LED INTO LIGHT.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY IN ROSARY MAGAZINE

L

George Ross felt tired, mentally and physically; moreover, a sense of imepnd-ing calamity weighed him down. Al-though he tried to reason away the in-tangible fear that tugged at his heart-strings, it increased in force. For some time he had been walking up and down the length of his library, listen ing nervously to the hurrying feet in the room overhead. But now he paused by the open window and looked out. Balow him the smooth asphalt of Lex-

Be open window and looked out. Below him the smooth asphalt of Lex-ington avenue gleamed in the electric light. A ray from the lamp on the oppo-site corner fell upon his striking head with its crown of crisp dark hair, and on his present from which have his rugged face from which deep, pene-trating eyes looked forth. That he was a man of strong individual-

ity and keen intellect was discernible at a glance. His firm mouth and square jaw betokened tenacity of purpose and a dominant will. But in his expression there was a kindliness amounting almost to sweetness which attracted his weaker brethren.

The night was hot; the atmosphere The night was not; the atmosphere seemed surcharged with electricity. This thirteenth day of June had been a record-breaker in point of heat and a storm was imminent. Masses of lowering clouds hid the moon; a rumble of thunder sounded in the distance. At another time George Ross would have lineared to watch the marshelling

have lingered to watch the marshalling of the atmospheric forces, but just now he was too resultess to remain inactive, and he soon resumed his tramp through the

Before he had taken many steps the door opened and a grave-faced doctor ad-

"I'm sorry I can't bring you such good news this time, Mr. Ross. The child is a fine healthy little fellow, as I reported before, but the mother's condition is causing us great anxiety; in fact, Dr. Latham bade me tell you that our worst fears are being realized " being realized

being realized." Mr. Ross' lips whitened, but he gave no other sign of the emotions that rioted through his mind and heart. "I have every confidence in Latham and yourself," he said quietly, "I know you will do your best for Mrs. Ross. Shall I go to her, now?" "No we'll send for you later on ifwe'll send for you later on if-

"No, we'll send for you have of the well, if we think it advisable." Mr. Ross nodded. He escortel Dr.

him enter the room above; then he re-turned to the window. As he stood there he thought of the eighteen years of his married life, and of the woman who had been his helpmate in sunshine and shadow. If he had known how to pray, or if he

had believed in the existence of a God, he would have poured out his soul in agonized supplications for hereafety. But ince he had passed the adolescent stage he had been an unbeliever, and now in his maturer years he was known as the founder of a new school of antitheism which outrivaled the Kantian school.

This being so, he could only hope and ait. And all the while the undefinable wait. fear grew stronger, until at last his blood felt as though it had turned into water.

He tried to call his mind by thinking of his brilliant career as lecturer, author, and man of science. He thought of the pinnacle on which his labors had placed pinnacle on which his labore had placed him, of the addiation he was constantly receiving from his disciples; of the ideal home and social life which he enj yed. He dwelt, too, on the fact that after years of fruitless yearning he now had a son to inherit his name and fame; and that this, the dearest wish of his heart had been the dearest wish of his heart, had been gratified long after he had ceased to hop for its fulfilment. For the moment, the pride and ambitions hopes engendered by thoughts of his boy, made him forget all else. The next instant, he was roused from his reverie by the breaking of the storm

The sky looked like congristed blood streaks of forked lightning shot diagonally along it; peal after peal of thunder crashed over the roof-tops; the very air seeme

All at once his wonted calmness re-turned. He leant far out and fearlessly watched the conflict of the elements. turned.

The rain-swept avenue was deserted; even the cable-cars no longer whizz d by. In the opposite house he caught a glimps of a group of women huddled in a corne

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

refreshing breeze played on his forehead. He was quaking from head to foot. A sense of utter helplesenses oppressed him. The darkness which hemmed him in, filled him with horror. He turned his head from side to side and waved his strms wildly as though to dissipate i Siaggering to his feet he moved towards the window. A heavy oak table was in his path. He collided with it. In his frenzy he beat his hands against it until they were cruelly bruised. Once more he sought the chair before his desk. As he settled into it, he moaned, "Blind !

