THE BITE OF THE SMAKE

2

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

"To my mind," said Robert, with the fresh, frank manner, and upward, earnest look habitual to him, " for a man, there

look habitual to him, "for a man, there are only two professions worth consider-ing—the Church and the army;" "The Church is not a profession, in the ordinary sense of the word," replied An-geia, a little severely. "To be a priest one must be called. It is a holy vocation sent by God to a chosen faw." sent by God to a chosen few." "My dear, of course, I know all that

But it comes to people in different ways, various things point out and show men that God wishes them to be priests. He has not called me, and so I go to the has not called life, and so r yo to the army. Bat," he continued, thoughtfully, "I could well imagine a man with the faith strong within him, if he had some great motive for wishing to be a priest although he did not feel himself called

although he did not feel himself called, praying—storming Heaven till God grant-ed him the vocation. Couldn't you?'' Angela smiledeas her sweet eyes rested for an instant on her brother's bright, in-telligent face. "I could, dear. And his prayers would be heard. To such a man our Lord would surely grant the grace he Lord would surely grant the grace he

asked." "If I did not feel drawn as I do to the army," Robert remarked, after a few mo-ments silence, "I often think I might have been a priest. Even now, if only I had some great grace to implore, some great sinner belonging to me whom I longed to convert there's a belong to great sinner belonging to me whom 1 longed to convert, there's no knowing what I'd do. Bot," smiling, "since I've a good mother, and an angelic sister to pray for me, and help me on my way to reaven, I'll be a soldier." His mother, who, though not joining in the conversation, had heard every word, finshed hotly, and dropping her hear mon the table more up, and hast.

book upon the table, rose up, and hast-ened out of the room. Angela made a movement as if about to follow her, then, glancing uneasily at Robert, walked over

Robert laughed, and going after her,

robert laughed, and going and hosy put his arm round her waist. "I seem to have offended mother and you. Angela," he said. "Or has your hamility taken flight at my words of praise? I do talk too much, I know. But I mean well, so forgive me. It's only because I feel so proud of you both that I say these things. At school even, I often thanked God for making you so good. There isn't a mother in the world like mine, I sometimes tell myself. And yet it seems to me I never realized your true value till I went about staying with fel-lows, and saw how worldly and frivolous their mothers and sisters were, whilst 'Don't canonize us because you love

us, dear," Angela said, trying to choke back the tears that would keep threaten to choke "You've been away to much ing to fall. member, that you are not in a position I know very well," he cried,

"Oh! I know very well," he cried, gaily. "It's just five years since I lived at home. Why-I was always at a loss to understand."

face averted.

there, never mind what he is. Lat's go for a walk, sister mine. Will the mother come No ; it's too late for her. But I won't

be a minute." And she went away to put on her hat. It was almost dark when Robert and Angela returned from a pleasant walk round the stables and farm, and went up army.

round the stables and farm, and went up to their rooms to getready for dinner. "Half an hour before dressing time," thought R bert. "I'll fetch my book from the dining-room, and go on with it for a while," and he ran down the stairs, circlence will cable ment singing gailv as he went. Robert Ward was twenty. A tall,

broad-shouldered, well set-up young fel-low, showing evident signs of military training in his erect carriage and lithe,

rolled her head round as Angela upbraid-ed her, and murmuring a few incoherent sentences, tried to stagger to her fest. But as she saw Robert, and met his terri-fied eyes, she cowered, and sank back, crying out to him to go away, not to look et hen like that they redoubled their prayers, berging that God would not only cure her of this terrible vice of intemperance, but that He would touch her heart, and send her truly nitent and humble to confess Communion. But in spite of everything, in this matter she remained obdurate. Yielding and gentle in most things, she was firm and determined in this. Nothcrying out to him at her like that.

The unhappy lad covered his face with his hands, and uttered a wail of despair, as the words of Ecclesiasticus, quoted by the preacher a few Sundays before, rushed into his mind, "The lust of drunkennessis the stumbling-block of the fool, lessening strength and causing wounds. Look not, then, on the liquor when it is yellow, when it sparkleth in the glass; it goeth pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake, and spread abroad poison like a basilisk." Oh, God, he asw it all. The poison was spreading. abroad poison like a basilisk." Oh, God, he saw it all. The poison was spreading. His mother had already felt the bite of the snake. Drink had made her ill, had the snake. Drink had made her in, had ruined her constitution, and was drag-ging her to an early grave. This had been going on for years, he felt sure. This was why he had been kept away. This was the sorrow that had overshad-dowed Angela's young life, and had changed so terribly his once sweet and changed so terribly his once sweet and charming mother. This was the curse that would rain him, for the degradation, the terrible, humiliating degradation was more than he could bear; and without

"I trust so," Robert sighed. "At pres-ent, she cannot help herself. She is obliged to be temperate." daring to look at the wretched woman again, he fled out of the room and out of Thus eight months passed. And as the ninth Friday came round, Robert and Angela prayed with all the fervor of their the house.

ollow.

joy they saw their mother come slowly into the little chapel, and enter the con

Very well, ma'am," the maid replied, I throwing a light shawl over the in-

terical laugh she drew the cork. But again Robert's voice, sad, implor

The cold perspiration stood upon

' the maid replied.

