

THE SUBSTITUTE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE. and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten and that is all I ask!"

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, after three months he was a mason. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding, in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the hod from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cook-shop, tired out, his eyelids, his hands burning; his eyelids, stuck with plaster but content with himself; and carrying his well-earned money in a knapsack in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear since he could not be recognized in his white mask, and since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free!

At last—oh, supreme recompense!—he had a friend. He was a fellow-workman like himself, named Savinien, a little peasant with red lips, who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, feeling from the wine shops and going to Mass every Sunday. Jean Francois loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost so long ago. It was a passion, profound and restrained, which transformed and purified his fatherly care and egotistical nature, led things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean Francois and Savinien were always together. On holidays they together took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebuses on the napkins. There Jean Francois learned from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant; learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting. He heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life—the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the waterside, and the falls striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire of vine shoots, that were shortened by some marvelous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous.

One thing troubled him, however; it was fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture—vestige of his former horrible existence—and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds re-open, the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean Francois feigned ignorance and turned the subject, but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend.

His uneasiness was not without foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. The gross and noisy pleasures of the wine shop always troubled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperienced of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waists, talking in low tones. Then one evening, when lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean Francois, feeling that he was abandoned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to reproach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble. "Yes," said Auvergnat, angrily, "I am sure that someone has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three francs that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant, Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and I will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valves of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here it again! what it was, so that, if I find it again, nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you. One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait

of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow, with a queue and epaulettes, and the third, which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!" "All right," said the voice of the landlord; "we will go and search with Maria. So much for you if we find nothing and the masons get angry. You have forced me to it."

Jean Francois' soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed circumstances and the small loans, of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergnat patting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fist against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my lous, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypocrite of Limousin! Look, landlord, they are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with the queue and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air. I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean Francois heard the well known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs. "He is going to his destruction," thought he. "Three stories. I have time!"

And, pushing open the door, he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees, in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice. "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad, I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call in the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact, the little Limousin had just arrived, and, seeing his crime discovered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean Francois seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low, supplicating voice:

"Keep quiet."

Then turning toward the others: "Leave me alone with him. I tell you I won't go away. Lock us in, if you wish, but leave us alone."

With a commanding gesture he showed them the door.

Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.

"Listen!" said Jean Francois, who came and took him by the hand. "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. But one only comes out from there to go back again, and you will become a pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it, I have been seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pelagie, three years at Polesy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid! Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders; but it is dreadful," said Savinien; but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is under the flag, the younger man does not go," replied Jean Francois. I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a little, do you not? "I am paid. Don't be childish—don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am a runaway from exile. And then do you see that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, and if you swear to me that you will never do it again. Savinien, I have loved you well, and your friendship has made me happy. It is through it that, since I have known you, I have been honest and pure, as I might always have been, perhaps, if I had had, like you, a father to put a tool in my hands, a mother to teach me my prayers. It was my sole regret that I was useless to you, and that I deceived you concerning myself. Today I have unmasked in saying you. It is all right. Do not cry and embrace me for already I hear heavy boots on the stairs. They are coming with the posse, and we must not seem to know each other so well before these chaps."

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him when the door was thrown wide open.

It was the landlord and the Auvergnat, who brought the police. Jean Francois sprang forward to the landing place, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!"

To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible—Francis Coppe, in the Quarterly.

Length of Sermons.

Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport, England, says: "I certainly think that a really complete and worked-out sermon can be accomplished in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and that, as a rule, sermons which go beyond that time, unless they are much above the average in idea and expression, become more ineffective by every additional minute or two."

Bishop Hedley also maintains that "five-minute" instructions at the early Mass on Sunday are more profitable to the people than the formal Sunday sermon.

We call him good hearted who is easily touched by the misfortunes of his fellows, who is always ready to render them some service.—Hugh St. Victor.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

FORGETTING GOD'S GOODNESS.