Presently she spoke again, this time more faintly than before: "Goorge-the baby--I want him bap-tized. I won't rest easy in my grave un-less--" The weak voice trailed off into

he settled into it, he moaned, "Blind!" Blind!" and ground his teeth in impotent fary. Bat he soon summoned his strong-will to his aid, and presently was able to think called. silence. The nurse, an old woman in snowy will to his aid, and presently was able to think calmly. He fully realized what had befallen him. His scientific knowledge made it possible for him to diagnose his own case. And, by a curious coincidence, his friend Professor Knapp had told him only three days before, of a parallel case, where sud-den and complete loss of sight had result-de from exposure to intense light. He apron, 'kerchief, and quaint cap, stepped to the bedside again. Her tear-stained face looked like a withered apple which still retained a fleck of pristine rosiness. She bent over the dying woman and said softly, "Listen to me, accushla,— listen to Peggy who has known you all the thirty-eight years of your life. Let me send for the priest. Old Father Mack lives in the next block. He'll christen your baby and whisper the good word in your ear. Darlint, let me fetch him !" With en iden and marvelloss strength ed from exposure to intense light. He remembered that the great oculist had said the prognosis in these rare cases was bad, as the central scotoma or blind spot produced by the exposure, invariably re-mained, despite all iseches, electricity, or hypodermatic injections of strychnia that With sudden and marvellous strength

Millicent Ross raised herself on the pi OWS : George, I may send for him? You

The thought that his public career was will let him come

will let him come ?" "If it please you,-yes." Old Peggie hobbled off as fast as her rheumatic limbs could carry her. Dr. Latham administered a cordial which brought back some color to the gray face. Goorge Ross still sat beside her, with lowered eyelids. His iron self-control never faltered although he was undergoing torments. Soon a venerable priset entered. When he approached the bed Millicent whispered, "My baby,-baptize him !" practically closed in this, his forty fifth year, was inexpressibly bitter. He would have to abandon the series of lectures have to abandon the series of lectures which were setting New York agog; he must cease working on his new book of Materialistic Philosophy, which he con-fidently expected would win fresh laurels for him; he would be forever shut out from the sunlight; and bitterest thought of all, his eyes would never be gladdened by the sight of his child's face 1 As these ideas flashed through his baptize him !'

by the sight of his child's face ! As these ideas flashed through his mind, he was seized with a sickening sensation of giddiness; his head fell for-ward on his breast and for a period mer-ciful oblivion was voncheafed him. Peggie made some hasty preparations

Peggie made some hasty preparations and picking up a small white bundle from the foot of the bed, came forward. "What name?" asked Father Mack. Mr. Ross did not answer; neither did his wife. She was watching that anim-ate bundle with wistful eyes. "George, after his father, perhaps," suggested Dr. Latham. Mr. Ross shook his head negatively. "Arburg of ways and head negatively.

When George Ross struggled back to consciousness, he nerved himself to face with stoic boldness the darkened future.

He no longer trembled like a frightened child. He resolvel to accept misfortune with as cool and immovable a front as he "Anthony, after your father, darlint," put in Peggie. "And this is St. An-thony's birthday, too !"

had hitherto accepted the favors show-ered on him by Dame Fortune. None must think that disaster had bowed his thony's birthday, too i" No objection being made, the priest re-peated the name and went through the baptismal service in its simplest form. proud spirit or broken down the superb courage for which he was noted. His firmness of purpose wavered some-what as he thought of the grief into which

Then he again stooped over the mother, and spoke to her in low, earnest tones. "You can do nothing for me," she gasped. "It's too late. I gave up my the news of his condition would plunge his wife,-that loving, gentle woman who "My poor child, it is never too late. And no creature is an unbeliever at

for her it actually comforted him to re-member that if the doctors' fears were heart, whatever they may say or think to well grounded, she need never know the worst; that her life would flicker out the contrary." He talked on and on and she listened

greedily. Then he said the Lord's Prayer, and her faltering voice repeated it after him, word for word. The creed was gone through in the same way, and a fervent Act of Contrition. Suddenly Mr. Ross felt her hand slip from his grasp to the crucifix which was held out to her. His heart was wrong with neir. She had lored him so wholk peacefully, and that she would not be called upon to share his burden. As though in answer to this unspoken thought, he heard Dr. Latham's voice at

his elbow: "Ross, dear friend, I have a painful duty to perform. Your poor wife is dying. For years she had suffared with vaivular heart trouble of a serious nature. She would not let you know lest it disturb you to the extent of interfering with your work. Neither Dr. Norris nor myself with pain. She had loved him so wholly so absorbedly, yet now that she was going from him forever, she forsook his clasp to cling to the emblem of Caristianvork. Neither Dr. Norris nor myself ity against which he had waged war for a "Verily, if this priest be right," he used, "If Jesus of Nazareth, whom I

dared oppose her will by speaking open-ly. But for the past few weeks I have been trying by guarded hints to prepare "Verily, if this priest be right," he mused, "If Jesus of Nazareth, whom I called the Galilean idyl, was truly God, His hour of triumph is here !" The trend of his thoughts was dis-turbed by her thrilling whisper: "Dear love-goodbyel we'll meet again. Our boy will bring you to me. I'll wait for you-up there - with my Saviour and -" you for the inevitable. She wishes to take leave of you now. I beg that you will try to keep your natural emotion in check. She has been so patient and re-signed all along, that it would be a pity if er serenity was disturbed at the end." He paused and waited for an answer.