Communion; and then, in an

The dinner hour passed, and Robert did not return. Mrs. Ward was in bed, watched over by a faithful maid; and Angela, pale and red-eyed, sat alone in the denuine scom praying forvantly for the drawing-room, praying fervently for the mother brought so low by this all-degrading vice, and for the proud, high-spirited brother, whose sensitive nature had that day day received such a cruel

"I had hoped to keep him in ignor-ance always." she cried; "for I knew how he would suffer. Oh! my God! keep him, presevere him from any rash or foolish action. Teach him to bear this trial well. Holy Mother of Christ, com-fort of ennear help noor Robert; pray for trial well. Holy Mother of Christ, com-fort of sinners, help poor Robert; pray for him-for her-for me." The door opened and her brother en-tered, white and resolute. The happy,

tered, white and resolute. The happy boyish expression had passed away for to her room, and put to bed. Towards evening she grew restless, and made ever. The cruel discovery, the shock of a few hours ago, had aged and sobered the gay, light-hearted boy, and Robert Ward seemed to have suddenly left youth and happiness behind him, and grown into a sad, determined man, fall of anxicruel discovery, the shock of "I am better now," she said, seating ing herself in a big chair by the open window. "Go and fetch Mr. Robert. I have something to say to him.' ous, gnawing care. and

"Angela," he said, seating himself in a chair facing her, "how long has this valid's knees, she hurried away. As the door closed behind Anne, Mrs. As the door closed behind Aude, Mis, Ward rose slowly to her feet, and taking a key from a drawer in the dressing table, dragged herself across the floor to an old-fashioned bureau that stood against the been going on ?" "I hardly know, but for many years Oh, Robert! I had hoped to keep it from

He drew a deep breath, and laid his vall

hand gently upon hers. "It is only right I should bear my share of the burden. The horror of it was "There are papers here I must give to Robert, and explain," she murmured. "Poor Robort! how he has suffered !" She unlocked the desk, and a cry

killing you, little sister. 1 now see why you are so white and wan. But Angela, "Oh! I know very well," he cried, aily. "It's just five years since I lived thome. Why—I was always at a loss o understand." "Mother wished it." Angele kept her are averted. "She thought yon were etter amongst boys. And Uncle Frank horeh, rever mind what he is. Let's go or a walk sieter mine. Will the mother scaped her. "What I have longed for-brandy! Oh how good." And her pale delicate face became convulsed, an expression of fiend. ish greed shone in her eyes. as she seized a small bottle that lay covered up by the papers. "I had forgotten this. So in

"Mother," she suddenly heard Robert's voice say, with a will, "for the love of your immortal souldo not touch it." She wants it nothing will prevent her getting it. And it is killing her." started and looked round the room.

it. And it is killing ner." "So I believe. But we must, we shall cure her. From this day I mean to de-vote my life to her. There is plenty to be done on the property. I will leave the

"Oh, Robert!" "It is only right. I am resolved to save my mother." Angela shock her head.

But again Koberts voice, sad, implor-ing, beseeching, sounded in her ears. "Do not touch it, for God's sake. Do not make yourself a mockery of the devil, an object of hatred to God. Resist this temptation—resist," A shudder passed over her slender frame.

"You may keep her somewhat in check, prevent her taking it continually. But cure her—never!" "We shall see. Have you praved, her brow. The craving to taste, if only one drop of the brandy, became intense. Yet Robert's warning filled her with ter-Angela. My mother has faith. Have you told her how terrible her sin is, how hateful she was making herself to God? ror. His face of sorrow, rising white and agonised before her, caused her infinite

Angela started, and grew very pale.

A GREEN BAY TREE. You would never believe had seen the garden of Celeste unless yo

flowers could be grown in so small a space. The house itself was tiny and only had two rooms, a fact in which Cel-este took comfort, as it gave so much more room for her garden that it almost made ing they could say, no arguments they could make use of, would induce her to change her mind. seem big when you compared it with he other village gardens; but it looked tiny enough when you looked at it nest "Leave me alone," she would say. ing against the stone wall which sur-counded the grounds of the chateau. "I'm weary of your preaching. And it only worries me. I cannot do what you

It was to this same wall that Celeste odestly ascribed all her success with her Then acting upon the advice given to them by Father Lawrance, they said no more. They made her life as happy and cheerful as possible. They walked with her, takked with her, owers. "For look," she would say, " with this wall to keep off the north winds and noth-

ing at all to keep off the sun, how can the dear flowers do otherwise than blosdrove with her, and with great care kept everything that could tempt her to drink well out of her way.

