young maiden. But while I thought, the yellow lightning spread behind a bulk of clouds three times ere the flash was done, far off and void of thunder; and from the pile of cloud before it, cut as though from black paper, and lit to depths of blackness by the blaze behind it, a form as of an aged man, sitting in a chair loose-mantled, seemed to lift a hand and warn.

"This reminded me of my grandfather and all the care I owed him. Moreover, now the storm was rising, and I began to grow afraid; for of all things awful to me thunder is the dreadfulest. It doth so growl, like a lion coming, and then so roll, and roar, and rumble, out of a thickening darkness, then crack like the last trump overhead, through cloven air and terror, that all my heart lies low and quivers, like a weed in water. I listened now for the distant rolling of the great black storm, and heard it and was hurried by it. But the youth before me waved his rolled tobacco at it, and drawled in his daintiest tone and manner:

"'The sky is having a smoke, I see, and dropping sparks, and grumbling. I should have thought these Exmoor hills too small to gathes thunder.'

"'I can not go, I will not go with you Lord Alan Brandir,' I answered, being vexed a little by those words of his. 'You are not grave enough for me, you are not old enough for me. My Aunt Sabina would not have wished it; nor would I leave my grandfather, without his full permission. I thank you much for coming, sir; but be gone at once by the way you came; and pray how did you come, sir?"

"'Fair cousin, you will grieve for this; you will mourn, when you cannot mend it. I would my mother had been here; soon would she have persuaded you. And yet,' he added, with the smile of his accustomed gayety, 'it would have been an uncouth thing, as we say in Scotland, for her ladyship to have waited upon you, as her graceless son has done, and hopes to do again ere long. Down the cliffs I came, and up them I must make way back again. Now adieu, fair Cousin Lorna, I see you are in haste to-night; but I am right proud of my guardianship. Give me just one flower for token'—here he kissed his hand to me, and I threw him a truss of woodbine—'adieu, fair cousin, trust me well, I will soon be here aggin.'

"'That thou never shalt, sir,' cried a voice as loud as a culverin; and Carver Doone had Alan Brandir as a spider hath a fly. The boy made a little shriek at first, with the sudden shock and the terror; then he looked, methought, ashamed of himself, and set his face to fight for it. Very bravely he strove and struggled to free one arm and to grasp his sword; but as well might an infant buried alive attempt to lift his gravestone. Carver Doone, with his great arms wrapped around the slim gay body, smiled (as I saw by the flash from heaven) at the poor young face turned up to him; then (as a nurse bears off a child who is loath to go to bed) he lifted the youth from his feet, and bore him away into the darkness.

"I was young then. I am older now; older by ten years, in thought, although it is not a twelvemonth since. If that black deed were done again, I could follow, and could combat it—could could throw weak arms on the murderer, and strive to be murdered also. I am now at home with violence; and no dark death surprises me.

But being as I was that night, the horror overcame me. The crash of thunder overhead, the last despairing look, the death-piece framed with blaze of lightning—my young heart was so affrighted that I could not gasp. My breath went from me, and I knew not where I was, or who, or what. Only that I lay, and cowered under great trees full of thunder; and could neither count, nor moan, nor have my feet to help me.

"Yet hearkening, as a coward does, through the brushing of the wind, and echo of far noises, I heard a sharp sound as of iron, and a fall of heavy wood. No unmanly shriek came with it, neither cry for mercy. Carver Doone knows what it was; and so did Alan Brandir."

Here Lorna Doone could tell no more being overcome with weeping. Only through her tears she whispered, as a thing too bad to tell, that she had seen that giant Carver, in a few days afterward, smoking a little round brown stick, like those of her poor cousin. I could not press her any more with questions, or for clearness; although I longed very much to know whether she had spoken of it to her grandfather or the Counselor. But she was now in such a condition, both of mind and body, from the force of her own fear multiplied by telling it, that I did nothing more than coax her, at a distance humbly; and so that she could see that some one was at least afraid of her. This (although I knew not women in those days, as I now do, and never shall know much of it.) this, I say, so brought her round, that all her fear was now for me, and how to get me safely off, without mischance to any one. And sooth to say, in spite of longing just to see if Master Carver could have served me such a trick, as it grew toward the dusk, I was not best pleased to be there; for it seemed a lawless place, and some of Lorna's fright stayed with me as I talked it away from her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOTHER OF MERCY

"It is beautiful," said the traveler to himself, "grandly beautiful, but I wish I could feel sure I was on the right track. I followed all directions till I came to the old shaft, but they never told me of the two tracks leading from that. I can't think I am wrong, for I begged Our Lady's guidance before I chose. Anyway, here's night coming on and I am tired, so is the old horse, and no sign yet of the township. But what a scene!"