" Ross, dear fellow, you must meet this and-These were her last words. Her breath

-Oh, good God !" The exclamation was wrung from the ing became more labored; the dread death-rattle sounded in her throat; then loctor at sight of his friend's anguished followed a few long drawn breaths: a con face and unseeing stare. "So you, too, think this is the handivulaive

quivering of the limbs, and all Father Mack closed her eyes, and turning to the bereaved husband murmured a word of comfort. "That will do; you've completed what

"So you, too, think this is the handi-work of your God !" said Mr. Ross bitter-ly, "Yet you call Him good, and John dubs Him merciful! Why not say He was wise, also, to bide His time and make me blind when I most need my sight!" Dr. Latham answered soothingly and asked for details of the accident. They ware given clearly and succinctly. you considered your duty," was the cold answer. "Now go! Here-I will pay

CHAPTER II.

had made him her god.

his elbow :

check.

None came.

yon." He thrust his hand into his pocket and were given clearly and succinctly. "Knapp is out of town," wound up Mr. Ross. "When he comes back to-morrow I will place myself under his care. He

pulled out a roll of bills. The priest gently pushed back the out-stretched hand: "We expect neither money or thanks has one similar case. In speaking of it, he told me the eyes looked normal when for doing our duty," he said with simple dignity. Good night May God in His

standing and sympathy existed between them.

Just now Anthony was perched on his ather's knee. He held a small mirror

Just now Anthony was perched on his father's knee. He held a small mirror into which he gazed intently. "I hasn't growed much since my last berfday, Daddy," he said, "You 'mem-ber how I looked then?" "Yes, little son. You gave me a word picture of yourself. But I want another now." now.'

"Well, my eyes look like Peggie's choc'late drops, on'o there's a lot of shiny white round them, an'they's very big; an' my hair's the same as that golden floss they sews things with. It's too long; it makes me hot an' the boys calls me cirlibate. Car't tent it off Dadds?"

me girl-baby. Can't I cut it off, Daddy ?" "I'll speak to Peggie about it by-andby, dear. Go on." "Oh, that's all, on'y I have a teeny

weeny red month, an' there's a frowny place, just like yours on my forehead." "Bat you never frown, Tony; you are always smiling ?"

always smiling ?" "Deed, no, Daddy. I've got a big tem-per inside of me. It did jump out to-day like my Jack-in-the-box, an' I knocked Cousin Eddie down." "Anthony! he's older and stronger than you! What was the trouble ?" "He 'sulted you. He said you didn't believe in God; then I hit him hard an' he fell." he fell.'

he fell," "So, my son, you are an exponent of muscular Christianity! Humph! All you professing believers, big and little, are alike; you are ready to kill each other at any time for a mere difference of opinion. Now you must tell your cousin you are sorry. He was quite right. I do not believe in God!" The child wound his arms around his

The child wound his arms around his father's neck, and kissing the shut lids, said pityingly, "Oh, my poor, poor Daddy! That's 'cause you can't see!" The sorrow in the sweet voice went straight to the father's heart. He dared

array of the failers heart. If a dared not trust himself to speak. "I am your 'Eyes,' Daddy dear. I'll show you where God is. His house is in the sky. My mudder is with Him. She comes sometimes when I'm asleep. She

comes sometimes when I'm asleep. She says she's waiting up there for you an' me, an' that I must bring you to her." George Ross started as he remembered his wife's farewell words. Then he said quietly, "You are fanciful, my boy. Your mother died when you were six hours old, so how could you know her even if it was possible for her to come to you in a dream?" dream i

"Oa, I did know her the very first time," the child said confidently, "It was when I was so awful sick. She did hold out her arms and smile at me. Daddy, you b'lieved in God that time. Peggie said she did hear you pray to Him." Goorge Ross winced. He did not like Daddy

George Kosse winced. He did not like to be reminded of what he called his 'momentary weakness,' when he had dropped on his knees beside his fever-racked child, and echoed cid Peggie's prayer—"Oh, God, don't take him from In Thy mercy let him live!"

