

Jack's mother went to the wedding. One of Celia's aunts, lacking the girl's kindness, impatiently remarked that "it didn't really matter; you'd better know about Jack Cameron's family." Jack's mother seemed to try to obliterate herself during the ceremony and still more during the reception that followed. She wore her heavy gray silk with an air of trying to be as ostentatious as the rustling, bubbled springing of the splendid supper, surreptitiously removing crumbs of the wedding-cake from the corners of her lips with her finger tips as she reclined. "Yes, ma'am," to an unheard remark from the bride's magnificent mother.

After Jack and Celia had run the gauntlet of rice, and had gone away in the great French motor-coach which was to take them the first half of their journey across the United States, Jack's father slipped away with his wife, both with an unspoken recollection of their wedding-journey, afloat, the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the church to their four-room house nestling beneath a rowan tree in far-off County Kerry.

"Well, I hope they'll come off as well as we did, and be the half as happy," said Jack's father out of the middle of his thoughts, and his wife did not need to say that these thoughts had been. After the wedding the elder and the younger Mrs. Cameron saw little of each other. It was inevitable that it should be so, though it troubled Celia when, at less frequent intervals, something reminded her of it. She told herself that by and by, when certain pressing claims upon her were satisfied, she would make an effort to know the lonely little woman who never could grace her dinners and receptions, but who had given her a remarkably good husband, in love for whom they surely must be united, if ever opportunity offered. But opportunity for some things rarely offers; it must be sought, and weeks and months slipped by into years without bringing the two Mrs. Camerons into closer relations.

At the end of five years there were the little Camerons for the grand-mother to watch from a distance wistfully. There were the beautiful twin boy and girl, and the two-year-old baby, noble children, as big, bonny, and bright as scientific care and devoted love could make them. Celia and Jack rightly thought that there were no children in the world that could surpass them; young as she was, the world would have been a richer place for her delight in them. Her now maternal joy and pride turned her thoughts more often to Jack's mother, whom, somehow, she did not know how to place within her formal circle.

There came a day when, for the first time in his life, Teddy, the twin boy was ailing. Then, the other twin was languid, and Celia, gowned and ready to go out to a great dinner given by her father to celebrate the thirtieth birthday of his immense and increasing business, seeing the doctor passing, sent out a maid to call him in.

"I shouldn't have sent for you, Dr. Longmead," she said apologetically, as she came, shimmering down the stairs "but seeing you at my very door I yielded to maternal weakness. I suppose even guarded little stomachs may get upset sometimes, and I'm afraid you'll be all right to-morrow, but if you aren't in a hurry will you go up to the nursery and look them over?"

The doctor went up, pulling off his gloves and warming his hands as he went. Celia following in a shimmer of golden silk and flashing gems. Dr. Longmead raised Ted's head. It had fallen on his arms over a little table, and looked into his eyes. His own eyes changed, the alert, gray look of the tolerance that had lurked in them as he preceded Celia to the nursery. He examined the child carefully, put down his hand at last and went on, sliding downward in his little willow rocker. Then he looked up at Celia, who stood nervously twisting her fingers, catching alarm from the doctor's manner.

"We will have these little twins put to bed, Mrs. Cameron," said the doctor gently. "And then we will telephone for two trained nurses—I'll look after that. I am glad it happened to be passing. I'll go back after anti-toxin and return immediately."

"Is it—it isn't?" Celia began and stopped. "It is diphtheria," said the doctor gently, "but I hope we have discovered it in time." Celia had never before known this gripping cold at her heart, the agony of help, helpless fear for something dearer than life. She did not recognize herself in the crouching, shuddering woman, shivering beside the weeping flames. How suddenly it had come!

The door softly opened, and through it quietly came the little plain figure of Jack's mother. She crossed over to Celia without a trace of shyness. "My dear daughter," she said, in her soft voice, with its touch of Kerry accent, "I've come to help you with it. I know what it is, Celia dear—I've been through it. But we didn't have means for learning then to fight it; this will end different."

She put her arms around Celia and drew the tall girl down on her slender shoulder, patting her and stroking her hair. Celia looked at her long and wondrously, then dropped her head and cried, clinging to her.