It was indeed a scene of unparalleled grandeur. The narrow track wound along the side of a mountain that rose on the one hand up like a cliff, on the other side it needed a strong head to look down, and down, and yet not see the bottom. On the other side of this gorge towered a lofty mountain, whose summit was still golden in the sunlight, though the shadows, deep in the gullies, were creeping up the slopes, and mist like a fairy veil was enveloping all. The traveler had dismounted and was leading his horse, being fearful of an accident, but, had he known it, he would have been safer on the old bush horse than stumbling as he was along the rough and narrow track. Strange fears beset him, too; the terrible solitude of the bush, his uncertainty as to his whereabouts and the horror of that lonely track, all these combined to fill him with a strange fear. Surely when he turned that next bend he would see the lights of the township, hidden now by the mountain, so he reasoned to encourage himself, but he was not very hopeful. The bend was reached, and still, as far as the eye could see, nothing but range on range of dark hills, with darker valleys between them. Even from the highest peaks the sunlight was fading, and to the overwrought imagination of the tired wayfarer the dark hills seemed closing around him like a wall. "Mother of God," he whispered, "aid me now; to you I have committed my way."

What was to be done? It was evident he had taken the wrong track; it was too late to think of going back, for the path that had been a terror in broad daylight would be certain death in the darkness and mist. Well, he must find as suitable a spot as he could and camp for the night; in the morning he could go back. If there were but a house of any sort about where he could get shelter, but was it likely that any one would live in that wild place? Stay! What was it his friend John Morgan had said to him jestingly when he was leaving Burragh? "By the way, Father, they say there's a mad hermit living in the ranges. Wouldn't it be worth your while to go into the range, instead of skirting it, and find the lost sheep?" Go into the range—had he done that, then, followed the wrong track and lost himself in that wild, inhospitable place? What a terrible thought! He shouted again and again—perhaps there was some one living there—but only the echoes answered, and as they died away the silence seemed to settle more deeply over all.

"No use," said he. "I'll just have to keep on a bit until I find a more level bit of ground and camp for the night." So on he plodded in the gathering dusk, leading the tired horse, the track growing rougher and rougher at every step, though now it seemed on more level ground and no yawning abyss lay on his right hand. There was a sound now of rushing water, so he halted. It would be folly to go on in the dark, but, if he remembered rightly, the moon would soon rise and he would then find a place to camp. Whilst waiting he drew out his worn rosary, and on that wild mountain slope, while the water rushed on in the darkness and the far-off mournful cries of night birds accentuated the loneliness, the mysteries of the Blessed Life glided before him, joyful, sorrowful and glorious. As the last words of the Litany of our dear Mother fell from his lips over the dark summits stole a silvery light, faint at first, but gathering strength and beauty till every slope was flooded and over the range before him rose the moon, a silver shield. So sweet was the light after the darkness that he uttered a fervent thanksgiving, and, begging Our Lady's protection and help, he set about finding a suitable spot in which to pass the night, when he saw a little clearing to the left by the creek, whose waters showed silver-bright in the moonlight. And surely that was a rough shanty there! It seemed incredible, but he determined to go and see; even if abandoned, it would do to sleep in better than the open air, for the mountain wind was keen.

As he drew near he remembered the story of the man—madman they had said. Would it not be better to stay where he was than to risk an encounter with such a one? While hesitating by the door he heard a hollow cough, followed by a moan. All his fear fled; here was a man suffering, dying perhaps. Tethering his horse to a tree, he advanced boldly, and pushing the bark door open a little way, said: "Is any one within? I have lost my way and would rest for the night."

"Come in, come in!" The voice, though eager, was very weak; and as the priest advanced into the dark room: "I am ill," came in weary accents from a corner. "I cannot help you mate, though you're the first who's crossed my threshold this many a day. The fever's on me. Help yourself. If you've a match, there's a lamp on the shelf."

