Titus, a Comrade of the Cross A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER IX. "Say, young man! thou lookest to have a sturdy back-wilt thou not help

The speaker was one of four men, who were bearing some apparently heavy load between them, and the person to addressed himself was Titus, who, with Stephen, was returning from a fishing expedition on the lake.

The two were well laden with the

of their evening's work, and with the fishing nets, yet at the sound of voice they stopped, and moving toward the spot where the four men stood, they perceived that the burden had been carrying was on of the light beds, or sleeping-mats, and that upon it lay the figure of a man ap-

Thou seest," went on the first parei speaker, "that we have undertaken to carry this young man to the house of Simon the asherman, for it is there that Jesus of Nazareth bideth, and we hop that He may be able to heal him.' this the man on the pallet groaned audibly. "But one of our bearers is an old man and infirm, and he hath

not the strength to proceed further; so that we are in a bad case, in that we can go neither forward nor back, unless, young man, thou wilt help us."
"I will gladly help thee," said Titus. "Here, Stephen, canst take my net and

I will carry them for thee," broke in the quavering voice of the old man, who had by this time somewhat re-covered himself. "And a father's blessing be upon thee, if thou dost help my poor boy to find the Healer."

"O father," groaned the sufferer upon the bed, "what is the need of it that is the need of it Hath not the priest told me ove again, that I suffer on account of my sins; and that I must needs bear it for it be laid upon me by the Almighty Surely it is unrighteous to attempt to escape the judgments of the Most High, for thou know above all men. knowest that I am a sinner

"Ah, the rabbis, the rabbis! grumbled the old man. "I know that they have told thee that; but I know thee that thou art a good lad, as lads go. None of us be righteous altogeth and I am thinking that, were the Almighty so minded, He could put us all on to our beds, and justly; for we have all gone astray, There is not one righteous—no, not one. Is it not true,

Tae men murmured assent, while Titus felt the blood rise guiltily to his

face. "Come, come, now!" said one of the bearers briskly, "'tis time that we were getting along. Now then, take hold! Steady!" And the four with their set off at a rapid pace down the ing with the nets.
"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

mured the old man, as if to himself, shaking his head sadly.

"Hath he been long in this way?"

aske | Stephen, sympathetically. "Since he was eight years of age," said the father. "He was run over by a Roman chariot, poor lad! There was some heathen festival or other in Tiberias—where we lived then—and the boy was minded to see it. His mother bade him stay home, but he 'scaped from her notice, and the first we knew of it, the thee home unhealed:

'twere a pity, a pity! He was a lad ere he was hurt, and never thee home unhealed:

'Stay!' said Stephen, again coming forward. "I know that we can find Him if we try. Titus, wilt thou go and neighbors brought him to us half dead. lasty lad ere he was hurt, and neve had broken our commands before that. Since then he hath lain constantly on his bed; for someway, the hurt took all the life and feeling from his limbs, so that he cannot move them. After a while we came to Capernaum, and his mother hath not ceased to pray for his recovery. May the Almighty grant it He did the prayer of Hannah! But fering for sin; and in a way he is, poor lad, for it is true that he disobeyed. But we have all gone astray — all gone And he hath been so patient Thou knowest, boy, that David hath it in one of the Psalms that 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' And I know he must pity my poor patient lad.

"What was it that thou didst say about a father pitying his children?" said Stephen eagerly. "Wilt thou say said Stephen eagerly. it to me again ?'

