying her hand upon his arm she half-whispered:

"My husband, in our terror we had forgotten the Nazarene could He not heal our child?"

Jauris started and turned toward his wife, a gleam of something like hope in his eyes.

"True!" he said. "We had most strangely forgotten. I believe that He, and He alone, can help us now. I will go at once and make inquiries concerning Him. Bononi is even now waiting outside for orders."

Titus was sitting motionless at the side of the fountain, his eyes fixed upon the door of the inner court. He had been there for hours, waiting for some one to come out. When, therefore, Bononi issued forth, prepared to do his master's bidding, Titus sprang forward to meet him.

"How doth our little lady fare?" he asked.

"Alas! I fear that she doth not mend. She will die, unless she hath help, and that quickly. I am going forth to seek the Nazarene. We hope—"

"He is not here," said Titus in a tone of dull despair. "This morning, when first I heard of her sickness, I sought Stephen, my brother—for he always knoweth the best thing to do—and he said at once, 'Let us seek the Master.' We sought far and wide, and found at last that He had taken ship the yesterday to go to see other side of the lake. It may be that He hath gone away into Samaria, or even back to Jerusalem. I know not how we could find Him."

Bononi looked grave. But at length he said: "I must go forth, even as I was bidden; it may be that he hath returned since the morning."

"Go if thou wilt," said Titus wearily. "But Stephen was to keep watch, and bring me word should the Master return; he will not fail to do so."

"I also must go," said Bononi.

But he returned within an hour, and his grave countenance showed that he had failed in his mission.

CHAPTER XIV.

Slowly the hours dragged by. Night came on, and, as slowly, wore away. Still Titus watched and waited for some word from Stephen, while within the sick-room the watchers, with des-

pairing hearts, saw the steady and relentless approach of the dread destroyer.

The child lay motionless now, her eyes half opened and glassy; but for the sound of her dilated breathing which filled the chamber, they would have thought her dead. The mother had thrown herself on her knees at the foot of the bed, her face hidden in the draperies. She had been praying all intervals of night, the words of the Master in her thoughts: "God is more willing to give good gifts to His children, than are ye to give good things to your children." And now her heart was full of bitterness.

"I have prayed, and God hath not heard me. My child is dying. The Master hath healed scores of worthless beggars, but now that my pure innocent child is suffering, He will not come. If He were the Christ, would He not know of this?" And over and over again the cruel thoughts repeated themselves, till her brain was half crazed with pain.

At length she arose, and swiftly approaching her husband, who was sitting motionless watching the child's face, she said:

"Wilt thou not go forth and search for the Nazarene? Do not wait! It may be that He hath come even now." Jauris rose, and without a word left the room. It was morning now, and the bright sunlight struck painfully on his throbbing eyeballs.

Outside the faithful Bononi was pacing up and down on the terrace. The sound of a step he sprang forward, but the question died on his lips as he saw his master's face.

"Has anything been heard of the Nazarene?" asked Jauris.

"Nothing, my lord," answered the man mournfully. "I have been out to inquire many times, and the lad Titus also."

"I am going now. It may be that I shall find Him," said Jauris. "Do thou remain within call. I will take the lad with me."

Titus had just made one of his fruitless excursions into the street, and was about to return sorrowfully for the twentieth time when he heard a noise as a light, rapid footfall on the stone pavement. Some one was coming! He stood still and listened. In another moment Stephen approached the gate, running at full speed. When he had reached the door he cried out joyfully: "He has come!"

Titus did not stop to hear more, but calling to Stephen to wait, ran back through the court into the garden, and was about to knock boldly on the door which led to the inner court, when it suddenly opened and Jauris himself came out.

"The Healer hath come!" cried Titus excitedly, without waiting for his master to speak. "My brother hath just brought word. He is waiting outside and can tell us where the Nazarene is to be found. Shall I go for thee?"

"No, lad," said Jauris. "I will go myself; but thou mayst attend me."