The lamp was found and lit, and as it burned up, rather smokily, the priest turned in the direction whence the voice had come. On a rough bed the man was sitting up. The hair and beard long, white and unkempt, gave a certain wildness to his looks, and this was heightened by the fever-bright eyes. But this was no madman bending forward to gaze at his unexpected guest.

"Mother of God!" he cried. "Mother of God! It is a priest!" and he fell back on his wretched bed, only to spring up again, and with his hands, worn and wasted, motioned back the approaching guest. "No, don't come near me, not yet, not yet. Kindle a fire; I am so cold. Don't speak to me for a while at least."

Though his heart ached for the sufferer, he judged it best to humor him, so he lit the fire and, after making a frugal meal, sat down and waited till the sick man should make some sign. But he lay with his face to the wall, and the silence was broken only by the cruel cough, that shook the wasted frame. At last the priest rose and, going to the bedside, bent over him and took the wasted hand in his. "Dear friend," he said, "you are very ill, and must have lain like this for many days. What can I do for you? No, you must not repulse me"—for the sick man made a motion as if to push him away. "Listen, then, till I tell you how I came here."

And he recounted how he had taken the wrong track; how night had come on, and he could not go back again over that terrible path by the gorge. Here the other broke in with a great cry: "The track by the gorge! The track by the gorge! You came by that? Blessed Mother of Mercy, you have brought me a priest and brought him by that track!"

"That is the second time you have called on the Blessed Mother of God. I commended myself to her guidance when I chose the track. I thought it was the wrong one, but it was the right, since it brought me here to you. You seemed to expect me. What can I do for you? Why are you so silent? But perhaps you are weak and faint from want of food: let me——"

"No, no," broke the man. "I am used to these attacks, and have all I want at hand; and I'll not want much more; my time's come sure enough. Yes, Father, I've great need of you—a heavy load to lift off my soul before it goes to meet its Judge. When I am gone you will find the story all written out in the box there, and in the old 'Manual' there, too, you'll find my mother's name, don't let any one see that. Oh, mother, mother, why didn't I die when I lay in your arms an innocent child?" Here the cough again shook the wasted body, and he lay exhausted for a while and then went on: "I always meant to tell it all, but, coward like I put it off. It could do no good to him, and it meant so much to me; and I've suffered for it, too. Thirty years Father, thirty years here within sight of that gorge and knowing what was there at the bottom! I always meant, I say, to tell all, but I left it too late. My strength failed me, so I begged our Blessed Lady to help me, since I felt death so near. I never thought my prayer could be heard; no one comes this way. But you came: she brought you. And now pray for me, pray with me, Father—the prayer I have said every day, yes every day, in spite of all my sinful life—'Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy.'"

Higher in the clear sky rose the moon, flooding all with her gentle light. Peace on the mountain tops, crowned with silver glory; peace in the valleys, whence the light mists rose. But what was the peace of inanimate nature to that of the soul that had laid down its burdens at the foot of the cross and had been washed in the Precious Blood?

"Now, Father, let me sleep a while But do not go away; I feel safer with you near me." And, murmuring still his prayer, he fell asleep, a short, uneasy slumber. The words that fell from his lips from time to time showed how the mind strayed still through the weary, sinful past.

"Too near, too near! How could I know? I only meant to push him from me. He was my evil genius; he made me what I was, thief and forger. Why did he rouse me to anger on that awful track? Why make me a murderer also?" And, with a shriek, he rose, but, meeting the compassionate gaze of the priest, fell feebly back, and putting out his wasted hand, took the other's and held it so until the end.

What a long and weary night! And the watcher was spent with journey and wanderings. But here was a soul to comfort and help; self must be thrust aside. And so every time the sick man awoke the same patient figure was there, the same warm, human hand clasped his, cold and damp; the same voice whispered words of comfort and peace. The weary mind still wandered, but that dark scene troubled him no more. Now he was an innocent child learning at his mother's knee the love of Mary Immaculate, and, anon he was speaking to old friends, old companions of his college days, and when he faltered and shuddered the priest knew some memory arose of the one, who, even then, had led him astray. But after a while all these passed, and the only words on his lips were those of his daily prayer. As the moonlight faded and a roseate flush crowned the eastern mountains, he grew weaker and cried that he was cold; then, fearing the approach of death, he grew full of terror.