But the neighbors knew that it was well out of her way. "Your devotion will surely be rewarded, dear children," the priest told them. "God in His mercy will hear your pray-cre and mine-for every day I remember her and you at the altar. And even now much has been gained. The rest will follow." through her own efforts that the little place was so bright that even the garden-er at the chateau condescended to be inerested in it, yearly sending her slips and seeds. Celeste was a simple soul, but shutting off the sun from Celeste's gar-den. Not that he began at once to re-monstrate. Oh, no! Father Doremy had and seeds. Celeste was a simple soil, but about her flowersche had real genius, and had evolved a rotation of crops that would have done a horticultural paper proud, and kept her garden bright with monstrate. On, no: Father Doremy had not been twenty years over the village for nothing. He knew well by what de-vious paths the smallest shadow of re-proof must be conveyed to the erring flock. He found Jacques one evening on his porch, and Father Doremy talked with so much interest of Jacques' work, which was carponatering, that even Jac proud, and kept her garden bright with flowers from early spring until frost. Flowers were the passion of Celeste and also a part of her religion, as the flowers that Sunday after Sunday were placed at the feet of the Blessed Virgin could tesloving, ardent natures for their poor fra-gile mother. Thanks to their vigilance, she had not of late tasted any intoxicat-

which was carpentering, that even Jac-ques became amiable. But all the fath-er's diplomacy seemed wasted when he spoke of the tree and the shadow it was tify. But dear as her flowers were to her Celeste was ever ready to give them to the sick or to those who loved them ; in spoke of the tree and the shadow it was throwing on Celeste's garden. Jacques said he had a right to plant his place as he wished. Why shouldn't he have a handsome tree? People could always move if they wanted to. And not all the Father could say in exposulation or per-suasion would move him one iota. "I think." said the father to himself, as he walked down the village street, "that horee-chestnut is more like the green bay tree of the wicked." When the frosts came Jacques protected his tree for the winter. He even put a wrapping deed, so lavish was she with them that in June and August almost the whole vil-lage blossomed with her flowers, bunches of them in the windows and stuck into the bodices of the young girls. There was one house where Celeste's

she had not of late tasted any intoxicat-ing drink, but they saw with sorrow that her health was failing. Her enforced temperance had come too late. The ex-cesses of her early years had undermined her constitution. And it was evident to all that she had not long to live. On the ninth Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the whole household was early astir. And as Angela and Robert knelt in prayer before that altar, to their intense joy they saw their mother come slowly where Celeste's There was one flowers never went, not because she nowers never went, not because she had not repeatedly offered them there, but be-cause nothing would make her neighbor Jacques like Celeste or accept her flowers. It was strange how he hated her garden. When half the village would stroll down the frosts came Jacques protected his tree for the winter. He even put a wrapping essional. At Mass she received Holy when hall the village would stroll down of an evening to see the gay little garden, Jacques would sit on his porch with his back turned to it, only moving to shake the ashes vigorously out of his pipe as near as weather the force of the pipe as fainting condition, she was conveyed back around the lower part of the tran near as possible to her fence, hoping that a stray wind might sprinkle them to a damaging extent over her flowers. Simple Celeste, however, would only say, "I am sure that it is the good tobacco ashes that keen the green would oblacco Anne help her to get up and dress. "I am better now," she said, seating

also, using some of the leaves of the horse-chestnut to tuck them up in. Then she began her window garden and as she noticed the shadow of the branches of ashes that keep the green worms from off my dear rose-bush just under friend Jac-

ques' porch." Every one knew how much her neigh-bor hated her flowers, though no one knew why, and so morose was he that the villagers came to call Celeste the sun and es' porch.' been an everygeen," she said to herself. and the horse-chestnut began together. The horse-chestnut was taken out of its what of a utilitarian and it may have been that his nature could not bear the sight of winter clothes and grew at an amazing much energy wasted on the purely esthetic side of life. Perhaps had his neighbor rate. rate. Jacques began to take a suffer pride in its growth, and as he sat upon his steps and watched the dark shadow grow over Celeste's garden his face wore side of life. Perhaps had his neighbor cultivated potatces he might have shown some interest in her crops. The more the villagers admired the garden the more his what was almost a look of pleasure. And Celeste—perhaps the tree began to cast a shadow over her heart also. There soul raged, until at last there grew up in his slow mind a scheme to deprive Celeste of ner garden.