The two passed quickly into the street, where they found Stephen waiting.

"Come this way!" he said. "He hath but just landed outside the city, and was approaching the eastern gate when I heard of it."

All three hurried on in silence, Jauris slightly in advance of the two lads, as though he would outstrip them. Never had the way seemed so long. Streets, squares, alleys; mansions and hovels, amphitheatre and synagogue—they were all alike to him now. He had neither eaten nor slept for more than twenty-four hours; and things loomed up huge and posy over them! I shall speak with Him at last!

Then she fell back upon her pillow, her voice sinking into a low, incoherent murmur.

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peace, and be healed of thy scourge." While He was yet speaking to the woman, Jauris, who had been in an agony of impatience, saw Bononi approaching. Bononi, when he spied his master, rent his clothes with a loud cry of grief.

"Alas! my lord," he said, "thy daughter is dead. Trouble not the Master further."

The face of Jauris blanched to a ghastly pallor when he heard these words, and he would have fallen to the earth had it not been for the quick hand of the Master.

"Be not afraid," He said to him gently. "Only believe!" Then turning, He spoke authoritatively to the crowd, forbidding them to come any further.

Again they went on; Jesus with three of His disciples and Jauris; the two lads, with Bononi, following them at a little distance.

"What can the Healer do now to help?" muttered Titus sorrowfully. "But for the woman, we might have been in time."

"The little one breathed her last just after the master left the house," said Bononi sadly.

"But didst thou hear what the Master said to the father of the child?" said Stephen. "Fear not. Only believe!" He will do something to help—thou wilt see."

"But what can He do, now?" repeated Titus.

"He can help them to bear the will of our Father Who is in heaven," said Stephen, softly.

By this time they had come to the house of Jauris; and entering in after the others, they found the court of the household almost deserted. Passing through into the garden court they could hear the piercing sobs of the women from the death-chamber, for the door leading to the inner court stood wide open. The garden itself was filled with excited women, wailing and gesticulating, while the men with rent garments were weeping aloud, and strewn ashes upon their heads and beards in token of their grief.

Within sat the mother by the bedside of her dead child—for she had resisted the well-meant efforts of her women to take her away—her wide, tearless eyes fixed upon the waxen beauty of the face upon the pillow. Amid all the wailing and tumult she was stonily silent.

"Soon she will be forever hidden from me," she was thinking. "I must not weep now, while she is sleeping so quietly."

Presently she became dimly aware of another presence in the room and of a deeper authoritative voice. What was it that He was saying? Why make ye this ado, and weep?—The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.

And the strident wailing ceased; and there was a blessed stillness in her tortured ears.

Not dead! Sleeping! She started to her feet, and leaning over the little form, listened breathlessly. Alas! she slept indeed, but it was the chill and senseless sleep which waked dim with waking. She raised her eyes, dim with grief, to His face.

"Thou knowest that she is dead, Master," were the words which shaped themselves on her lips; but they were never uttered. Something in those fatigued eyes forbade them.

And standing by the bedside, Jesus took the little lifeless hand in His, and said:

"My child, I say unto thee, arise!"

And the words, lo! a rosy flush swept over the marble beauty of the face, the long lashes trembled, and the eyes—but lately closed for their long, long sleep—flushed wide open, bright with joy and health. They fixed themselves upon the Master's face, and a smile slow and sweet dawned in their starry depths.

"Thou art at last!" she said. "I have been dreaming of Thee."

Who could describe the scene which followed!—the happiness, the gratitude, and the delicious revulsion from the depths of a grief so profound, to the heights of a joy so transcendent.

The child gazed at her parents in solemn wonder, as they fell at the Master's feet, covering them with tears and kisses. She had slept, she had dreamed; she had awakened. But what meant this strange weeping, this tumult in the garden outside? Was she dreaming still?

The Master seeing her look, and divining her thoughts, spoke to the mother, His words recalling her instantly to herself:

"The child is an hungered; wilt thou not give her to eat?"