"Oh, mother, mother! Oh, mother mother!" she moaned, and that was all. But indeed it was all that there was to say. That motherhood that overflowed from the little woman transcended the mere fact of her being Jack's mother. It seemed to Celia, unexpectedly, that no one else in all the world could be so near to her, so comforting to her in this hour. She was Jack's good mother, but she was the mother of four little children who slept beyond her kiss in the graves where diphtheria had laid them. And her own children? Celia had heard, the mother of the dead children, and she the mother of the stricken ones.

Through the ten days that followed in which Ted and Teddy went down to the very trap of death and were snatched back, and the baby sickened, flickered almost out, yet came safely through, the elder and the younger Mrs. Cameron

were all the world to each other. The elder relieved her first sorrow in anxiety for her grand-children, and Celia learned all that she never knew, fast by grief of the reality of life and living things. And most of all she learned to know Jack's mother.

When it was over and the pale baby came down in her nurse's arms, while Jack followed with white Ted, and another nurse bore away, weak Theo for the first meal in the great dining-room since they had feared no children would be spared to gather around their father's table, Celia fell back to take her little unheard remark from the bride's magnificent mother.

"Mother," she whispered, don't leave me. Stay here always. You've been in the world to me. I couldn't prove it, but I feel that the children would have died if you had not come. Stay here always."

The little woman shook her head. "We're best in our own little home, my dear, when it's fine weather," she said, in a quiet smile. "I don't know what society and I would do with each other. I'm thinkin' I'd be best where I've been fitted by the years that have gone over me, and that's in my own home. I'm better in beddin' than any bed." But my girls have gone far from me, and I'm glad I found a daughter. I'll be here, quiet, with you often, dear, but not to spoil the splendor when the big world breaks through. We've grown so close, daughter, that it never'll matter again where my little body stays, will it?"

"Close! As close as love, as close as closeness!" cried Celia, illustrating with a hug that engulfed Jack's little mother. "Oh, you dear little brown saint, I do love you!"

MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE SOUPERS IN IRELAND

A BROAD OF PROSELYTIZERS WENT ABOUT TRADING THE WANT AND MISERIES OF THE PEOPLE AND STEALING SOULS FROM HEAVEN

A very dismal article might be written on the "Soupier Period" of Irish history in fact, many a sad account has been written on the same subject. As I have been in the tracks of the soupers (long since departed) in Conemara and in Kerry I feel inclined to be discursive on the subject. No amount of reading can make the same impression on one as a personal visit to the scene of the happenings he intends to chronicle, and personal interviews with those who lived through the dark and dreary days with whose history he is concerned.

Some of your readers may not know who the soupers were, and what their aim was. Well, to make a long story short, the "soupers" were the vilest species of the wolverine ever molded in the shape of a man. When famine stalked through Ireland, and the main food of the people failed, hunger was most keenly felt in those parts where the land was bad and the means of producing food extremely scanty. In these circumstances flights of human vultures blackened the skies of Conemara and Kerry. They brought food and money, but that food and money were proffered to the gaunt spectres that crawled or staggered with weakness and hunger on condition that they renounce their faith. Honest-hearted Australians, no matter what their religion, will be shocked to hear such things, and yet they are probably doing them in the light of day and in the teeth of powerless public opinion and of national indignation.

Nor can it be alleged in mitigation of this crime against the rights of humanity that the soupers were casual stragglers, led by fanaticism, or imprudent zealots impelled by superstitious impulse. Not at all. The soupers were a class in themselves—a perfectly organized body, trained and equipped for their special work with all the precision of a government department. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the government of the day had a big hand in the doings of the soupers, whose efforts it encouraged, and whose success it rewarded.

There were several soupier colonies in counties Kerry and Conemara. There may have been other such colonies in other parts of Ireland, but as I have never been up much about the Irish leathome subject, I will limit my remarks to those places where the ruins of the soupier shops may be seen, and where the actors in anti-souping campaigns may still be met.