"Were not ten made clean? Where are the nine?" (St. Luke xvii, 11)

If our Lord, dear brethren, stood in our midst to-day, He would not have to confine this rebuke to the nine, but might with justice ask: where are the ninety-nine; where are all those whom I have made clean; where are those whose sins I have washed away; where are those whose sufferings have lightened; where are they, for there is no one to return thanks?

Good Christians, is there need to remind you to return thanks—you for whom God is doing so much, you who are now living in His peace and friendship? Alas! that the truth must be told, we are as a whole an ungrateful set. Not that we mean to be such—God forbid!—but we are so taken up with the cares and troubles of this life, so worried about our present needs, so anxious about our future wants, that we forget for the most part to look back, to reflect upon all that has been done for us. The little time we do devote to God's service is not spent in thanksgiving, but rather in asking for more than our past ingratitude would warrant us in hoping for.

Be assured, Christians living in the grace of God, that many of the doubts and difficulties and most of the dryness of soul from which at times we suffer, would utterly vanish if we dealt less negligently with God, and spent more time in generously thanking Him for all His favors.

But, brethren, there is worse ingratitude than this, and you yourselves are witnesses of it. Remember the times of God's special and extraordinary graces; for example, the time of a mission, when His graces and favors were bestowed most lavishly on the sinners as well as the virtuous. Recall how generously He dealt with many souls of your own acquaintance, even perchance with some of yourselves; recall how many were cleansed from this foul leprosy of sin by His holy word and saving sacraments; but where are they all now? Some perhaps have already gone to answer at the judgment seat for their ingratitude; others are still left among us as a parable of the extraordinary patience and long-suffering of a loving God. They are sick, and He still heals them; they are starving, and He still feeds them; they are in trouble, and He still comforts them. Yes, they are even in mortal sin, and from time to time He cleanses them. But, oh! ungrateful Christian, how long is this to last? how long is God to be tempted? It stands to reason, it cannot but have an end. Put it to yourselves, is there any sin or vice you have less patience with than that of ingratitude, of forgetfulness for favors and kindnesses received? No, brethren, there is no vice that so incessantly, no sin which so hard to conquer, because it is an abuse of that which is highest and noblest in us—our love.

Indeed, brethren, if all of God's creatures owe Him a debt of gratitude; if everything created should praise the Lord, oh! how much more does this obligation fall on us, for we are children of the faith, are His debtors with sin. He is ready to heal them as He did the lepers in to-day's gospel; when they were in to-day's gospel; when tempted beyond our strength, He is faithful to us; and what does He ask in return? Listen, to-day, to His lament and harden not your hearts: "There is no one to return thanks."

Be generous, then, henceforth in your thanks to God, for He loves and will reward those who are grateful for all He has done for them.

FOR THE REUNION OF CHISTENDOM.

Lord Halifax, president of the English Church Union, speaking at its recently held forty eighth annual meeting, declared that the Royal Commission which had condemned certain Catholic practices in the Church of England, had no authority. High Church Anglicans like Lord Halifax will not, therefore, consider its decisions in any way binding. Yet how can they evade that historical fact, much clearer than the claimed "historic continuity" to unprejudiced eyes, of the King's admitted headship? If a royal head, why not a royal commission?

Yet with all its inconsistencies, Catholics must have a tenderness for the English Church Union, and its devout and upright president. It is bringing back to the English people nearly the whole body of the doctrine and ritual of their forefathers, and is undoubtedly paving the way for union with Rome. More than a hundred clergymen and over three thousand laymen have joined the union within the twelve months preceding the meeting.

Lord Halifax believes, on general principles, that the time for the Church of England to maintain a purely insular position is past; and that its members should have the courage to say once for all that they are not afraid of imitating Rome, the only witness to historical Christianity, but are glad to have the opportunity of identifying their practice with that of the rest of Western Christendom.