was a great deal of work to be done in the little garden that spring; much transplant-ing, for the tree shaded so much of the It was one day in early spring, the gardener from the chateau had carried Cel-este some cuttings that she might root round that plants that had come up for years in the same place had to be moved to the lessening sunny corners. Some of them died from the change, dying of them in her house. As Celeste stood at her loor reiterating her thanks while the gardener passed out of her gate, she saw neighbor Jacques turn down to his gate to home sickness, Celeste thought. there was no one near. "The lad haunt me," she said; and with a nervous hys were disturbed from their accustomed "The lad haunte

speak to the gardener. "Now what could Jacques want of blooming that the baleful effect of Jacques tree was quite noticeable on the garden. But still Celeste did not complain even speaking to the gardener?" queried Cel-este. "Perhaps the good Lora has turned hisheart and he will himself grow these flowers. Ah how fine that would be, two gardens side by side." And carried away by the ardor of that thought Celeste was when sympathizing neighbors shock their heads over his selfishness. It was hard-est of all that she had this year no lilies in bloom for the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; it was the almost tempted to offer Jacques at once some of her cuttings. But she had been first time in so many years that Celeste's white lilies had not been set at the feet oo often rebuffed to be encouraged only by I may be wrong," said Celeste, ancy.

She began to think that after all Jacques had experienced that miraculous change of heart when she saw him a day or two later carefully digging up the ground in the centre of his small patch. Caleste works

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is a thank offering, father; Jacques has cut down his tree."-A. L. Bunner, in the Independent. come to Celeste for an extra offering of flowers for Sunday, and where but in Cel-este's garden could they get the beautifal white lilies that looked so well in the HOME LIFE IN THE MIDDLE "Your neighbor's tree is growing to be AGES.

" Your neighbor's tree is growing to be too tall for your garden, Celeste, is it not? We must ask him to trim its top a little," said Father Doremy. "Oh, no!" said Celeste, "it would be too bad to ask such a thing, Father, you should see how fond the poor man is of it. All his spare time he works over it, and it was really rough and the poor it, and it was How Young Women Were Trained-The Choice of a Wife-Well-Be-haved Children.

neans of salvation to the poor man.

took occcasion to remonstrate

When the spring came on the garden

From the Tablet.

his spare time he works over it, and it was really very pretty when it had a few blos-soms on it; next year it will be very grand. Besides, it makes such a nice shade for me to situnder when I am tired In our gleanings from pre-reformation sources concerning home-life in England and on the Continent we may nome-life in suitably commence with the companion in the hot sun, and if it grows big, why you know there are flowers that like the shade. No, no Father, let it be; I think it will be a tracts "How the Good Wife Taught Her Daughter " and " How the Wise Man Taught His Son." Both of them and "How the Wise date from the fifteenth century, and makes one love one's fellow men more to love the flowers of the good God." both have been edited by Mr. Furni-But Father Doremy was not so well satisfied as to the means of salvation that Jacques had chosen as was Celeste, and vall. The daughter is advised that if she would be a wife she must "wisely work " and " look lovely," and not sufher from hearfer the rain to hinder with ing Mass daily. She is to pay her tithes and her offering "gladly," and must not "loath the poor and the bed-ridden," but give to them freely of her

substance : "For seldom is that house poor where God is steward, Well he proveth That the poor loveth, My lief child."

A' church she is to " bid her bedes " (i. e., say her prayers), and to "make no jangling to friend nor tosib is to "scorn neither old body nor young," but to "be of good bearing and of fair tongue." If a suitor present himself she is not to ' 'scorn "him nor again to keep the matter secret, but to consult her friends; and the greatest care is to be taken to avoid all ceasion of sin :

" Sit not by him, nor stand, where sin might be wrought. For a slander raised ill Is evil for to still, My lief child."

When she has secured a good hussome mischievous rabbit should take a fancy to try his teeth on it; and in his leisure moments he built an elaborate band, she must "love him and honor him most of earthly things," and "answer him meekly, not as an atterwooden guard as a safe-guard against the ling " (i. e., a shrew) : Celeste put her flowers to be for the

So mayest thou slake his mood and be his dear darling. A fair word and a meek Doth wrathe slake, My lief child."