THE SOUPERS WORKED. The soupier program was this: They came to a locality under the patronage of some rich landlord, and enjoyed the protection of the magistracy and the district inspector. They were readily understood under what favorable auspices their body-maturing, soul-matching operations were begun. They built comfortable cottages, offered a weekly wage to perverts from Catholicity, also a comfortable home, with plenty of food, besides soup, warm clothing, by day and by night. Now, any one who has passed through a long, dreary Irish winter, especially such winters as used to be in bygone times—for the seasons have changed—such a one will quickly perceive the attraction which food, fire and shelter and clothing, must have for the poor, famishing, shivering, half-clothed, homeless human beings. It's no wonder that a brief visit was obtained here, and a small percentage of the starving people yielded to the temptations held out to them. It is quite possible that many of them were in good faith, as they did not renounce their religion and their faith. Many have deluded themselves into believing that their action was justifiable. That the government of the day was in league with this nefarious propaganda of proselytism is borne out by history. About 1847 Lord Aberdeen apologized in Parliament for the non-transmission of a marine force to Morocco as "Her Majesty's vessels were on duty on the coast of Ireland."

The fact is the war vessels were sent to Dingle Harbour, and sent ashore armed and equipped to parade the streets of Dingle to protect a famous pervert who on a particular Sunday joined the ranks of the soupers. An excerpt from history

may shed some light on this sad period when the dogs prowled on the graveyards, and roosted up the bones of the dead for food.

DEATH PREFERRED TO APOSTASY. "But never, perhaps," writes Father T. Maher, S. J., "in all the dark days of her protracted suffering, Ireland lost land to her faith so cruelly fast as during the dreadful famine years of '45, '46, and '47." "Then was it," adds the historian, "that this island became like a Lazar house, like a country over which the destroying angel had swept with devastating effect, the whole population struck down, the air a pestilence, the fields a solitude, the chapel deserted, the priest and the pauper famishing together. No inquest, no rites, no record of the dead. Then was it that in the pangs of their hunger, in the throes of their death agony our Catholic people were shamefully assailed by proselytism, now more especially under the form of opportunism, as never in their history were they assailed before."

"Abundance of food collected by Protestant agencies in England and all over the world was forwarded to the stricken districts; a one condition alone being attached to its distribution—the Catholics receiving it should renounce their faith. It seemed as if the whole population would perish. It seemed as if the entire race would vanish and disappear. One million two hundred thousand, it is estimated, died during that dismal period of disease and starvation; but the food soupers they obstinately refused. They would not apostatize their faith. One scene recorded in West Kerry, a scene typical of many others, tells of a poor widow, surrounded by her three children, dying of hunger by her side. Two of them in a little time perished. The third, a boy about ten years old, alone survived. On the opposite side of the roadway, over against the cabin door, there stood what was called a soup establishment, but the Catholics applying there should first abandon their faith. In the depths of her distress, with her hands clasped in agony, the sorrow-stricken mother would beckon to the starving child that food awaited him beyond. But, oh! bravely, heroically, came the reply to his mother from the famishing, dying boy: 'No, mother, no; death is better than apostasy.'"

That England was an accomplice in the aims and designs of the soupers could be proved by overwhelming evidence. The heartfelt appeal of the English poetess, Adelaide Proctor, to her own nation to disown the dark deeds of superstition may not be known or available to your readers.

"Spare her, O cruel England, thy sister Chained and oppressed she lieth; spare her that cruel blow. When in their wretched cabins, racked by the fever pain, And they do lie on their children, When asking for help from him, Man has shed that keeps them warm. Man has driven them forth to perish in a less cruel hour. Then, sister, hear my cry, For all we ask, O England, is to leave them there to die. Cursed is the food and raiment for which they starve and die. Tempt not another Judas to barter God for gold. You offer food and shelter, if they their faith deny. What you do gain, O England, for such a shallow lie? Take back your bribes, then England; your gold is black and dim; And if God sends plague and famine, they can die and go to Him."

I supplement the above by three ballads (two of which are very rare), setting forth various phases of superstition. The first is to be preserved to Father D. O'Sullivan's Imitation of Christ in Irish, published in 1822. This ballad is half in Irish and half in English, and is a dialogue between an old woman and her son who had succumbed to the culinary arguments of the soupers. This ballad is not couched in artistic or polite language, and some vanished social usages are referred to.