The old man repeated the verse; then said somewhat severely, "Dost thou not know the Scriptures, boy? At thy age I could repeat the l'salms and much

of the Law. Nay, but my father is a Greek, and

I have not been taught."
"Then thou art a heathen!" said the old man, slightly drawing away from the boy as they walked. "But thou art a good lad—I know it by thy face—and I am not stiff-necked like the rabbis. It hath been reported that He whom we seek doth teach and heal all who come to Him, even publicans and not. I will recompense Simon for

'T's a true saying," said Stephen attempt. y. '' i was a cripple and He me. He did not ask me if I knew the Psalms, or the Law, nor whether I went to the synagogue. I did not even ask Him to heal me—I was asking for another. And dost think that the Father Who pitieth the chil-dren, is the Father He speaks of so

Assuredly," was the answer. "He is also the God of Abraham, of Isaac,

And who are they?" asked Stephen

"On, boy, thou art indeed a heathen!" groaned the old man. "Thou must go to the synagogue and hear the reading

riptures."
Il do that," said Stephen earnestly. "Thou knowes that not till lately, for I was helpless." "Thou knowest that I could

At this point in the conversation saw that the bearers had again were straightening themselves to

of its occupant "Doth the shaking of thy bed as they

walk hurt thee, my poor boy?"
"Nay, father; the jolting hurteth me not as doth my sinful soul. He can not heal me, I am so sinful, so wicked Twere better to take me back and let me die in peace."

"Dost thou see me?" said Stephen in his clear, boyish treble, kneeling be-side the bed. "I am a heathen—thy father hath said so—yet He healed me. He healed Philip, the blind man whose eyes had been burned out-for what, I not-but he was a sinner. hath healed multitudes, and none them priests or rabbis or Pharisees. He will heal thee. Thou dost not know Him. He pitieth His children like the Father in heaven, and He loveth them as never a mother loved. Thou will see it, when thou lookest into His face.'

The young man fixed his great, mourn-ful eyes upon Stephen, and when he had finished speaking, he said:

art thou? Art thou an Who angel:

And indeed, in the monlight the lad seemed not unlike one, as he kneeled by the bed, his hands clasped in his said

Nay, nay, lad! He is not an angel," spoke the cracked voice of the old man. "He is only a little heathen lad, as he saith truly, for he knoweth not Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But for all that, he is a good lad. Thou must cheer up, for it is true that the Nazarene hath healed greater sinners than even thou, my poor child. Here, take a swallow this wine; it will strengthen thy heart." So saying, he produced a small gurglet of wine from his girdle, and proceeded to administer some of it

to the invalid. Then all set forth as before. They ere not far from Simon's house now and as they approached, it became evi dent that a great crowd was assembled there, for they met numerous groups coming away, many of them complaining loudly that they could neither hear

nor see.

The old man looked anxious. "I fear that we cannot see Him, now that have come so far. My poor boy! My poor boy! not let him hear thee," be

sought Stephen, laying a warning hand on the old man's arm. "Let us go on: we shall surely find Him."

Their progress was now necessarily slow, as the crowd grew denser. Finally the four set their burden down for a moment to rest, and that they might consider the situation.
"What hast thou there?" said a

passer by; "a sick man?" And he looked over their shoulders at the bed. I will tell tell thee something; 'twere petter to take him home again, and as quickly as possible, for he will not be healed to-night. The Master hath healed to-night. The Master hath healed no one. He is an upper cham-ber in Simon's house, and is talking rith the rabbis, priests and Pharisees have come from all parts, even from Jerusalem, to hear Him. Then, even if this were not so, the house and inch of the garden are packed olid with people ; not one of yo step inside the gate, to say nothing of that bed!" And without waiting to ee whether or not his advice was taken,

the speaker went his wa,s.
"Humph! 'Tis a sorry case! muttered one of the men who had been helping to bear the bed. "I had not bargained to carry this burden both

O Benjamin, my son! my son! wailed the old man, wringing his hands helplessly. "I fear that we must take thee home unhealed!"

see if there be not some way to get

Titus was gone in a moment, and in a moment more was back again, flushed and panting with exertion. "There is a stairway leading to the roof, not far from the garden gate," said he. "I had thought if we could take him up here, we might perhaps tear up a piece hamber where the Master is talking. I can repair the breach in an hour, if one of you will help me." "Oh, Titus!" exclaimed Stephen.