She is to keep her "countenance." whatever (of news or of gossip) she may hear, and on no account to "fare as a gigge." (i. e., to behave as a giggling girl), but when she laughs "to laugh soft and mild." When she walks she is not to "brandish" her When she Jacques began to take a sullen head, nor to be too talkative and by "for all such man no means to swear, ners come to an evil proof." She is not to go "agaze" into town, wandering from house to house; and when she has sold her cloth she is not to repair to the tavern to spend the proceeds there. But if she chance to be 'where good ale is on loft," she is to drink "measurably," for it is a shame to be "often drunk." (The word 'drunk," however, must be understood in a milder sense than that which the word suggests in these days of ging palaces and drugged beer.) avoid common shows, as, for instance, wrestling matches and 'shooting at the cock," and not to pick up acquaint ances in the street : but if any man should speak to her she is to greet him swiftly," and let him go his way. And "for no covetise" must she accept present from any man. She must govern her household wise

of the Virgin. Jacques was more than ever avoided, ly, avoiding the extremes of harshness and easiness; to consider well what needs to be done and to "set" her people APRIL 21, 1900

tue, he emphatically declares, is the wife's best dowry .

* And son if thou would have a wife, Take ber not for covetise. But wisely inquire of all her life. And take good beed, by mine advice, That she be meek, courteous, and wise; Though she be poor, take thou no haed, She will do thes more good service Than a richer, when thou hast need."

"charged grievously," but to be ruled "fair and easily," and "cherished well for her good deed." For the exercise of authority, if "overdone unskilfully," "makes grief to grow where 'tis no need." Better is a homely meal with peace than a hundred shes

that others should follow snit and do likewise.

When once settled among his neighbors he is advised to

emblem of our "Be not newfangil in no wise Nor hasty for to change ne flit ;" ively ; of our or men will say of him " this foole can be burning an votion, which

The "whole duty of children" to

all persons according to their degree and is the outward expression of hu mility and charity. "Be not proud, but meek and lynd (i. e

gentle) And with thy better go thou behind."

"Child," says the author of "the Boke of Curtasye," "worship and serve thy father and mother with all thy might.

which actuall The language nost part Lat in the East.

"lord," to one's "betters," and - in the case of a child - " in speaking to dead. that is hence well ca titual and d Again, the language ma a Catholic el

street, Thy cap put off, salute those ye meet, In giving the way to such as pass by It is a point of civility."

QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. So numerous were the questions placed in the box at the Assumption this week that Father Doyle was com pelled to defer a number of the replies until later. He selected for immediate answer those relating particularly to Catholic doctrines. It is probable that owing to lack of time there will be a large number of questions left unan swered at the close of the course of sermons, but application to other priests or to The Catholic Standard and Times will bring forth satisfactory re plies. Judging from some of the ques-tions submitted it might be well to suggest that for Catholics the confessional s a good place to have matters that are troubling the conscience explained. With regard to non-Catholic question ers, it is observed that they frequently enter into most trivial details that are

al principles. have it for These questions show that the most son, bapti: indefinite ideas and utter disunion of intention t Christianity are the natural results of danger of private interpretation of the Scripthe head a in the nam tures, just as anarchy would follow the abolition of the courts and the provid-Son and of ing of the citizens with codes of law to be applied according to individual ENLIGHT views 'Inquirer " asked : "If a young Catholic woman is married by a min ister and afterwards received a dispen-With al sation and the marriage is blessed by result of a priest, is the marriage legal, the degree, a husband never having been baptized? reading, If he obtains a separation, can the gullible p woman marry again ?" In what of The dispensation removed all the imtongued r pediments to the lawfulness of the marthese Uni riage, and she cannot marry again freedom during his life. innumera "Catholic" asked : "Why are cousing brazen forbidden to marry ?" The Church opposes the marriage of cousins because it is contrary to the make an schemes. pocket-bo natural law. Experience proves that obvious such marriages frequently result in dethink of t fects in the offspring. "Philadelphian" made several in-quiries regarding the Sacrament of Ex Take, make au treme Unction : (1) "Can one who is ing --- as ' oe more about to be executed receive it?" The answer was, "No, only those in dan-ger of death from sickness." (2) heal all d there are Where was the sacrament instituted? our coun tribute t/ The questioner was referred to St. James v., 14, 15, which says: "Is any man sick among you, let him call in the their har for type vice, and priests of the Church and let them the Deity anoint him with oil in the name of the It need Lord." (3) "Do children receive it? who are They can if they have arrived at the bricks an age of reason, that is, if they are capuously v able of making confession. "A Sincere Christian" wished an even the explanation of "Why Catholics call the Virgin Mary the 'Mother of God are men selves et beyond a the Father.'" It will be noticed that the writer, but the i like many other sincere Christians, a "divi does not say the "Blessed Virgin Mary," as St. Luke (1., 48) and Cathbox " n This is apparen olics do. The Church does not call her Oh, y but wh the Mother of God the Father, but the Mother of God, and all Christians worthy of the name admit that Christ tellers a is God and that Mary was His Mother great e when He was both God and Man. In healers calling her the "Mother of God "Cath-olics emphasize not only the honor due Surely, her, but the divinity of Christ. "A Sinner " desired to know "how such fre long a soul would have to stay in pur-gatory for one mortal sin," and "if given