He put the boy down gently: "Ran away, Tony, and play with your birthday

The child obeyed, and the father paced the length of his library wrapped in thought He recalled the days of his youth, and

the unhappiness in his home resulting from that crying evil known as "a mixed marriage." When he grew old enough to have an opinion of his own, he refused to embrace the religious tenets held by his father, and was equally reluctant to adopt his mother's beliefs. He resolved to find out for himself the underlying principles of Christianity, and select the creed that seemed most in accord with them

seemed most in accord with them. To further this end, he began a course of desultory reading, and was soon lost in a quagmire of sophism, as misleading as it was brilliant. He emerged from it a confirmed unbeliever, and for twenty years waged war against the Creator. His weapon was not the sword of ridicule so clumsily wielded by some of his breth-ren, or the blasphemons invectives which defeated their own end by disgusting the lefeated their own end by disgusting the listener. With all the strength of person-al conviction he denied that there was anything psychical in the universe outside of human consciousness. He re-jected the Bible as an authority in docjected the blue as an authority in doc-trine and morals on the plea that it con-sisted solely of hypothetical assumptions and untenable statements; and he had a

way of presenting the rationale of its nar-ratives-stripping them of their myster-ies and theological adjuncts-which impressed the hearers. As he was master of one of the best

An existic hug rewarded him. Five minutes later father and son were bowling towards Sallivan street. The servants in the Ross household

were greatly excited over the incident. They crowded to the windows and peeped after the retreating vehicle. "Sure it's a beautiful sight to watch the masther goin' towards the House of God wid an angel ladin' him be the hand," sobbed old Peggie. "An' mark my words, girls an' boys, he'll come home to us a changed man! Something inside of me whispers it. Let's kneel down every wan of us an' pray for him!"

IV.

(17, As the hansom neared the Church of Saint Authony of Padua in the heart of the Italian district, the boy looked out curiously. He saw a dirty, narrow street, shut in on either side with frowning tenements and swarming with half-clad children who tumbled over each other on the car-tracks and in the gut-ters.

with half-clad children who tumbled over each other on the car-tracks and in the gut-tere. When they alighted before the door of the basement or lower church where the Tues-day night devotions are held, he drew his father after the people who were entering. They were late, the services having been in progress for some time. An usher piloted them into a pew in the middle aisle, not far from the altar. Anthony could not see over the heads of those before him, but he listened eagerly to the preacher who from the altar-steps ethorted the congregation. Dr. Ross listened too, but with very dif-ferent sentiments. He felt an impatient de-sire to rise and combat those dogmatic state-ments relative to the great truths of Chris-tianity. And he scoffed inwardly on hear-ing the long list of favors asked for and re-ceived through St. Ant.ony's intercession. Then, too, his fastidious nature rebelled against the enforced contact with the swel tering mass of humanity around him. Meanwhile Anthony's anxiety to see the preacher grew too strong to be repressed. He climbed on the seat and looked towards the altar. As he did so his heart gave a great throb, for he saw there a strangely

He climbed on the seat and looked towards the altar. As he did so his heart gave a great throb, for he saw there a strangely familiar figure clad in a long brown robe with a girdle around the waist. Nearly everyone present knew that the wearer of this Franciscan habit was Father Paola, the gentle pastor who had labored in that parish for many years; who was famil-iar with the names and occupations of his people; and their sorrows and their joys, and who smiled on them now from the altar with the same love and benignity he brought into their poor homes. But Anthony did not share their know-ledge. He had seen just such another face, figure, and seraphic smile when Peggie brought him to kneel before the statue of Saint Anthony in the Dominican Church near his home. And he drew his own con-clusions. with a minuteness that involves the exercise of a prodigious memory, regarding the details of religion and the districts. The fact assuredly would seem to justify the claim that the man

who has accomplished and who accom-plishes so much, and who was born in nine decades of the past hundred years so fertile and prolific in great inventions and in the progress of humanity, is undoubtedly the greatest product of He waited until the voice ceased, then

Lesions. He waited until the voice ceased, then scrambled from the seat, and rushed down the aisle, his fair hair flaating around him. Straight through the sanctuary he sped, and falling at the priest's feet grasped the coarse robe, while his clear treble sounded through the church in the earnest appeal: "Ob,good Saint Anthony, make my Daddy see!" The blind man started up and would have followed only that some one caught his arm. The priest saw and recognized the famous infidel whose writings and lectures had done incalculable harm. Impulsively he fell upon his knees, and putling his arm around the child, ropeated in vibrant tones: "Oh, good Saint Anthony, make his Daddy see!" The people were stirred to the depths. In very truth, "their hearts were moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind," and from every corner of the church there rose the spontaneous, thrilling cry, "Oh good Saint Anthony, make his Daddy see!" The volume of mighty sound swept upward to the Great White Throne, and died away in a sobbing whisper. Father Paola murmured something to the

sobbing whisper. Father Paola murmured something to the Failer Faola murmured something to the child who nestled confidingly against him. The little fellow trotted back and slipped his hand into that of his father. For a few moments Mr. Ross sat bolt up-right, but when the strains of "Tantum ergo Sacrementum" flucted through the hot house