"Mother of Mercy," he cried, "pray for me! Have I not done penance? Thirty years in this solitude, close to that gorge where I buried him. I never meant to harm him. I loved him once. Under the white gum I buried him: there's a cross over the grave. I've never gone away; I've suffered here alone. Pray with me Father." And so the fear passed from him.

On the far hills the pink gave way to gold: the mists sank down into gorge and gully; the clear call of birds and the myriad sounds of awakening life were in the air, but in that poor hut dawned a fairer light than earth can ever know—the light of heavenly love, of trust in the All-Merciful. Still, as life ebbed away, the lips growing cold, framed ever the Adorable Name, still whispered: "Mother of Mercy," and so he died.

Voices on the clear air, drawing nearer and nearer. John Morgan, chiding himself that he had let the priest go alone, had ridden after him, and finding to his dismay, that he had not reached the township, organized a search party. By common consent they followed the old track into the ranges, and so came on to the hut and found them there, the living and the dead.

"So, Father," said Morgan, "you did go into the ranges after the lost sheep. Thanks be to God!"

"Truly," said the priest, "thanks be to God! I came, led by the Blessed Mother of Mercy."—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

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JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

AN OBJECT LESSON

A DEPLORABLE INCIDENT SHOWING THE DANGER OF NEGLECT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS BY INTELLIGENT CATHOLICS

From the Catholic Citizen

John Mitchell, the well-known labor leader and himself a Catholic, has unwittingly furnished testimony to the necessity of intelligent Catholics reading Catholic papers. In explaining how and why the executive council of the Federation of Labor passed a pro-Ferrer resolution, he tells us that five of the eleven members of that council were Catholics.

Mr. Mitchell goes on: "Immediately preceding and for nearly two weeks following the execution of Ferrer, every bit of news published in the American newspapers indicated that Ferrer had been executed by the Spanish Government without trial by an impartial jury and without having the opportunity of making any proper defense. And the press despatches from Europe uniformly agreed that he was a reformer who advocated the establishment of a republic in Spain and the inauguration of a system of general and free education. It was not until weeks after his death and after the execution council of the American Federation of Labor had adopted the resolution in question, that the Spanish Government saw fit to take cognizance of the universal indignation expressed by the people of all civilized nations, and then explanation was made that Francesco Ferrer was an Anarchist, a revolutionist and an atheist; that he was responsible for outrages against the Church" (in Barcelona.)

Now, if Mr. Mitchell and his Catholic fellow-members of the executive council were readers of Catholic papers, they could not have been thus deceived or thus kept in ignorance of the facts. The Catholic papers of the United States immediately and at once punctured the Ferrer fraud, and it was largely by their forceful treatment of a matter that leading American secular dailies veered from a first disposition to take the side of this common Anarchist, under a false impression that he was "an educator."

CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF

It is a difference of motive. Even in existing conditions it costs something socially and financially to be a Catholic. Adherence to the faith spells sacrifice, says "Looker-On" in The Pilot.

Imputation of motives as a rule is an odious thing and difficult of proof, but in the matter of changing religions moral certainty as to motive is easy in the great majority of cases. Go over in mind the long list of eminent men and women who entered the City of God from the ranks of warring sects or of unbelief during the century just completed. There is not one who did not come in travail of spirit, who did not break with old friends and associations. They became Catholics at all risk and all cost, heeding an imperious call. Some were stricken in full career like Saul. Others heard the call in the night, like Samuel. All sowed in tears that they might reap in joy. No two cases are identical except in this, that contrary to their own worldly interests, against all human seeming, they come in, taken captive by Divine grace.

All these conversions, and they are numbered by the thousands, are stamped with a sincerity beyond cavil. In no land to-day is the Church attractive to the self-seeking and unscrupulous. In many places membership in her communion means social ostracism; everywhere it constitutes an obstacle to worldly advancement. Her attraction is wholly spiritual. To her own children and to all mankind she propounds the stern gospel question: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

To a weak worldly non-Catholic, to an ambitious individual, life as a Catholic seems a nightmare. It means isolation, loss of friends and social prestige, the closed door and the cold nod. The convert goes out from among his own parish to enter an environment in which he is more often suspected than received with open arms.