If she be of this sort she is not to

fix which has a tached to it can except by the p blessed. The told that it is n the state of gra again before re n, but that it

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disnee "With grucchinge and with muche care." He is to take good care not to call his wife by a bad name; if he does it, no stant communio even though gu " Protestant Catholics burn Why do the

the people and The blessed But soft and fair a man may tame Both hart and hind, and buck and doe.' are emblemati

use : the self-

nowhere abide. The water is

their fellow-men, according to mediae val English notions, might be summed early as the se up in the one word "courtesy." Cour-tesy is the showing of due respect to to by St. Jus used at the o Psaims li., 7. among the gi men to Christ

ority, as show Luke 1., 91

calypse (or Re The same q do Catholics nstead of the This old ob The schoolmaster, too, is to be

"With all reverence, Declaring thereby thy duty and obedience And the cap is to be lifted to a by the Apostl

And children should make room for others to pass : 'In going by the way and passing the

Holy Sacrific " A Devo a priest, u marry a cou one of the p The answ

vided a di cured, whi circumstand "Su (2)never belle scious and d son give hi it be vali based on some text of Scripture privtheir own death ?" ately and often erroneously interpreted, whilst they neglect fundament. A person

saluted.

any man.'

can have its adelphia, wh Catholic, the Polish or t go to any and intel

the same as and instruct of the minor guage used the Catholic Church, is one and cat with all the

graceful limbs. His face, though not handsome, was frank and winning. His eyes, grey and straightforward-looking, told of the earnestness and purity of his and straightforward-looking, earnestness and purity of his with her hands.

young soul, of the strength and sweetness of his character. Robert had been well and carefully

could not.'

brought up at the Jesuit College, Stony-hurst, and by a strict and exemplary uncle. He had a warm affectionate nature, honest, truthful and ardent. He was proud of his family, his name, his reion; and at the military college where had been for the last two years, he held his head high, and was admired and re-

spected by his young companions. All the love of Robert's warm heart was given to his mother and pretty sister, Fridays, my mother, you and I will re-ceive Holy Communion in honor of the Sacred Heart—our intention, the great whom he had idealized and raised to an exalted position of excellence and sanc tity during his years of separation from object of our prayers being her conver

them. For they, to his inexpressible grief, had been obliged to live abroad, whilet for various reasons, not explained to him, he was forced to stay in England. Bat now, Mrs. Ward and Angela had at last returned to Courtfield, the beautiful home so long deserted, and here, for the first time for five years, he had been allowed to join them

ns in the chape here, and she will not re-fuse to do as I ask her." But Robert's power with his mother was less than he imagined. She promised readily enough to refrain from drink of every kind, and wept copions tears when he spoke out plainly about the wicked-ness and degradation of drunkenness. But when he spoke of confession and Comlowed to join them. "The good to be at home again," he told himself, as he went down the broad oak staircase, peeping in at the hand-some library and pretty bondoir as he passed them by. "The old house is But when he spoke of confession and Com-munion, she recoiled. Then flatly refused to approach the Sacraments so soon. "By-and-bye, perhaps—now, now," she passed them passed them by. "The old house is charming—a fitting home for mother and dear Angela after their wanderings Yet they hardly seemed pleased. There's a shadow over them that puzzies me. Did the little sister leave her heart— But no, that is nonsense. Angela's mind is said, seeing the disappointment in his face. "I'll take the pledge to please you. face. "I'll take the ple But don't ask too much "Too much! Oh, mother !"

for the world. No earthly love occupies her thoughts. But she is anxious, ill at Then, as her maid came in, he went away to find Angela, and tell her the result of his interview. "It is only what I expected," she said

ease. Yes, so is mother. She, I confess, is not what I expected to find her. She is so restless. Hardly listen to what one says, and avoids any close or intimate sadly. "But her promises count for very little. She has taken the pledge so often, yet has weakly fallen when temptation conversation. Ah well ! she is delicate. and we are strangers to each other. By-and-by confidence will come. And—" He opened the dining-room door; then came to her." "The grace of God could alone save her the and that she will not pray for. Till we can induce her to frequent the

paused, his fingers on the handle, as An-gela's voice, full of hopeless, abject misery, fell upon his ears. "You promised me," pleaded the girl.