"You're welcome home, O Tim." "Thank you kindly, mother." "How's your health, O Tim?" "Finely, finely, mother." "And where's your son, O Tim?" "I'll tell you the whole truth, mother. In truth I went to school to learn the rules of grammar. One day I was at home, and a headache in my belly; I walked and went astray, and walked my way to Castlederry. The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in glory. I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over."

"And what did you get, O Tim?" "A fine big shawley, mother." "And what a sort of a one, O Tim?" "Every kind of color. I thought that was all right, that meat would be in on the table. For they killed a cow that died. But it was all a fable. The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggog. He ate the meat himself, we only got the cabbage. The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted; She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it. We were honored there one day by benefices they call, cottage. And when they went away, we called them land-lords and landlords. But, mother, wait awhile, we'll try to treat them civil. And when the prates grow again, we'll pitch them to the devil!"

"This last line has a lot of history in it. Potatoes of one year usually last to the March of the following year. The new ones don't be in for three or four months after that and this time of starvation and destitution was the rarest harvest time for the soupers. A pathetic anecdote illustrates this point. A poor creature had to pass the Catholic church, of which he was a member, on his way to the soupers' headquarters. The unfortunate wretch, whose vitals are being gnawed with hunger tries to reconcile his duty to his soul with his duty to his

stomach, and so puts in his snappy head at the door of the church, and looks up at the altar, and says: 'Good-bye, Almighty God, till the prates grow again.' This was the usual proverb of poor parverts in those times.

The second ballad I was more successful, after much search, in getting from an enthusiastic collector. The poet's sarcasm is herein directed against Mrs. Smyley's homes for converts from Rome, in the city of Dublin. The headquarters were Merrion Square.

MRS. SMYLEY, THE SOUPER. "Arrah, Mrs. McGrath, did you hear the news? I'm sure, my jewel, you know it. Sure the quality's going to save our son. And pay us for lettin' 'em do it. Ye may curse and swear, the devil may care; Ye may steal, blaspheme and be more especially under the form of opportunism, as never in their history were they assailed before."

"Abundance of food collected by Protestant agencies in England and all over the world was forwarded to the stricken districts; a one condition alone being attached to its distribution—the Catholics receiving it should renounce their faith. It seemed as if the whole population would perish. It seemed as if the entire race would vanish and disappear. One million two hundred thousand, it is estimated, died during that dismal period of disease and starvation; but the food soupers they obstinately refused. They would not apostatize their faith. One scene recorded in West Kerry, a scene typical of many others, tells of a poor widow, surrounded by her three children, dying of hunger by her side. Two of them in a little time perished. The third, a boy about ten years old, alone survived. On the opposite side of the roadway, over against the cabin door, there stood what was called a soup establishment, but the Catholics applying there should first abandon their faith. In the depths of her distress, with her hands clasped in agony, the sorrow-stricken mother would beckon to the starving child that food awaited him beyond. But, oh! bravely, heroically, came the reply to his mother from the famishing, dying boy: 'No, mother, no; death is better than apostasy.'"

Here we are with our crimes forsaken, And sellin' our souls for penny rolls, And soups and hairy bacon. But Ned's comin' home, no more he'll roam; From poverty he will raise us; And we'll bid adieu to the swaddlin' sheet he loathes; And old Smyley may go to blazes. Chorus—

So come along to Merrion Square, etc. The third ballad is from "Irish Reading" by the O'Sullivan's (Gill). It is founded on an incident in County Clare, where a poor man gave up his faith temporarily, and as he passed the church, the priest's son asked him, "Oremus," and the man's loud "Amen." But, oh, I dare not enter, for a compact I have made— Like Lucifer at heaven's gate, no further can I go; An' see the open portal, all invitin' to go in. An' hear the childer's voices as in sacred song they soar, The priest's son bidin' "Oremus," and the people's loud "Amen." But, oh, I dare not enter, for a compact I have made— Like Lucifer at heaven's gate, no further can I go; An' see the open portal, all invitin' to go in. An' hear the childer's voices as in sacred song they soar, The priest's son bidin' "Oremus," and the people's loud "Amen."