Then charging them strictly that they should not noise the thing abroad, He left them alone with their joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF SUPPORTING INQUIRIES, AND WHO IS PROVED TO BE TRULY PATIENT.

What is it thou sayest, my son? Cease to complain, considering my Passion and the sufferings of the Saints. Thou hast not yet resisted unto blood.

What thou sufferest is but little in comparison of those who have suffered so much, who have been so strongly tempted, so grievously afflicted, so many ways tried and exercised.

Thou must, then, call to mind the heavy sufferings of others, that thou mayest the more easily bear the little things thou sufferest.

And if to thee they seem not little, take heed lest this also proceed from their impatience.

But, whether they be little or great, strive to bear them all with patience.

The better thou disposeth thyself for suffering, the more wisely dost thou act and the more dost thou merit; and thou wilt bear it more easily when thy mind is well prepared for it and thou art accustomed to it.

TIMER HAS TESTED IT—Time testeth all things, that which is worthy lives; that which is unprofitable to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved the worth of the Holy Bible. It is a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that the production is estimated to be hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

WORK FOR THE LAITY.

ACTIVE CO-OPERATION WITH THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Catholic Column.

At a recent banquet of the Knights of Columbus, of Newark, one of the noteworthy addresses was made by Rev. D. A. Coffey, of Barnesville, who, in response to "Our Opportunity," took occasion of advertising to the splendid work of the Catholic Truth Society, its good end, and the possibilities in its future efforts. Father Coffey spoke as follows:

Sir Knights and Brothers: It is not quite two months since I became one of you, and, hence, from one of your distinguished members, entitled "Our Position." His forcible and pointed remarks impressed me strongly, as no doubt they did all who had the pleasure of hearing them.

He spoke to the individual member, vividly setting before him what should be the character of every one who wishes to bear with honor the name of Knight of Columbus. I did not think then that I should so soon have the honor to stand before you in a like position.

Hence, when invited to respond to a toast, I selected for my subject, "Our Opportunity," and my words shall be addressed not so much to the individual member as to the society of members known as the Knights of Columbus.

We are told that opportunity comes to every man some time in his life. Some may deny this, but the majority will acquiesce in the truth of the adage. As it comes to the individual, so it comes to society. And without further preface I will say that never in the history of this order, which now numbers some 80,000 through this United States, did opportunity present itself as it does to-day, waiting at your door, only to enter if you will but open.

Outside the Catholic Church to-day there exists a spirit of unrest and doubt, owing to the continuous assaults made upon her Founder and His holy Word. Thousands of honest souls are standing on the threshold of doubt, looking for light, looking for a foothold of certainty, each asking itself "whither shall I turn?" and scarcely a hand to guide them, though thousands be near. They are looking for spiritual food, something reliant, something substantial, and those who have that food, which is nothing but the unadulterated word of God, fall to seek these, and extend that nourishment to others.

Argin, we are confronted with another phase of this subject, of which few if any can be ignorant, and that is the gross misrepresentation allowed to hold sway in reference to our Church, her policy and the work of her men and women at home and abroad. Read many of the histories written to-day, what do you find? Flagrant falsehood, regardless of unlooked archives, faces us page after page, and these inundate our public libraries, and the schools in which our young are being instructed, and for which we pay taxes. Certain encyclopedias have been placed on the market, and Catholics have been invited by the publishers to purchase and read tirades of abuse against those doctrines and practices so dear to them. Her missionaries are maligned, their work ignored, their motive held up as something sinister always. They tell you certain Catholic writers have been engaged to edit Catholic subjects to which these encyclopedias give space. Yes, one Catholic editor will be assigned a small portion, and the rest of forty or fifty volumes to those who find the glorious opportunity to assail the Church.