The Right Rev. J. S. Johnston, Protestant Bishop of West Texas, has appealed to Pope Pius X to hold a Congress in the interests of church unity. It is a well-intentioned and manly letter, but it leaves the Pope no initiative. Bishop Johnston himself practically decides the conditions of reunion! It would be fairer, too, on the latter's part not to take it for granted that the Pope "will be permitted to read" his communication.

The significance of Bishop Johnston's letter, however, is in the fact that in the New World as in the Old earnest and religious minded men are wearied of the divisions of Christendom, and that unconsciously they look to Rome as the centre of unity.—Boston Pilot.

PADDY DONOVAN, "AFRICAN" CHIEF.

Rev. C. J. Croonerberghs, S. J., was one of the first missionaries to enter the heart of darkest Africa. This was almost twenty years ago. Father Croonerberghs is still living in Belgium. The story of the entry into the Nyanza country is worth repetition.

He and his companions had been travelling for weeks and months prior to a certain day on which, in the early morning, they calculated they would ere the evening reach the point of destination. So it was on late that same evening they found themselves near a growth of heavy underbrush, or light timber, and there it was decided they would halt for the night.

Accordingly, they proceeded to unpack and fix up something like a fire to get some supper, and as his companions were all so engaged, Father Croonerberghs stood a little apart, taking in the surrounding, as well as he could in the dim light.

It suddenly occurred to him that there must be some other people in the vicinity, for he detected some slight movements among the brush. A little later, the forms of several men appeared at the fringe of the timber growth, and in a minute or two one man stalked right out from the brush and came directly across to where Father Croonerberghs was standing.

The individual had some sort of blanket wrapped around the body but wore trousers. He carried, held across the chest with both hands, a rifle, and he marched in that style right up to within a foot or two and directly in front of the Jesuit. Of course, Father Croonerberghs was surprised and a trifle uneasy, especially as the other party looked intently at his face, all the while holding the rifle ready for action.

To the intense consternation of the priest, the other man presently took off his cap, and said with a rather strong intonation:

"How do you do, father?" The latter replied: "I am very well; but pray, who are you?"

The other answered, "My name is Paddy Donovan, from Cork, father, and I am glad to see you."

"But," the priest said, "Mr. Donovan, what are you doing here?" Donovan replied: "I am the chief of the tribe in this vicinity."

Within a few days the tribe with their chief had erected a small hut, which became the first Catholic Church of the territory. With Father Croonerberghs, Donovan became well acquainted and wherever the priest traveled Donovan went with him.

The Irishman was, to a great degree, accountable for the kindly reception generally given the priest, and before he bade Africa farewell, one of his last sacerdotal functions was to close in their last peaceful sleep the kindly expressive eyes of his faithful Celtic friend.

A good story is told of a learned canon of the Anglican Church in Canada who is a very thoughtful and studious man, but very absent-minded. One morning he was going from home and had his hand-bag packed and left in the hall, as he intended to walk to the railway station. After he had left the house his daughter came into the hall and saw the bag still there, and said to her mother: "Oh, mother, father has gone off and left his bag behind. I will run after him with it."

Which she did, and when she arrived at the station she found the canon walking along with the coal scuttle, which he had taken up in place of his bag.

One of the fundamental principles of religion is growth. Our devotion is not very warm if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.

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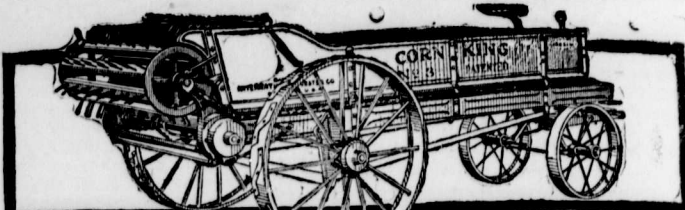
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Mythology tells goddess of Wisdom full-orbed, full-grown brain. Man's highest vision springs full their maximum of from the brain.

their visions, their thoughts, to be un- lent time, are all those, vigorous, those who exceed they are full of spiration.

Our ideas, our come to us fresh this is the divin day, not for spiration, new morrow. To-day the vision of the

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