Don't forget at me, my darlin', nor a broken heart upbraid; Good-bye, ashore alanna—till the prates grow. Ah, never did I think, agrah, that I should pass you by Without an adoration made before your holy mother's knees, and cry out the piousin' hunger—I can't hear my childer cry, The livelong day for vitals, an' still hear them cry in vain; I can't behold my darlin' lyin' sick before my face; An' hear her in a fever fierce bewailin' all our woe; So now, good-bye, alanna, till the prates grow.

"So it was with some misgivings I went to church over there this summer. I had had a sample of the length to which crass materialism can go in Germany. For twenty years I had seen men starve the simple faith of my homeland swamped by the bitter and barren critics of the Brandes School until it seemed in the echoes that reached me through my papers and the literature of the day that the sunest they had made their way had eaten the heart out of the people. And between the clash of the reactionary forces, with the spirit of free breaking its way all through the Continent of Europe, I dreaded the loss of the old reverence of the old trust. I dreaded the empty pews that would tell too plainly of the emptier hearts."

But Mr. Riis was happily disappointed in many churches he visited in various parts of Europe. He found the places of worship well filled. "The people were there," he says. "Once more it is the wise and learned who are blind. Like I shall not say, for everyone who brought his own hymn book and there were none to spare. They broke it off in the middle when the preacher came in through his own door and went straight to the pulpit, and the sermon was over they sang the rest."

"Is it that in Switzerland the mountains chant perpetually the glory and praise of the Almighty and need not puny man's testimony that imparted to the outward manifestations of Calvin's theology its utterly hideous aspect? I shall let theologians answer the question. I am glad that Martin Luther left to my forefathers in the Reformation some of the warmth and color of the old worship which the others clawed at as if it were their own desperate purpose to strip the faith of every shred of human flesh, as it were, and make it sit in its bones. I shall long remember the shock the once beautiful Cathedral of Lausanne gave me. Beautiful still in

its majestic lines, it is as old as the grave. Every touch of color gone—its chancel ravished and empty. Where the altar stood a gray and dreary waste, with two ugly black tables for the Communion service. Why should the Lord's Temple be made so repellent? One touch, and only one, redeemed it all for me, but that was not Calvin or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stilted and intolerant as his preaching. That spoke to the heart and touched something there he never could have reached—in me, anyhow.

"I am writing this in the legendary City of Verona, with its moss-grown wall and ancient gate, where the sentinel holds you up for aetrol in the fashion of the days when cities were independent principalities and loved war against one another. Around the corner from the Town Hall Square there is a little old church, the S. Maria Antica, if I remember rightly, where the rulers of the day of the crusades lie in aerial state sleeping their long sleep under the soft Italian sky. Early this morning prowling about among the ghosts of the past, my steps led me that way, and I slipped in and sat down to think. There were four candles burned on the altar, and before some favorite saint's shrine; the morning sun shone through the cruciform windows overhead and straggled through the open door which a green curtain screened loosely. The sounds of the busy world without were hushed. An aged priest crossed himself and mumbled his prayers at the back of the church. Some market women did reverence before their saint. Before the image of the crucified Lord knelt two women in deep black, one old and one quite young and kissed His feet. A stray cat stole through the door; the old priest chided it with gently careless hand. It stroked itself fearlessly against his knee. A smothered sob throbbled through the sanctuary, and its peace seemed deeper than before. The crumbling pillars, the tinsel and tawdry sacred paintings, as I remembered it, covered the walls yet. There was not much outward change in the premises, and there was none at all in the name. What had been the Cloister of the Holy Ghost was now the Beer Garden of the Holy Ghost, and no one said them nay. When I told the landlord that it had struck a chill to my very marrow, he smiled indulgently at my crank notions.

The whole circle of Irish ballad poetry contains nothing more sad than the above, and those who, like us, know the circumstances of the time from their grandparents, and the hard lot of the poor victims of famine, will not easily restrain their tears.

"THEY'RE GONE, THEY'RE GONE, THOSE PENAL DAYS." As there is no use in opening old sores by giving heart-rending details of the doings of superstition, I will conclude this sketch with Thomas Davis' poem on the Penal Days. The concluding verse is singularly appropriate now when the eastern sky in Ireland is bright with the dawn of freedom.