"floated through the chu cramentum ome power stronger than his own will or in lination forced him to his knees. ination forced him to his knees. The choir of trained voices rose and fell,

ercingly sweet : Chargy sweet: "Down in adorating falling,"
Lo, the sacred Host we hail !
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying Where the feeble senses fail."

Where the feeble senses fail." Around him he heard men and women praying. The belief and adoration in their whispered words thrilled and awed him. A germ of faith sprang up in his heart and quickly sprouted. A great wave of smotion swept over him. He buried his face in his hands and for the first time since childhood, hot tears streamed down his cheeks. Sud-denly he feit a sharp pain shoot through his eyes. He hastily raised his head. A second later, he was on his feet clutching wildly at the pew. Before him there seemed to spread areddish cloud, —waving-flickering — break-ing here and there. In the midst of it ap-peared myriads of sparks, whirling, dancing, and changing into points of colored light. hanging into points of colored light, all at once the cloud melted; the shift-

JUNE 22, 1901.

A HERO IN A SOUTANE.

Aming the curates who some t

Am(ng the curstes who some i years ago were attached to the Cl of Sts. Paul and Louis, in Paris, Spanish priest whose unusual he splendid head of black hair and g

countenance, somewhat swarth hue, invariably attracted atten From his general bearing and st

carriage, one could readily gues

hence it was no surprise to learn

Father Capella as a brave ca officer, had distinguished himse

many a field before entering the

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF LEO.

JUNE 22, 1901.

He Has Seen Three Secretaries Drop at His Side, Unable to Take the Pace He Set for Them.

Leo XIII. is a most notable example of a strenuous liver. It is said that he has seen three secretaries drop at he has seen three societaries grop at his side. They were unable to take the pace that he set for them. The Catholic World Magazine in an article in the May issue, after pointing out the interest Leo takes in anything and All this work is done by a man who is daily engaged in the field of politics and diplomacy ; in furthering, for in-stance, the submission of French Cath. olics to the existing form of government ; of opposing Carlist pretensions in Spain ; of arguing with the Russian government for the more humane treatment of Catholics in the Moscovite

After spending some years Paul and Louis, wherehe was un ally esteemed, Father Capella ally esteemed, rather capshi appointed pastor of a little pan the environs of the French co His parishoners, almost all n gardeners, speedily learned to ate and love him. His kindner empire ; of seeking the reunion of dis-sident and schismatic Catholics of the Austro-Augarian and O.toman domin. lone ; of writing personal letters to the potentates of Europe, and to the civil ized and semi civilized rulers of Asia his soldierly frankness soon over not only all prejudices, but all a and Africa ; of controlling and superthies. Once his acquaintance formed it was impossible to wi vising the work of the various sacred Roman congregations ; of keeping acfrom him the tribute of profou count of the state of religion in his own Falling seriously ill, Father C was visited by almost all his particular diocese-that of Rome-and of attending to myriads of other details, besides giving old moments to the composition of encyclicals and even the least practical Catholics apostolic letters, and even of Latin

hood.

it a point to call at the presbytes inquire as to his condition. (eve of his death, after the last ments had been administered while he was offering to Gcd t ferings of his agony, which w t. a man hastily enter said to him :

'Father, Mr. X, whom you well, is very ill. It is even sa he is going to die. We are at what to do, for he refuses to a any priest. The parish pries -went to see him, but Mr. X. his back on him and would no word.

"What a pity ! So fine a too !" replied Father Capella. were not myself dying I won and perhaps get a better recep "Ah, you, Father ! The ma and esteems you too much to tre

like that. But alas !-" He did not finish the senten

sublime thought inspired the

Raising himself with a might in his bed, he clasped his has

exclaimed : " My God, I beseec

grant me still a little stre

denly addressed those around Dress me," he said to them.

fter a moment of recollection

Not one stirred. Listening

dying man's voice, which h covered the tone of comman

thought him delirous and so re

passive. "Dress me, I say," he re

with an accent of authority the

was no resisting. Exclamations of astonishmen

heard on all sides, but the mo whose residue of life seemed taken refuge in his indomitab

held out his trembling arms as

already numbed with the dea

so that his orders might be obe

me quickly to the sick man,

same time ordering his sick ba

of the men carried him to the

Mr. X., his body limp as a clot

wind. The soul alone live

reigned, permitting neither

plaint, nor even a sigh, thr the painful passage. At la seated him by the sick man's

"My friend," said Father in an agitated tone, "we a going to appear before Gcd.

hours more and all will be or us. Are you not willing t

should make the voyage to

brought with him.

