

a surging anger had taken possession of him. No hint as to Betty's actual whereabouts had been given him, nor would he have asked it. The flower he had watched with so careful an eye had been snatched from him. And He Who had gone before him was surely none other than that mysterious Pleader Whom he had shut out.

Well, he was not going to open now. Rebellion and the smart of a sense of injury done him, he could hardly say by whom, goaded him. It was vast relief to turn savagely upon something tangible—to persecute and hunt those whose teachings and influence had been the cause, as he chose to think, of this misery. Conformity to the laws and the legally set up religion of the country had been his father's strongest point. Mistress Markwood, a daughter of one of the new clergy, was not likely to differ. But persecution had never appealed to either, and their friendship with the Catholic branch of the family—cousins of Mistress Markwood—had continued peacefully. Persecution, however, was the very thing that now an in Ralph Markwood's thoughts.

It was Christmas eve and presently, he knew as he stood there solitary by the window, the room would fill with the other members of the family, lamps would be lighted, curtains drawn, and old-fashioned games would ensue. He was in no mood to face merry-making.

A thought had been burning in his heart for the last couple of days. He knew that on the borders of a wood, about five miles distant, there stood a ruined Catholic chapel; that the remnant of the faithful would be gathered here at midnight, a few hours hence, at their central rite he also knew. The passionate desire for retaliation, the bitterness of hatred in his heart, were swiftly and certainly breeding in him a dark and murderous resolution.

The bringing in of lamps and a great dish of apples decided him. With a word of explanation and apology to his mother, who alone of the house knew the state of affairs, he seized his mantle and furled cap and, muffling himself to an unrecognizable degree, strode forth into the darkness of the snowy night. It was tinglingly cold. In the sky, across which a strong wind blew sailing masses of cloud that fitfully obscured the light of the moon, shone a host of stars. But upon Ralph Markwood the glory of the night was lost—he had but one thought, and that, vengeance.

He reached a parting of the ways. A great beech stood here, black against the silvery brightness around. Against the tall, smooth bole he could distinguish a figure leaning. Who could have made a rendezvous there, in the haunted spot of the district? Tradition, not over distant, said that a nun, one of the many who had suffered violence and expulsion under the beneficent sway of Henry VIII., had passed to the presence of the Just Judge on this spot, and that ever and anon she went to revisit the scene of her earthly wrongs. Ralph had always scoffed at the popular superstition, yet as he approached and saw that it was indeed the figure of a woman, darkly shrouded from head to foot his blood ran cold in his veins. Compelling himself to go on, he would have passed hastily without turning his head when a sweet low voice arrested him.

"Good sir, an alms for the love of God Who was born this night a little Child," she pleaded. "An alms for my son and me, prithee." And looking, with something of an effort, at his interlocutor, Ralph's tormented emotions suddenly lulled as though a cool, inexplicable calm had fallen upon him. It was indeed a woman, veiled as a nun, and with a nun's still purity of face; but in the deep, compassionate eyes, there burned a light of mother-love brighter and more wonderful than anything in creation, deeper and more pitifully comprehending than the uttermost dream of longing heart. And in her arms there lay a child, tiny and delicate, his face nestled and hidden in his mother's draperies—in insufficiently protected, it was plain from his trembling, against the chill air.

A surge of angry speech, a bitter refusal had trembled on the young man's lips at her words. To be asked for the love of God, and his mood what it was! But, looking on those two, a strange gentleness filled him, and silently he placed in the outstretched hand the three gold pieces that were all he had with him.

"Follow me!" said she, moving soundlessly before him. "I and the child will lead you whither you would go."

And she guided him along the opposite road to that which he would have taken. He tried to cry out that this was not his way, but from his parched lips no sound would come. Nor, hasten as he might, was it possible for him to decrease the distance between them. There was nothing for it but to follow. He could not turn back.

After about an hour's walking through the snow they arrived at a disused barn belonging to a farmer on a neighboring estate. Darkness and silence alone apparently ruled here. But, entering by a low door to find himself in a stone floored wide space and following his guide, from whose presence a soft light emanated as though from a carried lamp, he ascended a rough flight of wooden stairs to emerge upon a strangely unexpected scene.