Even to strong and determined souls the leap is alarming and the outlook appalling. They must steel themselves against the aloofness of those they know and love best in this world, against financial loss, family opposition and mayhap a riven rooftree. Their strength and consolation are in God. Intimates speak of them as failing in mind, of disappointed ambitions, hopelessly taking refuge under the shadow of a pseudo infallibility. Generally speaking, conversion is a sort of death for the convert. The best he may hope for among his acquaintances is the statement that he is an honest though misguided man.

Every circumstance that shows forth the sincerity and single-heartedness of those who choose the truth above all other things in life militates with merciless force against those who leave the fold. In a worldly way they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They are sure of a welcome in the enemy's camp, no matter how worthless they may be. The press hails them as men of enlightenment and talent. All doors are opened to them. The world is anxious to hear their story. Fortune smiles upon them. Go over the list of those who have sold their birthright for a mess of worldly pottage; the ex-priest, the ex-nun, are celebrities in Protestant circles. The lay apostate, too, is warmly received. He is instructed to men who can help him, he is accorded business advantages; while if a professional man, room is made for him even at the expense of more learned and better fitted colleagues. Cleric or layman, his loss is wholly spiritual.

Investigate the history of any Protestant or unbeliever whose name or antecedents indicate that he was ever a Catholic. Is there any limit of sacrifice, of soul anguish, of a struggle to the light? Far otherwise! The reason for the change is patent and undeniable—worldly advancement. He was an ambitious young man, and finding his faith an impediment in the race for wealth and honor, he threw it away incontinent. She was a beautiful girl, with opportunities contingent on the abandonment of her religion. Straightway she abandoned it, married well and became a social leader. One and all, they had saleable commodities—their souls—and sold them to advantage as this world reckons it.

The market for apostles is not as good as it was formerly, for much of the dust and calumny that once enveloped the Church has been removed, and she stands before mankind as a mighty organization for good. But enmity to her and suspicion of her success and strength abide. The day has not dawned when a man or woman can hope to win worldly plaudits and wealth by entering the fold. May that day never dawn!

Things are as they should be. Truth is gained at the price of sacrifice, peace of conscience now is anguish. The unworthy drop out as chaff sifted; sincere souls are led by the hand of God "through moor and fen, through crag and torrent," to the "Kindly Light" that beams forth from the ramparts of the City of God.

FATHER RICKABY AND NEWMAN

At the opening of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston, Father Joseph Rickaby preached on Cardinal Newman, and as a result we have one great philosopher analyzing the work and mind of another.

Newman's trust in God and mistrust of his own gigantic powers, that struck such blows for Catholicity, are finely portrayed. What he suffered from friend and foe is thus declared: "The course of such a one never runs smooth," said the orator, "it is opposed by the evil-minded; it is suspected, retarded, thwarted, sometimes for the nonce, overthrown by those who love God and have His glory at heart."

To bear against the good-intentioned is the supreme test of greatness. The great Catholic who has a mission to perform, expects the devil and his earthly henchman to oppose, and this antagonism gives only edge to the sword of intellect; but when he has to fulfil his life's purpose despite the apathy of men who should sustain his efforts, as well as by antagonizing evil machinations, then surely is he ground between two millstones. To break the opposition, and to accomplish his task, requires a will of iron as well as a mind that has a forge fire wherein to heat its activity. Newman had both intellect and will. He stood against hell and England, the one the author of error, the other bigoted ground that served as the theater of its progress. The Anglican Church howled at his heels, while Catholics were slow to give the glad acclaim that now rends the skies with salvos for his name. Through it all, Newman, unlike some converts whom we have met, believed he was giving nothing to the Church but that, on the contrary, the Church was giving him everything. Through it all, as a true gentleman whom he so exquisitely defines, he had salt tears of sorrow for breaking with all the human ties that were deemed sacred, even though he met heavenly truth with a smile of satisfaction.

Newman's greatness was essentially goodness; his bravery was the noblest form of heroism, for he fought his battle majestically alone, without even the faithful few of Leonidas in the gap; his fidelity was the outcome of humility that sought nothing and gave much.

Newman made an era. The author of the "Apologia" solidly stands against the reflection that Catholics cannot do their own thinking, and bigotry in England and elsewhere has never recovered from the tell strokes of his powerful logic. His name is forever enshrined with Saints Augustine and Bernard and Thomas, with Dun Scotus and Albertus Magnus, and will appear all the greater, as time gives perspective to the view.—Catholic Union and Times.