Tis a good thought; let us go at

"Hold!" said the old man. "What right have we to injure our neighbor's roof? Then, too, would it not be a old and unseemly thing thus to dis Master, more especially if He e discoursing to so many learned men od knoweth that I heartily desire the healing of my son, but I like not thy plan, young man; it savoreth of unlaw

"Oh, father!" said the sick man, with a sob, "if thou takest me back now, I feel that I can never come again "if thou takest me back This hath so wrought on me, that I feel e springs of life failing within me. thee try any way that will take pray

The old man hesitated. Stephen whispered in his ear. "Let

us try it, I beg of thee! "Well, well! Do th well! Do thy best; I care roof. It will do no harm to make the

Lifting their burden, the four on again slowly advanced through the crowd, Stephen and the old man going in front this time, and making a way r them. At length the gateway was reached, then came a struggle through the dense throng that filled every avail able nook inside the garden. the stairway was gained, and in a mo ment more they were safely on the roof where, strangely enough, no one from elow had hitherto come. Now, howbelow had hitherto come. ever, divining the purpose of the party

surge up the narrow stairway.

"What art thou purposing, good friends?" called out one.

"To tear up the roof, and lower this sick man into the presence of the Mas-

answered Titus.

Then this is the spot to remove the tiling. He is in the chamber beneath. I will help thee," said the man who had

In another moment a dozen willing

made preparations to lower the bed containing the sick man. As they lifted him, he murmured in a low tone:

"Where is he—the lad that was healed?"

"I am here," said Stephen, coming forward. "Have courage!" he whis-pered. "I saw Him through the hole in the roof. He will heal thee."

"Now then—take a firm hold!" said Titus; and grasping the ropes which someone had brought, and which were firmly knotted to the bed, the sick man was lowered carefully and steadily through the opening till his bed rested on the floor at the feet of Jesus. There was profound silence for a moment: those in the chamber below startled by the strange interruption, and the crowded about the opening in the rerowded about the opening in the roof reathless with anxiety for the success f their bold plan.

The Master had been sitting as He

talked, but now He arose, and, stooping over, gazed intently into the fac of the sick man. In those pale, pinched features and appealing eyes, He read his whole pathetic story. Laying His hand upon the sufferer tenderly, He

the room. The words, "He blasphemeth!" "God alone can forgive sins!" "God will smite Him!" came alone; I am from one and another of the bearded and turbaned rabbis who sat about. Then the Master raised Himself up, and looking upon them with the eye omniscience, said slowly:

"What reason ye in your hearts? Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins,"—turning to the sick man
—" I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house.

And immediately he rose up before them all, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God. And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, seen strange things to day.

CHAPTER X.

The worshipful Jairus, ruler of the ynagogue in Capernaum, had just completed a careful inspection of the various gardens connected with his house. He was a rich man, as well as ruler of the synagogue; it was therefore meet all things connected with his doe done decently and in main should order. He had been making remarks to this effect to the servant who filled the office of chief steward in his house, and the man still stood in his presence.

am not pleased with the condition of the gardens connected with inner house, Bennoi," he said, somewhat severely. "I saw many withered leaves on the turf, and the shrubbery ath not received the attention which the should have. It is evident that there fault somewhere.'

If I might venture the suggestion, most noble Master, I would say that it would be well to employ another serv-ant. I can buy, if it please thee, a slave, or for a small sum hire some lad from the city. For truly the new vineyard doth require much time and attention, and I have therefore been unable to look to the home gardens as I ought. It is not that the servants are idle, or that I'' — and here the man made a low obeisance—"am neglectful of my

Thou hast answered well, Benoni; the matter of the new vineyard had en tirely escaped my memory. Seek out now a lad, and let it be his duty to atand the gardens that I be not further vexed with the matter. And stay !be cautious in the matter of selecting the lad, for the little Ruth doth often play in the gardens, albeit attended by naidens, and I would not that the be rough or discourteous.'

worshipful Thy commands, most master, shall be obeyed; and I thank thee for thy goodness and forbearance to me in the matter.'