Oh! weep those days, the penal days, When Ireland hopelessly complained. Oh! weep those days, the penal days, When Godless persecution reigned! When year by year For self and peer, Fresh cruelties were made by law, And filled with hate Our Senate-chamber then. To weld anew each fetter's flaw. Oh, weep those days, those penal days— Their memory still on Ireland weighs. They bribed the flock, they bribed the son, To sell the priest and rob the sire; Their dogs were taught alike to run Upon the scent of wolf and friar.

Among the poor, Or on the moor Were hid the pious and the true— While traitor knave And recreant slave Had rioted and retimed! And, exiled in those penal days, Our banners over Europe blaze. They're gone, they're gone, those penal days! All creeds are equal in our isle! Then grant, O Lord, thy piteous grace, Our ancient feuds to reconcile— Let all atone, For blood and groan, For dark revenge and open wrong; Let all unite For Ireland's right, And down our griefs in Freedom's song: Till time shall veil in twilight haze The memory of those Penal Days.—Father Fitzgerald, in Sydney Catholic Press.

THE DESOLATION OF THE REFORMATION

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT FROM THE PEN OF AN EMINENT AMERICAN

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, President Roosevelt's friend, and in the Colonel's opinion, "America's best citizen," contributes to The Churchman, the well-known Anglican paper, the following notes of a recent European visit: "Two years ago we spent Sunday in Mainz on Rhine and did not sleep much that night, owing to the noise of traffic in a famous beer garden next door. It had once been a cloister. Next day I visited the old monastery made over into a beer restaurant. Busy waiters rushed foaming mugs to many little tables in what was once, I suppose, the chapel where the monks said their prayers. The sacred paintings, as I remembered it, covered the walls yet. There was not much outward change in the premises, and there was none at all in the name. What had been the Cloister of the Holy Ghost was now the Beer Garden of the Holy Ghost, and no one said them nay. When I told the landlord that it had struck a chill to my very marrow, he smiled indulgently at my crank notions."

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But Mr. Riis was happily disappointed in many churches he visited in various parts of Europe. He found the places of worship well filled. "The people were there," he says. "Once more it is the wise and learned who are blind. Like I shall not say, for everyone who brought his own hymn book and there were none to spare. They broke it off in the middle when the preacher came in through his own door and went straight to the pulpit, and the sermon was over they sang the rest."

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"So it was with some misgivings I went to church over there this summer. I had had a sample of the length to which crass materialism can go in Germany. For twenty years I had seen men starve the simple faith of my homeland swamped by the bitter and barren critics of the Brandes School until it seemed in the echoes that reached me through my papers and the literature of the day that the sunest they had made their way had eaten the heart out of the people. And between the clash of the reactionary forces, with the spirit of free breaking its way all through the Continent of Europe, I dreaded the loss of the old reverence of the old trust. I dreaded the empty pews that would tell too plainly of the emptier hearts."

But Mr. Riis was happily disappointed in many churches he visited in various parts of Europe. He found the places of worship well filled. "The people were there," he says. "Once more it is the wise and learned who are blind. Like I shall not say, for everyone who brought his own hymn book and there were none to spare. They broke it off in the middle when the preacher came in through his own door and went straight to the pulpit, and the sermon was over they sang the rest."

"Is it that in Switzerland the mountains chant perpetually the glory and praise of the Almighty and need not puny man's testimony that imparted to the outward manifestations of Calvin's theology its utterly hideous aspect? I shall let theologians answer the question. I am glad that Martin Luther left to my forefathers in the Reformation some of the warmth and color of the old worship which the others clawed at as if it were their own desperate purpose to strip the faith of every shred of human flesh, as it were, and make it sit in its bones. I shall long remember the shock the once beautiful Cathedral of Lausanne gave me. Beautiful still in

its majestic lines, it is as old as the grave. Every touch of color gone—its chancel ravished and empty. Where the altar stood a gray and dreary waste, with two ugly black tables for the Communion service. Why should the Lord's Temple be made so repellent? One touch, and only one, redeemed it all for me, but that was not Calvin or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stilted and intolerant as his preaching. That spoke to the heart and touched something there he never could have reached—in me, anyhow.

"I am writing this in the legendary City of Verona, with its moss-grown wall and ancient gate, where the sentinel holds you up for aetrol in the fashion of the days when cities were independent principalities and loved war against one