'And now " said the priest.

With indescribable emotion,

the nineteenth century. The Pope is a great patron of genius, and he loves to seek it out and reward it. Lately, says the Catholic World, he has had occasion to promote three priests.

verses. All this, again, is performed

by a man in his ninety second year, daily receiving a multitude of visitors

from all quarters of the globe, hearing

their narratives and querying them,

progress of civilization in that various

the first and lived through the other

Thus, a village curate in the island of Sicily has a turn for invention. He puts together a model for an automatic secret balloting machine ; he devises ingenious contrivances for the signalling of trains long before they come in reach of the railway station, and he thinks out a number of other similar pleces of mechanism. All these are important, even though in a minor way, to the progress of civilization, and the Pope calls the young country curate-Father Vito Leto-to Rome receives him in audience, and congratulates and encourages him on the cientific secular work to which he devotes his leisure.

Father Lorenzo Perosi, another young priest in an obscure parish, reveals a genius for musical composition, and the Pope, holding that the world is profited by the musical creations of man, accords his favors to the young ecclesiastic, and urges him to develop the talent which Providence has ac corded him in the interests of man-

kind. Father Candeo, another priest, has made a special study on the growth of vines. He has become the greatest expert in the matter in the kingdom of Italy, and possibly even in the artire civilized world. His studies and re-searches evolved means of diagnosing and of curing phylloxers and other dread diseases of the vine, and, as a result of his discoveries, the production of grapes is once more facilitated, and an exceedingly important element of his country's agricultural industry and commerce is put in a flourishing con-

> discussing the problems and difficult. ies affecting viticulture, and person-ally supervising experiments for the

purpose of testing the good priest's theories. Father Candeo has asserted

that Leo XIII. is at this hour one of

world by his knowledge in this other

SUFFERING.

All highest life and ambition are in

some sense a suffering, in order to the attainment of certain ends, scholar-

ship, holiness, honor, truth ; are these

won without many an agony sharper than the pains of death? * * How

than the pains of death? * * How often in the history of the world has the parent seen his children pursue

courses of conduct that could lead only

to shame, and when his pleadings with

them and with God for them have rent

his soul into burning grief and tears,

can any science of the pettifogger, the scientist or the dogmatist, measure the

quality, the merit, or define the divin-ity of the suffering so endured?

Doubtless there is a measure, but like the quality of such grief, it is known

only to the eternal love. Thus did the Saviour endure. Thus did the Saviour endure. Thus do all great souls en-

direction.

of a group of women huddled in a corner of the room. The vivid flashes of light showed him their white, scared faces. He noticed that they repeatedly made the sign of the cross, and his lip curled scorn-fully at light of what he considered a superstitious practice. As he again looked skyward, he beheld

an intense, blue-white glare from out of which a line of light shaped like a writhing serpent, suddenly shot downward; it twisted about the slender spire of the church, then glanced off; and, simultane-ously, he felt as though a red-hot wire had pierced his eye-balls. He jerked in his head and pressing his

hands over his lids, swayed to and fro in voiceless agony. When he again opened his eyes, im-

penetrable darknees surrounded him. With quick, uneven steps he groped his way to the electric button above his desk, and pressed it. There was no result Cim

merian darkness still encompassed him. He stumbled to the bell-rope and clutched at it. Its loud summons rang through the house. After a moment he heard his butler's quiet, interrogative,

"The lights, John!" he cried hoarsely

"The lights, John" he cried hoareely, "I can't turn them on. Bring lamps— candles—anything—only be quick!" "Lights, sir! Why, they are on—full head. The room is ablaz) with them!" A low cry startled the man. He ad-vanced hurriedly and peered into his master's ashen face. When he saw there must his self-presention.

upset his self-possession: "Mercifal God! You're blind!" he exclaimed, "Here — Mary — Jane — Bill some of you bring down the doc-" The word died in his throat as a strong

"Be word died in his throat as a strong hand gripped his wind pipe. "Be still, you fool" commanded Mr. Ross, "my wife will hear yon. Do you want to sill her!" Then the fierce grip relaxed, and he said in his usual even

"Go now. I forbid you to gossip about this down stairs. And unless I ring see that I am not disturbed."

senced at casually, but that the opthal-moscope disclosed an opaque spot of white at the macala surrounded by a ring of congestion. Examine mine and tell me if Millicent is likely to notice my blind-ness. I intend to conceal it from her, if possible."