So saying, the steward withdrew and at once made his way to the n market-place. Here he proceeded to make known the fact that he, Benoni, would engage the services of a likely lad in behalf of his master, the worship ful Jairus. A number of lads who were idling about the place eagerly cound him, but the keen eve of the chief steward quickly pro-nounced them, one and all, unfit for the

position. New it happened that Stephen and Titus were at one of the numerous stalls, bartering some fish which they had taken that morning before dawn, Titus as usual managing the business, while Stephen stood by, looking dream ily at the lively scene about him; the world, to which he had been so long a stranger, presenting to his happy eye constantly shifting kaleidoscope This morning he wonderful pictures. This morning he saw at once the imposing figure of Benoni as he entered the market-place. and followed his subsequent pr ings with an interested eye. Just as Titus had finished the bargaining to his satisfaction, he caught an excited whisper from Stephen.

That man yonder looketh for a lad hire? Why dost thou not speak with to hire? him? Then mightest thou be safe from father and the men."

Titus looked in the direction to which Stephen pointed, then said: "The man is a Jew. I care not to hire with

"Nay, Titus, now thou speakest fool-hly. Come! Wilt thou not seek ishly.

in the presence of Benoni. "I heard thee, that thou didst in-quire for a lad," said Stephen hesitatngly, seeing that Titus did not intend

Thou didst hear aright," answered Benoni with condescension. "But thou art too young. I require a sturdy lad, more like to this one,"—glancing, as he spoke, at Titus—"to work in the ardens of the house of the worshipful

Jairus."
"What work wouldst thou require?"

looking fondly down upon the wasted aperture; and through it they quickly the great houses, so jealously guarded and which had often been described to

the two lads by Prisca.

"The work will be, as I said, in and about the gardens — keeping the graveled paths in order, and the turf free from weeds and unsightly rubbish." "I think I could do that," said Titus in a low voice—for he inwardly re-volted at the idea of service of any said Titus | izingly.

Benoni, however, convinced that his hesitation was due solely to modesty, and withal satisfied with the young man's general appearance, after a few more perfunctory questions quickly concluded the bargain, stipalating that Titus should accompany him at once, nd be introduced to his new work.

When Stephen was left alone, he stood gazing after the two, and a desolate feeling of loneliness almost came him for a moment. realized that all the de the lake with Titus, all the long rambles, and the pleasant evening talks on the housetop, were over. Why did I ever see that man!

murmured disconsolately, feeling a strong desire to run after Titus and

s whole pathetic seed and upon the sufferer tenderly, He and upon the sufferer tenderly, He and upon the sufferer tenderly, He arms desire to run strong des me, I must learn to manage the boat alone; I am nearly fifteen now and strong enough. Mother hath need of me; I must work for her." And he started out for home at a brisk pace. me; I

Meanwhile Titus and Benoni reached the house of Jairus. It was imposing structure occupying whole square, presenting to the street on all sides facades of massive roughhewd stone, windowless on the ground floor, and broken only by a single en-trance on each of its sides. From the second story projected certain high and wide windows filled with curious latter. Thou are the tice-work.

Being admitted to one of the strongly guarded portals, Titus and his guide found themselves in an arched passage - way of stone : quickly traversing this, they proceeded into a courtyard, which Titus—having in mind the description of Prisca— perceived to be the court of the household; for here was the great central fountain, there were the stalls for the orses and mules, and on the opposite side the appurtenances for various kinds of work connected with the establishment—the bake ovens, and the grindstones in noisy operation, being most in evidence. It was an animated scene, and everyone seemed to be in the highest spirits, for the men were laughing and talking as they groomed the horses, while the maidens about the fountain chattered as gayly and inces-santly as the sparrows which were nest-

ing in the cornice. As the two entered, all eyes were turned at once upon them, and one damsel, bolder than the rest, came forand dropping a courtesy, said

saucily: And here is our good Benoni. looking none the worse for the inter which he had with the master this morning! My mistress bade me tell thee that she wished to speak with thee immediately upon thy return. Didst thou know that we are going up to Jerusalem, the next week but one Tis the feast. I am glad, for my part Jerusalem at feast times hath a gavety refresheth my spirit after our

dull Capernaum. "Peace, maiden!" said Benoni everely. "Thy tongue hath the severely. "Thy tongue hath the sound of waters which run and never But now wilt thou see that this lad hath some refreshment, while I wait upon our worshipful lady? I will return for thee shortly "turning to Titus—" that thou mayst get to thy

work without delay."