Sacraments, Angela, we cannot hope to see her strong in the moment of tempta-tion. We must pray with all our heart and soul, and shield her—keep every-thing likely to tempt her out of her way. We must never drink wine or spirits our-"You promised me," pleaded the girl. "Oh! mother, you promised me not to touch it whilst he was here. And now, on the second day of his visit, you are like this. I hoped to keep our secret. But soon-soon he must know all." "Angela! Oh, God!" burst from Robert's lips, looking at his unhappy mother, he recoiled in horror, sickened We must never drink wine or spirits our selves, or allow a drop of either into the house.

and humilated by the sight that met his

true to her promise. She appeared to have taken Robert's words to heart, and kept the pledge without a murmur. This eyes. Mrs. Ward, flushed to a deep dark red, lay back in an arm chair, an empty kept the pledge without amurmur. This brandy bottle on a little table near. She delighted her children, and full of hope,

Does she realise that she is damming he "My God-help-mercy," she moaned, soul?" Angela groaned, and covered her face suddenly dropping upon her knees. "I am weak, this craving is strong. Pity-

"I-I hardly know. It would be difficult to ask one's mother such questions. Father Lawrence may have done so. save me.

Then, making a supreme effort, she raised herself, flung the bottle out through the open window, and fell back with a Robert sighed heavily. "I will ask cry upon the floor. them, and tell her firmly what I think. Such words from me might rouse and shock her. And then, Augela, we must Coming into the room some ten minu-utes later, Robert found her lying there

pray. God is good, mercifal, strong. He will listen toonr prayers. Next Friday will be the first Friday of the month, and on that morning and the eight following first In a few moments she recovered con ciousness, and soop, in presence of her children, received all the last rites of the

Church "Pray for me. dear ones, long and often," murmured. "Never forget me never. These were the last words she uttered,

"I don't think she will do so. She has not been to the Sacraments for months." "Poor soul! But please God she'll go now. Father Lawrence will say Mass for the following evening she passed quietly away. us in the chapel here, and she will not re Five years later the beautifal Church

rected in honor of the Sacred Heart and n memory of their mother, at Courtfield, by Angela and Robert Ward, was lemnly opened and consecrated, one vely June morning. Before descending the altar steps to be

gin Mass, the priest turned to the people. "This Mass," he said, "is offered for the repose of the soul of Amabei Ward,

whose anniversary occurs to day." At the sound of his voice Angela looked up, her eyes full of happy tears. The young priest about to say his first Mass young priest about to say his fi was her beloved brother Robert.

NOVELS GOOD AND BAD.

This is the age of cheap novels some good, some very bad, and all eagerly devoured by the young. The

insatiable novel-reader must beware lest, in his love for fiction, he loses the power to realize and to differentiate great truths ; lest passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker, as Bishop Butler says they do, and the heart is made harder, not softer, by the repeated luxury of theoretical sympathy separated from action. To an

house." "No, certainly not. But do what you will, shell get spirits if she wants them." Weeks passed over, then months, and to Angela's surprise, Mrs. Ward was still inordinate love of novels some attribute sensational journalism, political corruption and religious laxity. The demand for sensational reports in place of actual news has almost revolutionized journalism and depraved the public mind. - American Herald.

Now, because we are all apt to feel that

centre of his small patch. Celeste was on tiptoe with excitement. Jacques labor-iously turned the sod and carefully broke Divine justice is meted our according to human ideas, the whole village said "I into small pieces the clods of upturned earth; then he dug in some manure col-lected from the street and raked it all smooth with a brand new rake. For what use had Jacques ever had for a rake before! After that he walked to the porch, and yes, actually, he came out with a plant in his spade. Jacques dug the hole, measur-ing the roots with the handle of the spade. Celeste smilel; it was such an amateurish into small pieces the clods of upturne was a punishment from the good God" when Jacques, falling from a house where he was working, was brought home with a compound fracture of the leg. Who could be found to take care of him? Father Doremy ransacked the village in vain. Never agreeable, the pain and en-forced idleness had made Jacques un-bearable. They would see that he did not start but

Celeste smiled; it was such an amateurish way of planting, though perhaps a safe not starve, but no one could be found to stay with him. There was Celeste, but even the father hesitated; that seemed When the plant was well set in sh could control herself no longer, and filling her big watering pot, she stepped with it to the fence.

too much for any Christian to do. But Celeste went in spite of the persuasions to the contrary from her neighbors, in the fence. "Iam sure, Jacques, your plant will like a big drink of water and I thought you might borrow my watering pot," Jacques looked at her beaming face and at the