"She won't know. Dying eyes are not sharp. But have you strength enough to play such a part beside her deathbed ? It would be a terrible ordeal !" sharp.

"Not half so terrible ordeal ?" "Not half so terrible as to let her sus-pect the truth, or to remain away from her when she asks for me. Give me your arm, Latham. You must help me to a chair close by her, and guide my hand so that it may clasp hers. Don't be afraid. I won't heat down."

afraid. I won't break down.' A few moments later he was in the

room where the Angels of Death and Life hovered over the mother and her babe. I have given you a son, Heart's Dear-

"No one can never do that, Millicent,---neither man, woman, nor child." He could not see the love-light in her face, but the weak pressure of her fingers spoke volumes.

spoke volumes. "I want to look at our boy now," she

whispered. "Narse, bring him here please. See, George, isn't he pretty? What color do you think his eyes are?"

She smiled triumphantly. " George

She smiled triumphantly. "George 1 You are color-blind ! They are brown,— deep, deep brown, like your own." A stifled groan broke from the blind man. She did not hear it. The fictitions strength which had come to her at sight of him was fading away. She grasped for breath and moaned feebly as a spasm of pain shot through her.

of pain shot through her. "Is there anything I can do for you Millicent?" he asked tenderly. "Is there any wish of yours ungratified?" Her cold hands clung to his. In broken sentences she cried :

"Oh, George, I'm afraid to die ! You

that I am not disturbed." The man whimpered an assent and left the room. Slowly and uncertainly Mr. Ross walked to his desk in the space between the two windows, and sank into a chair. The fury of the storm had abated and a cool,

console you. And may you one ercy day see light

A species of frenzy shook George Ross. "Clear out all of you!" he shouted. "Latham, Peggie, and you, sir, go! Leave

The alone with my dead !" They obeyed silently. But at the door the priest stopped and took the child from the nurse. He went back and held it up so that its soft face touched that of the

stricken man: "The living has a claim on you as well as the dead. Remember that!" he said

selemily. Suddenly Mr. Ross' arms closed around the little one. The downy head cuddled against his neck and the rose-leaf hand flattered over the sightless eyes. A cry sob echoed through the room. Then sob echoed through the room. Then Father Mack raised his hand in silent benediction and went out softly.

CHAPTER III.

Five years rolled by, bringing to George Ross ever-increasing gloom and despond-

ency. The leading oculists of America had failed in their efforts to restore his sight. They had all declared him incurable. They had all declared him incurable. But an English specialist who had won fame by a new method of treating the eyes with electricity, gave a different ver-dict. He assured the patient that he would bring back the sight by persistent treatment, and that it would probably re-turn as suddenly and swiftly as the light-ning flash which took it away. Mr. Ross put himself in this specialist's hands, yet he felt utterly hopeless as to the result. He was weary of life and was only re-strained from self-destruction by love for his son. The child was the one ray of light in his darkened existence—the one bright star in the never-ending night

bright star in the never-ending night through which he moved. He idolized the boy, and Anthony, in turn, adored this sad-faced man who was so cold and

stern to all save him. As soon as he could toddle, he caught his father's hand and tried to lead him

into sumbline. As he grew older he gravely called himself "Daddy's Eyes." They were inseparable. Mr. R uss talked to him as though he were a companion of his own age. The mrst perfect under-

proce styles, his writings were eagerly read, and his lectures were largely at-tended. "Facts" when expounded by this clear-voiced, keen-brained man of science were accepted more readily that

they would be if presented by a less gifted individual. He paused now in his walk, and sighed

heavily as he he remembered that this was the fifth anniversary of the night when his public careeer had come to a sudden end. Hisgloomy reflections were interrupted

by the hasty entrance of his son. The boy rushed up to him, and in a voice vib-rating with excitement, cried: "Daddyrating with excitement, cried: "Daddy-Daddy-come quick! Peggie's niece told me 'bont a Church in Sullivan street where blind peoples are cured. Saint Anthony is down there. Let us go. He will make you see. Hurry-Ca, Daddy, hurry!"