The damsel, who was called Marissa, laughed mockingly, "It would be well, good Benoni, ere our worshipful master return from the synagogue. At least tourscore more of dried leaves have fallen from the shrubbery since thou

didst go forth this morning. But Benoni was already gone, apparently not hearing the last remark. soon as he had disappeared, the girl turned to Titus, and with an approving glance at his stalwart figure and handsome face, said:

Whenever the master hath occasion to chide our good Benoni yonder, he doth mend the matter by hiring a new I heard everything servant. seed between them this morning from the terrace where I was sewing. Thou art to pick off the yellow leaves from require all thy And again the girl laughed strength!"

"Nay, I am to attend to the graveled walks, and care for the turf," said

Titus with an angry flush.
"Do not be angry," said the girl. "Do not be angry," said the girl. Thou shouldst be glad in these times to have fallen into such a comfortable place; plenty would give their eyes for it. And Benoni is a good master, as thou wilt see, albeit a little stupid. But come, let me give thee to eat, as I

Before many days had passed Titus found that Marissa had spoken truly. His work was light and pleasant, and his beauty-loving eyes were never tired of looking at the wonders about him On several occasions he had seen the mistress of the house in her sweeping robes traversing the terraces; and every day the little Ruth, a pretty child of twelve, played about the shady garden paths. But best of all, Benoni, finding that he was skilful with boat and net, allowed him to supply the household with fish. Stephen invarijoined him in these expeditions the two spent many delightful

hours together. "I shall not see thee again for many days," said Titus on one of these occasions, as he pushed off the boat from the shore. "Benoni told me this morning that the family start to-morrow for Jerusalem. Many of the household will attend them. As for me, I have been chosen to lead the mule on which the little Ruth is to ride. Marissa saith that in Jerusalem we shall bide at the palace of the high priest, for the

"Thou wilt see wondrous things," said Stephen, somewhat wistfully, but without a trace of envy in his face. am glad that I have learned to manage the boat now; I shall go out every day whilst thou art away."
"Thou dost very well with the boat,

lad," said Titus, somewhat patron-izingly. "But thou must beware of squalls; they come so suddenly that ooler heads and stronger arms thine have gone down ere this. Do not go out unless the wind sets in the right quarter, as I showed thee; and never alone at night. The hour of the dawning will be best for thee."

The Master and His disciples, with manylothers, have already set forth for Jerusalem," said Stephen presently. Then after a pause he continued: knowest the man Benjamin, who palsied, and whom the Master healed so marvelously. He hath not forgotten us. I met him not many days since, as I was coming from the synagogue, and he took me with him to his home. is going to teach me how to read in the Hebrew Scriptures, so that I shall no longer be a heathen, as his father did cail me. He hath given me a roll that he himself did study when he was my age-albeit he studied lying helpless on bed. And he taught me a Psalm. Shall I say it to thee?'

Titus assented, and the lad repeated the musical accompaniment of water rippling along the side of the

boat: ". The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my oul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for-

'Is it not beautiful!" said Stephen softly. "And there are many more. I shall learn them all. Benjamin saith tnat I must learn the Law also. But that I like not so well; there are so any 'thou shalt not's,' that it quite ewildereth me to hear them read; and many know not how I could observe them "Thou wilt be a Pharisee yet,"

Titus, half bitterly. "I fancy I see thee now with a long robe, and a broad "Nay," answered Stephen simply.
"I would rather follow the Master.

He wears no phylactery; and I am sure at He is not a Pharisce.'