It is but a few months ago that the Jesuit Father Wynne had occasion to visit the "Pewaukee" of the Wells, to lay before the public the character of one of these publications, that Catholics were invited to purchase and read. They are edited by men who either will not or cannot give ear to the truth and just credit to the workings of the Catholic Church and her laborers. The fiction of to-day, especially much of that which we call the historic novel, is replete with false statements on Catholic history, and Catholic practices. Yet these writers are supposed to be educated, and their ignorance would put to shame a child from one of our infant catechism classes.

Go to our public libraries, and you will inquire in vain for the works of any Catholic scientist, historian or novelist. There may be exceptions—if so, they are rare. Why is this? It is because we are inactive, remiss, indifferent to our duty, and the result is the state of things as they are. No protest is made against the lies and errors of history. Encyclopedias, whose name imports that they are the vehicles by which we obtain knowledge and instruction, yet they are permeated with lies, when they treat of Catholic subjects, whether dogmatic, moral or historical, the last we might say always.

The press of to-day is allowed to foist upon the reader every kind of machievellian scheme concocted by itself in Rome, and attributed to the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals. Yet we are silent; not a word of reproof from any quarter.

There is another phase of the subject that may not generally be known to you, but which has come under my personal observation. There is a certain class of men and women who circulate in remote localities white literature against the Catholic priesthood and other religious within her fold. These books are shipped in large quantities to country districts, where they do their destructive work among the ignorant. Many who have defected from the Church may trace that defection to the reading of these filthy books, because they had no means by which they could counteract their false statements. To many of these places a priest can seldom go seldom do they hear Mass or receive any instruction, and the result is apostasy. And who are the writers of these books? What is their character? They, in a few instances, are men and women whose moral misgave the Church could not withstand, and hence she cast them from her. They find refuge in cesspools

outside the Church, where they thrive on the results of their filthy mouthings and scribbles. Aided and abetted by a certain class, all they preach and write, though false every word of it, is truth to their supporters, because Rome is the victim.

So you see all these phases of a vital subject face us to-day, and bring with them a glorious noble opportunity, if we will awake and accept it. In London there is a Catholic Truth Society, composed of the clergy and laity, whose purpose is to direct and instruct those who desire to enter the Church, to refute the false charges made against our religion, to explain her doctrines, and to reveal the true character of those who claim once to have been of her fold, but who give their services to filthy lectures and writings the nature of which I have already explained. This London society distributes Catholic literature far and wide that all may know the Church as she is and not as her enemies represent her.

A few weeks ago we had visiting in Columbus the Rev. Dr. McGinness of Brooklyn. Dr. McGinness is president of the International Catholic Truth Society. The object of his visit was to establish a branch of this society in the city of Columbus, and if we may judge from the reception given him, at no distant date the International Truth Society will be a fact in the Capital City. Already branches are established in the cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Louisville. The scope of this society is wider, I believe, than that of the one in London. The London society confines its work to the English-speaking countries, while the International carries on its work in every tongue.

Already this society has urged the circulation of Catholic books in our libraries throughout the East. It meets attacks from all quarters, and through its members circulates Catholic weekly and monthly periodicals in those sections where such periodicals seldom if ever see the light. This is but a resume of the work of this society. Started about four years ago, by a young priest with a few laymen and women, to-day through its efforts, Catholic works may be found in many of our libraries, falsehoods against the Church have been refuted, and thousands of religious articles have gone to places where God alone can compute their great value.

Now, gentlemen, I suppose everyone is asking himself, "Where does our opportunity come in?" I will tell you. As I have said, we are eighty thousand strong. How many councils we are, I do not know. But every council would affiliate itself with this International Truth Society, the greatest good would be accomplished. How many thousands would know and understand us! What a great supply of Catholic literature would be spread broadcast among those to whom it would be a blessing! Our representative members, who occupy positions of influence, could urge that our writers be represented in public libraries. Our members in general would cease to subscribe to books derogatory to our religious interests, and in many ways we could be of value to the world, which I feel has been inaugurated through the providence of God.

If every council subscribed a nominal