Celeste went in spite of the persuasions to the contrary from her neighbors, in spite of Father Doremy's refusal to ask her to, and in spite of the swearing and anger that all her first attempts at alleviating his condition were received with by Jacques. And she persevered day after day, week after week; even for meanthe did Caleste quietly give up everywatering pot, and then almost as if he could not help it, he took it and gave the

plant the water. "Ah!" said Celeste, leaning over the months did Celeste quietly give up every-thing to nursing Jacques. Her garden suffered for lack of care, but never her patient, and such seeds of patience, genfance, "I see it is a horse chestnut; that is a fine tree and what a noble centre it will make to your garden. I will leave th make to your garden. I will leave the watering pot here," said Celesta, as Jac-ques handed it over, "by the side of the tence and then you can reach over and get it when you want it. It will do for both tleness and kindness as she sowed were destined to bring forth some flowers, if not so abundantly as in her garden. It was such a thankless task, even the

villagers thought that she showed too mean a spirit; and as for Jacques, he maintained his sullenness in silence. All the weeks Celeste was with him, day of us." The horse chestnut thrived, indeed nothing could have died that was treated

with such care. Morning and night Jac after day, his remarks to her could have been counted on her fingers. He got well. Both the doctor and Father Dorques bent over it, even Celeste herielf could ques bent over it, even Celeste herieli conid not have been more faithfal in devotion. But the horse-chestnut remained the sole ornament of Jacques' garlen and was not followed, as Celeste had hoped, by an array of flowers. Still those might come later; who could tell, when one had made emy told him Celeste's nursing had saved his leg but he never answered them one a beginning, and the horse-chestnut itself

As the summer drew on, the chestnut, which was at least six feet tall when Jac-ques planted it. began to throw a dense snade across Celeste's garden. "Ah ! Jacques," said Celeste, "your tree is going to give me just the shade I need for my phloxes. Poor things! they have never done as well as I hoped to have them, for the blazing sun was too much for them ; now they will be fine." It certainly did shade the phloxes and perhaps they did better for the shade, as Celeste asserted they did, but by autumn the horse-chestnut not only shaded the bed where the phloxes were, but had be-gun to encroach still further on the plot. a tangle of rank growth and weeds and the horse chestnut shaded more than

Father Doremy, the village priest, was the first one to speak of it to Celeste, though there had aiready been much gos

thereto, both rathely and soon

" For ready is at need A fore-done deed My lief child.

Idleness is especially to be guarded against when the husband is from home, and the bousewife must not stint to bear a hand herself in the household work. Everything is to be put away when work is over, and the mistress of the house must keep her keys, and "trust none better than herself, for no fair speech." Wages are to be paid punctually, and servants are to be generously treated. If a neighbor's wife be richly attired, this is not to be made an occasion for "mocking" or "scorning" or for a fever of jealousy. "Brenne not as fier.

But thank God of Heaven For that He hath thee given, My lief child

She is to work "housewifely" on work days, for "pride, rest and idle-ness maketh unthriftiness;" but on holy days let the day be spent in wor-ship, "and God will love thee." Neighbors are to be loved as God has commanded, and we must do as we would be done by. The following ounsel deserves attention :

If any discord happen, by night or by day, Make it no worse, but mend it if thou

If she be rich she is to be hospitable o her neighbors and to "help the poor at need.

The writer next goes on to speak of the right governance of children. Cursing and harsh language are to be avoided, but the rod is to be diligent. y plied on occasion.

And if thy children be rebel, and will not

them bow, If any of them misdoeth, neither ban them nor blowe, But take a smart rod and beat them in a

Till they cry mercy, and be of their guilt

From their very birth "the good wife " advises her " lief child " to look forward to making provision for her own daughters, that when their time for wedding comes "none of them be lorn,"i. e., without a suitable wedding outfit. All these counsels, she says, are traditional.

important subject of marriage.

was very pretty. As the summer drew on, the chestnut,

sip through the village about this new meanness of Jacques. The Father had

the horse chestnut shaded more than ever. There are no sculs so unselfah that they do not at times fall into pro-found discouragement over the apparent uselessness of their sacrifices, and it is one of the satisfactory things in this life when a visible reward comes after mo-ments of such dospondency. It was early Sanday morning, and Father D ramy, entering the little church to make apparent entering the little church to make prepar-ations for the early Mass, found Celeste

decorating the altar with what, from thei abundance, seemed all the flowers left in her garden. She turned her beaming face toward the priest as he entered: "It

'Now have I taught thee as my mother did

The wise father passes to the all-

word. When he was once more out on his back porch, smoking his pipe, Caleste felt that her labor was over. She said to him, looking across at her neglected flowers. "They need more than you flowers, "They need me more than you do now, Jacques." That evening was do now, Jacques." In at evening was perhaps the hardest time of all for Celeate. Jacques seemed to be in no wise affected by all her labor for him. Her garden was