"Dost thou know, Stephen," said Titus presently, after the two had d their net. "that that psalm, as thou callest it, soundest strangely famil iar in mine ears, like something I have heard many times, and forgotten. And the house of Jairus—it is certain that have seen something like it-in a dream

Thou hast heard the mother tell of the great house in which she lived as a maiden; 'tis of that thou hast dreamed,

my Titus."
"But the psalm!" persisted Titus. Did the mother sing it in this way And he began a low metrical chanting of the words which Stephen had recited. But he broke off abruptly after a few lines, saying, now," then relapsed into silence, which he seemed not disposed to break; though Stephen talked gayly on, apparently unmindful of the fact that he had a very indifferent listener.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHENCE DID THE "REFORM. ERS " OBTAIN THE BIBLE ?

rom "Catholic Evidences," by Most Rev Martin J. Spalding, Archbisucp of Balti-more. The authority of the Church once

established by the motives of credibil ity, she was naturally received as a competent witness of the whole Christian revelation, and, among other parts of it, of the canon and inspiration the New Testament itself. Church thus universally acknowledged as the organ, put this book into the hands of her children, told them that it was the Word of God, and commanded them to receive it as such, according to her own exposition of its meaning it contained the strongest and most e olicit declarations of Christ and His inspired Apostles in regard to authority of the Church berself and her infallibility in her public teachings. Their faith in the Church, already strong, grew stronger by this striking confirmation; and this additional argu ment was wielded with great strength against heretics, who admitted the inspired book, but denied the authority of the Church. * * * To go a step further, the Roman Catholic Church alone has preserved the Bible; she alone can give a consistent and satisfactory account of it; she alone can settle its canon; she alone can prove its inspiration.

The children of the Reformation have always prided themselves on their the Bible. The Bible alone has ever been their motto. They pro-fess to have restored the Christian religion to its primitive purity and simplicity by bringing it back to the true Bible standard. Now this ques-tion naturally arises: whence did Protestants receive that very Bible about question must be answered, but not by mere declaration, but by plain and satisfactory historical facts before they can make good their position-they that are the peculiar friends, and that the Catholic Church is and has ever been the special enemy of the Bible. Whence then, I ask, did Luther, Calvin and the other founders of Protestantism obtain their Bible? angel sent down from heaven to place it in their hands? Did they receive it immediately from the hands of Christ sistently with their supposed and His Apostles?

force : whence did the Reformers obtain their Bible? Plainly and obvi-ously from the Roman Catholic Church from which they protested with so much energy as the great apostasy and the mystic Babylon of the Apocalypse From that Church which they blindly cused of having corrupted the w of God, of having been stained with the blood of God's saints, of having been the sworn enemy of the Bil itself.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

DR. BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA TELLS OF

In his book. "From Canterbury to Rome," Dr. B. F. De Costa relates a story which seems especially apropos just now, the principal character having but recently been called to his reward. Dr. De Costa was at the time an Episcopalian chaplain in the army We next found ourselves bet

Yorktown, seeking to take the place by

siege. Easter Sunday dawned wet and Instead of Easter hells it the roar of great guns. Yet soon after the camps fairly astir I caught the notes of what a ppeared to be an anthem. solemn but joyous. Protestants wer all unmindful of the fact that this was the Resurrection morn, yet Cath-olics were hailing the Risen Lord. In a little diary, under the date of Sunday, April 20, appears this memorandum Northeast storm. Morning, 8 o'clock eard Mass and an Easter Address b Father Scully, Ninth Massachusetts Regiment.' Under a canvas awning. before an extemporized altar, stood Chaplain Scully in his robes singing the High Mass. An amateur choi led by violins, sang 'Kyrie Eleison Gloria in Excelsis' and the Creed, the different parts being emphasized by booming of siege guns. of war did not break the force of sum corda, nor drown the salutat Dominus vobiscum: or the respon Et cum spiritu tuo. All the wh Protestants were indifferent. only stand by with a sense of mortifica-tion. Protestantism had no power had lost control over cons The helplessness of the realized, yet there was no propereference of result to cause. I did not occur to me that my Episcope voice, thought the vo churchman,' was only one of a hundre and thirty-two voices out of a Protes ant house divided against itself of nundred and thirty-two times. I saw,

peared to my mind for becoming Catholic." OWN A PEW.

ervice for a Boston Episcopal paper

the Christian Witness, distinctly expressing disgust for Protestant indiffer

nce, though no sufficient reason ap

however, as the war went on

Catholic voice was one voice.

a glowing account of that C

Not infrequently does one hear com plaints against pastors because of certain regulations which they have been ompelled to adopt with regard to the pews in their churches. ppear that charges are levied for ivilege and duty of hearing Mas That pastors seek to make a poverty by setting aside seats for those who cannot pay for them and similar unwarranted criticisms.

vithout foundation.