The upper loft was lighted from end to end with lanterns, hung with greenery, and an improvised altar aglow with six lights stood at the

opposite end. Gathered in numbers surprisingly large to him, Ralph saw the congregation, rich and poor, country folk and gentle folk, kneeling glad faced—"like so many angels," oddly it struck him. He saw that he should have missed all had he taken the road he had intended. The ruined chapel had evidently not been chosen for to night's service. There was a priest at the altar, and in white that was like stars and snow; he was tall, and his hair was long and fair. His bearing was kingly, a subdued radiance enveloped him and a certain faint sense of fear and all but forgotten familiarity caused Ralph's sore heart to glow with a strange delicate budding of happiness, a longing to see his face.

He glanced round for his guide. She knelt at the side, near the very altar; he had not seen her go—and her little one was no longer in her arms. She was looking at the celebrant. It struck Ralph that somehow it was as though she looked upon her son grown now to man's estate.

No one had noticed him and he settled himself noiselessly where he was. The Mass was well advanced. And now came the Elevation. Oh marvel! what was this? The priest had raised something high in his hands, and in each of those hands shone a deep blood red wound. It was a snow-white object. Ralph looked again. . . . It was the very child that the strange mother had held in her arms. He knew Him, although he had not seen the Babe and Priest were one.

There came the Elevation of the Chalice. The silver Grail was raised, and from it radiated a soft rosy light like the glow of a dawn exquisite beyond all dreaming. Lo! in that mystic glow he saw, as it were in a far rose garden, the kneeling figure of the Betty he had known. Transfigured and beautiful with a beauty not of earth, he saw her in her white veil draw nigher and nigher to the white-clad Child, until, as He embraced her, the vision faded in a flood of crimson glory.

Ralph Markwood had learned his lesson. He fell upon his face half fainting, his soul inundated with transcendent peace. And when at the blessing he caught for a fleeting instant the smile upon the Priest's face he knew that the Voice of Everlasting Joy had sounded in his ears triumphantly at last, that Love's call to him had been hearkened to, for that he also was to "be a priest for ever."

WHO RESPECTS THE BIBLE?

The story of Eve's creation has been thrown into the "discard" by smart folk in Boston. These smart folk are, as usual, years behind their masters, the infidel circles of Germany. The school of Biblical Criticism that rejected the history of Eve's creation is dead and buried. But it was resurrected recently for the benefit of the benighted folk of St. Paul by a wise man from Boston. The fact is that Sylvia Pankhurst and Caroline Catt have created a market for this style of "criticism" which tempts preachers who ought to know better, to lift up out of the "discard" into which sensible men and women have thrown it, the foolish denial of God's revelation about how He made the first woman.

The episode is only a new illustration of the old truth that the treatment which the Bible receives from Protestants is the best refutation of Protestantism. There were always a few logical Protestants who argued that the Bible came from the Pope and the Pope is an Antichrist and so the Bible cannot be the word of God. And anyhow there is no way of knowing that the Bible is divinely inspired except from the testimony of His Church to which God revealed that as well as other truths. So those logical souls rejected the Bible and became infidels as soon as the disciples of Pope Luther and Pope Calvin grew careless and logical enough to see that a man has at least as good a right to reject the opinions of the Pontiff of Protestantism as these latter had to reject the doctrines of the Church of God.