PREACHING TO THE HOLY FATHER

There is a lesson—in the following extract from Rome—for a great many good Catholics who, strong in their faith, and grounded in their catechism, like to think they have no real need of sermons, and so avoid the Masses on Sundays at which sermons are preached. The Holy Father finds it necessary to listen to exhortations and to be reminded of the weakness of human nature and the constant need of God's grace. The editor of Rome says:

The Order of Capuchins has long enjoyed the privilege of supplying the Apostolic Preachers, the greater number of whom, after a few years service, are elevated to the episcopate, or even to the Cardinalate. The present General of the Capuchins filled the important office until two years ago when he was elected to his present charge as head of one of the most numerous of religious Orders. Pius X. had no difficulty in choosing his successor. Many years ago in Venice his attention had been attracted to the preaching of a young friar who made a deep impression on the people. There were no gorgeous flowers of rhetoric in the sermons, but clear-cut, incisive sentences that carried with them a message of warning and exhortation, and that sent home the people with something to think about. So when Father Pacifico of Seggiano left the Vatican to take up the reins of government over the whole Capuchin Order, the young Father Luke of Pavia was bidden to the Vatican and installed in the office of Apostolic Preacher. It is very likely that at the beginning of each of his courses he is still a little nervous before the distinguished auditory he has to address. While he waits in the antechamber of the Pope's apartment, the small Throne Room begins to fill; shortly the benches in the rear are occupied by the Generals and Procurator Generals of the Religious Orders; in others are seated the chief prelates of the Vatican; and by the hour fixed for the beginning of the sermon over a score of cardinals of the Curia have entered one by one.

Then a door on the left quietly opens, and those present catch a momentary glimpse of the Sovereign Pontiff himself before he takes his place behind the screen which hides him from preacher and congregation though he can see both. Then Father Luke begins—a little nervous at first for he has before him the most august body of hearers in the world, but gradually warming as he enters deeper and deeper into his subject. It is a striking and significant spectacle. The Friar in the coarse brown habit, with his thin beard and pale ascetic face, is standing under the dais of the papal throne (the throne itself has been removed to be substituted by the pulpit), in a hall covered with precious silks and damasks under a frieze painted by a great master of the renaissance. He is one of the humblest of the sons of St. Francis, and he has been called here to speak words of counsel, warning, exhortation and even menace to the most exalted dignitaries of the Church. He has chosen for his subject this year the four last things: Death, judgment, hell and heaven, and after his first timidity has worn off his voice rings impressively through the silence. He has forgotten self, but he has not forgotten the audience. He goes on to tell them of the immense responsibility that rests upon them by reason of the lofty positions they hold, puts before them the dangers of worldliness, ambition, human respect, laxity in discharging the duties of their offices; he probes their very consciences for the faults and even the crimes of which they might be guilty, and of which they shall have to render a most rigid account. Hell is not a favorite topic with preachers nowadays, but Father Luke does not shrink from it, nor mitigate its terrors for Popes, Cardinals and Prelates who betray the trust imposed on them. Hardly since the days of the famous Father Segneri has such vigorous preaching been heard in the Vatican as that of the past Advent.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Civilization is a name that sounds pleasantly to the ear, and many people stop at the name and do not inquire what civilization is spoken of, nor by what means it is produced, nor to what end it tends; hence it is that they accept as pure gold what is nothing more than base metal. (Cardinal Pecci, now Leo XIII.)

The vital difference is not in what men see, but in how they see it. The quality of sight is really not in sight at all, but in insight; it is not the thing seen, but the interpretation of the thing; not the mere object, but the comprehension of the object by the mind.

God loveth a cheerful giver to advance His glory and honor. Let us therefore give cheerfully when there is need of giving, that God may love us. Whoever regretted having been generous with God?

However distressing the task set before you; however dark the day and discouraging the attitude of men and circumstances, forget not the building of that finer self which is to be a part of God's great temple, and take a fresh hold on every tool with which you work. God does not give you more than you can do. Be strong, and do it!

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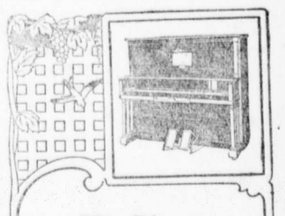

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