It is true that all Catholics have common interest in their parisi churches, providing, however, the contribute to their support. It is true that they have the right to worsh therein although they do not co with this imperative duty. This by means, however, implies that their use privilege are without limitati The rights of others are likewise involved. And in order that all may be

properly respected certain regulations must be complied with. Their right and duty to attend service does not extend to the occupation of places for which others pay. When an individual rents and pays for a pe or a portion thereof that become exclusive property and he is entitled to its enjoyment whensoever he wishes t is the intruder's business to such becomes necessary. And this must do or suffer the penalty of un civil conduct or if needs be ejection More than that it is the duty of the paster to protect the pewholder in the

njoyments of his rights. difficulty, however, could b removed if every family single person were to own a pew of portion of one. There would then no necessity for the enforcement rigid regulations. Neither wo many other potent reasons why eve member of a parish should be a pe owner. To the younger members of family it gives a fixed place in house of God. It impresses upon an independence and encourages then in the habit of regularity. It keep them from getting close to the door and often from getting entirely outside the the Church. But above all it will teach them their duty to their fellow worshipers and to the Church.—Church

Progress.

A One-Sided Knowledge of Scripture. The Doukhebors in Canada are said to base their vagaries upon the Scrip Commenting on this the Northture. West Review remarks: many non-Catholic Scripture-readers the Doukhobors, though familiar with certain texts that seem to suit them, do not really understand the plaines teachings of the Bible. compare one passage with another, they have no comprehensive under-standing of the Bible, such as a Catholic that never reads the sacred text, but listens to sermons thereon, has: example, what clearer condemnation of the Doukhobor theory about beasts of burden could there be than the fact that our Blessed Lord made His solemn entry into Jerusalem 'sitting (John xii. on an ass's colt Again, how can the Doukhobors, con No, they came edge of Holy Writ, conde world full fifteen hundred of animals for food, when they can read

JANUARY 17, 1903.

MASS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

A Merry Christmas and a bright New Year
To you and everyone that you hold dear;
Greetings you'll goe rather from far and wide,
But thus one comes to you from the far and wide,
But thus one comes to you from the first this dear.
The prison, and from the my directly,
I wish you all the good that wards can tell.
Christmas in prison—well that not so bad,
Bon't for a moment think that I am sad.
God bless you, no! I m very will indeed,
With lits to think about and tols to read,
And friendly faces too, when I desire,
I see by simply looking to the force,
I.l.

A visit, too, I had from Santa Claus!
The dear old fellow broke the prison laws
How he got in I never could make out.
But there he was without a single doub!
And in his hand a sliver gobier bore.
And in his hand a sliver gobier bore.
And from this gobier, with the utmost care,
some drops he sprinkled on my head and hair
And then he gave me such a knowing wink!
This stuff is good, "he said, "but not to
drink!" "This stuff is good," he said, drink!"
He told me what it was b fore he went.
What do you thick? The essence of Content This gift, dear friend, with you I fain would thare.
"Content," I wish you, for I've lats to spare!