The two Protestant principles—the Bible and private judgment—are about as safe together as a lighted match and a stick of dynamite. For a long time the match was kept damp in the blood of the men who ventured, however timidly, to ask what is the meaning and what is the proof of inspiration. But human reason, backed up by human passion, will ultimately insist upon its rights, and even more than its rights, especially when its most irrational and irrevocable usurpations are justified and applauded beforehand as so many exercises of a sacred religious duty and privilege. Thus among Protestants the Bible has been torn into shreds. The jibes of Voltaire, the blasphemies of Ingersoll, purged indeed of their coarseness, have become mere commonplace in the lecture halls of Protestant universities and, what is still worse, in the pulpits of many Protestant churches. Every Protestant who uses his Protestant privileges of private judgment at once starts a new sect of his own, or becomes a Catholic, or an infidel; he simply cannot stand still. Every wind of doctrine carries him along; every fashionable error every silly fad popularized by the latest sensational novelist has its group of followers among the preachers. Speak out strongly

DURABLE—Fire grates are three-sided; last three times as long. Shaped in the

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enough against any passage of the Bible, and even though you are merely obtruding upon a long-suffering public your personal feeling of irrational, unreasoning distaste, you may hear your grumbling converted into sermons in a score of pulpits within a week. Spurgeon, the well-known Protestant preacher in London, said that the modern Protestant pupil has taught men to be infidels, that many of the avowed ministers of Christ are not ministers of faith at all but molers of unbelief, that a man cannot look on going into many a church if he will hear the Gospel there, or will come out hardly knowing whether the Bible is inspired or not. And still the Bible is the religion of Protestants!

How different the reverence with which Catholics regard the inspired word of God! Cardinal Gasquet has been raised to his high dignity principally because of his great work for the Bible; and he stated a few weeks ago in London that the Catholics of America had only to be told what he was doing, to be induced to come forward and defray most of the expenses involved in his wonderful task. He aims at revising the official Latin text of the Bible, so that we may have the very text that St. Jerome gave to the Church, purged of the errors of detail that crept in during the centuries before printing was invented. Candid scholars outside the Church applaud his work and say it is a noble one. And it was the Pope himself who set him to do it with the other members of the Commission. Yet the very men who echo every infidel sneer, every up-to-date cavil at the Bible, have the effrontery to say that Rome, that American Catholics do not respect and love God's Book! If they tried to learn from the Church respect for the Bible, the Bible would surely teach them respect for the Church.—St. Paul Bulletin.

WALT MASON SAYS

THAT PEOPLE WHO LIE ABOUT THEIR NEIGHBORS DESERVE ROUGH TREATMENT

Walt Mason, the nationally famous poet of Emporia, Kans., has small use for those lecturers who travel over the country making a living by putting the Catholic priests and laity in the same class as the denizens of the segregated districts. He paid his respects to the Rev. Otis L. Spurgeon, after that gentleman had recently received a severe chastisement from the hands of angry Denverites, and he followed this comment in the Emporia Gazette with another in which he reiterated his opinions. Mr. Mason, though a non-Catholic, takes an interesting view of the whole question, saying: "The following is one of many communications received by this department, referring to a paragraph printed a month ago, in which some sympathy was expressed for the mob that attacked a preacher who assailed the Catholics in a vindictive way. "For fear you might overlook another effort of 'Earnest Taxpayers' this is to call your attention to what happened in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday night, April 24, when a mob of three thousand quiet and law-abiding citizens of that burg attempted the murder of Dr. A. E. Barnett. This man, a preacher, like Otis L. Spurgeon in Denver, was invited to give an address in Buffalo. Tickets were sold to those who wanted to hear him (same as in Denver). Yet that mob of 'Taxpayers' tried to murder him same as they did Spurgeon. Why? Isn't it about time you came out with an apology, as you said on April 9 that all people of his kind deserve what they get. If we Guardians of Liberty request a man or woman to come here to Emporia to lecture to us, who want to hear him or her, do you think these 'Earnest Taxpayers' will try to break up the meeting and murder the speaker? Well, I guess not. Why? Because they are in the minority; and only try such stunts where they are strong in numbers. How about that for an object lesson to some other 'Earnest Taxpayers in this country? —F. W. Ives, 1211 Sixth avenue."