"Don't be a silly baby! Peggie must not let any one put such superstitions notions in your head. I won't have it. Now let me hear no more of this nonsense!" Never before had Anthony heard a note

Never before had Anthony heard a note of sternness in his father's voice when addressing him. He shrank back, dis-mayed, abashed, quivering with pain. He was a brave littlo fellow, so he tried to restrain the starting tears, but he could not choke back the sob that shook his small trama. small frame. At sound of it, the blind man's heart

melted. Dropping on one knee, he opened his arms and said tenderly: "Come to me, Tony. I didn't mean to be

cross." The boy clung to him. After a mo-ment he whispered pleadingly: "Oh, Daddy, if you'd on'y come! Please do-jua' this little once. For my sake-do!"

sake-do?' Mr. Ross marvelled at the child's insist-

ence. Hitherto his lightest word had been a law to the boy-a law to be obeyed instantly and unquestioningly. He was displeased to find that this instance instantly and understanding this instance displeased to find that this instance proved an exception, but when he found that the child was trembling with earnest-ness, and that his whole heart seemed bent on visiting the church, he gave in : "Very well. I will take you there since you wish it so much. Tell John to get a hanson."

For a second he gazed wildly at the altar with its twinkling lights; at the priest in his gold-hued vestments holding aloft the shin-ing monstrance and at the bowed heads of the worshippers. Then be turned swiftly and beheld his little son looking at him, -the sweet brown eyes and beautiful face full of love. dition. Leo XIII. invited the good priest to the Vatican, honored and treated bim in the most friendly way, ard now has him as a periodical visitor, at every opportunity going abroad with him in the Vatican gardens and

sweet brown eyes and beautiful face full of love. With a rapturous exclamation he snatched him to his breast and hurried down the aisle. When he reached the Communion rail, he prostrated himself on the ground, his-haughty head bowed in the dust, and through the length and breadth of the church his voice rang out in the tremulous cry: "Oh Lord, On God, I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!"

the most perfectly equipped and ex-pert of viticulturists, and that, were he not Pope, he would be known to the

voice rang out in the tremulous cry: "Oh Lord, Oa God, I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!" Then he staggered into the air, the boy clinging to his neck. During the rapid homeward drive, he only removed his eyes from his child's radiant face to glance at the starlit sky, and once again the prayer of thanksgiving in his heart found its way to his lips. In that mo-ment he registered a vow to undo so far as possible all the mischief he had done by his writings and false teachings, and to devote the remainder of his life to disseminating the light that had come to him. As soon as they entered the house An-thony's ringing cry, "My Daddy b'lieves in God an' now he can see-can see!" brought the servants flocking to the hall. Peggie led the way. "What did I tell yezs,-what? she asked joyously, "Now glory be to you, my God, shure this is the happiest minit of me life !" And having wrung her master's hand she re-treated, sobbing and laughing in the same breath. The grood news travelled fast, and long be-fore the eye specialist arrived on the scene breathless and sected. "I have been expecting this for some time, Mr. Ross "ne cried, and forthwith he plungred into a scientific explanation of the how, why and wherefore. Mr. Ross neard him to the end, then he said unsteadily: "I cannot follow your arguments. I am dazed with joy. I can understand and real-ized one thing only,--that I have been led into light."

HUNDREDS OF OPINIONS agree upon the fact that Pain-Killer has alleviated more pain than any one medicine. Unequalled for diarrhos: and cysentery. Avoid substi-tutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c. dure many countless refinements of suffering that can neither be seen, be lieved in, nor comprehended by any save the All-seeing Eye of Eternal Love. - William Henry Thorne.

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"Oh, yes, yes; I'll willing

fess to you, who are so good to A heavenly smile passed e pastor's lips. He waved stander aside. The two dyi conversed in whispers for sor utes ; and then with a suprem the priest raised his hand a head of the penitent and pro the words of absolution.

Calling next for the holy said to one of the neighbors : my arm and guide my hand man did so, and the sacred were applied. The divine ac plished, Father Capella bent whom he had just annoin murmured with a sigh of r revoir, my friend ! And let for each other. Now, Lord," in a firmer tone, "Thou will servant depart in peace !"

A few hours later he was de

It is a blessed secret. this by the day. Anyone can c burden, however, heavy, ti fall. Anyone can do his wo ever hard, for one day. An live sweetly, patiently, loving ly till the sun goes down. is all that life ever really us-just one little day. D: duty ; fight to day's temptat do not weaken and distract by looking forward to things not see, and could not und you say them. God gives to shut down the curtain of on our little days. We ca beyond. Short horizons beyond. Short horizons measure, and give us one of the secrets of brave, true, holy li

Time is short, your obligs Infinite. Are your houses your children instructed, th relieved, the poor visited, th piety accomplished ?- Massil