JANUARY 17, 1903. CHRISTMAS CARD FROM KILMAIN. HAM. Ottawa Journal Jan. 8. Mr. D'Arcy Scott has received the following hristmas card from Mr. W. K. R. dmond, I. P. consisting of a few versus written by fr. Redmond while serving a six months from Kumsinbam isil, Dubin:

A CHRISTMAS CARD 1902. FROM PRISON.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Mary Ann Clough walked up the trim, well-kept walk that led to Mrs. Priscilla Hathaway's door. She was very tired, for she had been a long way that morning—clear out to the old Haines place that stood at the extreme edge of the village. Her black dress looked rustier than ever with the dust looked rustier than con-of the road upon it, and on her worr face was a pinched and sunken look that betokened lack of nourishment as

that betokened lack of nourishment as well as weariness.
She had been out to collect a bill for some sewing done months ago, for Amanda Haines went her languid, improvident way without troubling he head much about unpaid bills.

Mary Ann found her in the kitches the several several book. There

reading a paper-covered book. There was a pile of unwashed dishes on the 'Is that you, Mary Ann?" she said surprisedly, lifting her eyes from he absorbing book. "Come right in an sit down if you can find a place. tidied up this morning. thought I'd just sit down and rest while. I haven't that money yet, Man Ann." she added, placidly. "Mayi

while. I haven't that money yet, Mar Ann," she added, placidly. "May! I'll have it the next time you com Dreadful dry weather, ain't it, and yo -you're looking thin, Mary Am What, you're not goin' already?" Mary Ann drew on her cotton glove ith a sigh. "I guess I'd better," sh with a sigh. "I guess I u busing managed, "There was no use in ing Mandy Haines for money," thought, hopelessly. "If she had ishe'd only spend it for something else So the long, dusty walk had been fruitless one, after all, and Mary A

was well-nigh exhausted when s reached Mrs. Priscilla's gate. Work h searce of late, and all Mary A had had for breakfast that morning h en some very weak tea and some ve Mary Ann was small and thin and very strong. Her scant brown hair very strong hair very strong hair very strong a pair of bloom a pair of bloom a pair of bloom hair very strong hair very stro veined temples, and her should dropped pitifully. Old Mrs. Scarb ough always declared that Mary A would go into consumption like the r

of her family, but, contrary to all p phecies, Mary Ana lived along w nothing more alarming than a look extreme delicacy and a lack of streng extreme delicacy and alack of streng
Mary Ann was forty now, with
best part of her youth behind her. S.
a struggle as it had been, too, but, w
all her discouragements, Mary A
never lost her faith. It would be s

to come out right, she thought s

it was 1 o'clock when she wal up to Mrs. Priscilla's door. There a faint hope in her heart that Mrs. I cilla might ask her to stay to din Even a cup of tea would be thankf received, poor Mary Ann though

Mrs. Priscilla's tea was always goo Mrs. Priscilla was plump and v favored and prided herself on her housekeeping. Her husband had ome years before, and there had no children. So with a tidy little in the bank, Mrs. Priscilla set herself to a life of comfort. She n seemed to mind the solitude, but be herself with her cat and her bird, preserves and her cake, and her r fine housekeeping. Once in a she invited some of her old friends tea. Invitations from her were all hailed with anticipated pleasure as I have said, she was a notable

and her guests were sure of all kin culinary triumphs.

She came to the door now, in a She came to the door how had to Mary Ann's knock. "Why, Ann," she said, in a pleased "come right in. You look about f Ann," she said, in "come right in. You out. Here, sit here."

She drew a rocking chair intentre of the room, and Mary nk into it.
'I've been out to the Haines p

she explained, wearily. "Mandy me a little money, and as I need just now, I thought I'd make Mrs. Priscilla threw a shrewd in Mary Ann's direction.
"You ought to have known by

delicate as you are," retorted Priscilla, a little shortly. "Of o you didn't get it?"
"No," replied Mary Ann, f She rested her head against the

She rested her head against the patchwork cushion at her back the dard, how very tired, she we seemed to her she couldn't go farther. If only Mrs. Priscitla ofter her cup of tea, but she quite unmindful of the needs was considerable grown co pale, anxious little woman oppo 'I'm sorry you didn't com "I'm sorry you didn't come e she announced, seating hersel own particular chair, and fold plump hands in her lap. "I real good dinner to-day, roast i

dressing, apple dumplings and but the dishes are all wash Most people who live alone," sh "get into the habit of not