If Mr. Ives or his friends invited to Emporia a speaker who would abuse and vilify any considerable portion of the citizens of the town, and if that speaker were treated to tar and feathers by the abused people or their sympathizers, this department certainly would say he got just what was coming to him. There is a limit to the privilege of free speech. Nobody has a right to publicly abuse people because they don't agree with him. At the present time a lot of noisy people who should be attending to their own business are howling

that the Catholic Church is a menace and that it is trying to undermine American institutions. Newspapers are published for the sole purpose of carrying on this insane crusade, and they are read by hundreds of thousands of foolish people who actually believe the stuff they find in them. Now, be reasonable. There are many Catholics in Emporia. In fact, the town has a larger number of Catholic population than is usual in Western communities. Has anybody the effrontery to say that the Emporia Catholics are a menace to anybody or anything? Can anybody deny that they are excellent citizens? Do they ever bother anybody with their theology, or try to force their creed upon others? An answer might appropriately come from some of the many poor people who have received generous treatment at St. Mary's hospital. This department reiterates its belief that any meddler who goes over the country abusing and misrepresenting good citizens deserves anything unpleasant that may happen to him.—Catholic Columbian.

THEY DO NOT KNOW HER

Prejudices against the Church flow from many causes. Some rise from a misinterpretation of her teachings, others from a misrepresentation of her past and still others from a misunderstanding of her nature and attributes. Among the latter, one that begets much prejudice is her unchanging endurance. The fact that she is the same Church that witnessed the fall of Rome and served the centuries of the barbarian invasion and each succeeding age since turns many away from her. That she should have remained unchanged in an ever changing world throws a shadow upon her in the eyes of those who do not know her true nature.

"To live is to change," they will say, "and to be perfect is to have changed often." They will point to the social, intellectual and political life and show how it has constantly altered and directed itself to more perfect forms. And the Church—she has remained unchanged, has endeavored to serve each new phase of the social intellectual and political life in the same manner as the past and gone. How can she be a living factor in the world? How can she perfect herself? And seeing no answer, they cast her aside as a thing of past ages.

These people never consider the divine origin of the Church, the fact of her institution by Christ. Christ built a Church that would serve all ages, without change, nor needing change to perfect herself, for He built a perfect Church. Poor would be the art of a builder must he re-adapt his work to every new inadequacy of the weather. Christ built a Church for all times and conditions and unaltered, to weather all storms. Christ built a perfect Church and that which is perfect cannot be made more so by alteration.

Let social, intellectual and political life change as they will. The Church will still fit into any form they may take, the same Church of the past and of to-day.—New World.

CONQUERED BY ACT OF COURTESY

It has sometimes happened that the habit of courtesy has been of great advantage in times of danger. Of the famous French writer Montaigne, who was so fond of relating stories of others, this anecdote is told: It was a time of great public disturbance, and Montaigne had fled to his well fortified castle at Perigord. One day a man, running in breathless haste to the castle, announced that a marauding band of the enemy was after him. By that statement

he readily received admittance into the building, and a little later was brought before its amiable master.

"Tell your story," said Montaigne. And the man related that, while he and a party of friends were traveling, they had been surprised by a number of armed men, their goods seized, and several of their party killed. Those who had been fortunate enough to escape death, he said, were scattered in all directions.

As he spoke a servant announced the arrival of other strangers at the castle gate. "Some of my friends, without doubt," said the man. And Montaigne bade them be admitted also. As he fled slowly in, the number of the new arrivals was made manifest, and presently the castle yard was filled with men and horses.

"I've been a simpleton," said wise old Montaigne to himself; "these are undoubtedly robbers, who have taken this means of getting inside my castle." Not in any way, however, did he betray that he had discovered their secret; but immediately gave orders to have them served with the best the place afforded, and escorted them about the premises, showing them

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its beauties and wonders; and only regretting, he said, that he was not able to make them more comfortable. This kindness so melted the hearts of the bandits that they held a little council, and agreed to refrain from pillaging the premises as they had intended. The leader himself went to Montaigne and confessed his original intention. "But we could not," he declared, "rob so gracious a host; and if we

can ever serve you in any way, pray command us." Then the band rode off; and Montaigne, Frenchmanlike, bade them the most polite of farewells.—Ave Maria. High regions are always subject to storm. A lie is the password for every kind of sin.

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